THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:
WITH DR. JOHNSON'S PREFACE;
A GLOSSARY, AND AN ACCOUNT OF EACH PLAY,
AND
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,
BY
THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS, M.A.,
OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND MINISTER OF ST. PANCRAS PAROCHIAL CHAPEL, REGENT SQUARE.

WITH A PORTRAIT FROM THE CHANDOS PICTURE,
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THE LIFE

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

The name of Shakspeare, which is mentioned by Verstegan, among those 'syrmames imposed upon the first bearers of them for valour and feats of arms,' is one of great antiquity in the woodland districts of Warwickshire. The family, thus honourably distinguished, appears to have received its origin either at Rowington or Lapworth. Long before the genius of our great dramatic poet had rendered their name a subject of national interest, the Shakspeares were established among the more affluent inhabitants of those villages, and thence several individuals of the race, from time to time, removed, and became settlers in the principal places of the county.

After the most indefatigable researches Malone found himself unable to trace the particular branch of the family from which Shakspeare himself descended, beyond his immediate ancestor; but it is mentioned by Rowe, as being 'of good figure and fashion,'† in the town of Stratford. This statement is supported by the authority of a document, preserved in the College of Heralds, conferring the grant of a coat of arms on John Shakspeare, the poet, in which the title of gentleman is added to his denomination; and it is stated, that 'his great grandfather had been rewarded by king Henry the Seventh, for his faithful and approved services, with lands and tenements given him in those parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation and credit.'‡

If Shakspeare's father inherited any portion of

the estate which the royal munificence had thus conferred on his ancestor, it was insufficient for his wants; and he was obliged to have recourse to trade to increase the narrow measure of his patrimony. The traditional accounts that have been received respecting him are consistent in describing him as engaged in business, though they disagree in the nature of the employment which they ascribe to him. In the MS. notes which Aubrey had collected for a life of the poet, it is affirmed, that 'his father was a butcher;' while on the other hand, it is stated by Rowe that he was 'a considerable dealer in wool.' The truth of the latter report it is scarcely possible to doubt. It was received from Betterton the player, whose veneration for the poet induced him to make a pilgrimage to Warwickshire, that he might collect all the information respecting the object of his enthusiasm which remained among his townsmen, at a time when such prominent facts as the circumstances and avocation of his parents could not yet have sunk into oblivion.§ It is indeed, not improbable that both these accounts may be correct.

† Few occupations,' observes Malone, 'can be named which are more naturally connected with each other.' Dr. Farmer has shown that the two trades were occasionally united:¶ or if they were not thus exercised together by the poet's father, his having adopted them separately at different periods of his life, is not inconsistent with the changeable character of his circumstances. The new notion of John Shakspeare's

in the consideration of remote events, if the express authority of contemporary official documents is to be set aside by the questionable conjectures of the antiquarian.


§ Betterton was born in 1635. Shakspeare's youngest daughter lived till 1662, and his grand-daughter till 1679; and many of his relatives and connections, the Harts and the Hathaways, were surviving at the time of Betterton's visit to Stratford.

having been a *glover*, which has been advanced in Malone's last edition of our author's works, I have no hesitation in dismissing. It is neither supported by tradition, nor probability; and the brief minute which the laborious editor discovered in the bailiff's court at Stratford, must have referred to some other of the innumerable John Shakespeares, whom we find mentioned in the wills and registers of the time.

The father of Shakespeare married, probably about the year 1555 or 1556, Mary the daughter of Robert Arden, of Willingcote, in the county of Warwick; by which connexion he obtained a small estate in land, some property in money, * and such accession of respectability as is derived from an equal and honourable alliance. The family of Mary Arden, like his own, was one of great antiquity in the county, and her ancestors also had been rewarded for their faithful and important services by the gratitude of Henry the Seventh. The third child, and the eldest son of this union, was the celebrated subject of the present memoirs.

**William Shakespeare** was born on the 23d of April, 1564, and baptized on the 26th of the same month.

At the time of the birth of his illustrious offspring, John Shakespeare evidently enjoyed no slight degree of estimation among his townsmen. He was already a member of the corporation, and for two successive years, had been nominated one of the chamberlains of Stratford. From this time he began to be chosen in due succession to the highest municipal offices of the borough. In 1563, he was appointed to discharge the important duties of high bailiff, and was subsequently elected and sworn chief alderman for the year 1571.

During this period of his life, which constitutes the poet's years of childhood, the fortune of Master John Shakespeare—for so he is uniformly designated in the public writings of the borough, from the time of his acting as high bailiff—perfectly corresponded with the station which we find him holding among his townsmen. His charities rank him with the second class of the inhabitants of Stratford. In a subscription for the relief of the poor, 1564, out of twenty-four persons, twelve gave more, six the same, and six less, than the poet's father; and in a second subscription, of fourteen persons, eight gave more, five the same, and one less. So early as 1556, he held the lease of two houses in the town, one in Green Hill, and the other in Henley Street; in 1570 he rented fourteen acres of land, called Ingon Meadow: and we find him four years afterwards, becoming the purchaser of two additional houses in Henley Street, with a garden and orchard attached to each.

In this season of prosperity, Mr. John Shakespeare was not careless of the abilities of his child. His own talents had been wholly unimproved by education, and he was one of the twelve, out of the nineteen aldermen of Stratford, whose accomplishments did not extend to being able to sign their own names. This circumstance, by the bye, most satisfactorily establishes the fact, that he could not have written the confession of faith which was found in repairing the roof of his residence at Stratford. But, whatever were his own deficiencies, he was careful that the talents of his son should not suffer from a similar neglect of education. William was placed at the Free School of Stratford: it is not interesting to know the names of the instructors of Shakespeare. They have been traced by the minute researches of Malone. Mr. Thomas Hunt, and Mr. Thomas Jenkins, were successively the masters of the school, from 1572 to 1580, which must have included the schoolboy days of our poet.

At this time, Shakespeare would have possessed ample means of obtaining access to all those books of history, poetry, and romance, with which he seems to have had so intimate an acquaintance, and which were calculated to attract his early taste, and excite the admiration of his young and ardent fancy; and he might also thus early have become imbued with a taste for the drama, by attending the performances of the different companies of players, the comedians of the Queen, of the Earl of Worcester, of Lord Leicester, and of other noblemen, who were continually making the Guildhall of Stratford, the scene of their representations. But he was soon called to other cares, and the discharge of more serious duties. The prosperity of his father was not of permanent duration. In 1578, Mr. John Shakespeare mortgaged the estate which he had received from his wife; in the following year he was exempted from the contribution of fourpence a week for the poor, which was paid by the other aldermen; and that this exception in his favour was made in consequence of the pecuniary embarrassments under which he was known to labour, is manifest from his having been at the same period reduced to the necessity of obtaining Mr. Lambert's security for the payment of a debt due to him. In 1582, the land he was debtors to the corporation for a daughter. The whole was worth little more than 100l., at that time considered a fair provision for a daughter.

* From the sentiment and the language, this confession appears to be the effusion of a Roman Catholic mind, and was probably drawn up by some Roman Catholic priest. If these premises be granted, it will follow, as a fair deduction, that the family of Shakespeare were Roman Catholics. * Chalmers' *Apology*, p. 198. The paper was found in 1570, and communicated to Malone; but are not the official situations held by Shakespeare's father in the borough conclusive against the opinion which Mr. Chalmers has grounded upon it!  

* The whole was worth little more than 100l., at that time considered a fair provision for a daughter.  
* He was admitted to the corporation probably in 1557. He was elected chamberlain in 1564.  
* From the sentiment and the language, this confession appears to be the effusion of a Roman Catholic mind, and was probably drawn up by some Roman Catholic priest. If these premises be granted, it will follow, as a fair deduction, that the family of Shakespeare were Roman Catholics. * Chalmers' *Apology*, p. 198. The paper was found in 1570, and communicated to Malone; but are not the official situations held by Shakespeare's father in the borough conclusive against the opinion which Mr. Chalmers has grounded upon it!
ment of a debt of five pounds, to Sadler, a baker.

This depression of his circumstances is alluded to by Rowe, and attributed to the expenses incidental to a large and increasing family; but in this statement, the real cause of his difficulties is mistaken. It has been ascertained, by the diligence of Malone, that the family of Shakespeare's father was by no means numerous; for of his eight children, live only attained to the years of maturity.* The decay of his affairs was the natural consequence of the decline of the branch of trade in which he was engaged. As a woolstapler, Mr. John Shakspeare had flourished as long as the business itself was prosperous; and with its failure, his fortunes had fallen into decay. He became involved in the gradual ruin which fell on the principal trade of the place, and which, in 1560, drew from the bailiffs and bargesses of Stratford, a supplication to the Lord Treasurer Burghley, lamenting the distresses of the town; 'for want of such trade as heretofore they had by clothings, and making of yarne, employing and maynteyninge a number of poore people by the same, which now lie in great penury and miserie, by reason they are not set at worke, as before they have.'†

In this unfavourable state of the affairs of his family, Shakespeare was withdrawn from school; 'his assistance was wanted at home.'‡ It was, I should imagine, at this juncture, that his father, no longer able to secure a respectable subsistence for his wife and children, by his original trade as a woolstapler, had recourse to the inferior occupation of a butcher; and, if the tale be founded in fact, which Aubrey says 'he was told heretofore by some of his neighbours,' then it must have been, that Shakespeare began to exhibit his dramatic propensities, and 'when he killed a calf, would do it in a high style, and make a speech.'§

The assistance, however, which the poet rendered his father in his business, was not of long duration. He had just attained the age of eighteen, when he married. The object of this early attachment was Anne, the daughter of Richard Hathaway, a substantial yeoman, in the neighbourhood of his native town. She was eight years older than her husband; and oldys, without stating his authority, in one of his MSS. mentions her as beautiful.|| It may be feared that this marriage was not perfectly happy.

From the celebrated passage in Twelfth Night, concluding with

'Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent,'

we may suspect that Shakespeare, at the time of writing this, which was probably his last, play, had lived to repent his too early marriage, and the indulgence of an affection so much misgrafted in respect of years.'‡ Such is the conjecture of Malone: but it is hardly fair to apply personally to the poet the general maxims that may be discovered in his works. His daughter Susanna was born in the following year. The parish register of Stratford informs us that within eighteen months afterwards his wife bore twins, a son and daughter, who were baptized by the names of Hamnet and Judith: and thus, when little more than twenty, Shakespeare had already a wife and three children dependant on his exertions for support.

Malone supposes that our author was at this time employed in an attorney's office, and gives a long list of quotations from his works, which shew how familiarly he was acquainted with the terms and the usages of the law, in support of his conjecture. As there are no other grounds for entertaining such a supposition; as testimony of the same nature, and equally strong, might be adduced to prove that Shakespeare was a member of almost every other trade or profession, for he was ignorant of none; and as the legal knowledge which he displays might easily have been caught up in conversation, or indeed from experience in the quirks and technicalities of the law, during the course of his own and his father's difficulties; I have little hesitation in classing this among the many ingenious but unsound conjectures of the learned editor, and adopting the tradition of Aubrey respecting the avocation of this portion of his life. To satisfy the claims that were multiplying around him, Shakespeare endeavoured to draw upon his talents and acquirements as the source of his supplies, and undertook the instruction of children.**

The portion of classical knowledge that he brought to the task, has given occasion for much controversy, which it is now impossible to determine. The school at which he was educated, produced several individuals, among the contemporaries of our great poet, who were not deficient

* His family consisted of four sons and four daughters. J O A N , died in infancy: M A R K E T , when only four months old. W I L L I A M , was the poet: of G I L B E R T , nothing is known but the date of his baptism, and that he lived till after the restoration of Charles the Second; J O H N , married William Hart, a hatter, at Stratford; she died in 1616, leaving three sons: and in 1618, one of Shakespeare's two houses, in Henley Street, was the property of Thomas Hart, a butcher, the sixth in descent from J O H N . A N N , died in infancy. R I C H A R D , was buried in 1612-13. E D M O N D , was a player at the Globe; he lived in St. Savinon's.

† And was buried in the church of that parish, on the 31st of December, 1605.—SKEPTOW'S Life of Shakspere, vol. i. p. 168.

‡ Supplication to Lord Treasurer Burghley, Nov. 9, 1599, preserved in the chamber at Stratford.

§ Rowe's Life of Shakespeare.

|| Aubrey's MSS. Ashmol. Oxon.

** Boswell's Shakespeare, Note to the 23d Sonnet.


*** He understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country.—Aubrey.
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Sleeping) that there needed not many a word To make him believe he was a lord: But you affirm, and in it seems most easy, 'Twill make a herd to drum as any boogier. Had Milly been so much to him as you say, I think that with such stately companies He put Kit Sly saw each hardly traces And let us meet there for a fit of gladness, And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness.

When the Stratford lands went over to Biffoy, they found the toppers were gone Evesham fair: but were sold, if they wished to try their strength with the sippers, they were ready for the contest. This being accorded to our hard and his companions were agitated at the first onset, when they thought it advisable to sound a retreat, while the means of retreat were practicable; and then had scarce marched half a mile, before they were all forced to lay down more than their arms, and encamp in a very disagreeable and murmuring form, under no better covering than a large crab-tree; and there they rested till morning.

This tree is yet standing by the side of the road. It is, it has been observed by the late Mr. T. Warton, the meanest house to which Shakespeare has an allusion, interest curiously, and acquires an importance, surely the tree which has spread its shade over him, and sheltered him from the dews of the night, has a claim to our attention.

In the morning, when the company awakened our bard, the story, says they, attracted him to return to Bifford, and renew the charge, but this he declined; and seeking round upon the adjoining villages, exclaimed, "No! I have had enough; I have drunk with Pheasant Pelwerto, Danielu Marriott, Haunted Hill-farde, Henrys Griffin, Dancing Richard Page Wiltsford, Regency Brown, and Drunk at Bifford."}

*Of the truth of this story, I have very little doubt, or uncertainty, than the crab-tree is known an round the country by the name of Shakespere-scrob, and that whole village, on which the avenue is made, all bear the epithets here given to the people of Pelworth are well named for the skill of the pipe and rhythm. Hillborough is more called Haunted Hillborough, and Griffin is memorable for the poverty of its cell."

The above relation, if it be true, presents us with a most unwonted picture of the manners and morals prevalent among the youth of War-wickshire, in the early years of Shakespeare; and in-ded on with regret, we find our immortal poet, with faculties so exalted, combating the base proceeded in such stoical manner. It is some relief to know that, though he served in amusing himself with such grand associations, he was the first to remove them in disgust.

We can search, in the present day, form a correct and impartial judgment of a disgraceful offence, in which these masculine contumacies involved him as a party. The transaction, whatever as it would now be considered, appears to admit of great examination, in regard to the manners and sentiments that prevailed at the time; and when we consider the consequences to which it led, we find it difficult to connect with much severity of custom the occasion by which Shakespeare was removed from the intercourse of such unworthy companions, and by which these powerful efforts to seduce were awakening men, who might; or who, perhaps, have been degraded in the manner of vulgar sensations, as an equality with his associates, or have assumed an irreparable fineness than the appearance of a country term.

One of the famous anecdotes of the young companions with whom Shakespeare had connected himself, was the planting of these and vines. This violation of the rights of property, must not, however, be considered with the respect which, at the present day, would be a similar offence. In these early ages, the spirit of Robin Hood was yet abroad, and they were conscientious, with riches and lands, among the more adventurous, but during, terms of youth. It was considered in the light of an indiscretion, rather than of a criminal offence; and in this particular, the young men of our times were congratulated by the presence of the students of the University. In those numerous excursions, Shakespeare was not backward in accompanying his comrades. The persons whose neighbour- hood, perhaps, with the exception of the wood-carvings and others, was described among the individual from whose hands they were likely to escape with impunity in case of detection. Sir Thomas Hare was a Puritan, and the severity of manners which was always charac-

terized this state, would teach him to express very limited assiduity to the excesses of Shakespeare and his fiends companions. He was better a game preserver: in his place as a member of parliament, he had been an active instrument in offenders. Nothing, however, can be more uniform than the traditions that deer and cows were really stolen from some (i.e. by Shakespeare and his friends, Mr. Jones, who died in 1631, and afterwards of another, and who lived at Parlow, a village about ten miles from Stratford) related the services Mr. Thomas Wilks, and remains related to several old people.—Batemow was told us at Stratford, and communicated it to the Rev. Mr. James R. has the same story.—Dr. Davy, Pecius ad, M. F. Notes for a book of Shakespeare were made in 1811.
the formation of the game laws: * and the trespasses of our poet, whether committed on the demesne of himself or others, were as offensive to his predictions as to his principles. Shakspeare and his complices were discovered, and fell under the rigid lash of Sir Thomas Lucy's authority and resentment. The knight attacked the poet with the penalties of the law; and the poet revenged himself by sticking the following satirical copy of verses on the gate of the knight's park.

COPY OF THE VERSES ON SIR THOMAS LUCY.

′A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scarecrow, in London an ass;
If Lucy is Lowsie, as some volke miscall it,
Synghe Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

He thinks himself great, yet an ass in byse state,
We allowe bye his cares but with asses to mate;
If Lucy is Lowsie, as some volke miscall it,
Synghe Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

He's a haughty proud insolent knighte of the shire,
At home nobody loves, yet thers many him fear;
If Lucy is Lowsie, as some volke miscall it,
Synghe Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

To the sessions he went, and dyd scarcely complain,
His parks had beene robb'd, and his deer they were slain;
This Lucy is Lowsie, as some volke miscall it,
Synghe Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

He sayd 'twas a rout, his men had beene beat,
His vension was stolen, and clandestinely eat;
Soe Lucy is Lowsie, as some volke miscall it,
Synghe Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

His haughtye pride insolent knyghte of the shire,
At home nobody loves, yet thers many him fear;
If Lucy is Lowsie, as some volke miscall it,
Synghe Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

Soe haughtye was he when the fact was confess'd,
He said 'twas a crime that could not bee redress'd;
Soe Lucy is Lowsie, as some volke miscall it,
Synghe Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

Though Lucies a dozen he paints in his coat,
His name it shall Lowsie for Lucey bee wrote;
For Lucy is Lowsie, as some volke miscall it,
Synghe Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

If a juerulane friskick he cannot forgive,
We'll syngue Lowsie Lucy as long as we live;
And Lucy the Lowsie a label may call it,
We'll syngue Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

It would appear that the above song, the first effort we have received of our author's poetical talents, was not his only attempt at this kind of retaliation. It is said, in a book called a Manuscript History of the Stage, which is supposed by Malone to have been written between 1727 and 1730, 'that the learned Mr. Joshua Barnes, late Greek professor of the University of Cambridge, having about forty years ago at an inn in Stratford, and hearing an old woman singing part of the above said song, such was his respect for Mr. Shakspeare's genius, that he gave her a new gown for the two following stanzas in it; and could she have said it all, he would (as he often said in company, when any discourse has casually arose about him) have given her ten guineas.

* Sir Thomas was too covetous,
To covet so much deer;
When horns enough upon his head
Most plainly did appear.

Had not his worship one deer left?
What then? He had a wife,
Took pains enough to find him horns,
Should last him during life.'

The volume in which this anecdote is found, is not much to be relied upon; for the author has been, in several instances, detected as too credulous in receiving the reports of others, or as actually criminal, in giving the reins to his imagination, and supplying the want of facts by the resources of his invention. The verses, however, which prove not to have been, as was originally supposed, part of the first satirical effusion, but the fragment of another Jen d'esprit of the same kind, and on the same subject, sufficiently authenticate themselves. The quibble on the word deer, is one that was familiar with our author; and, says Whiter, 'the lines may be readily conceived to have proceeded from our young bard, before he was removed from the little circle of his native place.' Besides, the author of the book in which they were first published must have possessed an intrepidity of falsehood unparalleled in the history of literary forgeries, if he had dared, so soon after the death of Joshua Barnes, to advance a story of this kind as a notorious fact, when, had it been a fiction, any of the professor's friends would have had an opportunity of contradicting him. Malone considers these verses, as well as the first, a forgery; and cites the epitaph erected by Sir Thomas Lucy, in praise of his wife, as evidence of their spuriosity. Exaggerated conceit is the very essence of a satire; exaggerated praise is the universal characteristic of the epitaph. Each is equally wide of the truth: it is probable, that the real character of Lady Lucy neither warranted the panegyric of her husband, nor the severity of Shakspeare. But it would, at the present day, puzzle the ingenuity of a modern, to determine which was most likely to afford the fairest estimate of her worth.

The contest between Shakspeare and Sir Thomas Lucy was unequal; and the result was such as might have been anticipated, from the disproportion that existed between the strength and weapons of the opposing parties. The poet died in 1778, at the age of eighty. Malone considers the whole a forgery. The last stanza is indeed of a very suspicious appearance.

† Henry VI. part 1, act IV. scene 2, and Henry IV. part 1, act V. scene 4.

‡ Specimen of a Commentary on Shakspeare, p. 04.
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ought irritate by his wit; but the magistrate could wound by his authority. It is recorded by Mr. Davies, that the knight "had him oft whip, and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country." That the severity was undue, there can be little room for doubting. Every contemporary who has spoken of our author, has been lavish in the praise of his temper and disposition. "The gentle Shakespeare" seems to have been his distinguishing appellation. No slight portion of our enthusiasm for his writings, may be traced to the fair picture which they present of our author's character; we love the tenderness of heart—the candour and openness, and singleness of mind—the largeness of sentiment—the liberality of opinion, which the whole tenor of his works prove him to have possessed; his faults seem to have been the transient aberrations of a thoughtless moment, which reflection never failed to correct. The ebullitions of high spirits might mislead him; but the principles and the affections never swerved from what was right. Against such a person, the extreme severity of the magistrate should not have been exerted. His youth—his genius—his accomplishments—his wife and children, should have mitigated the rigour of the authority that was armed against him. The powerful enemy of Shakespeare was not to be appeased: the heart of the Puritan or the game-preservation is very rarely "framed of penetrable stuff." Our author fled from the inexpressible persecutions of his opponent, to seek a shelter in the metropolis; and he found friends, and honour, and wealth, and fame; where he had only hoped for an asylum. Sir Thomas Lucy remained to enjoy the triumph of his victory; and he yet survives in the character of Justice Shallow, as the laughing-stock of posterity, and as another specimen of the exquisite skit, with which the victim of his magistrate's authority was capable of painting the particulars of the weak and the vain, the arrogant and the servile.1

About the year 1587, in the twenty-third of his age, Shakespeare arrived in London. It is not possible to discover the inducements which led our poet, after his flight from Stratford, to seek his home and his subsistence in the neighbourhood of a theatre. Probably, in the course of their travels, he might have formed an acquaintance with some of the performers, during the occasional visits which they had made to Stratford. Homing and Burbage, distinguished performers of the time, were both Warwickshire men, and born in the vicinity of Stratford. Greene, another celebrated comedian of the day, was the townswoman, and he is thought to have been the relation, of Shakespeare. On arriving in the metropolis, these were perhaps his only acquaintance, and they secured his introduction to the theatre. It seems however agreed, that his first occupation there was of the very lowest order. One tradition relates, that his original office was that of call-boy, or prompter's attendant; whose employment it is, to give the performers notice to be ready to enter, as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage; while another account, which has descended in a very regular line from Sir William D'Avenant to Dr. Johnson, states, that Shakespeare's first employment was to wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those who rode to the theatre, and had no servants to take charge of them during the hours of performance. It is said, 'that he became so conspicuous in this office, for his care and readiness, that in a short time, every man as he alighted called for Will Shakespeare; and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse, while Will Shakespeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakespeare finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will Shakespeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, I am Shakespeare's boy, sir. In time, Shakespeare found higher employment, but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of Shakespeare's boys. That the above anecdote was really communicated by Pope, there is no room to doubt. This fact Dr. Johnson states upon his own authority, and coming from such a source, the story is certainly deserving of more respect than the commentators have been inclined to attach to it. It was originally related by D'Avenant, who, if the frequenters of the theatre had ever been in the habit of riding to the play, must have remembered the time; and if at that time, the lads who took charge of the horses were, as he affirmed, called having appeared first in Cibber's Lives of the Poets, a book of no authority. But the general inaccuracy of that work, ought not, in the present instance, to be considered as diminishing the credibility of its narration. The book was, in fact, written by Sheriff, the amanuensis of Dr. Johnson, and he, most probably, picked up from his employer this piece of original information. Johnson, in his edition of Shakespere, repeated it, without any allusion to Sheriff's work, as having come to him immediately from Pope, and in apparent ignorance of its ever having been printed before.  

1 Fulman's MSS. vol. XV. art. Shakespeare.  
2 There can be no doubt, that Justice Shallow was designed as the representative of the knight. If the traditional authority of this fact were not quite satisfactory, the description of his coat of arms, in the first scene of The Merry Wives of Windsor, which is, with very slight deviation, that of the Lucies, would be sufficient to direct us to the original of the portrait.  
4 Johnson. Reed's Shakespeare, vol. 1. p. 190. One reason alleged for discrediting this account, is, its
Shakespeare's boys, that circumstance is the strongest possible corroboration of the story. But it was known to Rowe, and rejected by him; and Stevens advances this omission as a proof that our author's first biographer considered the anecdote incredible, and wholly undeserving his attention. In the suppression of the fact may however have originated in some other cause than his suspicion of its truth. Might he not have been actuated by that absurd spirit of refinement, which is only too common among the writers of biography, as well as history, and which induces them to conceal or misrepresent every occurrence which is at all of a humiliating nature, and does not accord with those false and effeminate notions so generally entertained respecting the dignity of that peculiar class of compositions? But, however inferior the situation when Shakespeare occupied on first entering upon his dramatic career, his talents were not long buried in obscurity. He rapidly rose to the highest station in the theatre; and, by the power of his genius, raised our national dramatic poetry, then in its most infancy, to the highest state of perfection which it is perhaps capable of reaching.

*We have a curious account in a book entitled Mount Tabor, or private Exercises of a Peculiar Nature, by R. W. Willis, Esq., published in the year of his age 75, Anna Domini, 1699, an extract from which will give the reader a more accurate notion of the old Moralsities, than a long dissertation on the subject.

† Upon a Stage-play which I saw when I was a child.

² In the city of Gloucester the manner is (as I think it is in other like corporations), that when players of interludes come to town, they first attend the Mayor, to enforce him what noblemans's servants they are, and so to get licence for their publick playing; and if the Mayor like the actors, or would shew respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself, and the Alderman and Common-Council of the city; and that is called the Mayor's play, where every one that will, comes in without money, the Mayor giving the players a reward as he thinks fit to show respect upon them. At such a play, my father took me with him and made me stand between his legs, as he sat upon one of the benches, where we saw and heard very well. The play was called The Cradle of Security, wherein was personated a king or some great prince, with his couriers of several kinds, among which three ladies were in special grace with him; and they keeping him in delights and pleasures, drew him from his gravest counsellors, hearing of sermons, and listening to good counsell and ad monitions, that in the end they got him to lye down in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies joyning in a sweet song, rocked him asleep, and he awoke again; and in the mean time closely conveyed under the cloaths wherewith he was covered, a vizard, like a swine's snout, upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereto, the other end whereof being held severally by those three ladies, who fall to singing again, and then discovered his face, that the spectators might see how they had transformed him, going on with their singing. Whilst all this was acting, there came forth of another door at the farthest end of the stage, two old men; the one in blew, with a serjeant at armes, his mace on his shoulder; the other in red, with a drawn sword in his hand, and leading with the other hand upon the other's shoulder; and so they went along with a soft pace round about the
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

were more artificial, regular, and connected, and which were entirely formed of such personifications; but the first rough draught of a regular tragedy and comedy that appeared, Lord Sackville's *Gorboduc,* and Still's *Gammer Gurton's Needle,* were not produced till within the latter half of the sixteenth century, and but little more than twenty years previous to Shakspeare's arrival in the metropolis. *

About that time, the attention of the public began to be more generally directed to the stage; and it threw admirably beneath the cheerful beams of popularity. The theatrical performances which had, in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, been exhibited on temporary stages, erected in such halls or apartments as the actors could procure, or, more generally, in the yards of the great inns, while the spectators surveyed them from the surrounding windows and galleries, began to be so established in more convenient and permanent situations. About the year 1569, a regular playhouse, under the appropriate name of *The Theatre,* was built. It is supposed to have stood somewhere in Blackfriars; and three years after the commencement of this establishment, yielding to her inclination for the amusements of the theatre, and disregarding the remonstrances of the Puritans, the queen granted license and authority to the Servants of the Earl of Leicester, 'to use, exercise, and occupie, the arte and facultie of playinge comedies, tragedies, interludes, stage-plays, as well for the recreation of our lovinge subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall thinke good to see them, throughoute our realme of England.' From this time, the number of theatres increased with the ripening taste and the increasing demands of the people. Various noblemen had their respective companies of performers, who were associated as their servants, and acted under their protection; and during the period of Shakspeare's theatrical career, not less than seven principal playhouses were open in the metropolis.

Of these the *Globe,* and the playhouse in Blackfriars, were the property of the company to which Shakspeare was himself attached, and

by whom all his productions were exhibited. The *Globe* appears to have been a wooden building of a considerable size, hexagonal without, and circular within; it was thatched in part, but a large portion of the roof was open to the weather. This was the company's summer theatre; and the plays were acted by day-light: at the Blackfriars, on the contrary, which was the winter theatre, the top was entirely closed, and the performances were exhibited by candle-light. In every other respect, the economy and usages of these houses appear to have been the same, and to have resembled those of every other contemporary theatre.

With respect to the interior arrangements, there were very few points of difference between our modern theatres and those of the days of Shakspeare. The terms of admission, indeed, were considerably cheaper; to the boxes, the entrance was a shilling, to the pit and galleries only sixpence.† Sixpence, also, was the price paid for stools upon the stage; and those seats, as we learn from Docker's *Gull's Hauktow,* were peculiarly affected by the wits and critics at the time. The conduct of the audience was less restrained by the sense of public decorum, and smoking tobacco, playing at cards, eating and drinking, were generally prevalent among them: the hour of performance also was earlier; the play beginning at first at one, and afterwards at three o'clock, in the afternoon. During the time of representation, a flag was unfurled at the top of the theatre; and the floor of the stage (as was the case with every floor at the time, from the cottage to the palace) was strewn with rushes. But in other respects, the ancient theatres seem to have been very nearly similar to those of modern times; they had their pit, where the inferior class of spectators—the groundlings—ventured their clamorous censure or approbation; they had their boxes, and even their private boxes, of which the right of exclusive admission was hired by the night, for the more wealthy and refined portion of the audience; and there were again the galleries, or scaffold above the boxes, for those who were content to purchase inferior

skirt of the stage, till at last they came to the crate, when all the court was in the greatest jollity; and then the foremost old man with his face stroke a fearfull blow upon the crate; wherewith all the courtiers, with the three ladies, and the wizard, all vanished; and the deadeate prince starting up barefaced, and finding himself thus sent for to judgment, made a lamentable complaint of his miserable case, and so was carried away by wicked spirits. This prince did perswade in the Morall, the wicked of the world; the three ladies, Pride, Covetousness, and Luxury; the two old men, the end of the world, and the last judgment. This sight took such impression in me, that when I came towards man's estate, it was as fresh in my memory, as if I had seen it newly acted.†

The writer of this book appears to have been born in the same year with our great poet (1564). Supposing him to have been seven or eight years old when he saw this interlude, the exhibition must have been in 1571, or 1572.—Malone, *History of the English Stage.*

*Gorboduc* was produced in 1562. *Gammer Gurton,* in 1566.

† These prices appear latterly to have risen to two shillings and half-a-crown for the best places. The prices at the Blackfriars, were higher than at the Globe.—Reed's *Shakespeare,* vol. iii. p. 178.

‡ A little pique happened betwixt the duke of Lenox, and the Lord Chamberlains, about a box, in a new play at the Blackfriars, of which the duke had got the key; which if it had come to be debated betwixt them, as it was once intended, some heat or perhaps other inconvenience might have happened.—*Letter from Mr. Gerrard,* dated Jan. 22th, 1565. *Stratt. Letters,* vol. i. p. 311.
accommodation at a cheaper rate. On the stage, the arrangements appear to have been nearly the same as at present—the curtain divided the audience from the actors; which, at the third sounding, not indeed of the bell, but of the trumpet, was drawn for the commencement of the performance. Malone has puzzled himself and his readers, in his account of the ancient theatre, by the supposition that there was a permanent elevation of about nine feet, at the back of the stage, from which, in many of the old plays, part of the dialogue was spoken; and that there was a private box on each side of this platform. Such an arrangement would have precluded the possibility of all theatrical illusion; and it seems an extraordinary place to fix upon as a station for spectators, where they could have seen nothing but the backs and trains of the performers. But as Malone himself acknowledges the spot to have been inconvenient, and that 'it is not very easy to ascertain the precise situation where these boxes really were;' it may be presumed, from our knowledge of the good sense of our forefathers, that, if indeed such boxes existed at all, they certainly were not where the historian of the English stage has placed them. Malone was possessed with an opinion, that the use of scenes was unknown in the early years of our national drama, and he was perhaps not unwilling to adopt such a theory respecting the distribution of the stage as would effectually preclude the supposition that such aids to the imagination of the audience had ever been employed. That he was in error respecting the want of painted scenery, I cannot help suspecting, even against the high authority of Mr. Gifford.† As to his permanent platform, or upper stage, he may, or may not, be correct in his opinion; all that is certain upon this subject is, that his quotations do not authorize the conclusion that he has deduced from them; and only prove that in the old, as in the modern theatre, when the actor was to speak from a window, or appear upon a balcony, or on the walls of a fortress, the requisite ingenuity was not wanting to contrive an adequate representation of the place. But, with regard to the use of scenery, it is scarcely possible, from the very circumstances of the case, that such a contrivance should have escaped our ancestors. All the materials were ready to their hands; they had not to invent for themselves, but to adapt an old invention to their own purposes: and at a time when every better apartment was adorned with tapestry; when even the rooms of the commonest taverns were hung with painted cloths; while all the essentials of scenery were continually before their eyes, we can hardly believe our forefathers to have been so deficient in ingenuity, as to suppose that they never should have conceived the design of contriving the common ornaments of their walls into the decorations of their theatres. But, the fact appears to be, that the use of scenery was almost coexistent with the introduction of dramatic representations in this country. In the Chester Mysteries, written in 1268, and which are the most ancient and complete collection of the kind that we possess, we have the following stage direction: 'Then Noe shall go into the ark with all his family, his wife excepte. The ark must be boarded round about, and upon the burdes all the beasts and fowles hereafter rehearsed must be painted, that their words may agree with the pictures.' In this passage, then, is a distinct reference to a painted scene; and it is not likely, that in the lapse of three centuries, while all other arts were in a state of rapid improvement, and the art of dramatic writing perhaps more rapidly and successfully improved than any other, the art of theatrical decoration should have alone stood still. It is not improbable that their scenes were few; and that these were varied as occasion might require, by the introduction of different pieces of stage furniture. Mr. Gifford, who adheres to Malone's opinion, says, 'a table with a pen and ink thrust in, signified that the stage was a counting-house; if these were withdrawn, and two stools put in their places, it was then a tavern;§ and this might be perfectly satisfactory, as long as the business of the play was supposed to be passing within doors, but when it was removed to the open air, such mere devices would no longer be sufficient to guide the imagination of the audience, and some new method must have been adopted to indicate the place of action. After giving the subject consideratible attention, I cannot help thinking that Steevens was right in rejecting the evidence of Malone, strong as it may in some instances appear; and concluding that the spectators were, as at the present day, assisted in following the progress of the story, by means of painted and moveable scenery. This opinion is confirmed by the ancient stage directions. In the Folio Shakespeare, of 1623, we read, 'Enter Brutus, in his orchard.' 'Enter Timon, in the woods.' 'Enter Timon, from his case.' In Coriolanus: 'Marcius follows them to the gates, and is shut in.' Innumerable instances of the same kind might be cited, to prove that the ancient stage was not so defective in the necessary decorations as some antiquarians of great authority would represent. 'It may be added,' says Steevens, 'that the dialogue of Shakespeare has such perpetual reference to objects supposed visible to the audience, that the want of scenery could not have failed to render many of the descriptions uttered by his speakers absurd and laughable. Banquo examines the outside of Inverness castle with such

† Massinger, vol. i. p. 103.
‡ Rees's 'Shakspeare,' vol. iii. p. 12.
§ Massinger, vol. i. p. 103.
obviated the necessity of obstructing performers before the public in parts that were unsuited to their time of life. When the lid had become too tall for Julia, he was prepared to act, and was most admirably calculated in age to assume, the character of the ardent Romeo: when the voice had the 'mannish crack,' that rendered the youth unfit to appear as the representative of the gentle Imogen, he was skilled In the knowledge of the stage, and capable of doing justice to the princely sentiments of Arviragus or Guiderius.

Such then was the state of the stage when Shakspeare entered into its service, in the double capacity of actor and author. As an author, though Dryden says, that 'Shakspeare's own muse his Pericles first bore,' it is most probable that Titus Andronicus was the earliest dramatic effort of his pen. Shakspeare arrived in London about the year 1567, and according to the date of the latter play, as intimated by Ben Jonson, in his introduction to Bartholomew Fair, we find it to have been produced immediately after his arrival. That Titus Andronicus is really the work of Shakspeare, it would be a defiance to all contemporary evidence to doubt. It was not only printed among his works by his friends, Heminge and Condell, but is mentioned as one of his tragedies by an author, who appears to have been on such terms of intimacy with him, as to have been admitted to a sight of his MSS. sonnets. Against this testimony, the critics have nothing to oppose but the accumulated horrors of its plot; the stately march of its versification; and the dissimilarity of its style from the other efforts of Shakspeare's genius. It does not strike me that these arguments are sufficient to lead us to reject the play as the composition of our great dramatist. He was, perhaps, little more than three-and-twenty years of age when it was composed. The plays

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*This question appears to be set at rest by the following extracts of expenses from the Book of Receipts, the oldest that exists, in the office of the auditors of the Imprints. 'The Cullover, William Lyzard, for gold, silver, and sundry other callers by him spent, in painting the houses whose tents for the players and players at the courts, with their properties and necessities incident, &c., 134. 16s. 1d.

† Paper for patterns, and for leaves of trees, and other garnishing, 4 reams, 34s.

‡ Mrs. Jane, the linen dealer, for canvas to paynte for houses for the players, and other properties, as monsters, great hollow trees, and such other, twenty dozen ells, 12l.

§ William Lyzarde, for syne, cullars, pottes, mayles, and pensils, used and occupied upon the painting of seven cities, one village, one country house, one battlement, nine axes, a branch, lilies, and a mounte for Christmas three holidays, 4l. 15s. 8d.'

There are several other references to 'paynting great cloths of canvas,' which were evidently neither more nor less than moveable canvass scenes.


* The first woman who appeared in a regular drama, on a public stage, performed the part of Desdemona, about the year 1600. Her name is unknown. —Reed's Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 133.

† Prologue to the Tragedy of Cymbeline.

‡ In the year 1614, he speaks of it as a play which had then been exhibited 'five and twenty or thirty years.'

§ Mires, Palladis Tamia.

* Acælius

† Geriobride

‡ Damon and Pythias

# Tanncred and Gismond

© Cambyses, before

&c. and Virginia

+ Gem. Curtius's Needle

− Pronus and Cassandra

≠ Arrangement of Paris

= Sepho and Phoan

≠ Alexander and Campaspe

≠ Misfortunes of Arthur

≠ Jeronimo

≠ Spanish Tragedy

≠ Tamburlaine

≠ Titus Andronicus

— Reed's Shakespeare, vol. iii. p. 3, 4, note.
which at the time had possession of the stage, of which very few had been written, and not above fifteen are extant, supposing Andronicus to have been produced in 1589, were all of the same bombastic and exaggerated character; and the youthful poet naturally imitated the popular manner, and strove to bent his contemporaries with their own weapons. However tiresome the tragedy may be to us, it was a great favourite at its first appearance. It was full of barbarities that shock the refined taste; but these formed a mode of exciting the interest of the audience which was very commonly had recourse to by the play-writers of the age, and from which Shakspere never became fully weaned, even at a period when his judgment was matured; as we may learn from the murder of Macduff's children, the hamstringing of Cassio, and the plucking out the eyes of Gloucester. The versification and language of the play, are certainly very different from those of Othello, of Hamlet, of Macbeth, or Lear. The author had not yet acquired that facility of composition for which he was afterwards distinguished. He wrote with labour, and left in every line the trace of the labour with which he wrote. He had not yet discovered (and it was he who eventually made the discovery), that the true language of nature and of passion is that which passes most directly to the heart; but it is not with the works of his experienced years, that this 'bloody tragedy' should be compared; if it be, we certainly should find a difficulty in admitting that writings of such opposite descriptions, could be the effusions of the same intellect; but, compare this tragedy with the other works of his youth, and the difficulty vanishes. Is it improbable that the author of the Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece, should, on turning his attention to the stage, produce as heavy and monotonous a performance as the Titus Andronicus?

I have been rather more diffuse upon this subject, than the nature of the present notice would appear to warrant, because it affords the means of ascertaining the time when Shakspere commenced writer for the stage. If Titus Andronicus be really his, as I suppose, he became an author immediately on finding himself in the service of the theatre. His first play, though we now despise and reject it, was the best play that had been presented to the public; and immediately placed him in the first ranks of the profession, and among the principal supports of the company to which he was attached. Pericles, if the work of Shakspere, was probably his next dramatic production. Dryden has most unequivocally attributed this play to Shakspere, and he was also commended as its author, in 1646, by S. Shepherd, in a poem called Time displayed. It is true that it was omitted by Heminge and Condell, in their collection of our poet's works; but this may have proceeded from forgetfulness, and it was only by an afterthought, that Troilus and Cressida escaped a similar fortune. How far Pericles, as originally written, was, or was not, worthy the talents of Shakspere, we have no means of judging. The only editions of this tragedy that have come down to us, are three spurious quartos, of which the text was printed from copies taken by illiterate persons during representation, and published without any regard to the property or the reputation of the author, to impose on the curiosity of the public. The Pericles of Shakspere may have been a splendid composition, and yet not have shewn so in the garbled editions of the booksellers. We may estimate the injuries that Pericles received, by the injuries which we know were inflicted upon Hamlet on its first issuing, after such a process, from the press. In the first edition of Hamlet, 1603, there is scarcely a trace of the beauty and majesty of Shakspere's work. Long passages, and even scenes, are misplaced; grammar is set wholly at defiance; half lines frequently omitted, so as to destroy the sense; and sentences brought together without any imaginable connexion. Sometimes the transcriber caught the expression, but lost the sentiment; and babbled the words together, without any regard to the meaning or no-meaning that they might happen to convey: at other times he remembered the sentiment, but lost the expression; and considered it no presumption to supply the lines of Shakspere with doggerel verses of his own. Such were, for the most part, the early quarto impressions of our author's plays; and it is not difficult to conceive, that Pericles, which seems to have suffered more than any other play in passing through the ignorant and negligent hands of the transcriber and the printer, might have been originally the work of Shakspere, without retaining in its published form any distinguishing characteristics of the magic hand that framed it. To attempt tracing the literary life of our great dramatist were a work of unprofitable toil. I have given in the appendix (No. 2.) the list of his plays, according to the order in which Chalmers, Malone, and Dr. Drake, suppose them to have been composed; but the grounds of their conjectures are so uncertain, that little reliance can be placed in them, and all we really know upon the subject, is what we learn from Meres, that previously to the year 1598, that is, within twelve years after his attaching himself to the theatre, Shakspere had not only published his two poems, the Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece; but had already written Titus Andronicus, King John, Richard the
Second, Henry the Fourth, Richard the Third, Romeo and Juliet, The Midsummer Night's Dream, Two Gentlemen of Verona, The Comedy of Errors, The Lover's Labour Lost, The Lover's Labour Won,* and The Merchant of Venice. He had also written a great number of his Sonnets, and the minor pieces of poetry which were collected and printed by Jaggart, in 1599, under the somewhat affected title of the Passionate Pilgrim. After this, we have no means of ascertaining the succession in which the plays of Shakspeare were composed.

Very early in his dramatic career, he appears to have attained to a principal share in the direction and emoluments of the theatres to which he was attached. His name stands second in the list of proprietors of the Globe, and Blackfriars, in the license granted to them by James the First in 1603: and his industry in supporting these establishments was indefatigable. Besides the plays which were entirely of his own composition, of which he so completely re wrote as to make them his own, he seems to have been frequently engaged in revising, and adding to, and remodelling, the works of others.† This task, however beneficial to the interests of his theatre, and necessary to give attraction to the pieces themselves, was viewed with an eye of jealousy by the original authors; and Robert Greene, in his Groatsworth of Wit, himself a writer for the stage, in admonishing his fellow-dramatists to abandon their pursuit, and apply themselves to some more profitable vocation, refers them to this part of our author's labours with no little asperity. 'Trust them not (i.e. the players), for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shaks-scene in a country.' This sarcasm, however, was nothing more than the unwarranted effusion of a dissolve and disappointed spirit. Greene was a bad man. The pamphlet from which the above passage is extracted was published after his death by Henry Chettle; and the editor, after he had given it to the world, was so satisfied of the falseness of the charges insinuated against our author, that he made a public apology for his indiscretion in the preface to a subsequent pamphlet of his own, entitled, Kind Hart's Dreame; lamenting that he had not omitted, or at least moderated, what Greene had written against Shakspeare, and adding, 'I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault; because myself have seen his demeanour, so less civil than he excelleth in the quality he professeth: besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honestie, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art.'

It may be conceived from the abundance of his works, of which, perhaps, very many have been lost, that our author's facility of composition must have been extremely great; and, on this point, we have the contemporary testimony of his sincere, kind-hearted, generous, and much slandered friend, Ben Jonson, who writes in his Discoveries, 'I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in writing (whatever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted out a thousand! which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour, 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 felicity, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped; Sufflaminandus erat, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things which could not escape laughter; as when he said, in the person of Caesar, one speaking to him, 'Cesar, thou dost me wrong.'

He replied:

'Cesar did never wrong, but with just cause,'‡

'and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues; there was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.'§

But Shakspeare was not only an author but an actor. In this union of the two professions he was not singular; his friend Ben Jonson resembled him in this. With respect to the merits of Shakspeare as a performer, there has existed some doubt. From the expression used in

* There is no such play extant as Love's Labour Won. Dr. Farmer supposes this to have been another name for All's Well that Ends Well.
† As was the case with Henry the Sixth; and probably many other plays that have not come down to us.
‡ In the present copies we read—Julius Cesar, act iii. sc. 1.

Know, Caesar doth not wrong; nor without cause, Will he be satisfied:

Know, Cesar doth not wrong, but with just cause; Nor without cause, will he be satisfied.

The line was attacked by the formidable criticism of Jonson, and the offending words withdrawn.

§ Ben Jonson's Discoveries.
Roe's Life, it would appear that he had been but indifferently skilled in the inferior half of his double vocation, and never attempted any parts superior to the Ghost in Hamlet; but the words of Cheettle, speaking of him as 'one excellent in the qualities he professes,' confirm the account of Aubrey, that 'he did act exceedingly well.' That he understood the theory of his profession is manifest from the invaluable instructions which he has written for the use of all future actors, in the third act of Hamlet. His class of characters was probably not very extensive. If the names of the performers prefixed to the early editions of Every Man in his Humour were arranged in the same order as the persons of the drama, which was most probably the case, he was the original representative of Old Knowell; and an anecdote preserved by Oldys would also make it appear that he played Adam in As you like it. One of Shakspeare's brothers,* who lived to a good old age, even some years after the restoration of Charles the Second, would, in his younger days, come to London to visit his brother Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued it seems so long after his brother's death as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors (exciting them) to learn something from him of his brother, &c. they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was, besides, a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them (Charles Hart. See Shakspeare's Will). This opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatic character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects), that he could give them but little light into their inquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother Will in that station was, the faint, general, and almost last ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song.† From this it would appear, that the class of characters to which the historionc exertions of Shakspeare were confined, was that of elderly persons; parts, rather of declamation than of passion. With a countenance which, if any one of his pictures is a genuine resemblance of him, we may adduce that one as our authority for esteeming capable of every variety of expression; with a knowledge of the art that rendered him fit to be the teacher of the first actors of his day, and to instruct Joseph Taylor in the character of Hamlet, and John Lowine in that of King Henry the Eighth;† with such admirable qualifications for pre-emminence, we must infer that nothing but some personal defect could have reduced him to limit the exercise of his powers, and even in youth assume the slow and deliberate motion, which is the characteristic of old age. In his minor poems we, perhaps, trace the origin of this direction of his talents. It appears from two places in his Sonnets, that he was lamed by some accident. In the 37th sonnet he writes—

"So I made lame by Fortune's dearest spite."

And, in the 89th, he again alludes to his infirmity, and says——

"Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt."

This imperfection would necessarily have rendered him unfit to appear as the representative of any characters of youthful ardour, in which rapidity of movement or violence of exertion was demanded; and would obliged he to apply his powers to such parts as were compatible with his measured and impeded action. Malone has most inefficiently attempted to explain away the palpable meaning of the above lines; and adds, "If Shakspeare was in truth lame, he had it not in his power to halt occasionally for this or any other purpose. The defect must have been fixed and permanent. Not so. Surely, many an infirmity of the kind may be skillfully concealed; or only become visible in the moments of hurried movement. Either Sir Walter Scott or Lord Byron might, without any impropriety, have written the verses in question. They would have been applicable to either of them. Indeed the lameness of Lord Byron was exactly such as Shakspeare's might have been; and I remember as a boy, that he selected those speeches for declamation, which would not constrain him to the use of such exertions, as might obviate the defect of his person into notice. Shakspeare's extraordinary merits, both as an author and as an actor, did not fail of obtaining for him the fame and the remuneration that they deserved. He was soon honoured by the patronage of the young Lord Southampton, one of the most amiable and accomplished noblemen of the court of Elizabeth, and one of the earliest

* Gilbert.
† Rees's Shakspeare, vol. i. 122.
‡ Rosculus Anglicanus, commonly called, Downes the Prompter's Book.
patrons of our national drama. To this distinguished person our author dedicated, 'the first heir of his invention,'† the poem of *Venus and Adonis,* in 1593. This was within five years after Shakspeare arrived in London; and, in the following year, he inscribed the *Rape of Lucrece* to the same nobleman, in terms which prove that the barriers imposed by difference of condition had become graduallylevelled, and that, between these young men, the cold and formal intercourse of the patron and the client had been rapidly exchanged for the kinder familiarity of friendship. The first address is respectful; the second affectionate. When this intimacy began Shakspeare was in his twenty-seventh, and Lord Southampton in his twentieth year; a time of life when the expansion of our kindness is not restrained by any of those apprehensions and suspicions which, in after-life, impede the development of the affections; and when, in the enthusiastic admiration of excellence, we hasten to seek fellowship with it, and disregard every impediment to free communication which may be opposed by the artificial distinctions of society. The superiority of Shakspeare’s genius raised him to a level with his friend. Lord Southampton allowed the gifts of Nature to claim equal privilege with the gifts of Fortune; and the splendid present of a thousand pounds, which our great poet received from him, was bestowed and accepted in the true spirit of generosity; as coming from one, who was exercising to its noblest uses the power of his affluence, and received by one whose soul was large enough to contain the sense of obligation without any mixture of petty shame or any sacrifice of independence. The name of Henry Wriothesley, earl of Southampton, should be dear to every Englishman, as the first patron—the youthful friend—and author of the fortunes of Shakspeare.

The authority for believing that this magnificent present was made—which is equivalent to at least five thousand pounds at the present day—is the best that can be obtained respecting the events of our author’s life; that of Sir William D’Avenant. It was given,’ he says, ‘to complete a purchase.’ Malone doubts the extent of the earl’s munificence—and what does he not doubt? He says, ‘no such purchase was ever made.’ This is a mere gratuitous assumption; for it is evident that Shakspeare had a very considerable property in two principal theatres, which must have been obtained by purchase, and could not have been obtained for an inconceivable sum; nor by any means that our author could of himself have procured, by the most indefatigable exertions of his talents and economy. At a time when the most successful dramatic representation did not produce to its author so much as twenty pounds, and generally little more than ten; when, as an actor, his salary would have amounted to a mere trifle; and when, as we have before seen, the circumstances of his father could not have aided him by any supplies from home, it is only by adopting D’Avenant’s statement, and admitting the munificence of Lord Southampton, that we can account for the sudden prosperity of Shakspeare. But, says Malone, ‘it is more likely that he presented the poet with a hundred pounds in return for his dedications.’ And this instance of liberality, which is so creditable to Shakspeare and his patron—to him who merited, and the high-spirited and noble youth who comprehended and rewarded his exalted merit—is to be discredited, because such an ardour of admiration does not square with the frigid views of probability entertained by the aged antiquarian in the exclusion of his closet.

The fortunes of Shakspeare were indeed rapid in their rise; but he did not selfishly monopolize the emoluments of his success. On being driven from Stratford, he left, as we have seen, a father in reduced circumstances, and a wife and children who were to be supported by his labours. We may confidently assert, on a comparison of facts and dates, that the spirit of Shakspeare was not of a niggard and undiscerning kind. The course of his success is marked by the returning prosperity of his family. In 1578, his father was unable to pay, as a member of the corporation, his usual contribution of four-pence a-week to the poor; and in 1588, a distress was issued for the seizure of his goods, which his poverty rendered nugatory; for it was returned, ‘Johannes Shakspeare nihil habet unde distributio potest levari.’ Yet, from this state of poverty, we find him within ten years rising with the fortunes of his child; cheered and invigorated by the first dawning of his illustrious son’s prosperity; and in 1590, applying at the Herold’s Office for a renewal of his grant of arms,† and described as a Justice of the Peace, and one possessing lands and tenements to the amount of 500l. That this restoration of Mr. John Shakspeare’s affairs properties, and the dresses, must have been worth infinitely more. In Greene’s *Gracie’s worth of Wit,* a player is introduced, boasting that his share in the stage apparel could not be sold for two hundred pounds. Shakspeare was also the purchaser of property at Stratford so early as 1587.††

* My Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland came not to the court; the one doth not, the other but very seldomly: they pass away the time in London, *merely in going to play every day.* Rowland Whyte’s Letter to Sir Robert Sidney. 1599. *Sydney Papers,* vol. ii. P. 132.

† *Dedication to Venus and Adonis.*


§ The Globe was, perhaps, worth about 500l; the *Blackfriars* somewhat more: but this was the least valuable portion of the concern. The scenery, the
originated in the filial piety of his son, appears evident, from our knowledge that the branch of traffic with which his circumstances in life were inseparably connected, was at that period in its most extreme state of depression.

The kindness of Shakspeare was not restricted to his family; and the only letter which remains out of the many he must have received, is one from his townsmen, Richard Quiney, requesting in terms that speak him confident of success, the loan of thirty pounds, a sum in those days by no means inconsiderable.

Pecuniary emolument and literary reputation were not the only reward that our poet received for his labours: the smiles of royalty itself shone upon him. 'Queen Elizabeth,' says Rowe, 'gave him many gracious marks of her favour'; and so delighted was she with the character of Falstaff, that she desired our author to continue it in another play, and exhibit him in love. To this command we owe The Merry Wives of Windsor. Dennis adds, that, from the Queen's eagerness to see it acted, 'she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days, and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased with the representation.'

If Queen Elizabeth was pleased to direct the course of our author's imagination, with her successor he was a distinguished favourite: and James the First, whose talents and judgment have deserved more respect than they have received, wrote him a letter with his own hand, which was long in the possession of Sir W. D'Avenant. Dr. Farmer supposes this letter to have been written in return for the compliment paid the monarch in Macbeth; but he has overlooked an equally probable occasion. The Tempest was written for the festivities that attended the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the Prince Palatine; and was performed at court in the beginning of the year 1613. In the island Princess, Miranda, Shakspeare undoubtedly designed a poetical representative of the virgin and high-born bride; in the royal and learned Prospero, we may trace a complimentary allusion to the literary character and mysterious studies of her royal father; and it is at all events as likely that the letter of James to Shakspeare should have had reference to The Tempest as to Macbeth. Our author seems to have formed a far more correct estimate of the talents of his sovereign, than that which we have blindly received and adopted on the authority of his political enemies, the Non-conformists; and in a MS. volume of poems, which was purchased by Boswell, the following complimentary lines are preserved.

\[ SHAKSPEARE UPON THE KING. \]

'Crownes have their compass, length of dayes their date,
Triumphs their tombs, felicity her fate:
Of more than earth cunn earth make none partaker;
But knowledge makes the king most like his Maker.'

Thus honoured and applauded by the great, the intercourse of Shakspeare with that bright band and company of gifted spirits, which enabled the reigns of Elizabeth and James by their writings, must have been a source of the highest intellectual delight. The familiarity with which they seem to have communicated; the constant practice of uniting their powers in the completion of a joint production; the unenvying admiration with which they rejoiced in the triumphs of their literary companions, and introduced the compositions of one another to the world by recommendatory verses, present us with such a picture of kind and gay and intelligent society, as the imagination finds it difficult to entertain an adequate conception of. 'Sir Walter Raleigh, previously to his unfortunate engagement with the wretched Cibbom and others, had instituted a meeting of beaux esprits at the Mermaid, a celebrated tavern in Friday-street. Of this club, which combined more talent and genius, perhaps, than ever met together before or since, our author was a member; and here, for many years, he regularly repaired with Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect. Here, in the full flow and confidence of friendship, the lively and interesting "wit combats" took place between Ben Jonson and our author; and hither, in probable allusion to them, Beaumont fondly lets his thoughts wander, in his letter to Jonson, from the country:

"* What things have we seen Done at the Mermaid! I heard words that have been so nimble, and so full of subtle flame. As if that every one from whom they cause, Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest, &c."**

The ‘wit combats’ alluded to in this interesting passage are mentioned by Fuller, who, speaking of Shakspeare, says, 'Many were the wit com-

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* Supplication to the Lord Treasurer Burgheley, 1599.
+ This letter is preserved in Boswell's Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 485.
§ Life of Shakspeare.
\[ Supplication to the Lord Treasurer Burgheley, 1599. \]
\[ This letter is preserved in Boswell's Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 485. \]
\[ Life of Shakspeare. \]
\[ Epistle Dedicalary to the Comical Gallant. \]
\[ James was the patron of Jonson and of Shakspeare; he possessed himself no inconsiderable talent for poetry. See Boswell's Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 481, \]

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482. He was called a pedant; 'but,' says Mr. D'Israel, 'he was no more a pedant than the ablest of his contemporaries; nor abhorred the taste of tobacco, nor feared witches, more than they did: he was a great wit, a most acute disputant &c.—Cultivators of Authors, vol. ii. p. 245.

** Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. i. p. lxv. lxvi.
The intimacy of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson is alluded to in the following letter, written by G. Peel, a dramatic poet, to his friend Marle:

"FRIEND MARLE,

'Never longed for thy company more than last night. We were all very merry at the Globe, when Ned Alleyn did not scruple to alarime pleasantly to thy friend Will, that he had stolen his speeches about the qualities of an actor's excellency, in Hamlet his tragedy, from conversations manyfold which had passed between them, and opinions given by Alleyn touching the subject. Shakspeare did not take this talk in good sorte; but Jonson put an end to the strife, wittyly remarking. This affaire needeth no contentione; you steal it from Ned, no doubt; do not marvel: have you not seen him act tymes out of number?"

G. PEEL.

The first appearance of this Letter was in the Annual Register for 1770, whence it was copied into the Biographia Britannica, and in both these works it commences in the following manner:

'Ve must desire that my syster hyr watche, and the cockerie book you promysed, may be sente hye the man.—I never longed, &c.' "Of the four, this is the only anecdote worth preserving; but', concludes Dr. Drake, 'I apprehend it to be a mere forgery.'

The names of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, as friends, and the most successful cultivators of our early dramatic literature, are so intimately connected, that the life of one involves the frequent mention of the other. Indeed, it is reported by Rowe, that Shakspeare was the original means of introducing the works of Jonson to the stage. Jonson, altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakspeare 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 Jonson and his writings to the public."—This anecdote is disputed by Mr. Gifford. He proves that in 1598, when Every Man in His Humour, the first effort of Jonson's genius which we are acquainted with, was produced, "its author was as well known as Shakspeare, and, perhaps, better." Very true; but this does not in the least impugn the credibility of Rowe's tradition.

† Shakespeare and his Times, vol. ii. p. 592.
‡ Latten, i.e. brass. The anecdote is from the Harl. MSS. No. 6395.
§ Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. i. p. lxxx.
[** Poetical Characteristics, vol. i. MS. some time in the Harleian Library.
< Rowe's Life of Shakespeare.

* * *
is nowhere asserted, that Every Man in his Humour was the play which thus attracted the attention of Shakespeare; all arguments therefore deduced from the situation held by Jonson in the literary world, at the time that comedy was first acted, are perfectly invalid. The performance which recommended him to Shakespeare, was most probably a boyish effort, full of talent and inexperience, which soon passed from the public mind, but not sooner than the author wished it to be forgotten; which he had the good sense to omit in the collection of his works published in 1616, and which, perhaps, he only remembered with pleasure from its having been the means of introducing him to the friendship of his great contemporary.

But whatever cause might have originated the mutual kindness which subsisted between these two excellent and distinguished men, it is certain that an intimacy the most sincere and affectionate really did subsist between them. On the part of Jonson, indeed, the memorial of their attachment has been handed down to us in expressions as strong and unequivocal as any which the power of language can combine. He speaks of Shakespeare, not indeed as one blinded to the many defects by which the beauty of his productions was impaired, but with such candour and tenderness, as every reasonable man would desire at the hands of his friends, and in terms which secured a credit to his commendations, by shewing that they were not the vain effects of a blind and ridiculous partiality. Jonson writes, 'I love the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idola
try, as much as any.' And it is from his Elegy, To the Memory of his beloved Master William Shakespeare, that we have derived the two most endearing appellations, the 'Gentle Shakspeare,' and 'Sweet Swan of Avon;' by which our poet has been known and characterized for nearly two centuries.*

It must appear extraordinary, that in opposition to such decisive proofs of the kindness entertained by Jonson for our author, his memory should have been persecuted for the last century by the most unfounded calumnies, as if he had been the insidious and persevering enemy of his reputation. The rise and progress of this slander, which has been propagated through every modern edition of Shakespeare's works, is not wholly undeserving of our attention. Rowe, indeed, has the following anecdote, which he relates, perhaps, on the authority of Dryden, that 'in a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eton, and Ben Jonson, Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakespeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Jonson with some warmth; Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them, that, if Mr. Shakespeare had not read the ancients, neither had he stolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topic finely treated by any one of them, he would undertake to show something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakespeare.' This anecdote was written nearly a hundred years after the death of our author, and more than seventy after the death of Jonson. Even supposing all the circumstances to be correct,† it only represents Jonson as maintaining an opinion in conversation which he has printed in his Discoveries, that 'many times Shakspeare fell into those things which could not escape laughter,' and arguing, that a deeper knowledge of the classic writers would have improved his genius, and taught him to lop away all such unseemly exuberances of style. It shews the most learned poet of his time, or, perhaps, of any time, honestly ascertaining the advantages that a poet may derive from variety of learning; but this is all; and it supposes no undue or unfriendly attempt in Jonson to depreciate the fame of Shakespeare. Indeed no hint of the existence of any difference or unkindness between those celebrated individuals is to be found in any contemporary author. Dryden thought Jonson's Verses to Shakspeare sparing and injudicious; but to this opinion Pope very justly recorded his dissent; and wondered that Dryden should have held it. Rowe in the first edition of his Life of Shakespeare, insinuates a doubt of the sincerity of Jonson's friendship; before the publication of his second edition he found cause to reject a suspicion so injurious to the reputation of Jonson, and had the honesty to erase the passage from his work. The words, however, did not escape the vigilance of Malone: they were re-printed, and the sentiment re-adopted; and, as if it were more valuable to the commentators, from having been condemned by its author, their united labours and ingenuity have been indefatigably employed in inventing and strained evidence to support an insinuation, which was too carelessly disseminated, and too silently withdrawn. Rowe should have made such an explicit recantation of his error, as might have repaired the ill he had occasioned, and guarded the good name of one of our greatest poets against the revival of the calumny: this he unfortunately omitted; and he thus left the character of Jonson bare to the senseless and grata

tuous malignity of every puny spirit, that chose to amuse its spleen by insulting the memory of the mighty dead. For years, the friend and eulogist of Shakespeare was aspersed as sensuous and ungrate
ful, in almost every second note of every edition of our author's works; and it is only lately that the judicious exertions of Gilchrist and of Gifford have exposed the fallacy of such unwarranted

† Which is very doubtful. See Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. i. p. cclx.
imputations, and demonstrated beyond the possibility of future doubt, that Jonson and Shakspeare were friends and associates, till the latter finally retired—that no feud, no jealousy, ever disturbed their connexion—that Shakspeare was pleased with Jonson, and that Jonson loved and admired Shakspeare.*

But courted, praised, and rewarded as he was, the stage, as a profession, was little fitted to the disposition of our poet. In his Sonnets,† which afford us the only means of attaining a knowledge of his sentiments upon the subject, we find him lamenting the nature of his life with that dissatisfaction, which every noble spirit would necessarily suffer, in a state of unimportant labour and undisguised publicity. In the hundred and tenth he exclaims,

* Also, 'tis true I have gone here and there, And made myself a moisture; to the view.'

And again, in the hundred and eleventh; with evident allusion to his being obliged to appear on the stage, and write for the theatre, he repeats,

'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 breed.'

With this distaste for a course of life, to which adversity had originally driven him, it is not extraordinary to find that he availed himself of the first moment of independence, to abandon the histrionic part of his double profession. This occurred so early as 1604. After that time his name never appears on the lists of performers which were attached to the original editions of the old plays. Ben Jonson's Semonus, which came out in 1603, is the last play in which he is mentioned as a performer. As a writer for the stage, and part proprietor of two principal theatres, he was obliged to be much in London; but he never took root and settled there. His family always resided at Stratford, and thither he once a year repaired to them. In the privacy of his native town all the affections of his heart appear to have been 'garner'd up;' and there, from his beginning to reap the wages of success, he deposited the emoluments of his labours, and hoped to find a home in his retirement. In 1607, he purchased New Place, a house which he repaired and adorned to his own taste, and which remained in the family till the death of his granddaughter, Lady Barnard; and in the garden of which he planted the celebrated mulberry-tree, which was so long an object of veneration as the flourishing memorial of the poet. To the possession of New Place, Shakspeare successively added in the course of the following eight years, an estate of about one hundred and seven acres of land, and a moiety of the great and small tithes of Stratford.§

It was in one of his periodical journeys from London to Stratford, that 'one midsummer night' he met at Crendon, in Bucks, with the original of Dogberry. Aubrey says, that the constable was still alive about 1642. 'He and Ben Jonson did gather humours of men wherever they came; and as the constable of Crendon sat for the picture of Dogberry, so we are told, on the authority of Bowman the player, that part of Sir John Falstaff's character was drawn from a towsman of Stratford, who either faithlessly broke a contract, or spitefully refused to part with some land for a valuable consideration, adjoining to Shakspeare's house.'† Oldys has where is the man who has not offences to repent of? Why are we to suppose Shakspeare alone immaculate? And would it not be continually urged as a reproach by the calumnious voice of Envje against the favoured friend of Southampton, that he had been obliged to fly his country in poverty and disgrace?

* Motley, i.e. a fool, a buffoon.

§ The house at Stratford that Shakspeare had consecrated by his residence, exists no longer. New Place descended from his daughter Susanna, to his grand-daughter, Mrs. Nash, afterwards Lady Barnard; and there, during the civil wars, that lady and her husband, in 1644, received Henrietta Maria, the queen of Charles the First, who sojourned with them for three weeks. After passing through the hands of several intervening proprietors, it fell into the possession of Sir Hugh Clifton, who pulled down the ancient house, and built one more elegant on the same spot. This was in its turn destroyed by the Rev. Mr. Gastrill, because he conceived himself assessed too highly; and it was by the same barbarous hands, that the celebrated mulberry-tree, which Shakspeare himself had planted, was cut down, because he found himself inconvenienced by the visitors, who were drawn by admiration of the poet, to visit the classic ground on which it stood.

† Aubrey, Ms. Mrs. Ashmot.

‡ Reely's Shakspeare, vol. i. p. 130.
recorded in his MS. another anecdote connected with those journeys of our poet to Stratford, which I shall give in his own words. — If tradition may be trusted, Shakspere often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit, and her husband, Mr. John Davenant (afterwards mayor of that city), a grave, melancholy man; who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakspere's pleasant company. Their son, young Will. Davenant (afterwards Sir William), was then a little school-boy in the town, of about seven or eight years old, and so fond also of Shakspere, that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day, an old townswoman observing the boy running homeward, almost out of breath, asked him whether he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his god-father Shakspere. There's a good boy, said the other, but have a care that you don't take God's name in vain. This story Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakspere's monument, then newly erected in Westminster Abbey; and he quoted Mr. Betterton, the player, for his authority.  

The anecdote of Shakspere's death, as related by Dr. Coombes, is another which has commonly been attributed to Shakspere, his friend, but Mr. Aubrey, in his edition of Aubrey's随时, says:— 'Sir John-a-Combe, an old usurer, whose name was Shakespeare, and was buried in Stratford, a drunken blacksmith, with a carbuncled face, recoiled up to him and demanded,  

'Now, Mr. Shakspere, tell me if you can,  

The difference between a youth and a young man?'  

to which our poet instantly rejoined:  

'Thou son of fire, with thy face like a maple,  

The same difference as between a scalded and coddled apple.'  

A part of the wit,' says Dr. Drake, 'turns upon the comparison between the blacksmith's face, and a species of maple, the bark of which is uncommonly rough, and the grain undulated and crisped into a variety of curls.'  

Rove relates, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, 'an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: it happened, that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakspere, in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately; upon which Shakspere gave him these four verses:  

'Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd;  

'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:  

If any man ask, who lies in this tomb?  

Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.  

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.'  

Aubrey narrates the story differently, and says, 'that one time as Shakspere was at the tavern at Stratford, Mr. Combes, an old usurer, was to be buried, he makes there this extempore epitaph upon him:  

'Ten in the hundred the devil allows,  

But Combe will have twelve, he swears and he vows;  

If any one ask, who lies in this tomb?  

Hab! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.'  

Dr. Drake considers Aubrey's version of the event as the most probable. In some of its circumstances Rowe's account is contradicted; for it is certain, that Shakspere and Combe continued friends till the death of the latter; who  

should be omitted in this edition, than from any regard for their intrinsic value.

A story, preserved by the tradition of Stratford, and which, according to Malone, 'was related fifty years ago to a gentleman of that place, by a person upwards of eighty years of age, whose father was contemporary with Shakspere,' may not improperly be attributed to this portion of his life. It is said, that as Shakspere was leaning over the hatch of aurer's door at Stratford, a drunken blacksmith, with a carbuncled face, recoiled up to him and demanded,
left him 61, as a token of kind remembrance in his will; and that no feud afterwards arose between our poet and the relations of Combe, seems pretty evident from Shakspere's having bequeathed his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe, the nephew of the usurer.

In addition to the above ludicrous verses, two epitaphs of a serious character have been ascribed to Shakspere by Sir William Dugdale, which are preserved in a collection of epitaphs at the end of the Visitations of Salop. Among the monuments in Tongue Church, in the county of Salop, is one erected in remembrance of Sir Thomas Stanley, knight, whom Malone supposes to have died about 1600. The tomb stands on the north side of the chancel, supported with Corinthian columns. It hath two figures of men in armour lying on it, one below the arches and columns, the other above them; and besides a prose inscription in front, the monument is enriched by the following verses of Shakspere.

Written on the east end of the tomb:

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

Written on the west end thereof:

Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
Nor sky-aspiring pyramids our name.
The memory of him for whom this stands,
Shall outlive marble, and defacer's hands.
When all to time's consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven.

Besides these inscriptions for the monument of Sir Thomas Stanley, which we have the authority of Dugdale, a Warwickshire man, and who spent the greater part of his life in that county, for attributing to our author; we find another epitaph ascribed to him in a manuscript volume of poems by William Herrick, and others. The volume, which is in the handwriting of the time of Charles the First, is among Rawlinson's Collections, in the Bodleian Library, and contains the following epitaph:

When God was pleas'd, the world unwilling yet,
Elia James to Nature payd his debt,
And here reposeth: as he lived, he dyd;
The saying in him strongly verisid:—
Such life, such death: then, the known truth to tell,
He lived a godly life, and dyed as well.
* Wm. Shakspere.

There was a family of the surname of James, formerly resident at Stratford, to some one of whom the above verses were probably inscribed.

The life of our poet was now drawing towards its close; and he was soon to require from the hands of others those last honours to the dead, which, while alive, he had shewn himself so ready to contribute. His eldest and favourite daughter, Susanna, had been married as early as 1607, to Dr. Hall, a physician of considerable skill and reputation in his profession, who resided at Stratford; and early in 1616, his youngest daughter, Judith, married Mr. Thomas Quincey, a vintner of the same place. This ceremony took place on February the 10th. On the twenty-fifth of the following month, her father made his will—being, according to his own account, in perfect health and memory—and a second month had not elapsed before Shakspere was no more. He died on the twenty-third of April, 1616, and on his birth-day, having completed his fifty-second year. * It is remarkable,* says Dr. Drake, *that on the same day expired, in Spain, his great and amiable contemporary Cervantes; and the world was thus deprived, nearly at the same moment, of the two most original writers which modern Europe has produced.*

Of the disease by which the life of our poet was thus suddenly terminated, we are left in ignorance. His son-in-law, Dr. Hall, left for publication a manuscript collection of essays, selected from not less than a thousand diseases; but the earliest case recorded is dated 1617, and thus all mention is omitted of the only one which could have secured to his work any permanent interest or value.

On the second day after his decease, the remains of Shakspere were interred on the north side of the chancel of the great church of Stratford. Here a monument, containing a bust of the poet, was erected to his memory. He is represented under an arch, in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a scroll of paper. The following Latin distich is engraved under the cushion:

Judicio Pyliam, genio Soratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus secat, Olympus habet.

The first syllable in Soratem is here made short, which cannot be allowed. Perhaps we should read Sophelem. Shakspere is then appositely compared with a dramatic author among the ancients: but still it should be remembered, that the eulogium is lessened while the metre is re-formed; and it is well known, that some of our early writers of Latin poetry were uncommonly negligent in their prosody, especially in proper names. The thought of this distich, as Mr. Tollet observes, might have been taken from The Faery Queene of Spenser.†

* Drake's Shakspere and his Times, vol. ii. p. 611.
† Book 2. c. 9. st. 18, and c. 10. st. 3.
To this Latin inscription on Shakspeare, should be added the lines which are found underneath it on his monument:

Stay passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plac'd
Within this monument; Shakspeare, with whom
Quick nature dy'd; whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost: since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.'

Ex. 53, die 23 April.'

And on his grave-stone underneath, is inscribed:

'Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.'

The tomb at Stratford is not the only monumental tribute that has been raised to the honour of Shakspeare. A cenotaph was subsequently erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, by the direction of the Earl of Burlington, Pope, Dr. Mead, and Mr. Martyn. This monument, which cost three hundred pounds, was the work of Scheemaker, after a design by Kent, and was opened in January, 1741; one hundred and twenty-five years after the death of our author. The dean and chapter of Westminster gave the ground, and the expenses of the statuary were defrayed by a benefit at each of the London theatres. The receipts of Drury Lane exceeded two hundred pounds; at Covent Garden they did not amount to more than half that sum.

Of the genius of Shakspeare it were in this place superfluous to write: that task has been performed by others; and is sufficiently discussed in the discourses of Rowe, and Pope, and Johnson; but of his disposition and moral character, it may not be uninteresting to give the following passage from Dr. Drake. — 'To these tradition has ever borne the most uniform and favourable testimony. And, indeed, had she been silent on the subject, his own works would have whispered to us the truth; would have told us, in almost every page, of the gentleness, the benevolence, and the goodness, of his heart. For, though no one has exceeded him in painting the stronger passions of the human breast, it is evident that he delighted most in the expression of loveliness and simplicity, and was ever willing to descend from the loftiest soarings of imagination, to sport with innocence and beauty. Though the world of spirits and of nature, says the admirable Schlegel, 'had laid all their treasures at his feet: in strength a demi-god, in profundity of view a prophet, in all-seeing wisdom a protecting spirit of a higher order, he yet lowered himself to mortals, as if unconscious of his superiority, and was as open and unassuming as a child.'

'That a temper of this description, and com-

bled with such talents, should be the object of sincere and ardent friendship, can excite no surprise. ‘I loved the man,’ says Jonson, with a noble burst of enthusiasm, ‘and do honour his memory on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest; and of an open and free nature;’ and Rowe, repeating the unconstrued rudumour of times past, has told us,—that every one, who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him;’ adding, ‘that his exceeding candour and good-nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him.

‘No greater proof, indeed, can be given of the felicity of his temper, and the sweetness of his manners, than that all who addressed him, seem to have uniformly connected his name with the epithets worthy, gentle, or beloved; nor was he backward in returning this esteem, many of his sonnets indicating the warmth with which he cherished the remembrance of his friends. Thus the thirtieth opens with the following pensive retrospect:—

‘When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh—
For precious friends, hid in death's dateless night.’

‘And in the thirty-first he tenderly exclaims:—

‘How many a holy and obsequious tear,
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
As interest of the dead!’

‘Another very fascinating feature in the character of Shakspeare, was the almost constant cheerfulness and serenity of his mind: he was ‘very good company,' says Aubrey, ‘and of a very ready, and pleasant, and smooth wit.' In this, as Mr. Godwin has justly observed, he bore a striking resemblance to Chaucer, who was remarkable for the placidity and cheerfulness of his disposition; nor can there, probably, be a surer indication of that peace and sunshine of the soul which surpasses all other gifts, than tois habitual tone of mind.

‘That Shakspeare was entitled to its possession from his moral virtues, we have already seen; and that, in a religious point of view, he had a claim to the enjoyment, the numerous passages in his works, which breathe a spirit of pious gratitude and devotional rapture, will sufficiently declare. In fact, upon the topic of religious, as upon that of ethic wisdom, no profane poet can furnish us with a greater number of just and luminous aphorisms; passages which dwell upon the heart, and reach the soul; for they have issued from lips of re, from conceptions worthy of a superior nature, from feelings solemn and earthy.'

Of the descendants of Shakespeare there is not one remaining. Hamnet, his only son, died in childhood. His eldest daughter, Mrs. Hall, survived her father upwards of thirty years; and if the inscription of her tomb present us with a fair estimate of her talents and her virtues, she was the worthy child of Shakespeare. She left one daughter only, who is mentioned in our poet's will, as his "niece Elizabeth." This lady was twice married; to Thomas Nashe, Esq. and afterwards to Sir John Barnard, of Abington, near Northampton, but had no issue by either husband. Judith, the other daughter of our poet, was the mother of several children; of which the eldest, with an honest pride in that maiden name, which her father's genius had rendered illustrious, was christened Shakespeare; but none of her offspring arrived at years of maturity.

It must strike every one as extraordinary, that the writings of a poet so distinguished should have been handed down to us in so corrupt and imperfect a state; and that so little should be known with any degree of certainty respecting the author of them. Shakespeare himself appears to have been entirely careless of literary fame. In his early works he was sufficiently cautious in superintending their progress through the press; and the Venus and Adonis, the Rape of Lucrece, and the Titus Andronicus, were presented to the public with as much typographical accuracy as any volumes of the time. He was at first not indifferent to celebrity as an author; but it was a mere youthful vanity, and having attained the object of his ambition, and perceived its worthlessness, he afterwards only considered his genius and his improved skill in composition as the means of acquiring independence for his family, and securing an early retirement from the anxieties of public life. He wrote only for the theatre; his purpose was answered, if his pieces were successful on the stage; and he was perfectly careless of the manner in which his most splendid productions were disfigured in surreptitious and defective editions, and his most exquisite passages rendered ridiculous by the blunders of ignorant transcribers. The plays that were printed in his life-time, with the exception of Titus Andronicus, had all issued from the press under circumstances the most injurious to the reputation of their author, without his revision or superintendence, and perhaps without his consent or knowledge; and when, eight years after his death, his friends Heminge and Condell undertook the collection and publication of his works, it is scarcely possible that the MSS. from which the edition was printed should have been the genuine MSS. of Shakspeare. Those had most probably perished in the fire that destroyed the Globe Theatre in 1613; and the first folio was made up from the playhouse copies, and deformed by all the omissions and the additions which had been adopted to suit the imperfections or the caprice of the several performers.—If Shakspeare still appears to us the first of poets, it is in spite of every possible disadvantage, to which his own sublime contempt of applause had exposed his fame, from the ignorance, the negligence, the avarice, or the officiousness, of his early editors.†

To these causes it is to be ascribed that the writings of Shakspeare have come down to us in a state more imperfect than those of any other author of his time, and requiring every exertion of critical skill to illustrate and amend them. That so little should be known with certainty of the history of his life, was the natural consequence of the events which immediately followed his dissolution. It is true, that the age in which he flourished was little curious about the lives of literary men; but our ignorance

* Here lyeth the body of Susanna, wife to John Hall, Gent. 3d daughter of William Shakspeare, Gent. She deceased the 11th of July, A. D. 1649, aged 66.

† Witty above her sexe, but that's not all, Wise to salvation was good Mistris Hall. Something of Shakspeare was in that; but this Wholly of him with whom she's now in bliss. Then, passenger, hast ne'er a tear? To weep with that wept with all: That wept, yet set herself to chere Them up with comfort cordiall. Her love shall live, her mercy spread, When thou hast ne'er a tear to shed.

‡ The foregoing English verses, which are preserved by Dugdale, are not now remaining, half of the tombstone having been cut away, and another half stone joined to it, with the following inscription on it.—"Here lyeth the body of Richard Watts, of Ryhon-Clifford, in the parish of Old Stratford, Gent. who departed this life the 23d of May, Anno Domini 1687, and in the sixt year of his age." Thus Mr. Watts, as I am informed by the Rev. Mr. Davenport, was owner of, and lived at, the estate of Ryhon-Clifford, which was once the property of Dr. Hall.

† Mrs. Hall was buried on the 16th July, 1649, as appears from the register of Stratford.—Malone.

‡ It may be perceived that many passages must have been corrupted beyond the reach of restoration, by comparing the following lines from Lear, which the ingenuity of the commentators has fortunately been able to set right, with the original text:

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus: That these hot tears, which break from me perseive, Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee! The untended woundings of a father’s curse Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes, Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out, And cast you, with the waters that you lose, To temper clay.

The first edition reads the first line correctly, and continues, ‘that these hot tears, that break from me when the tender woundings of a father’s curse, peruse every sense about the old fond eyes, beweep this cause again?’ &c.
must not wholly be attributed to the want of curiosity in the immediate successors of the poet. The public mind soon became violently agitated in the conflict of opposite opinions. Every individual was called upon to take his stand as the partisan of a religious or political faction. Each was too intimately occupied with his personal interest to find leisure for so peaceful a pursuit as tracing the biography of a poet. If this was the case during the time of civil commotion, under the puritanical dynasty of Cromwell the stage was totally destroyed; and the life of a dramatic author, however eminent his merits, would not only have been considered as a subject underving of inquiry, but only worthy of contempt and abomination. The genius of Shakspeare was dear to Milton and Dryden; to a few lofty minds and gifted spirits; but it was dead to the multitude of his countrymen, who, in their foolish bigotry, would have considered their very houses as polluted, if they had contained a copy of his works. After the Restoration, these severe restrictions were relaxed, and, as is universally the case, the counteraction was correspondent to the action. The nation suddenly exchanged the rigid austerity of Puritanism for the extreme of profligacy and licentiousness. When the drama was revived, it existed no longer to inculcate such lessons of morality as were enforced by the contrition of Macbeth, the purity of Isabel, or the suffering constancy of Iwanen; but to teach modesty to blush at its own innocence, to corrupt the heart by pictures of debauchery, and to exalt a gay selfishness and daring sensuality above all that is noble in principle and honourable in action. At this period Shakspeare was forgotten. He wrote not for such profligate times. His sentiments would have been met by no correspondent feelings in the breasts of such audiences as were then collected within the walls of the metropolitan theatres, composed of men who came to hear their vices flattered; and of women masked, ashamed to show their faces at representations which they were sufficiently abandoned to delight in. The jesting, lying, bold intriguing rake, whom Shakspeare had rendered contemptible in Lucio, and hateful in Iachimo, was the very character that the dramatists of Charles's time were painting after the model of the court favourites, and representing in false colours as a deserving object of approbation. French taste and French morals had banished our author from the stage, and his name had faded from the memory of the people. Tate, in his altered play of King Lear, mentions the original in his dedication as an obscure piece: the author of the Tanner, in quoting some lines of Macbeth, cites them from the disfigured alteration of D'Avenant. The works of Shakspeare were only read by those whom the desire of literary plunder induced to pry into the volumes of antiquated authors, with the hopes of discovering some neglected jewels that might be clandestinely transplanted to enrich their own poverty of invention; and so little were the productions of the most gifted poet that ever ventured to embark on the varying waters of the imagination known to the generality of his countrymen, that Otway stole the character of the Nurse and all the love scenes of Romeo and Juliet, and published them as his own, without the slightest acknowledgment of the obligation, or any apprehension of detection. A better taste returned: but when, nearly a century after the death of Shakspeare, Rowe undertook to superintend an edition of his Plays, and to collect the Memoirs of his Life; the race had passed away from whom any certain recollections of our great national poet might have been gathered; and nothing better was to be obtained than the slight notes of Aubrey, the scattered hints of Oldys, the loose intimations which had escaped from D'Avenant; and the vague reports which Betterton had gleaned in his pilgrimage to Stratford.

* Even in the reign of Elizabeth, the enmity against the stage was carried to a great extent; play-books were burnt privately by the bishops, and publicly by the Puritans.
APPENDIX.

No. 1.

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL,

FROM THE ORIGINAL

IN THE OFFICE OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.


Is the name of God, Amen. I William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memory (God be praised!) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say:

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith, one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following: that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant, all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece [Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be

eldest daughter by the custom of the manor.—MALONE, edit. 1821.

† to my niece—Elizabeth Hall was our poet's grand-daughter. So, in Othello, Act I. sc. 1. Iago says to Brabantio: 'You'll have your nephews' neigh to you.' meaning his grand-children.—MALONE.

\* This was found to be unnecessary, as it was ascertained that the copyhold descended to the
paid to our children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease; provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve-pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, — Hart,* and Michael Hart, five pounds a piece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate (except my broad silver and gilt bowl†), that I now have at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe,‡ my sword; to Thomas Russel, esq. five pounds; and to Francis Collins§ of the borough of Warwick.

* — Hart. It is singular that neither Shakespeare nor any of his family should have recorded the Christian name of his nephew, who was born at Stratford but eleven years before the making of his will. His Christian name was Thomas; and he was baptized in that town, July 24, 1600. — Malone.
† — except my broad silver and gilt bowl. This bowl, as we afterwards find, our poet bequeathed to his daughter Judith.
‡ — Mr. Thomas Combe.] This gentleman was baptized at Stratford, Feb. 9, 1588-9, so that he was twenty seven years old at the time of Shakespeare’s death. He died at Stratford in July 1657, aged 68; and his elder brother William died at the same place, Jan. 30, 1600-1, aged 50. Mr. Thomas Combe by his will, made June 26, 1656, directed his executors to convert all his personal property into money, and to lay it out in the purchase of lands, to be settled on William Combe the eldest son of John Combe of Althorpe in the county of Lincoln, gent., and his heirs male; remainder to his two brothers successively. Where, therefore, our poet’s sword has wandered, I have not been able to discover. I have taken the trouble to ascertain the ages of Shakespeare’s friends and relations, and the time of their deaths, because we are thus enabled to judge how far the traditions concerning him which were communicated to Mr. Rowe in the beginning of this century, are worthy of credit. — Malone.
§ — to Francis Collins.] This gentleman was godfather to Shakespeare’s only son, who was called after him. Mr. Sadler, I believe, was born about
rough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent. thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet [Hamnet] Sadler twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty-six shilling eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to my godson, William Walker,‡ twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash,** gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to Mr. John Nash,†† twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to my fellows, John Heminge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell,‡‡ twenty-six shillings eight-pence a piece, to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter, Susannah Hall, for better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital message or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds, of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, §§ or in any of them, in the said

the year 1599, and died at Stratford-upon-Avon, in October 1612. His wife, Judith Sadler, who was godmother to Shakespeare’s youngest daughter, was buried there, March 23, 1613-14. Our poet probably was godfather to their son William, who was baptized at Stratford, Feb. 5, 1599-8. — Malone.

* — to my godson, William Walker.] William, the son of Henry Walker, was baptized at Stratford, Oct. 16, 1608. I mention this circumstance, because it appears that one author was at his native town in the autumn of that year. Mr. William Walker was buried at Stratford, March 1, 1679-80. — Malone.
** — to Anthony Nash.] He was father of Mr. Thomas Nash, who married our poet’s grand-daughter, Elizabeth Hall. He lived, I believe, at Welcombe, where his estate lay; and was buried at Stratford, Nov. 18, 1622. — Malone.
†† — to Mr. John Nash.] This gentleman died at Stratford, and was buried there, Nov. 16, 1623. — Malone.
‡‡ — to my fellows John Heminge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell.] These our poet’s fellows did not very long survive him. Burbage died in March, 1610; Cundell in December 1627; and Heminge in October, 1613. — Malone.
§§ — Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe.] The lands of Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, here devised, were, in Shakespeare’s time, a continuation of one large field, all in the parish of Stratford. Bishopton is two miles from Stratford, and Welcombe one. For Bishopton, Mr. Theobald erroneously printed Bushopton, and the error has been continued in all the subsequent editions. The word in Shakespeare’s original will is spelt Bushopton, the vulgar pronunciation of Bishopton.

I searched the Indexes in the Rolls Chapel from
county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or
tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one
John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and
being, in the Blackfriars in London near the
Wardrobe: * and all other my lands, tenements,
and hereditaments, whatsoever: to have and to
hold all and singular the said premises, with their
appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for
and during the term of her natural life; and by
her decease to the first son of her body lawfully
issuing, and to the heirs-males of the body of
the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default
of such issue, to the second son of her body law-
fully issuing, and to the heirs-males of the body
of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for
default of such heirs, to the third son of the body
of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and to the
heirs-males of the body of the said third son law-
fully issuing; and for default of such issue, the
same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth,
and seventh sons of her body lawfully issuing one
after another, and to the heirs-males of the bodies
of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons
lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before
limited to be and remain to the first, second,
and third sons of her body, and to their heirs-males;
and for default of such issue, the said premises to
be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs-
males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default
of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the
heirs-males of her body lawfully issuing; and for
default of such issue, to the right heirs of me
the said William Shakspeare for ever.

the year 1599 to 1616, with the hope of finding an
enrolment of the purchase-deed of the estate here
devised by our poet, and of ascertaining its extent
and value; but it was not enrolled during that period,
nor could I find any inquisition taken after his death,
by which its value might have been ascertained. I
suppose it was conveyed by the former owner to
Shakspeare, not by bargain and sale, but by a deed of
freedomin, which it was not necessary to enroll.—
Malone.

* — that messuage or tenement—in the Black-
friars in London near the Wardrobe. ] This was the
house which was mortgaged to Henry Walker.

By the Wardrobe is meant the King's Great
Wardrobe, a royal house, near Puddle- wharf, pur-
chased by King Edward the Third from Sir John
Beauchamp, who built it. King Richard III. was

Item, I give unto my wife my second best bed.
with the furniture.†

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter
Judith, my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest
of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and
household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and
legacies paid, and my funeral expenses dis-
charged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-
in-law, John Hall, gent. and my daughter Sus-
anna, his wife, whom I ordain and make execu-
tors of this my last will and testament. And I do
entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russell,
esq. and Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers
hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and
publish this to be my last will and testament.
In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand,
the day and year first above written.

By me WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Witness to the publishing hereof,
Fra. Collyns,
Julius Shaw,
John Robinson,
Hamnet Sadler,
Robert Whatcott.

Probatum fuit testamentum suprascriptum apud
London, coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum
Doctor, &c. vestro et secundo die mensis Junii,
Anno Domini, 1616: juramento Johannis Hall
— unus ex. eui, &c. de bene, &c. jurat, reservec
potestate, &c. Susanna Hall, alt. ex. &c. eum
cum venerit, &c. petetur, &c.

lodged in this house, in the second year of his reign.
See Stowe's Survey, p. 603, edit. 1618. After the fire
of London this office was kept in the Savoy: but it is
now abolished.—Malone.

† — my second best bed, with the furniture.)
Thus Shakspeare's original will.
It appears, in the original will of Shakspeare (now
in the Prerogative-office, Doctors' Commons), that
he had forgot his wife; the legacy to her being ex-
pressed by an interlineation, as well as those to
Heminge, Burbage, and Cundell.
The will is written on three sheets of paper, the
last two of which are undoubtedly subscribed with
Shakspeare's own hand. The first indeed has his
name in the margin, but it differs somewhat in spell-
ing as well as manner, from the two signatures
that follow.—Malone and Stevens.
APPENDIX.

No. 2.

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

IN WHICH

THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN, ACCORDING TO THE

ARRANGEMENTS OF

CHALMERS, MALONE, AND DR. DRAKE.

Chalmers and Malone reject Titus Andronicus, and Pericles, as spurious. Dr. Drake does not notice the former play, but, on the authority of Dryden, admits the latter as genuine, and sup-

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<td>1611</td>
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<td>23. Timon of Athens</td>
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<td>24. The Winter's Tale</td>
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<td>25. Measure for Measure</td>
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<td>26. Lear</td>
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<td>27. Cymbeline</td>
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<td>28. Macbeth</td>
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<td>29. Julius Caesar</td>
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<td>30. Antony and Cleopatra</td>
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<td>31. Coriolanus</td>
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<td>1621</td>
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<td>32. The Tempest</td>
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<td>33. The Twelve Night</td>
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<td>1623</td>
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<tr>
<td>34. Henry VIII.</td>
<td>1623</td>
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<td>35. Othello</td>
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<td>1625</td>
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EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

Of the following plays, editions were printed during the life-time of Shakspeare.

EARLY QUARTOS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>First Edition</th>
<th>Second Edition</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Titus Andronicus</td>
<td>1609</td>
<td>1611</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pericles</td>
<td>1609</td>
<td>(no date)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Henry VI. Parts 2 and 3</td>
<td>1597</td>
<td>1601</td>
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<td>Richard II.</td>
<td>1597</td>
<td>1608</td>
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<td>Richard III.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Romeo and Juliet</td>
<td>1597</td>
<td>1609</td>
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<tr>
<td>Love's Labour Lost</td>
<td>1598</td>
<td>1607</td>
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<tr>
<td>Henry IV. the First Part</td>
<td>1598</td>
<td>1604</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry IV. the Second Part</td>
<td>1598</td>
<td>1609</td>
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<td>Henry V.</td>
<td>1598</td>
<td>1602</td>
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<tr>
<td>Merchant of Venice</td>
<td>1600</td>
<td>1608</td>
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<tr>
<td>Midsummer-Night's Dream</td>
<td>1600</td>
<td>(no date)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Much Ado About Nothing</td>
<td>1600</td>
<td>(no date)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Merry Wives of Windsor</td>
<td>1603</td>
<td>1605</td>
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<td>Hamlet</td>
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<td>1606</td>
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<td>Lear</td>
<td>1608</td>
<td>1607</td>
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<tr>
<td>Troilus and Cressida</td>
<td>1609</td>
<td>1609</td>
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The above are the only dramatic productions of our Author which were published during his life-time. All of them were sent into the world imperfectly; some printed from copies surreptitiously obtained by means of inferior performers, who, deriving no benefit from the theatre, except their salary, were uninterested in the retention of copies, which was one of the chief concerns of our ancient managers; and the rest, as Hamlet in its first edition, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Romeo and Juliet, Henry the Fifth, and the two Parts of Henry the Fourth, appear to have been published from copies inaccurately taken by the ear during representation, without any assistance from the originals belonging to the playhouses.

FOLIOS.

As Shakspeare had himself shown such an entire disregard for posthumous reputation as to omit publishing a collected edition of his works, an attempt was made to atone for his neglect by his friends Heminge and Condell, about eight years after his death, who published, in 1623, the only authentic edition of his works.

The title-page is as follows:

'Mr. William Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true original Copies, 1623. Fol. Printed at the Charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, J. Smeeweke, and W. Apsley. The Dedication of the Players, prefixed to the first folio, 1623.'

To the most Noble and Incomparable Paire of Brethren, William Earle of Pembroke, &c.


Right Honourable,

Whilst we sttiche to be thankful in our particular, for the many favoures we have receiv'd from your L. L. we are alme upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can bee, feare and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the success. For, when we value the places your H. H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have deprv'd ourselves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L. L. have been pleased to thinke these trifles some-
APPENDIX.

thing, herefore, and have prosequeht both them, and their Author living, with so much fa-
vour: we hope that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequitor to his owne writings) you will use the same indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any booke choose his Patrones, or fade them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without am-
bition either of self-profit, or fame: onely to keepe 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. Wherin, as we have justly observed, no man to come necere your L. L. but with a kind of religi-
ous addressse, it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be con-
sidered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke,
creame, fruits, or what they have; and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes and incense, obtained their requests with a lea-
vened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods by what meanes they could; And the most, though meanest, of things are made more pre-
cious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most hibariously consecrate to your H. H. these remains of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them may be ever your L. L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes 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 number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now publique, and you will stand for your privilidges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how oddie soever your braces be, or your wisdomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher. so you

rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, what-
ever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne Plays dailie, know, these Plays have had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, than any purchasd Letters of commend-
ation. It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have been wished, that the Author himselfe had lived to have set forth, and overseeen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd other-
wise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you, doe not envie his Friends, the office of their care and paine, to have collected and publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were absud'd with divers stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of in-
jurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived the: 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 easinesse, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prov-
ince, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capaci-

cities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and held you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him.

John Heminge, 
Henrie Condell.

Steevens, with some degree of probability, sup-
poses these prefaces to be the productions of Ben Jonson.

In 1632, the works of Shakespeare were re-
printed in folio by Thomas Cotes, for Robert Allot. Of this edition Malone speaks most con-
temptuously, though many of the errors of the first are corrected in it, and he himselfe silently adopted 186 of its corrections without acknow-
ledging the debt. The judgment passed by Steevens on this edition is, 'Though it be more incorrectly printed than the preceding one, it has likewise the advantage of various readings, which are not merely such as reiteration of copies will naturally produce. The curious examiner of
Shakspeare's text, who possesses the first of these, ought not to be unfurnished with the second.'

The third folio was printed in 1664, for P. C. * And a fourth, for H. Herringham, E. Brewster, and R. Bentley, in 1682.

'To these impressions,' says Steevens, 'they are little better than waste paper, for they differ only from the preceding ones by a larger accumulation of errors.'

These are all the ancient editions of Shakspeare.

MODERN EDITIONS.

Octavo, Rowe's, London, 1709, 7 vols.
Duodecimo, Rowe's, ditto, 1714, 9 ditto.
Quarto, Pope's, ditto, 1725, 6 ditto.
Duodecimo, Pope's, ditto, 1738, 10 ditto.
Octavo, Theobald's, ditto, 1733, 7 ditto.
Duodecimo, Theobald's, ditto, 1740, 8 ditto.
Quarto, Hanmer's, Oxford, 1744, 6 ditto.
Octavo, Warburton's, London, 1747, 8 ditto.
Ditto, Johnson's, ditto, 1765, 8 ditto.
Ditto, Steevens's, ditto, 1766, 4 ditto.
Crown 8vo. Capell's, 1768, 10 ditto.
Quarto, Hanmer's, Oxford, 1771, 6 ditto.
Octavo, Johnson and Steevens, London, 1773, 10 ditto.

Octavo, Johnson and Steevens, London, 1775, 10 vols.
Ditto (published by Stockdale), 1784, 1 ditto.
Ditto, Johnson and Steevens, 1785, third edition, revised and augmented by the editor of Dodsley's Collection of old Plays (i.e. Mr. Reed), 10 ditto.
Duodecimo (published by Bell), London, 1788, 20 vols.
Octavo (published by Stockdale), 1790, 1 ditto.
Crown 8vo. Malone's, ditto, 1790, 10 ditto.
Octavo, fourth edition, Johnson and Steevens, &c. ditto, 1793, 15 ditto.
Octavo, fifth edition, Johnson and Steevens, by Reed, 1803, 21 ditto.

Vol. i. ................. 1786
Vol. ii. ................ 1787
Vol. iii. ................. 1789
Vol. iv. ................ 1791
Vol. v. ................ 1794
Vol. vi. ................ 3

The Plays and Poems of William Shakspeare, with the corrections and Illustrations of various commentators: comprehending a Life of the Poet, and an enlarged history of the stage, by the late Edward Malone, 1821. This edition was superintended by the late Mr. Boswell.

No. 4.

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKESPEARE.

EITHER BY THE EDITORS OF THE TWO LATER FOLIOS, OR BY THE COMPILERS OF ANCIENT CATALOGUES.

Locrine.
Sir John Oldcastle.
Lord Cromwell.
The London Prodigal.
The Puritan.
The Yorkshire Tragedy.

These were all printed as Shakspeare's in the third folio, 1664, without having the slightest claim to such a distinction. Steevens thought that the Yorkshire Tragedy might probably be a hasty sketch of our great poet; but he afterwards silently abandoned this opinion. We find

from the papers of Henslowe† that Sir John Oldcastle was the work of four writers—Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathaway. It is impossible to discover to whom the rest are to be attributed.

Some other plays, with about equal pretensions, have likewise been given to our author.

The Arraignment of Paris, which is known to have been written by George Peele.

The Birth of Merlin, the work of Rowley, although in the title-page, 1662, probably by a fraud of the bookseller, it is stated to be the joint production of Rowley and Shakspeare.

† He appears to have been proprietor of the Rose Theatre, near the bank side in Southwark. The MSS. alluded to were found at Dulwich College.

B 2
Edward the Third. This play Capell ascribed to Shakspeare, for no other reason but that he thought it too good to be the work of any of his contemporaries.

Fair Emma. There is no other ground for supposing this play to be among our author's productions, than its having been met with in a volume, which formerly belonged to Charles II. which is lettered on the back, SHAKSPEARE, Vol. I.

The Merry Devil of Edmonton, entered on the Stationers' books as Shakspeare's about the time of the Restoration; but there is a former entry, in 1608, in which it is said to be written by T. B. whom Malone supposes to have been Tony or Antony Brewer.

Mucedorus. The real author unknown. Malone conceives that he might be R. Greene.

Shakspeare is supposed to have had a share in two other plays, and to have assisted Ben Jonson in Sejanus, and Fletcher in the Two Noble Kinsmen. If he was the person who united with Jonson in the composition of Sejanus, which Mr. Gifford very reasonably doubts, no portion of his work is now remaining. The piece, as originally written, was not successful; and the passages supplied by the nameless friend of Jonson were omitted in publication. The fact of his having co-operated with Fletcher in the Two Noble Kinsmen has been much discussed; Pope favours the supposition that Shakspeare's hand may be discovered in the tragedy; Dr. Warburton expresses a belief that our great poet wrote 'the first act, but in his worst manner.' All the rest of the commentators, without exception, agree in rejecting this opinion; and attribute the origin of the tale to the puff of a bookseller, who found his profit in uniting the name of Shakspeare with that of Fletcher on publishing the play. The judgment of the majority appears in this case to be the most correct.
THAT praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the hollies of paradox; or those, who, being forced by dis- appointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refruses, and flatter themselves that the regard which is yet denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by time. The notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour past than present excellence; and the mind transplanted generation through generation of artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead, we rate them by his best.

The works of Shakspeare show that there is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientific, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared, and if they persist to value the possession, the examination and comparison have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature, no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains, and many rivers; so in the productions of genius, nothing can be styled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same nature. It would be as difficult for any man to become acquainted with the genuine sources of his powers, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years: but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time.

The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transcribe his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments. The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted, arises therefore not from any credulons confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and inhabitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

The poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topic of merit or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated.

The effects of favour and competition are at an end; for, because qualified comparisons have long possessed they have often examined and compared, and if they persist to value the possession, the examination and comparison have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature, no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains, and many rivers; so in the productions of genius, nothing can be styled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same nature. It would be as difficult for any man to become acquainted with the genuine sources of his powers, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years: but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transcribe his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments. The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted, arises therefore not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and inhabitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

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like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It was not easily he imagined how much Shakspere excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakspere. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was not love is only upon topics which will never arise to the commerce of mankind. But the style of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences.

I pon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapine and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed: to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depauperated. But in Shakspere, though it be only one of many passions, and as it has so great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew, that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general are not easily discriminated and preserved; yet perhaps no poet ever kept his characters more distinct from each other, and will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristic: but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the present possession to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggrandized characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectation of human actions from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakspere has no heroes: his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion, even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakspere approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shewn human nature as it acts in real exiguities, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakspere, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has nursed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language. He secures from human passions, with which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the Fashions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of critics, who form their judgment upon narrower principles. Dennis and Hume, who took his Romans not sufficiently Rd and Voltaire censures his kings as excessively royal. Dennis is offended, servant, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks deficiency when the Danish usurer is represented as a drunkard. But Shakspere always makes nature predominate over accident; and is as serious as he serves the essential character, in the very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requites no sordid notice. He knows that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to shew an usurer at the murder not only odious, but despicable; he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings and wine are like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty civils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery. The censure which he has incurred by mixing comic and tragic scenes as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shakspere's plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which is by parts of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and painting the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hastie to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the majority of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties, the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the monstrous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gaities of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of composition intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect among the Greek or Romans a single writer who attempted both.

Shakspere has united the powers of existing in laughter and admiration, not only in one mind, but in laughter and admiration. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes pro-
Of seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.
That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed: but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by shewing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatic poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mind and emotion seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unbecoming levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different sources of happiness exist, and that, upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author’s works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds, by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us, and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only modifications of different habits, such as the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce and regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra, than in the history of Richard the Second. But a history might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all these denominations of the drama, Shakespeare’s mode of composition is the same; an invented scene may succeed as an error, and mislead the mind at one time, and exhilarate at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When Shakespeare’s plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of Hamlet is opened, without impropriety, by two contzents; Iago bellows at Brabantio’s window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of Polonius is reasonable and useful; and the Gravediggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shakespeare engaged in dramatic poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the public judgment was uniform; he had no example of such fane as might force him upon imitation, nor critics of such authority as might restrain his extravagance; he therefore indulged his natural disposition, and his disposition, as Rymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little facility; but in his comic scenes, he seems to produce without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic, but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragic scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the life of the scene, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits, are only superficial dies, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a deep tint, without any remains of former lustre; but the discriminations of true passion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only persist with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The saul heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the stream continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered; this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The poet is always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making better; those who forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right; but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellencies deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as exceptionally constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakespeare’s familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly

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without ruggedness or difficulty: as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation; his characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

Shakespeare with his excellencies has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall shew them in the proper fund from which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superstitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets cumbour higher than truth.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings indeed a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no pretence of instruction or of duty, nor is always careful to shew in the virtuous a dispensation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right or wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot excuse; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justify his creed and condition of existence.

The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting, which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he shortened the labour, to snatch the profit. He therefore remixes his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbable, and is imperfectly related.

He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one to age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expense not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interlopers. We need not to wonder to find Hector quoting Aristotle, when we see the loves of Theseus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothic mythology of fairies. Shakespeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology, for in the same age Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has in his Arionia, confounded the pastoral with the feudal traditions, the play of innocuous sport and evil, nor is always careful to shew in the virtuous a dispensation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right or wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot excuse; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justify his creed and condition of existence.

In his comic scenes, he is seldom so successful, when he engages his characters in recurrences of smartness and contests of sarcasm; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantness licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not easy to determine; the reign of Elizabeth is commonly supposed to have been a time of state-

lines, formality, and reserve, yet perhaps the relaxations of that severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to choose the best.

In tragedy his performance seems constantly to be worse, as his labour is more. The effusions of passion, which exigence forces out, are for the most part striking and energetic; but whenever he solicits his interest he will train his felicity; the offering of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity.

In narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatic poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inanimate, and obstructs the progress of the action; it should therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakespeare found it an incumbence, and instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and splendor.

But the faults of his prose are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragic writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to shew how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

In reading, the incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject; he struggles with it a while, and if it continues stubborn, comprises it in words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and evolved by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate, the thought is subtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas disappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have most reasonably found in him the chief to which they approach nearest to his highest excellence, and seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. What he does best, he soon ceases to do. He is not long soft and pathetic without some idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts itself, and terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity.

A quibble is to Shakespeare, what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in a mire. It has some slight power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisitions, whether he be enlarging knowledge, or excelling affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents, or enchanting it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it by the sacrifice of reason, propriety,
and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and of critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resigne him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indelged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: but, from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of place. He has not, indeed, an imagination perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakspere is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly what Aristotelic requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and thus the poem is made up of incidents.

There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has shewn no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corinelle, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the difficulty of making the drama credible. The critic holds it to be evident that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the second at Rome, at a distance from which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him: he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critic exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of Shakspere, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatic failure in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes, that when the play opens, the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Anthony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Caesar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia, or the banks of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why the natural spectator should not count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They believe to be beholding a number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that complete a story may be in places very remote from each other, and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre?

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, we believe that the time, without absurdity, be represented, in the catastrophe, as happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus: that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions, and why not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first: if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene! Time is, of, all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore it is willingly permitted to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is represented. This was one of the rules of Persepolis. The reflection that strikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If
there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment, because we labor under the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought the wanderers and treasures real, they would please us no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are more real for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreatad by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountain coolness, but we consider, how we should be pleased with such fountains pouring beside us, and such trees waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of Henry the Eighth: a dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful in the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of the play may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of the prince?

A play read, affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the author of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakspeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, and that he at last deliberately pursued a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable, but unity of action, and the unities of time and place arise merely silently from false assumptions, and, by very describing the extent of the drama, lessening its variety. I cannot think that anything of that sort was intended, that they were not known by him, or not observed: nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules merely positive, become the comprehensive genius of Shakespeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticisms of Voltaire:

"Non una pecor permeuntur iuails Longus suspira dies, at non, 2 vove Metelll Servensur leges, nihilat Cesaris tolli."

Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramatic rules, I cannot but recollect how much their learning may be produced against me; before such authorities I am afraid to stand, not that I think the present question one of those that are to be decided by mere authority, but because it is to be suspected, that these precepts have not been so easily received, but for better reasons than I have yet been able to find. The result of my inquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not essential to a just drama; that they, though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction; and that a play, written with nice observation of critical rules, is to be contem- plated as an elaborate curiosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentatious art, by which is shown, rather what is possible, than what is necessary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, shall preserve all the unities unbroken, deserves the like applause with the architect, who shall display all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its strength; but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greatest graces of a play are to copy nature, and instruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recall the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almost frightened to come to a subject at my own temerity; and when I estimate the fame and strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence, as Eneas withdrew from the theatre of Troy, when he saw Neptune shaking the wall, and Juno heading the besiegers.

And from my arguments cannot persuade to give their approbation to the judgment of Shakspeare, will easily, if they consider the condition of his life, make some allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be right estimated, must be compared to the state of the age in which he lived, and with its own particular opportunities; and this book a reader can be worse or better for the circumstances of the author, yet as there is always a silent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the inquiry, how far man may extend his designs, or how high he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we shall place any particular performance, curiosity is always busy to dignify the instruments, as well as to survey the workmanship, to know how much is to be ascribed to original powers, and how much to casual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean and inconmodious habitations, if compared to the houses of European monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with astonishment, who remembered that they were built without the use of iron?

The English nation, in the time of Shakspeare, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. The philosophy of Italy had been transplanted hither in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and the waters, which had quenched the thirst of the noblest and most curi-ous, had been so successfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacre, and others, by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner; and the words by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and As- chan. Greek was now taught to boys in the principal schools; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spanish poets. But literature was yet confined to professors, or to men and women of high rank. The public was gross and dark; and to be able to read was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true state of things, knows not how to judge of that which is presented by resemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearance, is always welcome to vulgar, as to childish credulity; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The study of those who then aspired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and supernatural events. The Death of Agincourt was published in a small volume. The mind of man has feasted on the luxurios wonders of imagination, has no taste of the insipidity of truth. A play which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of Phalaris...
The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades and scented with flowers: the composition of Shakespeare is a forest, in which oak shades extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interpersed with trees with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to places, filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness. Shakespeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds, a mine inexhaustible, though clouded by incrustations, tarnished by the dirt of centuries, and mingled with a mass of meager minerals.

It has been much disputed, whether Shakespeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastic education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authors.

There are always prevailed a tradition, that Shakespeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Jonson, his friend, affirms, that he had small Latin, and less Greek; who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of Shakespeare were known to multitudes. Such evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

Some have imagined, that they have discovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged, were drawn from books translated in his time; or were such easy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who consider the same subject. The evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

I have found it remarked, that in this important sentence, Go before, I'll follow, we read a translation of, I pra, sequar. I have been told, that when Cælian, after a pleasing dream, says, I tried to sleep again, the author imitates Anacreon, who, had he, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion, there are a few passages which may pass for imitations, but so few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication, and as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it.

The Comus is confessedly taken from the Menoechium of Plautus; from the only play of Plautus which was then in English. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that, would have copied more; but that those which were not translated were inaccessible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have some French scenes proves not little, that he knew the French, and perhaps, and probably, though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without assistance. In the story of Romeo and Juliet he is observed to have followed the English translation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this on the other part proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He may have copied not what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.

It is most likely that he had learned Latin sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the Roman authors. Concerning his skill in modern languages, I can find no sufficient ground of determination; but as no imitations of French or Italian
outlaws have been discovered, though the Italian poetry was then high in esteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than English, and could not for his fables only such tales as he himself translated.

That much knowledge is certainly met with over his works is very justly observed by Pope, but it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He that will understand Shakespeare, must not content to study him in the closet, he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the forge or translated.

There is, however, proof enough, that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then so indigent as books, but that he might very liberally improve his curiosity without excursin into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors were translated, and some of the Greek; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; and must of the topics of human dispute, and had found English writers; and penury had been cultivated, not only with little encouragement, but success. This was a stock of knowledge sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the English stage in a state of the utmost rudeness, and the actors either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be discerned to what degree of delight either the stronger of the passions, or the imagination, might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet understood. Shakespeare may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier scenes to have carried them both to the utmost height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not easily known; it is enough for the chronology of his works is yet unsettled. Rowe is of opinion, that perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like those of other writers, in his least perfect works; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that for aught I know, says he, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best. But the power of nature is only the power of using to any certain purpose the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and when images are collected by study and experience, can only assist in combining or applying them. Shakespeare, however, as we are informed what he had learned; and as nature, could impart only what he had, and what he could impart of what he had learned; like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display life better, as he knew it more, and instruct with more efficacy, as he was himself more amply instructed.

There is a vigilance of observation and accuracy of distinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakespeare must have looked upon mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners; the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our author had both matter and form to provide for, except the characters of Chance, to whom he allowed greatest license. I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in English, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which showed life in its native colours.

The contest about the original meaning of a passage or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet as yet so far to analyse the mind, to trace the passions to their sources, to unfold the seminal principles of vice and virtue, or sound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All those inquiries, which from that time that human nature became the fashionable study, have been made sometimes with nice discernment, but often with idle subtility, were yet unattempted. The tales with which the infancy of learning was supplied, exhibited only the superfluous appearance of action, related the events, but omitted the causes, and were formed as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Hence, that Blankinsett was not then to be studied in the closet; he that would know the world, was under the necessity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling as he could in its business and amusements.

Boyle congratulated himself upon his high birth, because it favoured his curiosity, by facilitating his access in a manner his precursors had no such advantage; he came able to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life that appear very little favourable to thought or inquiry; so many, that he considers them inclined to think, he sees enterpize and perseverance, encouragement and assistance from all external agency, and building help and hindrance banish before them. The genius of Shakespeare was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are so commonly confined: the incumbrance of his fortune were shaken from his mind, at dese drops from a lion's mane.

Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surround them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many and kinds of native dispositions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice distinctions; and to show them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances, he has been imitated by all succeeding writers, and may be doubted, whether from all his successors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was a true surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed, that the oldest parts of many nations preserve their reputation, by the following generations of writers, and a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The same, whoever he be, must take their situations and descriptions immediately from knowledge; the resemblance is therefore just, their descriptions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowledged by every breast. Those whom their fame invites to the same studies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority, as to stand in the place of nature, and be the models of imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. Shakespeare, whatever life or nature be his subject, shews plainly, that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any author, except Hesper, who invented so much as Shakespeare, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or diffused so much novelty among the languages or country. The form, the rhymes, the language, and the shows of the English drama are his. He seems, says Dennis, to have been the very original of
that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little declined into the vale of years, before he could be disguised with fatigue, or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the deprivations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state.

Of the plays which bear the name of Shakspeare in the late editions, the greater part were not published till about seven years after his death, and the few which appeared in his life are apparently thrust into the world without the care of the author, and therefore probably without his knowledge.

All of the followers, clandestine or professed, the negligence and unskilfulness has by the late revisers been sufficiently shewn. The faults of all are indeed numerous and gross, and have not only corrupted many passages, perhaps beyond recovery, but have brought others into suspicion, which are only obscured by the crooked path of his obscurities; but our copyists equally unskilful, who still multiplied errors; they were perhaps sometimes mutilated by the actors, for the sake of shortening the speeches: and were at last printed without correction of the press.

In this state they remained, not as Dr. Warburton supposes, because they were unregarded, but because the poet was devoted to modern languages, and our ancestors were accustomed to so much negligence of English printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At last an edition was undertaken by Rowe; not because a poet was to be published by a poet, for Rowe seems to have thought very little on correction or explanation, but that our ancestors, by his author's request, should wear like those of his fraternity, with the appendages of a life and recommendatory preface. Rowe has been clamorously blamed for not performing what he did not undertake, and it is time that justice be done him, by confessing, that though he seems to have had no thought of corruption beyond the printer's errors, yet he has made many emendations, if they were not made before, which his successors have received without acknowledgment, and which, if they had produced them, would have filled pages and pages with censures of the stupidity by which the faults were committed, with displays of the absurdities which they involved, with ostentatious expositions of the new reading, and self-congratulations on the happiness of discovering it.

As of the other editors I have preserved the prefaces, I have likewise borrowed the author's life from Rowe, though not written with much elegance or spirit; it relates, however, what is now to be known, and therefore deserves to pass through all succeeding publications.
them acquainted with the true state of Shakspeare's text, shewed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave reason to hope that there were means of reforming it. He collated the old copies, which none had thought to examine before, and restored many lines to their integrity; but by a very compendious criticism, he rejected whatever he disliked, and thought more of amendment than of cure. He was not why commended by Dr. Warburton for distinguishing the genuine from the spurious plays. In this choice he exerted no judgment of his own; the plays which he received, were given by Hennings and Condel, the first editors; and those which he rejected, though, according to the licentiousness of the press in those times, they were printed during Shakspeare's life, with his name, had been omitted by his friends, and were never added to his works before the edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later printers.

This was a work which Pope seems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to suppress his contempt of the dull duty of an editor. He understated its business, and that is, no doubt, the true motive, or reason; for the editor is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious tasks, it is very necessary; but an emendatory critic would ill discharge his duty, without qualities very different from dullness. In perusing a corrupted piece, he must have before him all possibilities of meaning, with all possibilities of expression. Such must be his comprehension of thought, and such his copiousness of language. Of many readings possible, he must be able to select that which best suits with the state, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular cast of thought, and turn of expression. Such must be his knowledge, and such his taste. Conjunctural criticism demands more than humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most praise, has the frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor.

Confidence is the common consequence of success. They whose excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude, that their powers are universal. Pope's edition fell below his own expectations, and he was so much the more offended with himself, as he was found to have left any thing for others to do, that he passed the latter part of his life in a state of hostility with verbal criticism.

I have retained all his notes, that no fragment of so great a writer may be lost; his preface, valuable alike for elegance of composition and justness of remark, and containing a general criticism on his author, so extensive that little can be added, and so exact, that little can be disputed, every editor has an interest to suppress, but that every reader would demand its insertion.

Pope was succeeded by Theobald, a man of narrow comprehension, and small acquisitions, with no native and intrinsic spleendour of genius, with little of the artifices of learning, but the dulness for minute accuracy, and not negligent in pursuing it. He collated the ancient copies, and rectified many errors. A man so anxiously scrupulous might have been expected to do more, but what little he did was common right.

In his report of copies and editions he is not to be taken without examination. He speaks sometimes indefinitely of copies, when he has only one. In his enumeration of editions, he mentions the two first folios as of high, and the third folio as of middle authority; but the truth is, that the first is equivalent to all others, and that the rest only deviate from it by the printer's negligence. Whoever has any of the folios has all, excepting those diversities which mere reiteration of editions has produced, which were not at all the beginning, but afterwards used only the first.

Of his notes I have generally retained those which he retained himself in his second edition, except when they were confuted by subsequent annotators, or were too minute to merit preservation. I have sometimes added to his restoration of a comma, without inserting the phrase in which he celebrated himself for his achievement. The exuberant excessiveness of his diction I have often lopped, his triumphant exultations over Pope and Rowe I have sometimes suppressed, and his contemptible ostentation I have frequently concealed; but I have in some places shown, he would have shewn himself, for the reader's diversion, that the laudable emptiness of some notes may justify or excuse the contraction of the rest.

Theobald, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithless, thus petulant and ostentatious, by the good luck of having Pope for his enemy, has escaped, and escaped alone, with reputation, from this undertak- ing. He glingly does the world support those who solicit favours to those who slight him, and so easily is he praised, whom no man can envy.

Our author fell then into the hands of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Oxford editor, a man, in my opinion, eminently qualified by nature for such studies. He had, what is the first requisite to emendatory criticism, that intuition by which the poet's intention is immediately discovered, and that discernment of his merit which dispaches its work by the easiest means. He had undoubtedly read much; his acquaintance with customs, opinions, and traditions, seems to have been large; and he is often learned without show. He seldom passes what he does not understand, without an attempt to find or to make a meaning, and sometimes hastily makes what a little more attention would have found. He is solicitous to reduce in grammar, what he could not be sure that his author intended to be grammatical. Shakspeare regarded more the series of ideas than of words; and his language, not being designed for the reader's desk, was all that he desired it to be, if it conveyed his meaning with the simplest diction.

Hammer's care of the metre has been too violently censured. He found the measure reformed in so many passages, by the silent labours of some editors, with the silent acquiescence of the rest, that he thought himself allowed to extend a little further the licence, which had already been carried so far without reprehension; and of his corrections in general, it must be confessed, that they are often just, and made commonly with the least possible violation of the text.

But, by inserting his emendations, whether invented or borrowed, into the page, without any notice of varying copies, he has appropriated the labour of his predecessors, and made his own edition of little authority. His confidence, indeed, both in himself and others, was so great; he supposes a thing that was done by Pope and Theobald; he seems not to suspect a critic of fallibility, and it was but reasonable that he should claim what he so liberally granted.

As he never writes without careful inquiry and diligent consideration, I have received all his notes, and believe that every reader will wish for more.

Of the last edition I have composed it with care. Respect is due to high place, tenderness to living reputation, and veneration to genius and learning; but he cannot be justly offended at that liberty of which he has himself so frequently given an example, nor very solicitous what is thought of notes which he
couth never to have considered as part of his serious employments, and which, I suppose, since the ardour of composition is remitted, he no longer numbers among his amusements.

The original and predominant error of his commentary, is acquisiteness in his first thoughts; that precipitation which is produced by consciousness of quick discerrament; and that confidence which presumes to do, by surveying the surface, what labour only can perform, by penetrating the bottom. His notes exhibit sometimes perverse interpretations, and sometimes improbable conjectures; he at one time gives the author more profundity of meaning than the sentence admits, and at another discovers absurdities, where the sense is plain to every other reader. But his emendations are likewise often happy and just; and his interpretation of obscure passages learned and sagacious.

Of his notes, I have commonly rejected those, against which the general voice of the public has claimed, or which their own incongruity immediately condemns, and which, I suppose, the author himself would desire to be forgotten. Of the rest, to part I have given the highest approbation, by inserting the whole; and part II, by adopting, or allowing to pass, the judgment of the reader, as doubtful, though specious; and part III I have censured without reserve; but I am sure without bitterness of malice, and, I hope, without wantonness of insult.

It is no pleasure to me, in revising my volumes, to observe how much paper is wasted in controversy. While the successive revolutions of learning, and the various questions of greater or less importance, upon which wit and reason have exercised their power, must lament the unsuccesfulness of inquiry, and the slow advances of truth, when he reflects, that great part of the labour of every writer is only the destruction of those that went before him. The first care of the builder of a new system is to demolish the fabrics which are standing. The chief desire of him that comments an author, is to shew how much other commentators have corrupted and obscured him. The opinions prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controversy, are confuted and rejected in another, and rise again full of wonder and admiration. Thus the truth of the world is kept in motion without progress. Thus sometimes truth and error, and sometimes contrarieties of error, take each other's place by reciprocal invasion. The tide of seeming knowledge which is poured over one generation, retires and leaves another naked and barren; the sudden outpouring of intelligence, which for a while appears to shoot their beams into the regions of obscurity, on a sudden withdraw their lustre, and leave mortals again to grope their way.

These elevations and depressions of renown, and the contradictions to which all improvers of knowledge must for ever be exposed, since they are not escaped by the highest and brightest of mankind, may surely be endured with patience by critics and annotators, who can rank themselves but as the satellites of their authors. How canst thou beg for life, says Homer's hero to his captive, when thou knowest that thou art now to suffer only what must another day be suffered by Achilles?

Dr. Warburton had a name sufficient to confer celebrity on those who could exalt themselves into antagonists, and his notes have raised a clamour too loud to be distinct. His chief assailants are the authors of The Canon of Criticism, and of The Revised of Shakespeare's Text; of whom one ridicules his errors with airy perfunctory, suitable enough to the levity of the controversy; the other attacks them with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an assassin or incendiary. The one stings like a fly, sucks a little blood, and drops it again; the other bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammations and gangrene behind him. When I think on one, with his confederates, I remember the danger of Coriolanus, who was afraid that girls with spits, and boys with stones, should stay him in puny battle; when the other crosses my imagination, I remember the prolix in Macbeth:

"A falcon tow'ring in his pride of place,
Was by a mouseing hawk'd at and kill'd."

Let me however do them justice. One is a wit, and one a scholar. They have both shewn acuteness sufficient in the discovery of faults, and have both advanced some probable interpretations of obscure passages; but when they aspire to conjecture and emendation, it appears how falsely we all estimate our own abilities, and the little which they have been able to perform might have taught them more candour to the endeavours of others.

Before Dr. Warburton's edition, Critical Observations on Shakspeare had been published by Mr. Upton, a man skilled in the arts of disputation, and an annotator of books, but who seems to have had no great vigour of genius or nicety of taste. Many of his explanations are curious and useful, but he likewise, though he professes to oppose the licentious confidence of editors, and adhere to the old copies, is unable to restrain the extravagance of emendation, though his ardour is still seconded by his skill. Though he would urge, when his heart is expanded by a successful experiment, swells into a theorist, and the laborious collator at some unlucky moments frolics in conjecture.

Critical, historical, and explanatory Notes have been likewise published upon Shakspeare by Dr. Grey, whose diligent perusal of the old English writers has enabled him to make some useful observations. What he undertook he has well enough performed, but as he neither attempts judicial nor emendatory criticism, he employs rather his memory than his sagacity. It were to be wished that all would endeavour to imitate his modesty, who have not been able to surpass his knowledge.

I can speak with great sincerity of all my predecessors, what I hope will heretofore be said of me, that not one has left Shakspeare without improvement, nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for assistance and information. Whatever I have taken from them, it was my intention to refer to its original author, and it is certain, that what I have not given to another, I believed when I wrote it to be my own. In some perhaps I have been anticipated; but if I am ever found to encroach upon the remarks of any other commentator, I am willing that the honour, be it more or less, should be transferred to the first claimant, for his right, and his alone, stands above dispute; the second can prove his pretensions only to himself, nor can himself always distinguish invention, with sufficient certainty, from recollection.

They have all been treated by me with candour, which they have not been careful of observing to one another. It is not easy to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholar can naturally proceed. The subjects to be discussed by him are of very small importance; and they involve neither property nor liberty; nor favour the interest of sect or party. The various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a passage, seem to be questions that might exercise the wit, without engaging the passions. But whether it be, that small things make mean men proud,
The poetical beauties or defects I have not been very diligent to observe. Some plays have more, and some fewer judicial observations, not in proportion to their difference of merit, but because I give this part of my design to chance and caprice. For the reader, I believe, is seldom pleased with an opinion anticipated; it is not natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive. Judgment, like other faculties, is improved by practice, and its advancement is hindered by submission to dictatorial decisions, as the memory grows torpid by the use of a table book. Some imitation is however necessary; of all skill, poetry is infused by precept, and part is obtained by habit; I have therefore extenstions so much as may enable the candidate of criticism to discover the rest.

To the end of most plays I have added short strictures, containing a general censure of faults, or praise of excellence; in which I know not how much I have concurred with the current of my time. Most people, deviated from Newton’s method, and particularly and examined, and therefore it is to be supposed, that in the plays which are condemned there is much to be praised, and in those which are praised much to be condemned.

The part of criticism in which the whole succession of editors has laboured with the greatest diligence, which has occasioned the most pompous ostentation, and even the most solemn ceremony, is the emendation of corrupt passages, to which the public attention having been first drawn by the violence of the contention between Pope and Theobald, has been continued by the persecutions, which, with a kind of conspiracy, has been since raised against all the publishers of Shakespeare.

That many passages have passed in a state of deprecation through all the editions is indubitably certain; of these, the restoration is only to be attempted by collation of copies, or sagacity of conjecture. The editor’s province is safe and easy, the conjecturer’s perilous and difficult. Yet as the greater part of the plays are extant only in copy, the peril must not be avoided, nor the difficulty refused.

Of the readings which this emulation of amendment has hitherto produced, some from the labours of every publisher I have advanced into the text; those are to be considered as in my opinion sufficiently supported; some I have rejected from observation, as evidently erroneous; some I have left in the notes without abridgment, as requiring approbation, as resting in equipoise between objection and defence; and some, which seemed specious but not right, I have inserted with a subsequent animadversion.

Having classed the observations of others, I was at last to try what I could substitute for their mistakes, and how I could supply their omissions. I collected such copies as I could procure, and wished for others which I have not found the collectors of these rarities very communicative. Of the editions which chance or kindliness put into my hands I have given an enumeration, that I may not be blamed for neglecting what I had not the power to do.

By examining the old copies, I found that the latter public editions, which are passages to stand unauthorized, and contested themselves with Rowe’s regulation of the text, even when they knew it to be arbitrary, and with a little consideration might have found it to be wrong. Some of these alterations are only the decision of a word for one that appears to him more elegant or more intelligible. These corruptions I have often silently rectified; for the history of our lan-
guage, and the true force of our words, can only be preserved, by keeping the text of authors free from adulteration. Others, and those very frequent, considered that I regulated the measure; on these I have not exercised the same rigour; if only a word was transposed, or a particle ininserted or omitted, I have sometimes suffered the line to stand; for the inconstancy of the copies is such, as that some liberties may be easily permitted. But this practice I have not suffered to proceed far, having restored the primitive division wherever it could for any reason be preferred.

The emendations, which comparison of copies supplied, I have inserted in the text; sometimes, where the improvement was slight, without notice, and sometimes with an account of the reasons of the change.

Conjecture, though it be sometimes unavoidable. I have not wantonly nor licentiously indulged. It has been my settled principle, that the reading of the ancient books is probably true, and therefore is not to be disturbed for the sake of elegance, perspicuity, or mere improvement of the sense. For though much credit is not due to the fidelity, nor any to the judgment of the first publishers, yet they who have the copies, appear entitled to read; right, than we who read it only by imagination. But it is evident that they have often made strange mistakes by ignorance or negligence, and that therefore something may be properly attempted by criticism, keeping the middle way between presumption and timidity.

Such criticism I have attempted, to the best I have been able, which might appear to theeccentrically perplexed, have endeavoured to discover how it may be recalled to sense, with least violence. But my first labour is, always to turn the old text on every side, and try if there be any interstice, through which light can find its way; nor would Hecules himself condemn me, as refusing the trouble of research, for the ambition of alteration. In this modest industry, I have not been unsuccessful. I have rescued many lines from the violations of temerity, and secured many scenes from the inroads of correction. I have adopted the Roman sentiment, that it is more honourable to save a citizen, than to kill an enemy, and have been more careful to protect the former than injure the latter. I have observed the common distribution of the plays into acts, though I believe it to be in almost all the plays void of authority. Some of those which are divided in the later editions have no division in the first folio, and some that are divided in the folio have no division in the preceding copies. The settled mode of the theatre requires four intervals in the play, but few, if any, of our author's compositions can be properly distributed in that manner. An act is so much of the drama as passes without intervention of time, or change of place. A pause makes a new act. In every real, and therefore in every imitative action, the intervals may be more or fewer, the restriction of five acts being accidental and arbitrary. This Shakespeare knew, and this he practised; his plays were written, and at first printed in one unbroken continui-unity, and ought now to be exhibited with short pauses, interposed as often as the scene is changed, or any considerable time is required to pass. This method would at once quell a thousand absurdties.

In restoring the author's works to their integrity, I have considered the punctuation as wholly in my power; for what could be their care of colons and commas, who corrupted words and sentences? Whatever could be done by adjusting points, is therefore silently performed, in some plays with much diligence, in others with less; it is hard to keep a busy eye steadily fixed upon evanescent atoms, or a discursive mind upon evanescent truth.

The same liberty has been taken with a few particles, or words of suppliants, for I have sometimes inserted or omitted them without notice. I have done that sometimes which the other editors have done always, and which indeed the state of the text may sufficiently justify.

The greater part of readers, instead of blaming us for passing tribes, will wonder that on mere tribes so much labour is expended, with such importance of debate, and such solemnity of dictation. To these I answer with confidence, that they are judging of an art which they do not understand; yet cannot much reproach them with their ignorance, nor promise that they would become in general, by learning criticism, more useful, happier, or better.

As I practised conjecture more, I learned to trust it less; and after I had printed a few plays, resolved to insert none of my own readings in the text. Upon this caution I now congratulate myself, for every day increases my doubt of my emendations.

Since I have confined my imagination to the margin, it may be thought to be quite inexcusable. I have suffered it to play some tricks in its own dominion. There is no danger in conjecture, if it be proposed as conjecture; and while the text remains uninjured, those changes may be safely offered, which are not considered even by him that offers them as necessary or safe.

If my conjectures appear of little value, there have not been ostentatiously displayed or improperly ob- truded. I could have written longer notes, for the art of writing notes is not of difficult attainment. The work is performed, first by raking at the stupidity, negligence, ignorance, and asinine tastelessness of the former editors, shewing, from all that goes before and all that follows, the indifference and abur-
dity of the old reading; then by proposing something, which to superficial readers would seem specious, but which the editor rejects with indignation: then by producing the true reading, with a long paraphrase, and concluding with loud acclamations on the discovery, and a sober wish for the advancement and propriety of genuine criticism.

All this might have been, and perhaps done sometimes without impropery. But I have always suspected that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong: and the emendation wrong, that cannot without so much labour appear to be right. The justness of a happy restoration strikes at once, and the moral precept may be well applied to critic-ism, and adubia non gestim.

To dread the shock which he sees spread with wrecks, is natural to the sailor. I had before my eye, so many critical adventures ended in miscarriage, that caution was forced upon me. I encountered in every page wit struggling with its own sophistry, and learning confused by the multiplicity of its views, I was forced to consider those whom I admired, and could not but reflect, while I was disposing their emendations, how soon the same fate might happen to my own, and how many of the readings which I have corrected may be by some other editor defended and established.

"Critics I saw, that others' names efface, And fix'd their own, with labour, in the place; They set the one's date, and the other's place, Or disappear'd, and left the first behind."—Fors.

That a conjectural critic should often be mistaken, cannot be wonderful, either to others, or himself, if it be considered, that in his art there is no system, no principal and axiomatical truth that regulates B B
subordinate positions. His chance of error is renewed at every attempt; an oblique view of the passage a slight misapprehension of a phrase, a casual inattentiveness to the parties connected, is sufficient to make him not the best, but fall acrimoniously; and lest he succeeds best, he produces perhaps but one reading of any probable, and he that suggests another will always be able to dispute his claims.

It is an unhappy state, in which danger is hid under pleasure. The allurements of emendation are scarcely resistent. Conjecture has all the joy and all the peace of invention, and he that has once started a happy change, is too much delighted to consider what objections may arise against it.

Yet conjectural criticism has been of great use in the learned world; nor is it my intention to depreciate a study, that has exercised so many mighty minds, from the revival of learning to our own age, from the Bishop of Aleria to English Bentley. The critics of ancient authors have, in the exercise of their sagacity, many assistance, which the editor of Shakespeare is condemned to want. They are employed upon grammatical and settled languages, whose construction contribute so much to perspicuity, that Homer has fewer passages unintelligible than Chaucer. The critics, and no others, know the regiments, and valuable quantities, which direct and confine the choice. There are commonly more manuscripts than one; and they do not often conspire in the same mistakes. Yet Scaliger could confess to Salmasius how little satisfaction his emendations gave him. *Hilaudit nobis conjectura nostrae, quarum non pudet, post quem non medicum.* And he also avowed, that critics were making faults, by trying to remove them, *Ut alia vitii, ha nume remediis laborator.* And indeed, when mere conjecture is to be used, the emendations of Scaliger and Lipsius, notwithstanding their wonderful sagacity and erudition, are often vague and disputable, like mine or Theobald’s.

Perhaps I may not be more censured for doing wrong, than for doing little; for raising in the public expectations, which at last I have not answered. The expectation of ignorance is indefinite, and that of knowledge is often tyrannical. It is hard to satisfy those who know not what to demand, or those who demand by design what they think impossible to be done. To excite a novel and unexhausted curiosity more than my own; yet I have endeavoured to perform my task with no slight solicitude. Not a single passage in the whole work has appeared to me corrupt, which I have not attempted to restore; or obscure, which I have not endeavoured to illustrate. In many I have failed like others; and from many, after all my efforts, I have retreated, and confessed the pulse and I have not passed over, with affected superiority, what is equally difficult to the reader and to myself, but where I could not instruct him, have owned my ignorance. I might easily have accumulated a mass of seeming learning upon easy scenes; but it ought not to be imputed to negligence, that where nothing was necessary, nothing has been done, or that, where others have done, I have said no more.

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him, that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When he has once on the wing, let it not stop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and of Pope. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him proceed in the direction of his taste and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators.

Particular passages are cleared by notes, but the general effect of the work is weakened. The mind is refrigerated by interruption; the thoughts are diverted from the principal subject; the reader is weary, he suspects not why; and at last throws away the book which he has so diligently studied.

Farts are not to be examined till the whole has been surveyed; there is a kind of intellectual remoteness necessary for the comprehension of any great work in its full design and in its true proportions; a close acquaintance degenerating into censure, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say, he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets.

*Quantum lenta solest inter viburna egressa.*

It is to be lamented, that such a writer should want a commentary; that his language should become obsolete, or his sentiments obscure. But it is vain to carry wishes beyond the condition of human things; that which must happen to all, has happened to Shakespeare, by accident and time; and more than has been suffered by any other writer since the use of types, has been suffered by him through his own negligence of fame, or perhaps by that superiority of mind, which despised its own performances, when it compared them with its powers, and judged those works unworthy to be preserved, which the critics of following ages were to contend for the fame of restoring and explaining.

Among these candidates of inferior fame, I am now to stand the judgment of the public: and wish that I could confidently produce my commentary as equal to the encouragement which I have had the honour of receiving. Every work of this kind is by its nature deficient, and I should feel little solicitude about a work of which it is to be pronounced only by the skilful and the learned.
GLOSSARY.

Detected, charged, or guilty.­
Detriment, ended.
Deviation, used by gardener.
Devoted, immutability for Richard.
Digit, size.
Dignified, reserve.
Dignity, the right to fast.
Dignity, to deviate from the rights.
Dignity, transgression.
Dissipate, impress.
Dissipate, judgment, skill.
Dissipate, pointed.
Dissipate,opardaped.
Dissipate, discontented.
Dissipate, contagious.
Dissipate, cause, reason.
Dissimulate, insipid.
Dissimulate, vulture.
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Glossary

Haught, haughty, high-minded, be- 
looming to greatness.

Haughty, overbearing, compla-

Haughty, scornful.

Habitation, dwelling, place of ab-

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Spleen, humour, caprice, spirit, vituperation, poisons or vitriol.
Spleen, violent hurry, tumultuous, impetuous.
Spleens, inclination to sportive mirth.
Spot, or disgrace.
Spotted, wicked.
Sporadic, not fast, not to learn.
Spread, to stand separately.
Sprightly, haunted.
Springhall, a disease incident to horses.
Springing, blooming, in the spring.
Sprightly, ghostly.
Spur, the longest and largest.
Square, to square.
Square, regular, or beautiful, just, suitable.
Squander, dilly, perturbative.
Scale, a bale or decoy to catch birds.
Scale, a pretense.
Scale, to allure.
Scandalize, to resist, to stand.
Standing, bows, bows elevated on.
Staunchly, the common stonewall.
Stark, stiff.
Starkly, destitute.
Stark, a chair with a canopy over.
State, standing.
States, by persons, of dignity, persons of high rank.
Statesman, sage, standing.
Statesman, statesman.
Stature, a portrait.
Stature, the ordinary height of the lance, a binder, a supporter.
Stock, to stick, to stake.
Stickling-place, the stop in a march.
Sterile, arbitrators, judges, syllogism.
Stout, to treat as a slave.
Stow, to follow knotty part of the silk.
Sledged, riding in a sled or sledge.
Slicks, arts, subtle practitioners.
Slight, a conversance of leather, to start two dogs at the same time.
Silver, to cut a piece or slice.
Slopes, loose breeches, or tow.
Slovenly, to make a null.
Sloth, to be idle.
Slovenly, a disposition of the lanse, a binder, a supporter.
Sly, to think of, to speculate.
Sleep, to sleep.
Sleep, a state similar or stigmatised.
Sleep, one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity.
Stilts, convention or nominal.
Silly, greatly, lowly.
Silt, to stop, to retard.
Silt, the mud, or silt.
Stoicism, a prayer.
Stoicism, a prayer.
Stoicism, a drunkard.
Stoop, to measure somewhat.
Stoop, a kiosk of a stag.
Stoop, a kind of hunch.
Stooping, probably some kind of domestic office.
Strait, immediately.
Straight, to straighten.
Straight, the crooked, or difflent.
Straight, or different.
Strong, to stand.
Strong, strength, strong.
Strongly, wonderfully.
Strongly, splendour, distant behaviour.
Strangers, an alien.
Strangers, an alien.
Strangeness, great or dreadful.
Strait, hard.
Strait, a multitude.
Struck, a thrust in fencing. See Stucco, stone.
Stud, stone.
Stud, the crooked, or difflent.
Stud, stuff, substance or essence.
Studied, so made as to suit.
Studied,学问 enough.
Subdue, to agree to.
Subdue, to yield, to surrender.
Subsequent, conception, obedience.
Submerged, washed under water.
Subtile, deceit, subtle.
Subtle, among, subtle.
Success, success.
Successive, belonging to the succession.
Successively, by order of succession.
Successively, by order of succession.
Successively, by order of succession.
Sudden, violent.
Sufficient, sufficiency.
Suggest, to tempt, to prompt, to instigate.
Suggestion, hint.
Suggestion, suggestions, temptations.
Suit, suited, dress.
Sullic, obstinately troublesome.
Summer, swelling, in the summer.
Summons, summoning officers.
Sumpser, a horse that carries necessary on a journey.
Superstitions, superstitions, serving with superstition attention.
Sweat, to throw a shiver, imagined.
Swell, safe, out of danger, surely.
Sweat, sold-over, worked, or ridden.
Sweat, to breathe, to exert.
Swaggers, to swelling, fighting fellow.
Swarm or swarm, black, or brown.
Swarm, or swarm, as much great or as many as in a mow.
Swash, cuts down at one stroke of its edge.
Swasing, noisy, bullying.
Swath, the dress of a new-born child.
Sway, the whole weight, momentum.
Sweating, to suffer.
Sweet, a species of apple, a smile.
Swells, dry, to wring, to wring.
Swinge-bucklers, rakes, rimmers.
Swopy, the descent of a bird of prey.
Swarm, to the palm, the hand extended.
Swarm, to a picture.
Swarm, tables, table-books, memorandum.
Swarm, to probity, to be prompt.
Swarm, to part, to suffer.
Swarm, to be prompt, to part.
Swarm, to take with a disease, to blast.
Swarm, to take up, to contrive, to call to an account.
Swarm, tall, stout, bold, courageous.
Swarm, faggot, the fat of an ox or cow.
Tame, birkirk, tam, birkirk.
Tame, to put in a contemptible fellow.
Tame, flat, spiritless.
Tame, to stimulate, to excite.
Tame, to provoke.
Tartar, Tartarum, the fabled place of future punishment.
Taste, to keep linked with supplies.
Taxed, taxed.
Taxation, to place tax.
Taxes, sides and heart in medical anatomy.
Tawdry, a kind of necklaces very by country girls.
Taxation, taxation, or nature.
Tea, sorrow, grief.
Tea, to temper with wine.
Tea, temper, temper, temperament, constitution.
Temperament, temper, temperament.
Tender, tendered in the heart, gentle.
Tender, to regard with affection.
Tending, to watch with tenderness.
Ten, to take up residence.
Tend, to attend, to wait for.
Tenet, to regard with affection.
Tenet, to watch with tenderness.
Tenet, to take up residence.
Tendere, to attend, to wait for.
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Tenet, to take up residence.
Tendere, to attend, to wait for.
Tendent, to regard with affection.
GLOSSARY

Twiggery, wickedness.

Eyed, intended, circumstanced.

Tyre, distinguishing mark, show or emblem.

Vulgar, in the head of a place, a district.

Vail, to descend to look, to let down, to bow, to sank.

Vailing, lowering.

Vain, vanity.

Vain, limb of tongue, not veracious.

Vance, fringed with a beard.

Validity, value.

Vanity, illusion.

Vantage, convenience, opportunity, advantage.

Vantage, arming for the arm.

Variate, a servant or footman to a warrior.

Vast, waste, dreary.

Vest, the arm, what went before.

Veward, the fore part.

Vellow, velvet.

Veneer, a bout, a term in fencing.

Vengeance, mischief.

Vend, remaner, matter for discourse.

Veniage, the holos of a flute.

Venuy, hits in fencing.

Verbal, verbiage, full of talk.

Vestry, to keep true witness.

Veto, via a curt phrase of revulsion.

Wan, a species of pearl.

Wallow, low, mark.

Walk, walk, to be a warrior.

Walk, a district in a forest, Wast, vengeance.

Ward, posture of defence.

Wear, guardship.

Warden, a species of pearls.

Weed, guard, sentinel.

Wear to summon.

Wax, meetings of rustic mirth.

Watch, a watch-light.

Water-work, water-colours.

Wax, increase.

Wealth, advantage, happiness.

Wear, the fashion.

Wee, to be a sailor.

Weeds, clothing.

Ween, to think, to imagine.

Ween, to know.

Weigh, to value or esteem, to deliberate.

Weinkin, the colour of the sky.

Welin, the colour of the sky.

Wells, gold.

Wend, to go.

Welted, varied with broomstems.

Where, whether.

Where, whereby.

Whitifler, an officer who walks first in processions.

Wilkes, until.

Whip, the crack, the best.

Whist, a carver's whip.

Whist, a carver's whip.

Whitening, whitening saw.

White, the white mark in archevry.

Whiteth, the chlorosis.

Whitewash, whitewash, spring.

Whitners, bleachers of linen.

Whistle, a species of knife.

Whopping, measure or reckon.

Wide, remotely from, side of.

Wilderness, wildness.

Will, willfulness.

Windle, a hood or veil.

Winter-ground, to protect, guard, the inclemency of winter.

Wise, to know.

Wit, to recommend.

Wit, to know.

Wits, sense.

Wittil, knowing, conscious of.

Witty, judicious, cunning.

Woe, to be sorry.

Woman, to affect suddenly and deeply.

Womanish, hen-pecked.

Wondered, able to perform wonders.

Wood, crazy, frantic.

Woodman, an attendant on the forestier.

Woodward, a phrase appropriate to pilgrims and pietants.

Words, dispute, contention.

Work, a season of fortification, labours of thought.

World, to go to, to be married.

World, a serpent.

Worship, divinity, authority.

Worth, wealth or fortune, the value, full quota or proportion.

Writ, cabbage.

Wot, to know.

Wound, twisted about.

Wrest, resentment.

Wrested, weakened.

Wrought, work, laboured.

Wrought, weakened, strained.

Yarel, readily, nimbly.

Yare, grievous or vexes.

Treasy, or yeasty, foaming or foreboding.

Yield, to inform of, condescend.

Yield, to reward.

Yield, to give.

Yeoman, a brand's follower.

Zany, a balloon, a merry android.
THE TEMPEST.

There was an edition of this play previous to the first folio of the Author's works, in 1623—it was one of the very latest of his productions. Mr. Malone supposes it to have been written in the year 1611—but it was most probably produced in the far-off distance of the year 1610, as we find from Mr. Verne's MSS, that it "was acted by John Hemmings and the rest of the King's Company, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in the beginning of the year 1613."—The Prince Palatine was married to the Lady Elizabeth, and the scene of the action of the romance is laid on an imaginary island. The poem, which relates the love of a young prince and princess, and introduces aagogue of spirits to crown them with Honour, riches, carriage-Messing, Long continuance, and increasing, was not improbably composed on the occasion of their royal nuptials; as we know that it made a part of the splendid festivities in celebration of them. Mr. Malone imagines in this play a reference to the shipwreck of Sir George Somers on the Island of Bermuda. I cannot follow him in tracing the resemblance. It is difficult to perceive the connection between a tempest in the Mediterranean and a hurricane in the Atlantic—or between the wreck of an English ship, with her crew of adventurous navigators, on the coast of Bermuda, and the loss of an Italian vessel, conveying the king of Naples and the Duke of Milan from a royal marriage in Tunis, on an imaginary island, near the coast of Africa. The only circumstance I can discover in the accounts of Sir George Somers's shipwreck, which Shakespeare appears to have had in his mind in writing this play, is the only circumstance that none of the commentators have noticed, though it is related in a volume, to which they have all referred, viz. Smith's History of the World.—In this connection, we may observe, that the scenes between that character and Caliban and Trinculo, may have been suggested by the event related in the following passage:—When Sir George Somers left the Island of Bermuda in the year 1609, "Christopher Carter, Edward Walters, and Edward Edsell, remaining behind, Sir George's vessel being once out of sight, these three lords, and several of their ladies, having landed, began to erect them little commonwealth, with equal power and brotherly regency, building a house, preparing the ground, planting their corn, and such seeds and fruits as they had, and providing other necessaries and conveniences. Thus making search among the canaries and cormorants of these craggy rocks, what the ocean, from the world's creation, had thrown up among them, besides divers smaller pieces, they happened upon the largest block of Amphibgers that had ever been seen or heard of in one lump, but watched four score pounds, and is said, itself alone, besides the others, to have been then worth one hundred thousand pounds. But the new-born Gorgone, now grown so rapturous and ambitious, that these three born men, above three thousand crowns, though they disowned one another, and with little probability of ever seeing it again, fell out for the superiority and rule; and their contestion and quarrel grew so hot, that Carter wisely, after a great heat and hot argument, pretended to decide the matter in the field. But Carter wisely stepped their arms, choosing rather to bear with such troublesome evils, than, by being rid of them, to live alone."—Shakespeare in composing his play had any recollection of the above event, The Tempest could not have been written till after the year 1612, when the story was brought to England by Captain Matthew Somers. This gentleman was nephew of Sir George Somers; he accompanied his uncle both in his first and second visit to the Bermudas, and, after his death on the island, returned to England with the body.

Collins the poet informed Thomas Warton, that the subject of this play was taken from a novel called Aurelio and Isabella; but this information has proved to be incorrect.—The memory of Collins became confounded in his last melancholy illness, and he probably gave the name of one novel for another—A circumstance which, he may perhaps lead to the discovery of the real tale—the principal character of the romance, answering to Shakespeare's Prospero, was a chemical Tencronomer, who had bound a spirit, like Ariel, to perform his services.—Mr. Boswell relates, that a friend of his had met with an Italian novel which corresponded with Collins's description of the machinery of the Tempest.

Malone, Steevens, and Blackstone have discovered, in the following words from the Induction to the New Jonson, presented to the Duke, another fair:—"If there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it?" an allusion to the character of Caliban, and another proof that of malice against our Author, which they have chosen to impeach to the great contemporary and personal abuse of Shakespeare—these, which have been so disgracefully concealed in the Life prefixed to Harbage's edition, and only mentioned here, to shew on how slight authorities this absurd falsehood has been propagated: and as another instance to prove, that to the theories of a commentator, as to the dreams of imagination; as the light as air, are confirmatory strong as proofs of holy writ.'

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Alonso, King of Naples.
Sébastien, his brother.
Prospéro, the rightful Duke of Milan.
Antonio, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
Ferdinand, son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old counsellor of Naples.
Adriano, Francisco, lords.
Caliban, a savage and deformed slave.
Trinculo, a jester.
Stephano, a drunken butler.
Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
Ariel, an airy spirit.
Iris, Cleion, Juno, Nymphs, Reapers, spirits.
Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE.—The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an uninhabited Island.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On a Ship at Sea.—A Storm with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain—

Boats. Here, master: What cheer? Most. Good. Speak to the mariners: fall to't rally or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [Exit Enter Mariner.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerily, cheerily, my hearts; yare, yare: take in the top-sail: Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sébastien, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Why, dost thou mean to be so pale, 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: methinks 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 miserably unfortunate. [Exit.
TEMPEST.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office. 

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink? 

Seb. A pox o' your thought! you bawling, blasphemous, incalculable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, hang, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Con. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unshasted wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold: set her two courses off; to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners yet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [Exit.

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold? 

Con. The king and prince at prayers! let us as—

For our case is as theirs. [sigh them,

Seb. I am out of patience. [drunkards.——

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by this wide-chapped rascal;—Would, thou might'st

The washing of teak tides! [The drowning,

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! 

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [Exit.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [Exit.

Con. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wins above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Island: before the Cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to the wilkin’s cheek,

Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer’d

With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,

Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,

Dash’d all to pieces. O, the cry did knock

Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish’d.

Had I been any god of power, I would

Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e’er

It should have good ship so have swallowed, and

The frightening souls within her. 

Pros. Be collected; No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,

There’s no harm done. 

Mir. O, woe the day! 

Pros. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,

( Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter! who

Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing

Of whence I am; nor that I am more better

Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,

And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. "Tis time

I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,

And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;

[Lays down his mantle.

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 hast’st cry, which thou saw’st sink.—

For thou must now know further. [Sit down;

Mir. You have often

Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp’d

And left me to a bootless inquisition;

Concluding, stay, not yet.—

Pros. The hour’s now come,

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;

Obey, and be attentive. Can’t thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell?

I do not think thou can’st; for thou them wast not

Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what! by any other house, or person?

Of any thing the image tell me, that

Hath kept with thine remembrance.

Mir. "Tis far off;

And rather like a dream than an assurance

That my remembrance warrants: Had I not

Four or five women once, that tended me? [Is it,

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how

That under lives in thy mind? What see’st thou else

In the dark backward and abysm of time?

If thou remember’st aught, ere thou canst here,

Now thou canst here, thou may’st.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years

Thy father was the duke of Milan, and

[since,

A prince of power. 

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and

She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father

Was duke of Milan; and his only heir

A princess, no worse issued.

Mir. O, the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence;

Or blessed wist, we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl; By foul play, as thou say’st, we were heaw’d thence; But blessedly holp hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds

To think o’ the teen that I have turn’d you to, [ther. Which is from my remembrance! Please you, far

Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call’d Antonio,—

I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should

Be so perfidious!—he whom, now thyself,

Of all the world I lov’d, and to him put

The manage of my state; as, at that time,

Through all the signiorities 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! 

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
Prospero: Come away, servant, come.

Act 1, Sc. 2.
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trasb for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd them,
Or else now form'd them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts in th' 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 attend'st
I pray thee, mark me.

[not:]

Mira. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To cloensness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retired,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit.
A confidence sans bound. He being thus loaded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact.—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a snare of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
As much of it, as he could, and so perform'd
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
Growing.

—Ost hear?

Mira. Thy tale, sir, would c lure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Ariel: Milan: Die; poor Milan: 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 our annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbowed, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most inglorious stop.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good worms have borne bad sons.

Pro. But now the condition.

This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, heartens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu of 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, on my midnight
Paled to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, 't the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Ariel. Alack, for pity!

I, not remembering how I cry'd out thee,
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's upon us; without which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer paint the soul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigged,
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 cherubin
Thou wast, thou dost preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,—
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my broad gown'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 garnitures, linens, and necessaries,
Which since we steedned much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise:

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.

Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful. [You, sir,
Mira. Heavens thank you for it! And now, I pray
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth,—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zeal most doth depend upon
A most auspicious show, the more.

If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after drop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.

[MIRANDA SLEEPS.]

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; he 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd an amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmost
The yards and boomsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pro. My brave spirit!
Who so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the shining brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me. The king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair,) was
The first man that leap'd; cried, He is empty,
And all the devils are here.
Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son I have landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest of the fleet?
Ari. Safely in 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 ooze'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches now;
Whom, with a charm I did to their suffer'd labour,
I left asleep; and for the rest of the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean fote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.
Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time of the day?
Ari. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two glasses: Tho' time 'twixt six and
Must by us both he spent most preciously. [now]
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?
What is 't thou can'st demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more.
Ari. Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thou no lies, made no mistakes, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst pro-
To bear me a full year.
[raise
Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it
Much to tread the ooze of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins of the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
ACT I.—SCENE II.

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 brew'd
With raven's feathers from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er. —

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night shall have
Sidestitches that shall pen the breath up; urchins shall,
That for most that night of which they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou took'st from me. When thou camest first,
Then I lov'd thee, and mad'st much of me; would'st
Water with berries in't; and teach me how I might
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle.
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile; —
Cursed be I that I 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, while you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Cal. Thou most lying slave, [thee],
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I said
Fitst as thou art, with human care; and loy'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou did'st seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Pro. O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou did'st prevent me; I had pleased 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 thee with sense.
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,
Though thou did'st learn, had that in 't which good
Natures
Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Whose desert more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence! —

Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert 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. No, pray thee! —

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 invisibly, playing and singing;
Ferdinand following him.

ARIEL'S Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:

Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist.)

Pro. Fost it fealty here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark! —

Bar. Bowgh, wowgh. [dispersely.]

The watch-dogs bark! —

Bar. Bowgh, wowgh. [dispersely.]

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting charictere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be! 'tis the air, or the
It sounds no more:—and sure it waits upon earth?
Some god of the 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 fathoms five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those 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:
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

[Pro. Barden, ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty doth 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 curtain of thine eye advance
And say, what thou seest yond?

Mira. What is 't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form.—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath
such senses
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; but he's something staid
With grief—that's beauty canker; thou might'st call
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows, [him
And strays about to find them. 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
Within two days for this. — [thee

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
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!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?

What worth thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonder's
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.
TEMPEST.

Miro. Alack, for mercy! Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan, and his brave son, being twain. [Exeunt.]

Pro. The duke of Milan, and his more braver daughter, could control thee, if now 'twere fit to do:—At the first sight! They have chang'd eyes,—Delicate Ariel, I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir; I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word. Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This is the third man that e'er I saw; the first that e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father To be inclin'd my way. Fer. O, if a virgin, and your affection not gone forth, I'll make you The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more;—they are both in either's powers; but this swift business, I must uneasy make, lest too light winning Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp [thee, 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; Good things will strive to dwell with't. [Aside. Pro. Follow me. [To Fer. 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. Gen. Sir,—[Aside. Gen. One.—Tell. Gen. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd, Comes to the entertainment—

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others. Gen. 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 masters of some merchant, and the merchant, Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle, I mean our preservation, few in millions Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh Our sorrow with our comfort. Alon. Pr'ythee, peace. Seb. He will come 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. Gen. Sir,—

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockeel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Ant. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha! Ant. So, you've pay'd.

Ant. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet, Ant. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss it. Ant. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench. [Jivered. Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly do. Ant. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly. Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones. Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen. Gen. Here is everything advantageous to life.
ACT II.—SCENE I.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little. [green!

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how

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 al-
most beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were,
drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding,
their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd, 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 Claribell to the king of Tunis.

Seb. This is a sweet marriage, and we prosper well
in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grace before with such a
paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that
widow in? Widow Dido?

Seb. What if he had said, widow Exenea 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. A word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easiest?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his
pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea,
bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem
now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage
of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Tis late, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O widow Dido.

Seb. Is not sir, my douillet 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: 'Twould I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy renown'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!

Seb. Sir, he may live:

Ant. I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose eminence he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most sown that met him; his bold head
'bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his ware-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Adr. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on it.

Ant. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between loftiness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost
I fear, for ever; Milan and Naples have [your son,]
More widows in them of this business' making,
Then we bring men to comfort them. The fault's
Your own.

Ant. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Adr. And most chirurgically.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow it with nettles and sow Dido.

Seb. Or docks, or mallowes.

Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do?

Seb. 'Scap'e being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. The commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; no use of service;
Of riches, none; of poverty, none;
Successions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:

Seb. And yet he would be king on't. [beginning.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the
Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. But no marrying more his subjects?

Ant. No one, man: all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Ant. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk nothing
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 no-
ting 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, 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. SED. and ANT.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts! I
They are inclin'd to do so.

Ant. Please you, sir, Do not let the heavy offer of it
It often visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

We, two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wondrous heavy.

[ALON SLEEPS. Exit ARIEL.

Sed. What a strange drowsiness possesses them! Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd 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: the occasion speaks thee;
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Sed. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou did'st say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
These let's thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Sed. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Troubles thee o'er.

Sed. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

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.

Sed. Prythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter; and a birth, indeed,
Which threses 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)
The king, his son's alive: 'tis as impossible
That he's undrown'd, as he that sleeps here, swims.
Sed. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Sed. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Sed. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis: she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(Theman! the moon's too slow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razonable; she, from whom
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And, by that, destin'd to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Sed. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis:
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this was death
That now hath seiz'd 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 uncessarily, 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?
Sed. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Sed. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. Why, and look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men;
Sed. 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 melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon.
If he were that which now he's like: whom I,
With this abominable steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whilsts you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that,
We say befits the house.

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

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

Sed. O, but one word.

[They converse apart.

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That these, his friends, are in; and sends me forth,
ACT II.—SCENE II.

(For else his project dies,) to keep them living.

[In GONZALO's ear,]

While you here do roaring lie

Open—ey'a conspiracy,

His time doth take:

If of life you keep a care,

'State off' slumber, and beware:

Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[They awake.]

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

[Drawn.]

Gon. What's the matter?

Sekh. While we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly

Alon. I heard nothing.

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

Gon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make farther
For my poor son. [Search]

Gon. heavens keep him from the beasts!
For he is, sure, i'th island.

Alon. Lead away.

Artl. Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done:

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another part of the Island.

Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From boys, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every tryde are they set upon me:
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie trembling in my barefoot way, and mont
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with eleven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness.—Lo! now! lo! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: 'T will fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I
hear it sing i' th' wind: yond' same black cloud, yond'
huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would
shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did be-
fore, I know not where to hide my head; yond' same
cloud cannot choose but fall by painfull,—What have
we here! 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 oace 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 lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see
a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins
like arms! Warm, o! 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 hereabout. Misery acquaints a man
with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud, till
the drugs of the storm be past.

Enter STEFANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore.

This is a very scurry tune to sing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort.

[Drinks.]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Mariana, and Margery,
And none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
She could cry to a sailor, Go hang.

She lou'd not the savour of tar nor pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-o'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
Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afraid
now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As
proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make
him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while
Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four
legs; who hath got, as I take it, an agrue: Where
the devil should he learn our language? I will give
him some relief, if it he but for that: If I can re-
cover 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, p'rtysee;
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 drank 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. Then 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, cat; open
your mouth: this will shake your shakings, I can
tell you, and that soundly; you cannot tell who's
your friend; do you know that? I say again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be—
But he is drowned; and these are devils: O! de-
fend 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 diversify all the rest. If the bottle will re-
cover him, I will help his ague: Come—Amen! I
will pour some in thy other mouth.

C 2.
TEMPEST.

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 more speech in me, so will I go. Will thou go with me?

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 can'st thou be the siege of this moon-calf? Can I be not 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 blown over? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaber-due, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans'seap'ld!

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 shewed me thee, thy dog, and bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear to that. The sun's a brillant light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afraid of him a very weak monster:—The man I' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster: Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the island; And kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perilous 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.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scarry monster! I could find in my heart to beat him.—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but the poor monster's in drink;—An abominable monster! [berries.]

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee 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 me!—

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow; And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;—

Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how To scrape the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee To clust'ring filibinis, and sometimes I'll get thee Young sea-mussels from the rock. Will 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 draw'd, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Farewell, master: farewell, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish; Nor fetch in being At requiring, Nor scrape treacherous, nor wash dish; 'Ban' Ban, Cal.—Caliban,

Heav' a new monster—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful; but their labour 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 To come hence with this log, as 'tis odious; but The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead, And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's grabbed; And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such base-Had ne'er he like executor. I forget; [ness But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours; Most busy-less, when I do it.

Enter Miranda, and Prospero at a distance.

Mir. Alas, now! pray you, Work not so hard; I would the lightning had Burst up those logs, that you are enjoind to pile! Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns, Twill weep for having wearied you: My father Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself; He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress, The sun will set, before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that; I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature: I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me As well as it does you: and I should do it With much more ease; for my good will is to it, And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected; This visitation shews it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me, When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
Miranda. — O my father, I have broke your best to say so!

Fer. — Adm'rd Miranda! Indeed, the top of admiration; what’s dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have ey’d with best regard; and many a time the harmony of their tongues hath into bondage brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues Have I lik’d several women; never any With so full soul, but some defect in her Did quarel with the noblest grace she ow’d. And put it to the foil: But you, O you, So perfect, and so peerless, are created Of every creature’s best. 

Mira. — I do not know One of my sex; no woman’s face remember. Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen More that I may call men, than you, good friend, And my dear father: how features are abroad, I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty, (The jewel in my dover,) I would not wish Any companion in the world but you; Nor can imagination form a shape, Beside yourself, to like of; But I prattle Something too wildly, and my father’s precepts I therein do forget.

Fer. — I am, in my condition, A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king; (I would, not so!) and would no more endure This wooden slavery, than I would suffer The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak.— The very instant that I saw you, did My heart fly to your service; there resides, To make me slave to it; and for your sake, Am I this present log-man.

Mira. — Do you love me?

Fer. — O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound, And crown what I profess with kind event, If I speak true; if hollowly, invert What best is bodied me, to mischief! I, Beyond all limit of what else in 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 must 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 trudging; And all the more it seeks to hide itself, The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, hateful 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 Till half an hour hence. [Farewell,]

Fer. — A thousand! A thousand! [Exit Fer. and Min.

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.

ACT III.—SCENE II. 

Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN following with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me; — when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board ’em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say, there’s but five upon this isle; we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his hull. 

Ste. My man monster hath drowning 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-call, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-call.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I’ll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou hast, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable: why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever a 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 I bite him to death, I pr’ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree.—The poor monster’s my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased To bearken once again the suit I made thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee
Before I am subject to a tyrant;
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath
Cheated me of this island.

Ari. Thou hast.

Cal. Thou hast, 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.

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 it on him—for, I know, thou darst;
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?
Ariel. Tune, tune, then; Thou canst not. —
Cal. What a pied ninny's this? Thou sev'ry
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: inter-
rupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand,
I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-
fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go
further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [Strikes him.] As
Thy kind, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie: —Out of your wits,
and bearing too! A posy of your bottle! this can
sack and drinking do: A murrain on your monster,
and the devil take your fingers!

Cat. Ha, ha, ha!

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

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

Ste. Stand farther. —Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or pounce him with a stake,
Or cut his weand with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He is but a sot, as I am, but 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,) the
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And lirng thee forth brave brood.

Ste. A Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter
And I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and
Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys: —Dost thou
like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee;
but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep,
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine 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 taw 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.
Plout'em, and shout'em; and shout'em, and
Thought is free. [Shout'em; Cats. That's not the tune.

Ariet. plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the
picture of No-body.
ACT IV.—SCENE I.

(For, certes, these are people of the island.)

Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,
Are worse than devils. [Aside.]

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.


Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since they have left their viands behind; for we have
Will't please you taste of what is here? [stomachs —

Alon. Not I. [boys.

[Exit.]

Gu. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we were
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
Each putter out on five for one, will bring us [find,
Great 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-surfetted sea
Hath caused to be hel'd; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit! you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live,
I have made you mad: [Seeing Alon. Sen. Se. draw their swords.
And even with such like valour, man hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the fowl winds, or with bemock'd at stabs
Kill the still-clasping sea, as diminish
One doule that's in my plume: my fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massey for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But, remember,
(For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath repay'd it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Inced'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'rend perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wrath's to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the
Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowers, and carry
out the table.

Pro. [aside.] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
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, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,) and
His and my loved darling.

[Exit Prospero from above.

Gu. I the name of something holy, sir, why stand
In this strange state this night? [you

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous! Methought, the bells 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 lass my trespass.
Therefore my son I the o'er is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than ever plummet sounded,
And with him there he muddied. [Exit. Seb.

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

Ant. I'll be thy second. [Execut. Sen. and Ant.

Gu. All three of them are desperate; their great
Like poison given to work a great time after,
[guilt,
Now 'gins to take the, now to beseach you
That are of suppliants, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Atr. Follow, I pray you. [Execut.

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 faint 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 aspersions shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-cly disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now: the markiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. [aside.] 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. Thon and thy messenger follow your last service Did worthily perform; and I must use you In such another trick: go, bring the rabble, O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place: Invite them to quick motion; for I must Borrow upon the eyes of this young couple Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise, And they expect it from me. Pro. Presently? Ari. Present. Pro. Aye, with a twink. Ari. Before you can say, Come, and go, And breathe twice; and cry, see, see; Each one, tripping on his toe, Will be here with mop and move: Do you love me, master? no. Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach, Till then dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. [Exit. Pro. Look, then be true: do not give dalliance Too much the reins: the strongest oaths are straw To the power of the blood: be more abstinent, Or else, good night, your vow! Fer. I warrant you, sir, The white cold virgin snow upon my heart Abates the armour of my liver. Pro. Well.— Now come, my Ariel: bring a corollary, Rather than want a spirit: appear, and partly— No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [Soft music. A Masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich lease Of wheat, rye, barley, vetcheats, oats, and pease; Thy tory mountains, where live nibbling sheep, And flat meads thatch'd with stover, thine to keep; Thy banks with peonied and lilled brims, With spongy April at thy best betrims, [groves, To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves, Being lass-born; thy pole-clivey vineyard; And thy sea-margin, stirl, and rocky-hard, Where thou thyself dost mount: This heaven o' the sky, Whose watery arch, and messenger am I, Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace, Here on this grass-plot, in this very place, To come and sport: her peacocks fly again; Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain. 

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail many-colour'd messenger, that o'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 unshrub'd down, Rich scar'd to my proud earth! Way hath thy queen Summon'd me better, to this short grass-gren'd! 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 ascendant 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 thou to have done Some wants charm upon this man and maid, Whose vows are that no bed shall be paid Till Hyamn's torch be lighted: but in vain; Mars's hot minioa is return'd again; Her waspish-head'd son has broke his arrows, Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrings, 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 continue, and increasing, Hourly lours be still upon you! Juno sings her blessings on you. Cer. Earth's increase, and joilliant plenty, Bars and garners never empty; Vine, with clusters growing! Plants, with goodly burden bowing! Spring come to you, at the farthest, In the very end of harvest! Scarity and want shall shun you; Ceres' blessing so is on you. Fer. 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 called to enact My presentancies. Fer. Let me live here ever; So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife, Make 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 mar'd. [brooks, Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring With your sedg'd crowns, and even 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 sicklemen, of August weary, Come hither from the farrow, and be merry; Make holy-day: your rye straw hats put on, And these fresh nympha encounter every one In country footing. Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join With the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they 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. Fer. This is most strange: your father's in some That works him strongly. [passion Mira. Never till this day, Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd. Pro. You do look, my son, in a mad's sort As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir;
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp’d towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex’d;
I bear with my weakness: my old brain is troubled.
I do not distrust with my intimacy:
If you be pleas’d, retire into my cell,
And there reposè; a turn or two I’ll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace. [Exeunt.]

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank you—
Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I leave to: What’s thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, by my command; when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear’d,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinks
To full of valour, that they smote the air [log
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tailor,
At which, like unack’d colts, they prick’d their ears.
Advance’d their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm’d their ears.
That, calf-like, they my following, through
Tooth’d driers, sharp furzes, prickling goss, and thorns.
Which enter’d their trail skins: at last I left them
I’ll the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell.
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O’turst their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still;
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For state to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanly taken, all, all lost, quite lost:
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cakens: I will plague them all,
Re-enter Ariel, loaded with glittering apparel, &c.
Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain invisible. Enter Cali-
lan, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may
 Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell. [act
Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than played the
Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which
my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take
a displeasure against you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
the patient, for the price I’ll bring thee to
Shall hold wink this mischance: therefore speak
All his hush’d as midnight yet. [softly.

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 be o’er
ears for my labour.

Cal. Prythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o’ the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban.
For ay a thy foot licking.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody
thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy
Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

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

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to
a frippery:—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand,
I’ll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it. [mean.

Cal. The droppy drown this fool! what do you
To doth thus on such luggage? Let’s along,
And do the murder first: if he awake;
From toe to crown he’ll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster,—Mistress line, is not
this my jerkin? Now this is the jerkin under the line:
now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove
a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, an’t
like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for this jest: here’s a garment
for’t: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king
of this country: Steal by line and level, is an excellent
pass of pate; there’s another garment for’t.

Trin. Monster, come, some time line upon your
fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on’t: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn’d to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear
this away, where my hoghead of wine is, and I’ll
turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A voice 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! [hark!

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! 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
Than paid, or cat o’ mountain.

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 of freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before the Cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes; and Ariel.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
TEMPEST.

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day? Aria. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord, You said our work should cease.

Pro. Indeed it is so.

When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit, How fares the king and his?

Aria. Confid'mt together
In the same fashion as you gave the charge; Just as you left them, sir, all prisoners
In the towering phaen which weather-fends your cell; They cannot budge, till your release. The king, His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them, Brim-ful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir. The good old Gonzalo;
His tears ran down his beard, like winter's drops From eaves and cornicks; their charm so strongly works That they now beheld them, your affections; them
Would become tender.

Pro. Dest thou think so, spirit?

Aria. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions? and shall not myself, Once their kind, that relish all as sharply, Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the Yet, with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury, would, Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being pentient, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not from a gentle parent, but a th'infant:
Go, release them, Aria; My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore, And they shall be themselves.

Aria. I'll fetch them, sir. [Exit.

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and ye, that on the sands with printless foot, [groves; Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him, When he comes back; ye demi-puppets, that By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make, Whereof the eves not bites; and you, whose pastime Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid Weak masters though ye be, I have been bidd'n The noon-tide sun, curl'd with the matin winds, And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault Of the broad war: to the dread rattling thunder Have I given fire, and ripted Jove's stout oak With his own bolt: the strong bar'd promontory I have made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up The pine and cedar: graves, at my command, Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let them forth By my so powerful magic
I have abjur'd: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,) To work mine end upon their senses, that This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff, Bury it certain fathom in the earth, And, deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.

Re-enter Ariel: after him, Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco: they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains, Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand, For you are spell stopp'd.—

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man

Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine, Fall fellow drops.—The charm dissolves apiece; And as the morning shalts upon the night, Melting the darkness, so their rising sensens
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mandate Their clearer reason. —O my good Gonzalo, My true preserver, and a loyal sir
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 wrothier in the act: — [blood, Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. —Flesh and
You brother, mine, that entertain'd ambition, Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian, (Which would 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,

Ariel enter'st, singing, and helps to attire PROSPERO.

Aria. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
Through the green-persimmon, do I fly,
When the swift morn, or ere the sun do rise,
After summer, merriest,
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:
Under the hatchets; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pray thee,
The king, And make I drink the air before me, and return Or ever your pulse twice beat.

Aria. 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.

Pros. Where's he that beest he, or no; Or some enchanted sprite to abuse me,
As late I have been, I know not: 'tis pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, and, and, since saw thee,
The affliction of my mind admits, with which, I fear, a madness held me: this must crave (And if this be all at a) most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Prospero
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—but how should I
Be living, and be here?

Aria. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Pros. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear. —

Pros. Do you yet taste
Some of the substances' o' the isle, that will not let you
Preve things certain:—Welcome, my friends all!—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[Aside to Sen. and Aria.]}
ACT V.--SCENE I.

here could pluck his highness' brow upon you, and justify you traitors; at this time I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.

No:—
or you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother

Prospero. Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive thy rankest fault; all of them, and require thy dukedom of thee, which, perchance, I know, you must restore.

If thou bested Prospero, give us particulars of thy preservation: now thou hast met us here, who three hours since were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost, now sharp the point of this remembrance is! I fear so, sir Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woeful, sir. 

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience says it past her cure.

Pro. I rather think, on have not sought her help; of whose soft grace or the like love, 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? heavens! that they were living both in Naples, he 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 t't encounter do so much admire, that they devour their reason; and scarce think their eyes do offices of truth, their words re natural breath: but, howsoever you have con justiced from your senses, know for certain, that I am Prospero, and that very duke which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely pon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed, o be the lord on't. No more yet of this; or 'tis a chronicle of day by day, not a relation for a breakfast, nor setting this fine scene. Welcome, sir; this cell's my court: here have I few attendants, and subjects none abroad: pray you, look in, my dukedom since you have given me again, will requite you with as good a thing; at least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye, as much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false, sir.

Fer. No, my dearest love, you would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should and I would call it fair play.

Pro. If this prove a vision of the island, one dear son hall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle! Fer. Though the seas threaten they are merciful: have curs'd them without cause.

Fer. I kneels to Alon.

Alon. Now all the blessings Of a glad father compass thee about! Arise, and say how thou canst here.

Mira. O! wonder! How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world, That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee. [play? wid] 

Alon. What is this maids, with whom thou wast at your eld'acquaintance cannot be three hours: Is she the goddess that hath sved'us, And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's 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 Mila, 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.

Con. O, I have inly wept, Sir, or should have spoke e'er this. Look now, ye gods, And on this couple drop a blessed crown; For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo! Gonz. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice Beyond a common joy; and set it down With gold on lasting pillars: in one voyage Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis; And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife, Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom, In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves, When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands: [To Fer. and Min. Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart, That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Do'st not! 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 gallow's were on land, This fellow could not deserve to drop: Welcome, sir; this cell's my court: here have I few attendants, and subjects none abroad: pray you, look in, my dukedom since you have given me again, will requite you with as good a thing; at least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye, as much as me my dukedom.

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

Gonz. My tricksy spirit! 

Pro. These are not natural events; they strengthen, From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you hither? Ari. If I did think, sir, I were well awake, I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep, And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches, Where, but even now, with strange and several noises Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains, And more diversity of sounds, all horrible, We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty: Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld Our royal, good, and gallant ship: our master Capering to eye her: On a trice, so please you, Even in a dream, were we divided from them, And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done? 

Fer. Sir, all this service Have I done since I went.

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be
Tempest.

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

Pro. Sir, my liege, Do not infest your mind with beating on The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure, Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you (Which to you shall be a painless grief), of every That happens henceforth; till when, be cheerful, And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit; 

[Aside.

Set Caliban and his companions free: [cioussir? Unte the spell, [Exit Ariel]. How fares my gra-
There are yet missing of your company.

Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen Apparel.

Stee. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune: Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spics which I wear in my head, they'll weigh the best ague.

Cal. O Schedos, these be brave spirits, indeed! How fine my master is! I am afraid He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha.

What things are these, my lord Antonio? Will money buy them?

Aron. Very likely; one of them Is a plain hand, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, Then say, if they be true: This mis-shapen knave,— His mother was a witch; and one so strong That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, And devil in her command, without her power: These three have robbed me; and this devil (For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them To take my life: two of these fellows you Must know and own; this thing of darkness I Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pitch'd to death.

Aron. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he the wine?

Epilogue.

Now my charms are all o'errawen, And what strength I have 's mine own And which is most fairest? No, true, I must be here conf'red 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.

Aron. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should Find this grand liquor that hath gild'd them? — [they Then have his pick's one then.

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? [cramp. Ste. 0, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah? Seb. As I should have be pick's one then.

Aron. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on; [Footing to Caliban. Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners, As in his shape: — Go, sirrah, to my cell; Take with you your companions; as you look To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter, And seek for grace: What a thrice-double ass Was I, to take this drunkard for a god, And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away! [Found it.

Aron. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you Seb. Orstole it, rather. [Exit Cal. Seb. and Trin. The ship's company have been a sore occasion 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 mean time, I'll sing you to our ship, and so to Naples, Where I have hope to see the nuptial Of these our dear-beloved solomini'd; And thence reit me to my Nilan, where Every third thought shall be my grave.

Aron. 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:—[Aside. Please you draw near. 

By Prospero.

Gentle breath of yours my sails Must fill, or else my project fails, Which was to please: Now I want Spirits to enforce, art to enchant; And my ending is despair, Unless I reliev'd by prayer, Which pierces so, that it assaults Mercy itself, and frees all faults, As you from crimes would pardon'd be. Let your indulgence set me free.

It is observed of The Tempest, that its plan is regular; this the author of The Italian Vagabonds, what I think to be, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or reckoned by our author. But, whatever may be Shakespeare's intention in forming or adapting this part, it never fails to make the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extended knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and soldiers, all speaking in their real characters. There is the infancy of princes, and of an earthly godkin. The operations of magic, the terrors of a tempest; the wildness of the desert island, the native sullenness of uncultivated affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happy issue of all things: here our passions and reason are equally interested. — Johnson.

The unity of time is strictly observed in this play. The tale scarcely takes up a greater portion of hours than are employed in the representation: and from the very particular care which our author takes to point out this circumstance in so many pass- sages, it should seem that it was not accidental; but designed to show the quickness of the time, that he too could write a play within the strictest laws of regularity, when he chose to load himself with the critic's fetters. — Alonso says, "If thou bested Prospero, Give us particulars of thy preservation; How thou hast met us here, who three hours since/ And since, how's the ship?" — Prospero answers, "Which but three glasses, sir;" — Sev. At the beginning of the fifth act the duration of the time employed on the stage is particularly ascertained; "You three hours since," — Prospero. "What! How's the ship?" — Sev. "Ari. On the sixth hour." — And they again refer to a passage in the first act: "Pros. How's the ship by the clock of the day?" — Ari. "Ari. Pass me the madmuset, and return two glasses." — Stive. It has further added to the above observation of Steevens, that the manner of acting and play are as exactly observed as the unity of time. — In this play, says Dr. Watson. Adventures in the Island, the conduct of the characters is one of the things that has been most admired by all who have examined the story of Prospero's to his dukedom; this business is trans- acted in the compass of a small island, and in or near the cave of Prospero."
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

There was no edition of this play, till that of the year 1623; but it has been printed much earlier, and it is mentioned in his Visits Dictionary, which was published in 1608. Mr. Malone considers this play as Shakespeare's first production. The internal evidence is insipid such a supposition, and has neither the beauties or the faults—the exuberance or the Jonsonian geniality of the language, nor the considerable parts of a rich and original genius—the general tone of the comedy, occasionally relieved by passages of much force and sweetness, is that of smooth, elegant, dull melody. It is repeated in entirely different manners by H Donne and Shadman, the latter of whom, I some delightful lines scattered here and there in the seri- ous scenes of the play, are so perfectly in the manner of Shak- espeare, as to convince the reader that it had undergone his own revision and improvement. I cannot help thinking it impossible that our great Dramatist could have been the author of the 76, in which the characters are so entirely devoid of individuality, the dialogue so elaborately heavy, so smoothly tame, so little varied with the changes of situation. Dr. John- son thinks differently, and says, "When I read this play I cannot but think that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakespeare. It is not, indeed, one of his most powerful effusions; it has neither any diversities of character, nor striking delineations of life; but it abounds in yonions beyond most of his plays, and few have more' lines or passages, which, through tenderness, are caul- nendly beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very successful, and suspect that it has escaped corruption, only because, being seldom played, it was less exposed to the hazards of transcription."

The story of Proteus and Julia has been resuscitated in a story in the Diana of Teviot, and Montpensier, which, according to Mrs. Lennox, was translated in Shakespeare's time. The incident of Valentine's joining the robbers is also supposed to have taken from the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sidney, book 1, chaps. 6 where Pyro-losed contents to lead the lads. Both these adventures are common in tale and history, and are not already prepared to the author's hand; but have been invented without any great stretch of invention.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ACT I.

SENE. — An open place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus; one-keeping youth have ever homely vits; aren't not, affection chains thy tender days till the sweet glance of thy honour'd love, father would outstak thy company, to see the wonders of the world abroad, an living dully sluggardiz'd at home, rear out thy youth with shapless idleness, yet, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein, en as I would, when I to love begin. Proteus. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu! ink 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, ever danger do environ thee, commend thy grievance to my holy prayers, I will be thy head's-man, Valentine. Proteus. And on a love book pray for my success. Valentine. That's a poor shallow story of deep love, now young Leander cross'd the Hellespont. Proteus. That's a deep story of a deeper love; he was more over shoes in love of.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.
Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipped already; and I have play'd the sheep, in losing him.
Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray, and if the shepherd be awhile away.
Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd.
Pro. I do; and, I a sheep?
Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.
Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.
Speed. This proves me still a sheep.
Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.
Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.
Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.
Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.
Pro. The shepherd for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; though 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 baas.
Pro. But dost thou hear? guat's thy thought to Juliana.
Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour!
Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.
Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.
Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best round you.
Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.
Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.
Speed. From a pound to a pin! fold it ever and over, this threefold too little for carrying a letter to your master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

[Speed woods.

Speed. 1.

Pro. Nod, 1; why, that's noddy.
Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, 1.
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 having the letter.
Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you. Why, sir, how do you bear with me? you, Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having rested 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 delivered.
Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?
Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.
Pro. Why? Could'th thou perceive so much from her?
Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter; And being so hard to me that brought your mind to fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.
Pro. What, said she nothing?
Speed. No, not so much as—take this for thy pains.
To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have teste'd me in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.
Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck; Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. Garden of Julia's House.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone, What didst thou see, because I fall to love in love?
Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen, That every day with parte encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?
Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew my According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. But say the thought of the — Sir Egremont?
Luc. As a knight well-spoken, neat and fine; But, were I you, he, should never be mine.
Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
Luc. Well, of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.
Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame, That I, unworthy body as I am, Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
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 would'st thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Whv, 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 shews his love but small.
Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.
Jul. pray, do not love, that do not shew their love.
Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would, I knew his mind.
Luc. To perseue this paper, madam.
Jul. To Julia;—Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will shew.
Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee? Proteus: Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from 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.
Luc. You take the paper, see it be return'd:
Or else return no more into my sight.
Jul. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate
Jul. Will you be gone?
Luc. [aside.] That you may ruminate. [Exit.
Jul. And yet, I would, I had o'erlook'd the letter. It were a shame to call her back again, To pray her to a favour for their child her. What fool is she, that knows I am a maid, And would not force the letter to my view? Since maids, in modesty, say No, to that Which they would have the profferer construe, Ay, Fie, fie! how wayward is the foolish love,
ACT I.—SCENE III.

Luc. What would your ladyship be?

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.

Jul. What's it you took up o' gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns, unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune: give me a note; your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible: best sing it to the tune of L'isile de L'Amant.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious it was, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so will you sing it out;

Jul. And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat, and mar the concord with too harsh a descent: here's war受th such a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Luc. Here is a coil with protestation,—[Tears the letter.]

Jul. To get you gone; and let the papers lie:

Luc. You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Jul. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd.

Jul. To be so angry'd with another letter.

Luc. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!

Jul. Hateful hands, to tear such loving words! Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey, and kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings! 'Tis kiss each several paper for amends.

Luc. And, here is writ—kind Julia:—'Ask'd Julia! in revenge of thy ingratitude, throw thy name against the bruising stones, ramping contemptuously on thy disdain.

Jul. Here, here is writ—devounded Proteus:—

Luc. Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed, shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd; and thus I search it with a sovereign heart.

Jul. But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:

Luc. Calm, good wind, blow not a word away;

Jul. I'll have found each letter in the letter.

Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear down a ragged, fearful, hanging rock

And throw it thence into the raging sea!

Jul. Here, in one line is his name twice writ,—

Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,

To the sweet Julia:—that I'll tear away;

And yet I will, still so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names;

Thus will I fold them one upon another;

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:

Jul. Yet here they shall not lie, nor be thrown cold.

Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;

Jul. I see things too, although you judge I wink.


SCENE III.—The same. A room in Antonio's House.

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that,

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wond'rd, that your lordship

Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;

While other men, of slender reputation,

Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:

Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;

Some, to discover islands far away;

Some, to the studious universities.

For any, or for all these exercises,

He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet:

And did request me, to implore you,

To let him spend his time no more at home,

Which would be great impeachment to his age,

In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that

Whereon this month I have been hammering.

I have considered well his loss of time;

And how he cannot be a perfect man,

Not being try'd, and teter'd in the world:

Experience is by industry achiev'd,

And perfected by the swift course of time:

Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,

How his companion, youthful Valentine,

Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him

There shall be practise tilts and tournaments,

Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;

And be in eye of every exercise,

Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:

And, that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,

The execution of it shall make known;

Even with the quickest execution

I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. 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,—how will we break with him.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart!
ACT II.


Enter Valentine and Speed.

Val. Sir, your glove.

Speed. Not mine; my gloves are on. 

Val. Why then this may be yours, for this is but

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it’s mine: —

Sweet ornament that deck’s a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia! 

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia! 

Val. How now, sirrah? 

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir. 

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you’ll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last childen for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia? 

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like sir Proteus, to wreak your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbery; to speak putting, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are 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 you.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you! nay, that’s certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are grown so spruce, sir; that all these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an unrivalled; 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

Speed. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean. 

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by your gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favoured.

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. To say, he painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemeest thou me? I account of her beauty,

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

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 unmetteth!

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 thee: I thank you, you swung 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.
ACT II.—SCENE III.

Val. Last night she enjoined 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, 'giv you 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 enjoined me, I have writ your letter, Unto the secret, best friend of yours;

Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,

But for my duty to your ladyship. [done.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;

For, being ignorant to whom it goes,

I writ at random, very doubtfully. [pains?

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much

Val. No, madam; so it steady 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

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ: [it?

But since unwillingly, take them again;

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;

But I will none of them; they are for you:

I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over;

And if it please you, so: if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.

And so good morrow, servant. [Exit Silvia.

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,

As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!

[suitor.

My master sies to her; and she hath taught her 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 ryming; '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 woes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What needs 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 you have writ to her; and she, in modesty, Or else for want of little time, could not again reply; Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,

lover.—

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.—

Why musse 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 nourished by my virtuous, and would fain have meat; O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Verona. A Room in Julia's House.

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

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.

[Givea ring.

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

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 mishap,

Torture 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:

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Pantino.

Pun. Sir Proteus, you are paid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—

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

SCENE III.—The same. A Street.

Enter Launce, leading a Dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid bowling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear; he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my granam having no eyes, look you, wept himself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll shew you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my D.
father:—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so mother:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father: A vengeance on't! There 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come 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 wood woman;—well, I kiss her:—why, there 'tis; here's my mother's b-cath up and down; now come I to my sister; mark the moon she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Lawns, away, away, abroad; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with ears. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Lawn. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Lawn. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. I mean thou'lt lose the flood: and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing thymaster, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Lawn. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Lawn. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Lawn. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service! 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.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Lawn. Sir, call me what thou darst.

Pan. Will thou go?

Lawn. Well, I will go.

SCENE IV.


Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. Twere good, you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Happily 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 double.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your arm.

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. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant!

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall lose my wit and 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 liverys, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.

Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful To the happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman To be of worth 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 unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; And, in a word, (for far behind his worth Come all the praises that I now bestow,) He is complete in feature, and in mind, With all good grace to grace a gentleman. Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he makes this good, He is as worthy for an empress' love, As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me, With commendation from great potentates; And here he means to spend his time a-while: I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you. Val. Duke. For Valentine, I need not cite him to it: I'll send him hither to you presently. [Exit Duke.

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship, Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal locks.
Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and being
How could he see his way to seek out you? [blind
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 gentle-
man.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I be-
seech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Sir. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [Exit Servant.

Come, sir Thurio,
Go with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome: I'll leave you to confer of family affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

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 contamining love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have pleas'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath cha'is'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Nor can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked of my reason's light.

Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter, pills;
And I must minster the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Soveraign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;

Pro. Except thou wilt except against my love.

Val. 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 venture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlasting.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having as inown.
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 stay.
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Val. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, 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
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 inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark,
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then your servant should attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.—

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 eye, or Valentine's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image gainst a fire,
 Bears no impression of the thing it was,
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold; And that I love him not, as I was wont: O! but I love his lady too, 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? 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld, And that hath dazzled 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.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hanged; 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 ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt find five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. Why, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him; it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not.

My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do, too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Ay, but true; and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will'st thou be a match?

Laun. 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.

Laun. Thou shalt neverget 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?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Thaas how?

Laun. A notable hubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Laun. 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.—An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.

Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:

O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast 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 the weak wit, that wants resolve will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better,
Fye, fye, unneverend tongue! to call her bad.
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast prefer'd With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths,
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love. Julia I love, and Valentine I love. 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 more precious in itself:
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!

Shews Julia but a swarthly Ethiop.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder,
To climb the celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:
Now presently I'll give her farther notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine,
For Tharriio, he intends, shall wed his daughter.
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross.
By means of Proteus, Silvia's warder,
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. Couswel, Lucetta! gentle girl, assist me! And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
With me, at the table whereon all my life 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 loved Proteus
Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings, to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
Is joyous 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.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the borders of reason.
Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns;
The current, that with gentle murmurs glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the casam'ld stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge.
He overthrew in his pilgrimage,
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
ACT III.—SCENE I.

Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil,
A blessed soul both 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 beseeem some well-reputed youth.
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 tune than the round courser:
"What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Luc. Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.
Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece.
Jul. Or nothing, Lucetta! that will be ill-fav'rd:
Luc. A round hose, madam, now's worth not a pin.
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou thinkest meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaied a journey?
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But true stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts to be trusted;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven, he proves so, when you come to him!
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream of 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 pleasures with.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

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 inteds to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprepared, to your timeless grave.
Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to expel
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing least my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,) I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which myself hast now disclose'd to me.
And, that thou mayst prove as true a friend
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 devise'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.
Duke. Upon mine honour, she shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming.

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?
Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to your 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 a while,
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, and wherein I must be secret.
Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to your daughter.
Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities.
Beseeching such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, forward,
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, while I thought the remnant of mine age
Should he here be discharged by a child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to whom will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is naive, and coy,
And thoughtly esteemed 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.

Duke. 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 sometimes scorcs what best contents
Send her another; never give her o'er: [her
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But only to begot her love in return;
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:
For, get you gone, she doth not mean, away:
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though n'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man shall ever be denied, I say, no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she, I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept
Though no man hath recourse to her by night, [safe.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To be set up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hermod's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder. [that.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me
Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hard thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thus?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn.

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What's here!—To Silius?
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll tcet no hold, but by the scal lar force. [Reads.
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly:
And slaves they are to me, that send me flying;
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;

While I, their king, that thisher them importune,
Do curb the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them.
Because I would not lose my herms' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are bent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be.
What's here?

Silva, this night I will enfranchise thee:
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phineas, (for thou art Meropis, son,)—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy dargio folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smoiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy deserts,
Is privilege for thy departures hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Deceived, 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 myself: banish'd from her
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
With light is light, a shadow she is, 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;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day.
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence: and I leave to be,
I'll be not by her fair influence
Fester'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly this deadly doom:
Tarry I here, but I attend on death;
But, fly hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What see'st thou?

Laun. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on his head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Pro. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—
Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possessed them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are both, as I may say, inable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!

Hath she forsown me?

Pro. No, Valentine.
ACT III.—SCENE I.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsaken me.—
What is your news?
Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation that they banish'd.
Pro. That thou art banish'd, O, that's the news;
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me sorfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd?
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, understand, will in effect follow.)
These at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
As if but now they waxed pale for woe: [them,
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-sheathing tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her interestress chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of hiding there. [speak'st,
Val. No more; unless the next word that thou
Hold'st on thine envious lips shall drop upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dole.
Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love:
But a step more than that can make a gulf betwixt us.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence:
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large.
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou 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, and seek some Valentine.
Val. O my dear Silvia, hapless Valentine!
Lau. It was my fault, sir; and yet I have
the wit to think, my master is a kind of knave: but
that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not
now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love;
but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me;
nor 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but what
woman. I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid;
yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips:
yet 'tis 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. Secondly, a horse
can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only
carry; therefore she is better than a jade. Item,
She can milk; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with
clean hands.

*Enter Speed.*
Speed. Why, man, how black? Lau'n. Why as black as ink.
Speed. Thou art read there, then?
Lau'n. Eve on thee; jolt-head; thou canst not read.
Speed. Thou best, I can.
Lau'n. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?
Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.
Lau'n. O, illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy
grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.
Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy papers.
Lau'n. There; and St. Nicholas be thy speed!
Speed. Imprimis. She can milk.
Lau'n. Ay, that she can.
Speed. Item, She brews good ale.
Lau'n. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing
of your heart, you brew good ale.
Speed. Item, Lau'n. That's as much as to say, can she so?
Speed. Item, She can knit.
Lau'n. What need a man care for a stock with a
wrench, when she can knit him a stock.
Speed. She can wash and scour.
Lau'n. A special virtue; for then she need not be
washed and scorched.
Speed. Item, She can spin.
Lau'n. Then may I set the world on wheels, when
she can spin for her living.
Speed. Item, She hath many nameless virtues.
Lau'n. That's as much as to say bastard virtues;
that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore
have no names.
Speed. Item, She follow her vices.
Lau'n. Close at the heels of her virtues.
Speed. Item, She is not to be kissed fastening, in re-
spect of her breath.
Lau'n. Well, that fault may be mended with a
breakfast. Read on.
Speed. Item, She hath a sweet mouth.
Lau'n. That makes amends for her sour breath.
Speed. Item, She doth talk in her sleep. [her talk.
Lau'n. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in
Speed. Item, She is slow in words.
Lau'n. O villain, that set this down among her
vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only vir-
tue: I pray thee, out with 't; and place it for her
chief virtue.
Speed. Item, She is proud.
Lau'n. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy,
and cannot be ta'en from her.
Speed. Item, She hath no teeth. [crusts.
Lau'n. I care not for that neither, because I love
Speed. Item, She is erect.
Lau'n. Well; she can with ease bite her crust.
Speed. She will often praise her liquor.
Lau'n. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will
not, I will; for good things should be praised.
Speed. Item, She is too liberal.
Lau'n. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ
down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not;
for that I'll keep that: now of another thing she
may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.
Speed. Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more
faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.
Lau'n. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine,
and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article:
Rehearse that once more.
Speed. Item, She hath more hair than wit,—
Lau'n. She hath more hair than wit,—it may be; I'll
prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and
therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers
the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides
the less. What's next.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

**Speed.**—And more faults than hairs,—

_Lawn._ That’s monstrous: O, that that were out! Speed. —And more wealth than faults.

_Lawn._ Why, that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I’ll better them. And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

__Speed._ What then?

_Lawn._ Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

__Speed._ For me?

_Lawn._ For thee? ay: who art thou? he hath staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

__Speed._ Why didst not tell me sooner? 'tis of your love letters!

[Exit.

**Lawn._** Now will he be swunged for reading my letter: An unmanly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I’ll after, to rejoice in the letter’s correction.

**SCENE II.**—The same. A Room in the Duke’s Palace.

**Enter Duke and Thurio; Proteus behind.**

_Duke._ Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you, now Valentine is banish’d from her sight. _Lawn._ Since his exile she hath despis’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 vessel, too, that the wind will melt among distant thoughts and wordless Valentine shall be forgot.—

_How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone? _Pro._ Gone, my good lord.

_Duke._ My daughter takes his going grievously. _Pro._ A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

_Lawn._ The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

_Pro._ I do, my lord.

_Duke._ And also, I think, thou art not ignorant How she opposes her against my will.

_Pro._ She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

_Duke._ Ay, and perversely she persévérés 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 desert; 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 the house must undertake to slander him. _Pro._ And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do: 'Tis an ill office for a gentleman; Especially, against his very friend.

_Duke._ Where your good word cannot advantage Your slander never can endanger him; [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 displeasure, She shall not long continue love to him. But say, this weal her love from Valentine, It follows not that she will love sir Thurio. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him, Lest it should ravel, and be good to none, You must provide to bottom it on me: Which must be done, by praising me as much As you in worth displease sir Valentine. _Duke._ And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind; Because we know, on Valentine’s report, You are already love this man very well, But soon revolt and change your mind. Upon this warrant shall you have access, Where you with Silvia may confer at large; For she is lampish, heavy, melancholy, And, for your friend’s sake, will be glad of you; Where you may temper her, by your persuasion, To hate young Valentine, and love my friend. _Pro._ Say, that upon the altar of her beauty You see the trophies, your eyes, your heart: Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears Moist it again: and frame some feeling line, That may discover such integrity: For Orphius’ lute was strung with poets’ sinews; Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones, Make tigers tame, and huge levantins Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands, After your fire burning elegies, Visit by night your lady’s chamber-window, With some sweet concert: 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 shews thou hast been in love. _Pro._ Ay, sir; for four years I have served thee, my lord; in the country, sith thou art not here. _Duke._ About it, gentlemen.

_Lawn._ In this my lord: I will wait upon your grace, till after supper, And afterward determine our proceedings.

_Duke._ Even now about it; I will pardon you. [Exeunt._

**ACT IV.**

**SCENE I.**—A Forest, near Mantua.

_Enter certain Out-laws._

_1 Out._ Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

_2 Out._ If there beten, shrink not, but down with’t em.

_Enter Valentine and Speed._

_3 Out._ Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about If not, we’ll make you sit, and ride you, [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’s a proper man.
VAI. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose; A man I am, crossed with adversity: These are these poor habiliments, Of which if you should here disfurnish me, You take the sum and substance that I have. 2 Out. Whither travel you? VAI. To Verona. 1 Out. Whence came you? VAI. From Milan. 3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there? VAI. Some sixteen months; and longer might have If crooked fortune had not thwarted me. [staid. 1 Out. What, were you banish'd then? VAI. I was. 2 Out. For what offence? VAI. For that which now torments me to rehearse: I think, I speak, I do death I much repent; But yet I slew him manfully to fight, Without false vantage, or base treachery. 1 Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so: But were you banish'd for so small a fault? VAI. I was, and held me glad of such a doom. 1 Out. Have you the tongues? VAI. My youthful travel there made me happy; Or else I often had been miserable. 3 Out. By the base scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar, This fellow was a king for our wild faction. 1 Out. We'll have him: sirs, a word. Speed. Master, be one of them; It is an honourable kind of knavery. VAI. Peace, villain! 2 Out. Tell us this: Have you any thing to take to? VAI. Nothing, but my fortune. 3 Out. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen, Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth Thrust from the company of awful men: Myself was from Verona banish'd; For practising to steal away a lady, An heir, and near allied unto the duke. 2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman, Whom, in my mood, I stab'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 beautified. With golden shape; and by your own report, A linguist; and a man of such perfection, As do in our quality much want:— 2 Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man, Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you: Are you content to be our general? To make a virtue of necessity. And live, as we do, in this wilderness? 3 Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our Say, ay, and be the captain of us all: consort? We'll do thee homage, and be rule'd by thee, Love thee as our commander, and our king. 1 Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest. 2 Out. Thou shalt not live to bring what we have offer'd. VAI. I take your offer, and will live with you; Provided that you do no outrages On silly women, or poor passeners. 3 Out. No, we detest such vile base practices. Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews, And shew thee all the treasure we have got; Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Milan. Court of the Palace. Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine, And now must I be as unjust to Thurio.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!
Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.
Host. You would have them 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 loved her out of all sick.
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.
Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.
Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That none shall say, my cunning drift excels.
This. Where meet we?
Pro. At saint Gregory's well.
This. Farewell. [Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.

SILVIA appears above, at her window.
Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlelady;
Who is that, that speake?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd 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 bie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so senseless,
To be seduced by thy flattery.
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows,
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
Yet, by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
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.
Ah! Twice false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried. [Aside.
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 thence;
Or, at the least, to her sepulchre thine.
Jul. He heard not that. [Aside.
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 I will make true love. [Ft.
Jul. If twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive
And make it but a shadow as I am. [Aside.
Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood 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 more.
[Enter Proteus; and Silvia, from above.
Jul. Host, will you go?
Host. By my halibut, I was fast asleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?
Host. Merry, at my house: Trust me, I think, 'tis almost day.
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!

Silvia appears above, at her window.

SIT. 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, well lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not, I flatter, for, I swear, I do not.)
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplished;
Thou art not ignorant, what gentleman will
best keep me from the bawd's Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhor'd.
Thyself hast loved; 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 flowering heart.
I am of the most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what beideth me
As much I wish all good betfortune you.
When will you go?
Sil. This evening coming.
Sil. Where shall I meet you?
Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.
Egl. I will not fail thy ladyship:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.
Sil. Good-morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — The same.

Enter Launce with his dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three
for four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I
have taught him—even as I had taught you previously,
I was sent to deliver him as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and
came no sooner into the dining chamber, but he steps
me to her treacher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis
a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all
companies! I would, as one should say, one that
was upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a
fool at all things. If I had not had more wit than he,
to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he
had been hanged for't; sure as I live he had suffered
for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the
company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under
the duke's table: he had not been there (bless he mark)
a pissing while; but all the chamber smelt
out with the dog, says one; What ear is that?
ays another; Whip him out, says a third; Hang him
up, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with
the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the
pillow that whips the dogs; Friend, quoth I, you mean
to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I, quoth he. You do
in the wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you got
out with the dog, and you does me out of the
chamber. How many masters would do this for
their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the
tods for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had
been executed: I have stood on the pillow for geese
that hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't: thou
thinks't not of this now.—Nay, I remember the trick
he makes me out of the chamber, and I that he did not bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When idst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water
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 woreson
peasant? [To LAUNCE. Where have you been these two days loitering?
Lauv. Marry, sir, I earried mistress Silvia the dog
that made me.
Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?
Lauv. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and
ells you, curriish thanks is good enough for such a
Pro. But she received my dog? [present.
Lauv. No, indeed, she did not: here have I brought
him back again.
Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?
Lauv. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from
me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and
then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as
en of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.
Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or never return again into my sight.
Lauv. I say, sir: Stov'st thou to vex me here?
A slave, that, still an end, turns me to shame.

[Exit LAUNCE.  

Sebastian. I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to you foolish lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not) 
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth: Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She loved me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you loved her not, to leave her token;
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Jul. Why dost thou cry, alas!
Jul. I cannot choose but pity her?
Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?
Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give 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, be home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [Exit PRO.
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 despiseth me?
Because he betrays her, he despises her;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain,
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praise him, that I should have dispris'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 I will woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her, if I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O!—does he sends you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there. [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.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised Deliver'd you a paper that I should not.
This is the letter to your ladyship.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold.
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 hath profan'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.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

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 an hundred several times.
Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.
Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of
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 her judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'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. If she had kept her stature as for, at Pentecost,
When all our pages of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trim'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her keep a good,
For I did play a lady to my 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 I in thought felt not her very sorrow
As, poor lady! desolate and left!
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, young, 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 't, if e'er you know
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful. [her,
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects her mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can tripe 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;
And, if the painter's matter'd hair gold,
Unless I flatter with myself too.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statued in thy stead,
I'll put on scarce, one to thy mistress' sake,
That we'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.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same. An Abbey.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky:
And now, it is about the very hour

That Silvia, at Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break no 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;
for 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. An Apartment 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; but that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.
Pro. But love will not be spur'd to what it loathes.
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 pears are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pears in beauteous ladies' eyes.
Jul. 'Tis true, such pears as put out ladies' eyes.
For I had rather wink than look on them. [Aside.
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace.
Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace!
[Aside.
Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
[Aside.
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. What should she say to my fortune?
Jul. That such an ass should own them. [Aside.
Pro. That they are out of lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Vi-And Eglamour is in her company. [Kentish; "Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not;
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But move you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exeunt.
Thu. Why this it is to be a peevish girl,
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

SILVIA I do detest false-perjur'd Proteus

Act IV, Sc. 3
that flies her fortune when it follows her:

'till after: more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
han for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
han hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [Exit.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
han hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.
Enter Silvia, and Out-laws.

Out. Come, come; impatient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?


I thou with her to the west end of the wood,
here is our captain: we'll follow him that's fleet.

Thicket is best, he cannot 'scape. [cave;

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's ear 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!
his shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
be better than flourishing peopled towns:
Can I sit alone, unseem'd and unaided
and to the nightingale's complaining notes,
une my distresses, and record my woes.

thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
leave not the mansion so long tenanted;
cast, growing ruinous, the building fall,
and leave no memory of what it was!
repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
I thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
What halluc'ing, and what stir, is this to-day?

These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
have some unhappy passenger in chase:
hey love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Withstand thee, Valentine; who's this comes here? [Steps aside.

Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
though you respect not aught your servant doth,) To hazard life, and rescue you from him
that would have forc'd your honour and your love.

You safe me, for my need, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear! Love,
Lend me patience to forbear a while. [Aside.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am! [Aside.

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;

But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st mine most unhappy.

Jul. Add me, when he approacheth to your presence. [Aside.

Sil. Had I been seiz'd by a hungry lion,
would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.

D heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And to as much, (for more there cannot be,) I do detest false perjur'd 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, the 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 hast't two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:

Thou counterfeit to thy true friend.

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. O heaven! [Aside.

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Russian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine! [love;

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or
(For such is a friend now,) treacherous, fallacious man;
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 would of my hopes; taught but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.

Pro. 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 would of my hopes; taught but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.

Sil. For give me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it 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 aor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleased;
By penitence the 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 most repentant! [Faints.

Pro. Look to the boy. [matter?

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is the
Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me
to deliver a ring to madam Silvia;
Which out of my neglect was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

Col. This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [Sends another ring.

Pro. But, how can't thou by this ring? at my de-
I gave this unto Julia; she will make thee blush! [faint,
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart;
How oft hast thou with perjury clef't the root?
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush:
Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon thee.
Such an inmodest 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.

Pros. Than men their minds! 'tis true; O heaven!
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julita's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be brest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pros. Beawitness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I have mine.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Tuurio.

Out. A price, a price, a price!
Val. Forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Tuurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold 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.

Duke. Grant it, for, thine own, what'cr it be.
Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endowed with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reform'd, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord; [thee].

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include 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 page, my lord? [blushes
Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he
Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that saying?
Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder, what hath fortun'd.

Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your love discovered.

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [Exeunt.

In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and
ignorance, of care and negligence. The verification is often excellent, and the allusions are learned and just; but the au-
thor conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another
in the same country; he plays the emperor at Milan, and
sends his young men to attend him, but never questions him
more; he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, say
he has only seen her picture; and if we may credit the old
copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery impos-
cible. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he
took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed, and
sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered, and sometimes
forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakspeare, I have
little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be
given? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays,
except Timo Andromeneus; and it will be found more credible
that Shakespeare might sometimes sink below his highest flights
than that any other should rise up to his lowest.—JOHNSON.

Johnson's general remarks on this play are just, except that
part in which he premises the conduct of the poet, for making
Proteus say, that he had only seen the picture of Silvia, where
it appears that he had had a personal interview with her. This
however, is not a blemish of Shakespeare's, but a mistake of
Johnson's, who considers the passage alluded to in a more
literal sense than the author intended it. Sir Proteus, it is
true, had seen Silvia for a few moments; but though he could
form from those some idea of her person, he was still unac-
quainted with her temper, manners, and the qualities of her
mind. He therefore considers himself as having seen her
pure only.—The thought is just, and elegantly expressed.

M. Mason.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Sir John Falstaff.
Fenton.
Shallow, a country justice.
Slender, cousin to Shallow.
Mr. Ford, Mr. Page, two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
William Page, a boy, son to Mr. Page.
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welch parson.
Dr. Caius, a French physician.
Out of the Garden Inn.
Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, followers of Falstaff.
John Page, page to Falstaff.
Simple, servant to Slender.
Nugry, servant to Dr. Caius.
Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Anne Page, her daughter, in love with Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, servant to Dr. Caius.

SCENE.—Windsor; and the parts adjacent.

ACT I.


Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a star-chamber matter of it; if he were sir John Falstaff, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and coroner.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and Cust-alorum.

Slen. Ay, and ratolorum too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself armigerous; in any will warrants the play, or obligation, armigerous.

Shal. Ay, that we do, and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white lices in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Exe. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The lice is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Exe. It is marrying, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Exe. Yes, pry'larly; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three shillings for myself, in my simple conjunctures; and this is all one: if sir John Falstaff have committed disarrangements unto you, I um of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it: it is a riot.

Exe. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of it being a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of it, and not to hear a riot; take your visaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Exe. It is better that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my pray, which, properer, brings good discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page! She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Exe. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandiss, upon his death's bed, (But deliver to a joyful resurrection!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a gout motion, if we leave our pribles and prables, and desire a marriage between master Abraham, and mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Did her grandiss leave her seven hundred pound?

Exe. Ay, and her father is make her a pette penny.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [knocks.] for master Page. What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Enter Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Gut's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventure, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likenings.

Page. I am glad to see your worshipships well: I thank you for my 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 killed:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I love you always with my heart, ha; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do. Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Sten. How does your faylow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Coslale.

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Sten. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. He was not;—tis your fault, tis your fault.—Tis 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 withio; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoken as 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.

Fol. 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.

Fol. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fol. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this:—That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fol. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in court: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. Pauca verba, sir John, goot worts.

Fol. Good worts! good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Sten. 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!

Sten. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Sten. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! pacea, pacea; slice! that's my matter.

Sten. 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, fidelicit, master Page; and there is myself, fidelicit, 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.

Fol. Pistol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The what with his ear! what phrase is this, He hears with ear? Why, it is affectations.

Fol. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Sten. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven greats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovell-boards, that cost me two shilling and two peace a-piece of Yeal Miller, by these gloves.

Fol. Is this true, Falstaff?

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 latten biglo:

Word of denial in thy labras here;

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

Sten. By these gloves, then twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, sir, and pass good humours: I will say, marry, trap, with you, if you run the nut-hook's humour on me: that is the very one of it.

Sten. 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.

Fol. What say you, Scarlett and John?

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 fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the cares.

Sten. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'l ne'er be drunk whilst I live again; but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fol. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page with wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.

[Exit Anne Page.

Sten. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fol. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met; and your heart 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.

[Lestant all but Shal. Slender, and Evans.

Sten. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here:—

Enter Simple.

Page now, Simple! Where have you been? I must
LILY HAYES OF WINDSOR.

ANN. Will you please your worship to come in, Sir.

Act I. Sc. 1
wait on myself, must I? You have not The Book of Riddles about you, have you?
Shall. Book of Riddles? why, did not you lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowsmas fast, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz, come, coz; we stay for you.
A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here:—Do you understand me?

Sten. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.
Shal. Nay, but understand me.
Sten. So I do, sir.

Shal. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Sten. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says; I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Shal. But this is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.
Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.
Shen. Marr', is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.
Shen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Shal. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth:—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?
Shen. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?
Shen. I hope, sir,—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.
Sten. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possible, if you can carry her your desires towards her?
Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?
Sten. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.
Sten. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to please you, coz: Can you love the maid?
Sten. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven be so pleased it: we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolve.

Shal. It is a very discretion answer; save, the fault is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'orts is, according to our meaning, resolutely,—his meaning is good.
Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.
Sten. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!
Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.
Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.
Eva. Od's pleased will! I will not be absence at the grace. [Exit Shallow and Sir H. Evans.]
Anne. Will you please your worship to come in, sir?
Shen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.
Anne. The dinner attedes you, sir.
Sten. I am not a-hungry; I thank you, forsooth.
Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [Exit Simple.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what thought? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.
Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.
Shen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.
Sten. I pray you, sir, walk in.
Shen. I had rather walk here, I thank you; I browsed my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three venneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears in the town.
Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.
Anne. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?
Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.
Shen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson lose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill favoured rough things.

Re-enter Page.
Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Shen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.
Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir; come, come.

Shen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.
Page. Come on, sir.
Shen. Mistress Anne, you shall go first.
Anne. Not 1, sir: pray you, keep on.
Shen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.
Anne. I pray you, sir.
Shen. I'faith, I'll rather be unmanly than troublesome; you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [Exit.

SCENE II. —The same.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Shal. Go your ways, and ask of Dr. Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Shal. Simp. Well, sir.
Eva. Nay, it is better yet:—give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicity your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, begone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

[Exit.

SCENE III. —A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Pistol. Mince host of the Garter,—
Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly, and wisely.
Pistol. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.
Host. Discard, bully Hercules; casher: let them wag; trot, trot.
Pistol. I sit at ten pounds a week. E
Host. Thou art an emperor, Cesar, Keiser, and Phezezar. I will entertain Bardolph: he shall draw, be small tap; said I well, bully Hector!

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow. [Exit Host.]

Fal. Bardolph follow him: a tapster is a good trade: and an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man, a fresh tapster: Go; adieu. Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

Pist. O base Gengario wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour concocted? His mind is not heroic, and there's the discourse, the curvets, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, I am sir John Falstaff's.

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The author is deep: what humour pass? But when the repast goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, To her, boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious clylads: 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 scorch me up like a burning glass! Here's another letter to her; she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West India, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford; we will thrive, lad, 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 'baviour of reputation, Fat. Hold, sirrah, [to Rom.] bear you these letters tightly.

Sail not in my gallop to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go; Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,

French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page. [Exit Falstaff and Robin.]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd, and fallum holds, And high and low beguil the rich and poor; Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack, Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Will thou jove's revenge?

Nym. By wellkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, 1: I will discuss the humour of this love to Page. Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold, How Falstaff, varlet vile, His dove will prove, his gold will hold, for the sake of his old couch deity.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Dr. Caius's House.

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and Rugby.

Quick. What: John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the drawing-room, 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-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall compose; you may be as well at this, and I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish this way; but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simole, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Sinder's your master?

Sim. Ay, sooth.Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glove's paring knife?

Sim. No, sooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured beard. Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, sooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

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! The said master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master. Quick. We shall all be sheat: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [Shuts Simple in the closet.] He will not stay long.—What, John
ACT II.—SCENE I.

Rugby! John, what John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home——and down, down, adown, &c.

[Sings.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing! I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet a batter word; box, a green-a-box; Do! and Iat vant I speak a green-a-box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn mad.

[Aside.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la tour——en grande aventure.

Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; Depêche, quickely,—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Ring. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby; Come, take-a your rapier, and come after me. Do not be afeard to ring.

Ring. Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my troth, I tarri too long: Od's me! Qu'as fouldé? here is some simple in my closet, dat I will not for the world I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—Villany! baren! [pulling Simple out.] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, he so not so degmatick; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue: Speak-a your tale.

Quick. You, my lord, gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mrs. 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, buittle me some paper: Tarry you a little-a while. [Writes.]

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy; —But notwithstanding, man, I'll do 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, secur, grass 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 advis'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 dis letter to sir Hugh; by gar, it is a challenge; I will cut his troot in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack'nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gene: it is not good you tarry here by gar, I will eat 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 Avengers 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-ker!

Caius. Rugby, come to de 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 Reyn.

Quick. You shall have An fools-head of your own.

Fent. [Within] Who is within there! ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. —Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale; —good faith, it is such another Nan; —but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread: We had an hour's talk of that wart; —I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly, 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 we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

[Exit.

Quick. Farewell to your worship. —Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does: —Out upon't! what have I forgot!

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before Page's House.

Enter Mistress Page, with a Letter

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scape'd 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 pretense, he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to
then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! Ha! then there's more sympathy: you love such, and so do I; Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
Bu day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight,

John Falstaff.

What a Herold of Jerywy is this?—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age, to shew himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Dalmash 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 for give 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 be'yer believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mistress Page. ' Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some drink; I am feverish.

Mistress Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one tripling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mistress Page. Hang the triple, 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.

Mistress Page. What? thou hast!—sir Alice Ford!

—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldest not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—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 given to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the hundredth psalm to the time of Green streets. What tongue, I trow, threw this whole wide with so many tuns of oil in his belly, asbore 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?

Mistress 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, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why this is the very same; the very hand, the very word: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I knew 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 strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him alack-deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him; let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to nine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villain against him, that may not sulie 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 u measurable distance:

Mrs. Ford. I presume are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [They retire.

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, and Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pistol. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pistol. He woos both high and low, both rich and both young and old, one with another, Ford; [poor, He loves the gally-mawry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pistol. With hiver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou, like a betow woman, with Ring-wold at thy heels:—O, edious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pistol. The horn, I say; Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:

—Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do away, sir corporal Nym; [Sing— Believe it, Page, he speaks sense. [Exit Pistol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this. [Exit. Nym. And this is true; [To Page.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: 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; there's the short and long of it: but look you, corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [Exit Nym.

Ford. Page. The humour of it, quoth 'al! here's a fellow frights his humour out of his wits.

Page. I will seek out Falstaff.

Ford. I never heard such a dawdling, affecting rogue.

Page. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Catan, though the priests 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?

Host. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotches in thy head—Will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George? Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[Aside to Mrs. Ford.]

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, so far as I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets of her more than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not disdain my wife; but I would be both to turn them together: A man may be too confident; I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot have that 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 morily.—How now, mine host?

Enter Host and Shallow.


Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us! we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalier-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host d' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[They go aside.]

Shal. Will you [to Page.] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hank, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I will give you a pottle 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 egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go, cavalieres?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times, you stand on distance, your passes, stocadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, buys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you: I had rather hear them scold than right.

Enter Host, Shallow, and Page.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; 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 mine oyster, Which I with my sword will open.— I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my contentenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your cough-fellow, Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geniny of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bidget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not. [pence] Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen

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 mayor of Pickthatch, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—You stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfounded baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heavenly on the left hand, and, being more honourable in my own person, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent; What would'st thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good 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. Do I 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 mistress Ford. Do you say.

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 honest men! Master Ford.

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 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk,) and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such a blaze! as 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 this morning; but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her, so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been ears, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she 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, that 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 frumpold 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 an artious a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who'e 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'rt!

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; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life: than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page: no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a ray-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—[Exeunt quickly and robin.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—

Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights;

Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all.

[Exit pist.]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old jack? go thy ways; I'll make thee a good old fellow than I have done; ye yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expanse of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter barnesph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Broke below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Broke, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in; [Exit barnesph.] Such Brookes are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; via!

Re-enter barnesph, with Ford disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.


Fal. You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave, drawer, [Exit barnesph. Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Broke.

Fal. Good master Broke, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion: for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Truth, and I have a bag of money here troubles; and it will help me to hear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me 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.

Speak, good master Broke; 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 imperfectness; but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Ford. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

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; see'd every slightest occasion, that could but intricately give me night 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, I am sure, I have received none; unless, perhaps, at a rate which would have carried me at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

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 warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time to exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife; use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affections, 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 soul 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 are now too strongly embattled against me: What say you to 't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your honour next, give me your hand; last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, 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? Would any man have thought this?—Enter, Enter, [Exit.

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittily knave hath masses of money; for which the wife to whose I am well-favoured, I will use her as the key of the cuckold's rogue's coffers; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I told you, Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will scare him out of his wits: I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns; master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me so late night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile; thou master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night.

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, thou knowest, it is made. What names?——Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Parkinson, well; yet they are devilish names of fiends: but cuckold! Cuckold-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 Welleham with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitae bottle, or a thief to walk my and cull among them, my wife, with herself; then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour:—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit.

SCENE III.—Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.


Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack? Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, that he is no come; he has pray his Bible well, that he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.
Pag. He's wise, sir: he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de hanging is no dead, so as I will kill him. Take your rapier, Jack: I will tell you how I will kill him.

Pag. Ala, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Pag. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Hort, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Hort. Bless thee, bully Doctor.

Shl. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctors!


Caius. Va! be all you, one, two, tree, four, comefor! Hort. To see thee fight, to see thee foil, to see thee espoo, to see thee here, to see thee there: to see thee pass thy ponsio, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is be dead, my Ethipian! is he dead, my Francisco! bully, what says my Esculapius? my Galen! my heart of elder! ha! is he dead, bully State! is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world, and his name is not shown his face.

Hort. Thou art a Castilian king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy?

Caius. I pray you, bear witness that I have six or seven, two, three hours for him, and he is no come.

Shl. His is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should walk 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.

Shl. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a swordsman, I lay my fingers 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.

Shl. 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 gentle churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Hort. Parson, guest justice:—A word, monsieur, Muck-water.

Caius. Muck-water! vat is dat?

Hort. Muck-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-water as de Englishman:—Scary jack-dog priest! by gar, me will cut his ears.

Hort. He will clapper-claw thee lightly, bully. Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Hort. That's, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me will have it.

Hort. And I will provoke him to, or let him go. Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hort. And moreover, bully.—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalier Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [Aside to them. Page. Hort. By gar, there, is he.

Hort. He's there; see what humor he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Page. We will do it.

Page, Shl., and Slender. Adieu, good master doctor.

[Exit Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Caius. By gar, me will kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Hort. Let him die: but, first, speak thy impatience: throw cold water on thy chofer: so about the mends with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house, a feasting: and thou shalt woo her: Cry' game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you: and shall procure a you de good guesa, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, me patients.

Hort. For the which, I will be thy adversary towards Anne Page: said I well!

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Hort. Let us way then.


ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, who calls himself Doctor of Plagues?

Simple. Sir marry, sir, the cityward, the parkward, every way, all Old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most fekemely desire you, you will also look that way.

Simple. I will, sir.

Evans. Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and head-aching of me! I shall be glad if he have deceased me:—how melancholy am I!—I will know his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ock—pless my soul.

[Leaves.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds ring madrigals;
These will we make our pets of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.

To shalow—

Mercy on me! I have a great disposition to cry.

Melodious birds ring madrigals:
When as I sat in Babylon,
And a thousand varous posies.

To shalow—

Simple. Wond'r he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Evans. He's welcome:—

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Simple. No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the ridles, this way.

Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Simple. Ah, sweet Anne Page!


Evans. 'Pless you from his merry sake, all of you!—

Shallow. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?


Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.
Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Ern. Well; what is it?

Page. Vnder is a most reverend gentleman, who, beleeke, having receiued wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Snel. I have lived fourscore years, and upward; I never heard of a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wise of his own respect.

Ern. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Cairns, the renowned French physician.

Ern. Go't will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Ern. He has no more knowledge in Hicobrates 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.

Snel. O, sweet Anne Page!

Snel. It appears so, by his weapons;—Keep them answer—here comes doctor Cairns.

Enter Host, Cairns, and Rugg.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Snel. So do you, good master doctor.

Rugg. Draw them, and let them questions; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Cairns. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear;—Verefore will you not meet-a me?

Ern. Pray you, use your patience. In good time.

Cairns. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog.

John apc.

Ern. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humour: I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends,—I will knog your urinal about your knife's cogcomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Cairns. Diddle!—Jack Rugg,—mine host of Jartertter, have I lost stay for him, to kill him I have not as yet avenged.

Ern. As I am a christian soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgment; by mine host of the Garnet.

Host. Page. I say, Guilla and Gaul, French and Welch; soul-curer and body-curer.

Cairns. Ay, that is very good! excellent.

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garnet.

Ern. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the medicines. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the nouns. Give me your hand, hierosoma; so, give me thy hand, civilis; 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 burns sack by the issue.—Come, lay their sweats to pawn;—Follow me, had of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shel. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Snel. O, sweet Anne Page!

[Exit Shallow, Slender, Page, and Host.

Cairns. Hal! do I perceive dat? have you made de sort of us? ha, ha!

Ern. This is well; he has made us his vounting-stog,—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us kneel our prayers together, to be revenge on this same sillly scorry, copping companion, the host of the Garnet.

Cairns. By gar, vir all my heart; he promise to bring me vere in Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Ern. Well, I will write his noddes;—Pray you, follow.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Rowan.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your war, little gallant; you want not to be a childer. But now you are a leader; Whitney had you rather, head main eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Hit. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a awarti.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy: now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter Page.

Page. Well met, mistress Page; Whither go you? Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife; Is she at home?

Page. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Page. Where had you this pretty weathercock? Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the steeple whose name is my husband had him of: What do you call your kinsman, Sir John Falstaff?

Hit. Sir John Falstaff.

Page. Sir John Falstaff?

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on his name.

—There is such a league between my good man and he,—is your wife at home, indeed?

Page. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick till I see her.

Host. Mrs. Page and Rowan.

Page. Has Page any bane? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a better twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's incitement; he give her folly motion and advantage; and now his wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower-sing in the wind; and Falstaff's boy with her.—Good priests;—they are bad; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-sneaking mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a squire and willful Aramais: and to these violent proceeding all my neighbours shall cry aim. [Clock strikes.] The Groot gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there 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, Cairns, and Rugg.


Page. Trust me, a good knot; I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shel. I must excuse myself; master Page.

Snel. 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.

Shel. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SENE. 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.

Cain. Ay, by g'ar; and the maid is love a-me; my mash-a-Quickly tell me so mush.

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'y, he will carry' t; "tis in his buttons; he will carry' t.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Pains; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knot a foot 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 shew you a monster. - Master doctor, you shall go; - so shall you, master Page; and you, sir Hugh.

[Exeunt.]

Ford. Well, fare you well: - we shall have the freer working at master Page's.

[Curtain falls between Shallow and Slender.

Cain. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[Exit Rugby.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[Exit Host.

Ford. [Aside.] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. - Will you go, gentles? -

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. - 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 -


Enter Servants, with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering,) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whistlers in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddied 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: - Do gone, and come when you are called.

[Exeunt Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

[Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas musket? what news with you?

Rob. My master, sir John, is come in at your back-door, and says, Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Ford. Well, John, 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, kiss me.

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humility, this gross watery pumposon; - we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

[Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly joveel? Why, not; so me, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition; O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mrs. 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 sight, lady: But, come, and thou dost not hit me.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping-haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Buckler's-bury in simple-time; I cannot; but I love thee; none but thee, and thou dost not hit me.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; for I am, you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kin.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows, how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll desire it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [within.] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. I pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman. -

[Falstaff hides himself.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Ford. O, mistress Ford, what have you done? You're sham'd, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having
ACT III.—SCENE III.

FORD. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall make sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [Exit.]

Page. This is very fantastical humour and jealousies.

CAISUS. 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. [Exeunt Evans, Page, 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 what 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 there; 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 give him some tricks with Falstaff; his dissolute disease will scarcely obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish caitiff, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for tomorrow eight o'clock, to have amended.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that? [Aside to Mrs. F. Mrs. Ford. [Aside.] Ay, ay, peace.—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

FORD. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any body in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promised you a dinner.—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife:—come, mistress Page; I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a binding together: I have a fine hawk for the bud: 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
tord.

Eva. In your teeth: for shame.
Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Exit. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knife, mine host.

Color. But is good: by gar, vit all my heart, 

Exit. A lousy knife; to have his gibes and his mockerys. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — A Room in Page's House.

Enter Fenton and Mistress 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 experience, I seek to heal it only by his wealth; Besides 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 further. [They converse apart.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mrs. Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Sten. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Sten. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him—This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favoured faults! Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year! [Aside. Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you. Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father! Sten. 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.

Shall. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Sten. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Sten. Ay, that I will, come out 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.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Sten. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Sten. 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? 

Shall. 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 deal! 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. Nay, 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 dispos'd of.


Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton. Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in— Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton. [Exeunt Page, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Quick. Speak to mistress Page. [daughter,

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners, I must once the colors of my love, And not retire: Let me have your good will. Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool. Mrs. Page. I mean it nut: 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 bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy: My daughter will I question how she loves you, And as I find her, so am I affected; Till then, farewell, sir,—She must needs go in; Her father will be angry. [Exit Mrs. PAGE and Anne. Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan. Quick. This is my doing now;—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on master Fenton;—this is my doing. Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night Give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains. [Exit.

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but scarcely 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 BARDOLPH. ] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barber of butcher's offal; and to be thrown
into the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains taken out, and butter'd, and given to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen of the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow. For a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swallowed? I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph, with the wine.

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go, brew me a bottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. —[Exit Bardolph.—]—How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the mistress: 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 mis-took their erection.

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 my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. —[Exit.

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Broke; 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 Broke? you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife.

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business. Fal. Master Broke, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, master Broke.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Broke; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Broke, dwelling in a continual 'larm 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 request of his companion, hath provoked and instigated by his distemper, and sooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with a couple of Ford's knives, his hands, were called forth, as I thought, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knife their master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knife would have searched me, and ordered him to 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 Broke: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that: —a man of my kidney, —think of that: that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dis-solution and thaw; it was a miracle, to 'scape suffoca-tion. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stove in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be unsaddled, and thrown into the Thames, like a muck-bucket, hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that, —hissing hot, —think of that, master Broke.

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.

Fal. Master Broke, I will be thrown into Etta, as I have been into Thames, ere I leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Broke.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to your appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I sped; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Broke; master Broke, you shall cuckold Ford.

—[Exit.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford! If this be to be married! this 'tis to have linens, and buck-baskets! —Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; 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.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and Williams.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this; or will be presently: but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but 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?

Evans. No; master Slender is let 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.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head and come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, he not afraid.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, o'd. nouns.

Evans. Peace your tattlings. What is fair, William?

Will. Pulcheria.

Quick. Poulets! there are fairer things than poulets sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity oman; I pray you, peace. What is lapsis, William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is lapsis; I pray you remember in your prayer.

Will. Lapis.

Evans. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does fend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominative, hic, haec, hoc;

Evans. Nominative, his, hæ, hag, hag; — pray you, mark: genitiva, hujus: Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativa, hine.

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; Accusativa, hing, hang, hag.

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans. Leave your prables, oman; What is the locative case, William?

Will. O—locutio, O.

Evans. Remember, William, locutio is caret.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Evans. Oman, forgets.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Evans. What is your genitive case, plural, William;

Will. Genitive case?

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.
ACT IV.—SCENE II.

Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly ashamed, 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.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'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?

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Page. There they always used 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, coffers, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath been about 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?

Fal. I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

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 shall come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

Re-enter 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 he talks of the basket too, howsoever he 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 daff. [Exit.

Re-enter Mrs. Fonn, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sir, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch. [Exit.

1 Serv. Come, come, take it up.

2 Serv. Pray heaven, it be not full of the 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, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—You, youth, in a basket, come out here!—O, you pandy rascal! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! 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.

Ford. 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, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous foot 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 of the basket.

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. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a heretic.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealously.

Ford. Well, he's not here, I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a queen, an old cozening queen!
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she! We are simple men; we do not know what's breathed to pass under the profession fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing. --Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband; --good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff in women's clothes, led by Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Frat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll pray her: --Out of my door, you witch, [beats him.] you rag, you baggage, you pole-cat, you ronyen! out! out! I'll confound you, I'll forswear you. [Exit Falstaff.]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it: --Tis a goody credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch! E'en, by yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed! I like not when a 'oman has a great beard; I like not when a 'oman wears her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[Exit Page, Ford, Shallow, and Evans.]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully, methought.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if he be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bardolph. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English.

Bardolph. 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 houses a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them: Come.

[Exeunt.]
Let the supposed fairies pitch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll present ourselves; dis-burn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours;
And I will be like a Jack-an-apes also, to burn
the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them
vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all
Finely attired in a robe of white. [fairy.

Page. 'tis not silk will I go buy;—and in that tune
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [Aside.

And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff
straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again, in name of Brook;
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it! It is admirable pleasures,
And fery honest knavery.

Mrs. Page, Ford, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[Exit Mrs. Ford.

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And his best wife for all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-kin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. 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 trusty bed, 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophagous 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.—Bullly knight! Bullly sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [above.] How now, mine host! Host. There's a Bohemian-Tartar coming down of thy fat woman; let her descend, bull; let her descend; my chambers are honourable; Fye! privacy! Fye!

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, ray 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 spake with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Host. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they are nothing but mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be so 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: 'Waste shall 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 the cozeners: for so soon as I came before Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them; in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Danes.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

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 have 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 gibe and vouting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well.

[Exit.

Enter Dr. CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine Host de Jarnsey?

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 Jarnomy; by my troth, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come; I tell you for good vill: aileu.

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone: fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [Exit Host and BARDOLPH.

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits,
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

 till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I foreswore myself at prime. Well, if my will were, but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. —

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now! whence come you? Quickly. From the two parties, forsooth. Falstaff. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man’s disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have they not 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, delivered me, the knave costable had set me in the stocks, I the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exit Quick.]

SCENE VI. — Another room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.”[p. 95] Fenton. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose. And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fenton. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I hear to fair Anne Page; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection. (So far forth as herself might be her chooser.) Even to my wish: I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The wharf whereof so larded with my matter, That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff Hath a great scene: the image of the jest. [Shewing the letter.] I'll shew you here at large. Hawk, good mine host: To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one. Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen: The purpose why, is here; in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented:

Now, sir, Her mother, even strong against that match, And firm for Dr. Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds. And at the deannery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the doctor:—Now thus it rests: Her father means she shall be all in white; And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her go,

She shall go with him: her mother hath intended, The better to denote her to the doctor. (For they must all be masked and warded,) That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrobb'd, With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head; And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token, The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother? Fenton. Both, my good host, to go along with me: And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one, And, in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar: Being about maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fenton. So shall I ever more be bound to thee; Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. — A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.

Falstaff. Pr'ythee, no more prattling; go.—I'll hold this: This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in activity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Falstaff. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mine. [Exit Mrs. Quickly.]

Enter Ford.

Now how, 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?

Falstaff. 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 or Whipp'd, has the fairest and devilishest 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 blug'd gone, play'd truant, and whipp'd 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. [Exit.]

SCENE II. — Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch I the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies. —Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Shall. Ay, forsooth: I have spoken with her, and we have a say-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.

Shall. That's good too; but what needs either your mum, or her budget? the white will decipher her well enough. —It bath 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. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly; Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit Caius. My husband will not rejoin 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, Ithum?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the nig. A Welch 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. [lurchery. Mrs. Page. Against such levies, and their Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; to the oak, to the oak! [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, and Fairies.

Exe. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be bold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you; Come, come; trib, trib. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Another part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff, disguised with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor hell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me.—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O, powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda:—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose?—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, I the forest: rend me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer? Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain sack, let it thunder to the tune of Green Streets; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [Embracing her.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet-heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch:

I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bespeak you your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Horne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [Noise within.

Mrs. Page. Ahas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. [Away. Mrs. Page. Away, away. [They run off. Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, like a satyr; Mrs. Quickly, and Pistol; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with woven tapes on their heads.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night, You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny, Attend our office, and your quality, Crie Hobegoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you any toys.

Cricket, to Windsor chimney's shait thou leap; Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept, There pinch the maids as blue as hillberry; Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttish.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die:

I'll wink and coach: no man their works must eye. [Dies down upon his face.

Eva. Where's Pede?—Go you, and where you find a maid, That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said, Raise up the organs of her fantasy.

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy; But those as sleep, and think not on their sins, Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about; Search Windsor-castle, elves, within and out; Strew potterock, ouphes, on every sacred room; That it may stand till the peripatetic don, In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit; Worthy the owner, and the owner it. The several chairs of order look you scour With juice of balm, and every precious flower. Each fair installment, coat, and several crest, With royal blazon, evermore be blest! And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing, Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring: The expression that it bears, green let it be, More fertile-fresh than all the field to see; And, Hong soit qui mal y pense, write, In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white: Like sapthire, pearl, and rich embroidery, Buckled below fair knight Hood's bending knee: Fairies use flowers for their characterity.

Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock, Our dance of custom, round about the oak Of Horne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, look hand in hand; yourselves in order set; And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be, To guide our measure round about the tree. But, stay: I smell a man of middle earth. Fal. Heaven defend me from that Welch fairy! lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.
Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
I'll call a servant in one instant heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?
[They burn him with their taper.

Fal. Oh, oh, oh! Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

SONG.—Fue on sinful fantasy!
Fue on lust and luxury!
Last is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.

Punch him, fairies, mutually;
Punch him for his villany;
Punch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and noon-shine be out.

During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor Cokes comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, and Mrs. Ford.
They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now.

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives? See you there, 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 buck-basket, and the sound of money; which must be paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the folly into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve God, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pine you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. I have laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, to some purpose to prevent so gross an over-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your jelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese 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. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hedge-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 sack, and wine, and methergins, and to drinkings, and swellings, and starrings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will.

Ford. Now, 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.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that to go make amends.

Forbge to the turn, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Cusin's wife.

[Aside.

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoa, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slen. Despatched!—I'll make the best in Grocers.

Page. What, have you?

Slen. I came yonder at Elton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great tubbly boy; If it had not been for 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.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd mum, and she cry'd whizige, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. John Barn! master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. I am vexed at heart: What shall I 1 do?

Slen. 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 deaider, and there married.
ACT V.—SCENE V. 85

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vene is mistress Page? By gar, I am coerced: I ha' married us garzon, a boy; un parson, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am coerced.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slenor?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love.

The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.

Of this play there is a tradition preserved by Mr. Rowe, that it was written at the command of queen Elizabeth, who was so delighted with the character of Falstaff, that she wished it to be diffused through more plays; but suspecting that it might pass by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diversify his manner, by showing him in love. No task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakespeare knew what the queen, if the story be true, seems not to have known—that by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast would have remained. Falstaff could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeit love, and his professions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleasure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet knowing, perhaps, in the former plays, completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play. Whether Shakespeare was the first that produced upon the English stage the effect of language distorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide. This mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praise only on him who originally discovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgment: its success must be derived almost wholly from the player, but its power in a skillful mouth, even he that despises it, is unable to resist.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often, before the conclusion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience; but its general power, that power by which all works of genius shall finally be tried, is such, that perhaps it never yet had reader or spectator who did not think it too soon at the end.—JOHNSON.
TWELFTH NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

There is no edition of this play earlier than the first folio in 1623. Mr. Malone supposes, that it was produced in the year 1600; but there is no evidence either to support, or refute such a supposition. Mr. Chalmers conceives that it was written in 1613.—If any probable conjecture respecting its date may be derived from the merits of the work, I should have little hesitation in ranking this among our author's latest productions. It is marked by the ease and certainty of an experienced hand. There is nothing superfluous. Every passage tends to the effect designed. No part could be abstracted without material injury to the beauty of the whole. The serious portiae of the comedy may have been taken from the seventh history of the fourth volume of Belleforest's Histoires Frangaises. The comic scenes and characters appear to have been entirely Shakespeare's own. The commentators have discovered that Jonson designed to ridicule Twelfth Night, in Every Man out of his Humour.—Milton says in Act 3, of that play, "The argument of this comedy might have been of some other manner, as of a Duke to be in love with a Countess, and this Countess to be in love with the Duke's son, and the son in love with the lady's waiting-maid: some such cross wooing, with a clown to their serving-men, &c."—Where Mr. Steevens found the point of this passage, I am unable to say.—In Twelfth Night there is no Countess in love with a Duke's son, nor any Duke's son in love with a waiting-maid. "What is more to the purpose," says Mr. Gifford, "Ben Jonson's play was written at least a dozen years before Twelfth Night appeared.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

OBERON, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, a young gentleman, brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.
A sea captain, friend to Viola.
VALENTE, CURIO, gentlemen attending on the Duke.
Sir Toby Belch, uncle of Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.
MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, Clown, servants to Olivia.
OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, in love with the Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's woman.

ORDERS, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—A city in Illyria; and the sea-coast near it.

ACT I.


Enter Duke, Curio, Lords; Musicians attending.

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 odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity,
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there.
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.
Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she pur'd the air of pestilence;

That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds, after
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at amorous view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To prove the spice of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich, golden shaft,
Hath kill'd the stock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections,) with one self king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when casquetted with bowers.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium. [sailors]
Perchance, he is not 'drownd.'—What think you,
Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.
[Chance,]
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with Assurance yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold.
ACT I.—SCENE III.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Where to thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam; well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature,
And in his name.
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 my mind (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.
What time she was young, and whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.
Vio. O, that I served 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
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, 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 play, and 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 shalls, then let mine eyes not see!
Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take
the death of her brother thus? I am sure, 'sors are an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, sir Toby; you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than
I am; these clothes are good enough to drink in,
and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you:
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish
knight, that you brought in one night here, to be
her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague check?

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. Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o' the
vuol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages
word for word without book, and hath all the good
gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, be-
side's 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
proudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and
substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly
in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll
drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my
throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a
custy, and will drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a paradis-top. What, wench? Castellano-volto; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby!

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew?

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Sir To. And you too, sir.

Sir And. 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. Accost are you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would
thou might'st 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, 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:
merry, 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. An I thought that, I'd forsware it. I'll ride home to morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What's 'pourquoi'? do or do not I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting; O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that 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, don't it?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby; your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, 'tis four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, her hard by, wears 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 strangest mind in the world; I delight in newcaps and reveals sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the motion to't.

Sir And. Ay, And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mull's picture? why must thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a cart? My very walk should be a gig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink, apace. 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 flam-boyant colour. Shall we set about some verses?

Sir To. What shall we doke? 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: 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 made much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he constant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe no.

Enter Duke, Cesario, and Attendants.

Duke. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Viola. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile abed.—Cesario,

Then know't no less but all; I have unchasp'd To thee the look even of my secret soul.

Therefore, good youth, address thy gazit unto her; Be not deny'd 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 abandoned to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be chunmrous, and keep all civil bonds,

Rather than make unprocted return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord: What then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love

Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith.

It shall become thee well to act my woes;

She will attend it better in thy youth,

Than in a nervous of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;

For they shall yet belie thy happy years,

That said, thou art a man: Diana's lip

Is not more smooth, and rousious: thy small pipe

Is as the master's organ, shrill, and sound,

And all is submissive a woman's part:

I know, thy constipation is right apt

For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;

All, if you will; for I myself am best,

When least in company:—Prosper well in this,

And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,

To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best,

To woo your lady: yet, [dact.] a bardist sirsie.

Who'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [Exit.

SCENE V.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips, so wide as a horse may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me; be, that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good better answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Why, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the streets; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent: or, to be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolved then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold, or, if both break, your geckons fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would have drinking, thou mayst artaway a piece of Ewe's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.

Enter Olivia and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit; and 'tis thy will, put me into good feeling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee,
ACT I.—SCENE V.

May pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapa-
lus? 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:

of course will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; but 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 meant, 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: it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calaminity, so beauty's a flower:

— the lady bade take away the fool: therefore, I say again, take her away.

Clo. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprison in the highest degree! — Lady. 

Canadus non factum ennumenem: that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in a brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Clo. Can do you it?

Clo. Distrustfully, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll hide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

Clo. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentleman.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infamy, that deuces the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. Well, sir, a speedy infamy, 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 race; 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 crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' names.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a discontented appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of fine disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an ill-used fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known disreputable man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury end he with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentle-
man, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay!

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Pich him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Eke ou him! [Exit MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick or not at home: what you will, to dismiss it. [Exit Malvolio.] Now you see, sir, how your footing grows old, and people dislike it.

Sir. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool, whose skull Jove carves with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak pie matter.

Enter Sir Toby BEECH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. — What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To, A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! What gentleman?

Sir To. 'tis a gentleman here.—A plague o' these pickle herringes!—How now, sol? [Exit.

Clo. Good Sir Toby,——

Clo. Cousin cousin, how have you come so early by this lathery?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery! There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will. I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.

Clo. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drows'd man, a fool, and a madman: one drowsed above heat makes him a fool: the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Clo. Go thon and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my cot; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drows'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman.

[Exit Clown.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, void young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick, he taxes him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's forthied against any denial. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of maikind.

Mal. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Of what personage, and years, is he? Mal.

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'ts peased, or a coding when 'ts almost an apple: 'ts with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewish; one would think his mother's milk were seamed out of him.

Mal. Let him approach! Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls! [Exit.

Enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come throw it o'er my face: We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Fix. The honourable lady of the house, which is she!
Ol. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very complite, even to the least sinister usage. Ol. 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 or Vio. The, that I may proceed in my speech. Ol. Are you a conspirer? 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? Ol. 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 to be reserved. But this is from my commission: I will own with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message. Ol. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise. Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis probable I have missed judgment. Ol. 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, he 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 haul here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Ol. Tell me your mind. Vio. I am a messenger. Ol. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your piece. Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overthrow of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter. Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you? Vio. In the tenderness that hath appeared in me, have I learnt'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation. Ol. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [Exit Maria.] Now, sir, what is your text? Vio. Most sweet lady,— Vio. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text? Vio. In Orsino's bosom. Vio. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom? Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart. Ol. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say? Vio. Good madam, let me see your face. Ol. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such as a one as I was this present: Is't not well done? [Unveiling. Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blem, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy. Ol. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent kither to praise me? Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the doi'll, you are fair. My lord and master loves you; O, such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd The nonpariel of beauty! Ol. How does he love me? Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire. Ol. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, [him: Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant, And, in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gentleman: I can 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, To your denial I would find no sense, I would not understand it. Ol. Why, what would you? Vio. Make me a willow cabinet at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal cantons of contemned love, And sing them loud even in the dead of night; Holla 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 light on my presage? [Age? Ol. You might do much: What is your parent? Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman. Ol. 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. Vio. I am no feed post, lady; keep your purse; My master, not myself, lacks recompense. Love makes his heart of flint, that you shall love; And let your fervour, like my master's, be Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair eunuch. [Exit. Ol. 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? Even so quickly may one catch the plague? Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections, With an invisible and subtle stealth, To creep io at mine eyes. Well, let it be.— What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service. Ol. Run after that same peevish messenger,
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 was a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth sir; my determinate voyage is 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 Rodonge; 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 such estimable wonder, overbear believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair; she is drown'd already, sir, with salt water: though, 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.

ACT II.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter Viola; Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Viola. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Viola. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly throw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth keeping for the place it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

Viola. I left no ring with her: What means this lady? Fortune forbid, my outside have not charmed her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly. She knowledge, I thought, of her passion Invites me in this charful messenger. None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none. I am the man,—If it be so, (as 'tis,) Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easy is it, for the proper—false In women's washen hearts to set their forms! Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we; For, such as we are made of, such be we. How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly: And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; And she, mistaken, seems to date on me: What will become of this! As I am man, My soul was desperate for my master's love; As I am woman, now alas the day! What thriftest sighs shall poor Olivia breathe? O time, thou must entangle this, not I; It is too hard a knot for me to untie.

ACT III.

SCENE III. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and diluculo surgere, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements!

Sir And. 'Faith so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Then art a scholar! we 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 us three?

Sir To. I come ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quebeus: 'twas very good, I faith, and I sent thee sixpence for the poem: Had it it?

Clo. I did impectious thy gratification; for Malvolio's
nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-al. e-houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now sing 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 a—

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.

SONG.

Clo. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear: your true love’s coming,
That can sing hith high and low:—
Trip up further pretty sweeping;
Journey end in lovers’ meeting,
Every wise man’s son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i’faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? ’tis not hereafter:
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What’s to come, is still unsure:—
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty
Youth’s a staff that will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i’faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.

But shall we make the welkin dance indeed;
Shall we raise 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: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By’t lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, Thou know.

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knowe, knight! I shall
be constrain’d in’t to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. ’Tis not the first time I have constrain’d
one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, Hold thy peace.

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i’faith! Come on, begin.

[They sing a catch.]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady’s a Catania, there are politicians; Malvolio’s a Dog-a-Hamway, and Three merry men be we. Am not I consanguineous? am not I of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady! There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady! [Singing.

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight’s in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December.—

[Speaking.

Mar. For the love o’ God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an almoner of my lady’s horse, that ye squeak out your cozier’s catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches.

Sneek up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she honours you as her kinsman, she’s nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is’t even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o’ time! sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a shadow think, believe thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot in the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou’rt in the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Maria, if you priz’d my lady’s favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give me means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it by this hand.

[Exit.

Mar. Go shake your cars.

Sir And. Were as good a deed as to drink when a man’s 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 vacillation to him by word of mouth.

Mal. Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the 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 way, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I’d beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy 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 affectation’d ass, that cows state without book, and utters it by great swarths— the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, 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 expressions of his features, 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 't in my nose too.
Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.
Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.
Sir To. And your horse now would make him a ass.
Mar. Ass, I doubt not.
Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.
Mer. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.]
Sir To. Good night, Pothecaries.
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 hadst need send for more money.
Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a fool way out.
Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i't 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.

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Violà, Cunio, and others.

Duke. Give me some 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 times:
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.

Come a little, boy; If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unaided and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?
Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throne.
Duke. 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 your favour.
Duke. What kind of woman is 't?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years,
Vio. About your years, my lord.
[Exeunt Vio and Duke.

Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
Most longing, wavering; sooner lost and worn,
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 displayed, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last
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
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth
[bones, And dailies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.
Clo. Are you ready, sir?
Duke. Ay; pr'ythee sing.

[Music.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me lie laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, strew 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 thrown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet.
My poor ghost, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never did find his grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.
Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.
Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.
Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.
Duke. I give thee now leave to leave me.
Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their latent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[Exeunt Curio and attendants.

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.
Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?
Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?
Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
TWELFTH NIGHT. OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be called appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, eloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Tis. Ay, but I know,—
Duke. What dost thou know?
Tis. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?
Tis. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm I the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a greenness of low melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument.
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our words, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
Tis. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too,—and yet I know not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, hide none to-day. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, and Fabian.

Sir T. Come thy ways, Signior Fabiano.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport,
Let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir T. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a hear-heating here.

Sir T. To anger him, we'll have the bear again;
And we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir A. As we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir T. 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 in the sun parting his behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery;
for, I know, this latter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [The men hide themselves.] Lie then there; [throws down a letter] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[Exeunt 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 T. Here's an over-weening rogue! 

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes! 

Sir T. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir T. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir T. Ah, rogue!—

Sir A. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir T. Peace, peace! 

Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir A. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deepely in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir T. 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 left Olivia sleeping.

Sir T. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour 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 T. Bolts and shackles! 

Fab. O, peace, peace! peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtier's there to me:

Sir T. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with carts and peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:—

Sir T. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, Cousin Toby, my fortunes have cast me on your name, give me this prerogative of speech:—

Sir T. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir T. 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 A. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. O, Sir Andrew: 

Sir A. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here? 

[Taking up the letter.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir T. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate residing aloft to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand; these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir A. 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. —Softly—by the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [reads.] Love knows, I love: 

But who?

Lips do not move, 

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers.
TWELFTH NIGHT.

MALVOLIO. I extend my hand to him thus

Act II, Sc 2.
ACT III.—SCENE I.—Olivia’s Garden.

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clown. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clown. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may’st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clown. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward! Vio. Nay, that’s certain; they that daily nibble with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clown. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clown. Why, sir, her name’s a word; and to daily with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clown. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am bound to prove reason with them.
Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me 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 begetting was call'd compliment:

You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. I am, and he is yours, and his must needs he yours;

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;

I would you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solici[t that,

Tha[n music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send

After the last enchantment you did here,

Luring in chase of you; so did I abuse

Myself by servant, and a servant,

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

Which you knew none of yours: What might you have

Not set mine honour at the stake, [think? And]

Baited it with all the unmanzled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your re-

Enishing is shown; a cyper, not a boscum, [ceiving

Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof.

That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

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:

These is your way, the west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe: grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I prythee, 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 maid's own guilt shews not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause.

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:

But, with a reason that is reason better:

Love song'd is good, but given unsought, is better.

Vio. By ignorance I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none Shall mistress be of it, save I alone. And so adieu, good madam; never more Will I my master's tears to you deplore. [move

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer. Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason. Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir And.

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 he orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her tow'r.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me? Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jurymen, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gift of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now called 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. And 'tis any way, it must be with valour: for policy I hate; I had as lief be a Brownist, and a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with women, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curt and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou thought'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it: Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the culcheta: Go. [Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wallflowers cannot hall them together. For 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 Malvolio.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mal. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: you' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado: for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered!

Mal. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school, I the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the Aesh map, with the universal estimation 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 tak't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, (though so much,) As might have drawn one to a longer voyage;) But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided, and unfriended, often prove Rough and unsupportable: 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, and ever thanks: Often good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town? [Sing.

Ant. To-morrow, sir; first, first, go see your lodg. Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night; I pray you let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials, and the things of fame, That do renown this city.

Ant. "Would, you'd pardon me; I do not without danger walk these streets: Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his gallies, I did some service; of such note, indeed. That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd. Seb. Belike, you siew great number of his people. Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel, Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them; which, for traffick's sake, Most of our city did: only myself stood out; For which, if I be lapsed in this place, I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.
**Twelfth Night: Or, What You Will.**

*Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse; I am the south suburb, at the Elephant, Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet. [ledge, Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowl. 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 you store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir. Seb. I'll be your purse-Learner, and leave you for An hour. Ant. To the Elephant.— I do remember. [Exeunt. SCENE IV.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him. He says he'll come; How shall I feast him? what bestow on him? For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or bor. I speak too loud. 

WHERE IS MALVOLIO? — he is sad, and civil, And suits well for a servant with my fortunes; — Where is Malvolio? 

Mar. He's coming, madam; But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd, Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave? 

Mar. No, madam, He does nothing but smile: your ladyship Were best have guard about you, if he come; For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits. 

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he, If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio? 


Mar. 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 is: Please one, and please all. 

Oli. Why, how dost thou man? what is the matter with thee? 

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand. 

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio? Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee. 


Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady? 

Sir To. Ay, Diddy, come with me. What man!
his is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan:
Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby,
let him to pray.

Mai. My prayers, man! 

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of god-
lines.

Mai. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shal-
low 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
would 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 is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure,
and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of
breath, prompt 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 war-
rant there's his vinegar and pepper in’t.

Fab. Is’t so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, it is; I warrant him: do but read.

Fab. Give me, [read] ‘Youth, whatsoever thou
art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.’

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why
I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for’t.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow
of the law.

Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my
sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy thrift,
that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will way-day thee going home; where if
it be thy chance to kill me,——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o’ the windy side of the law:
Good.

Sir To. Faire 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 wast him, and thy sworn enemy,
Andrew Ague-Cheek.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs can-
not: I will 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, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the
corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailliff: so soon
as thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest,
swear horrible; for it comes to pass off, that a ter-
rible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged
off, gives manhood mere 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
behalf of this 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 clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his
challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek
a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman,
(cas, 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.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

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 hor-
rid message for a challenge.

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid my honour too unchary out:
There’s something in me, that repoves my fault;
But a more easy touch of guilt than that,
That but mocks repose.

Vio. With the same lavour that your passion
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 think you, sir, of that I’ll ever forget?
That honour, sa’v’d, may upon asking give? [master.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my
Oli. How with mine honour I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;

A friend, 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 intersteller, full of despirit,
blooddest man, makes thy friend to think thou art
the orchard end; dismount thy tuck, be yere 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, take
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 knight, dubbed with unhacketed rap-
ier, and on carcket consideration; but he is a devil
in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divided
three; and his incensement at this moment is so
implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs
of death and sepulture: nob, nob, is lies 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 pur-
posely on others, to taste their valour; behold, this
is a man of that quick.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indigitation 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 undertake; therefore,
or, or strip your sword stark naked; for med-
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ACT III. -SCENE IV. 99
TWELFTH NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

dle you must; that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a moral arbitrement; 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.

[Exeunt.

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapiers, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stock-in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inviolable; 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 Soply.

Sir And. Pox o'nt, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague o'nt; 'an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the pollution of souls: Sir Toby, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

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 concocted of him; and parts, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his o' th' sake: marry, he hath better thought of him his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth telling off; therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

[Aside.

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.

[Exeunt.

Enter Antonio.

Sir To. You, sir? why what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dare yet do more than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[Draws.

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [To Antonio.

Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; — and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir;

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, though now you have no sea-cap on your head.

Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. —This comes with seeking you; but there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do? Now by my necessity, I'll make you ask for my parole: It grieves me more much 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 intreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What's to be done? Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery, lest that it make me so unsound a man, as to upbraud you with those kindnesses That I have done for you.

Vio. I know none; nor show I you by voice, or any feature: I hate ingratitude more in a man Than lying, vaineats, babbling, drunkenness, Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves! —

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you go. [See here, [Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you I smatch'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 venerable worth, did I devotition.

1 Off. What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god! — Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—

In nature there's no blemish, but the mind; none can be call'd deform'd, but that unknown: Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil Are empty trunks, o'erbrillished 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.
ACT IV.—SCENE II.

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, ornamen,,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love. [Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a
coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving
his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and
for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious
in it.
Sir And. Sis! I'll after him again, and beat him.
Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy
sword.

Sir And. A do I not.—

[Exit. Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing
yet. [Exeunt.

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 and speak with her; her name is not
master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—
Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pray thee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that speech
of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent
my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world,
will prove a cockney. — I pray thee now, unbind thy
strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady;
Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pray thee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give you worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand: —
These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves
a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's
for you. [Striking Sebastian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there:
Are all the people mad? — [Beating Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw thy dagger o'er
the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would
not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

[Exit Clown.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [Holding Sebastian.

Sir And. Nay, let's not alone, I'll get another way
to work with him; I'll have an action of battery
against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though
I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come,
young soldier, put up your iron: you are well
fleshed; carry on so.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would thou
now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an
ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [Draws.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.
Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners never were preach'd: out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.—

Rude ship, be gone! — I pray thee, gentle friend,
[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this; thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny: Desire him for my soul for me.
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Oh, sir, I pray thee: Would thou'dst be
Seb. Madam, I will. [Rul'd by me?

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [Loud.

SCENE II.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pray thee, put on this gown, and this
beard; make him believe thou art sir Topas the
curate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the while.

[Exit Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble
myself in't; and I would I were the first that
ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not fat enough
to become the function well: nor lean enough to
be thought a good student: but to be said, as an honest
man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to
say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The
compaigniers enter.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bona dies, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of
Prester John never saith pen and ink, very wittily
said to a piece of king Gordbaste, That, that is, is
so I, being master parson, am master parson:
For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good
knave.

Mal. [in an inner chamber.] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit
Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to
my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou
this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies!

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged:
good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have
laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the
most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle
men, that will use themselves with courtesy:
Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As well, sir Topas.
TWELFTH NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows, transparent as barricades, and the clear stories towards the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou the division?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorant people as well as all; 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 question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit Tell me how thy lady does. [Singing]

Mal. Fool.

Cio. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool.

Cio. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say; —

Cio. She loves another — Who calls, ha?

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.

Cio. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Cio. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Cio. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propounded me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, assaes, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Cio. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,

Cio. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—

Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'w'lyou, good sir

Mal. Marry, good morrow, sir, I will.

Cio. Fool, fool, fool, I say, —

Cio. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am abent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well said, — that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll never believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree:

I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. I am gone, sir,

And upon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice,

Like to the old vice,

Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries, ah, ha! to the devil!

Like a mad lad,

Pare thy nails, dad,

Adieu, goodman drivet. [Exit]

SCENE III.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:

And though 'tis wonder that envelops me thus,

Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?

I could not find him at the Elephant:

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 mistrust 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 affairs, and their despatch,

With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,

As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't,

That is deceivable. But here comes the lady.

Enter Olivia and a Priest.

Ol. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean Now go with me, and with this holy man, — [well, Into the chantry by: there, before him,

And underneath that consecrated roof,

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 oaths;

What time we will our celebration keep

According to my birth.—What do you say?

Sol. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;

And, having sworn truth, it shall be true.

Ol. Then lead the way, good father;—And heaven's so shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exit.]
ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Cl. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Cl. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That 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?

Cl. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Cl. Truly, sir, the better for my shoes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Cl. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Cl. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me: now my foes tell plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my shoes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Cl. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Cl. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Cl. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Cl. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Benet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three. 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.

Cl. Marry, sir, ifalaby 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 Avrorno and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; yet, when I saw it last, it was besmirch'd: As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war: A babbling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught, and bulk, unpriz'able; With which such scathful grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy, and the tongue of loss, Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio, That took the Phoenix, 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 brabbling did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side; But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me, I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me; Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate.

Duke. Though, I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: That most ingrateful boy there, by your side, From the rude sea's enrag'd 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 one would wink; denied me mine own purse, Which I had recommended to his use

Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Of. To-day, my lord; and for three months before, (No interim, not a minute's vacancy,) Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.

Vio. But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness: Three months this youth hath tended upon me; But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have, Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?— Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

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 uncivil lady, To whose ingrate and unamicrous alters My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out, That e'er devotion tend'd! What shall I do! Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall be- come him

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 sometime savours nobly?—But hear me this: Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, And that I partly know the instrument That screws 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 jeoud, apt, and willingly,
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 mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do slign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ali me, detested! how am I beguiled!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does 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. Ay, husband, can be that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah!

Oli. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strange thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortune up;
Be thou as wise as thou art, and thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Became before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual Joiner of your hands,
Attended by the holy close of lips,
Strength'nd by interchangegment of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact.
Sca'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave,
I have travelled but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dispensing cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy face?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own ship shall be thine own Maver?
Pardon, and take her; but with such feet,
Where thou and I hereafter may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. Do, or do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke his 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 And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incendiate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Oli's liftings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir Toby.

Oli. Well, do you speak to me? I never hurt you; You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespeak you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you set nothing but a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby Buxton, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes sir Toby hailing, you shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is't with you? Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on.—So, didst see Dick surgeon, not?

Clo. O he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knife? a thin-faced knife, a gulf?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[Exit Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your knees.

But, had it been the brother of my blood, [man; must have done so least with wits and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two
A natural perspective, that is, and is not. [persons;
Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! How have you the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear not thou that, Antonio! Art 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:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [To VIOLA.

What other guest, he makes out of your parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father; Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb: If spirits can assume both form and suit You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed:
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did partake.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drown'd Viola! Vio. My father had a male upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine. Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth Had mustered thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul! He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years. Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance Of place, time, fortune, and place, do put, 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;
ACT V.—SCENE I.

All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seek: So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.

But nature to her bias drew 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 man and maid.

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:
How, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [To VIOLA.]

Thou never should'st love woman like to me.
Rio. And all those sayings will I ever-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As death that ordeth continent the fire
That sever'd day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Rio. 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.

Duke. Bethe Malvolio, and yet, alas, now I remember me. [Dehure:

They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance cleanly banish'd his.—

How dost he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebuth at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you, I should have given it to you today morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospel, so it skills not much, when they are delivered.

Rio. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman.—By the Lord, madam,—

Rio. How now! art thou mail?

Clo. No madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow it.

Rio. Pr'ythee, read it thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Rio. Read it you, sirrah. [To FABIAN.]

Fab. [reads.] By the Lord, madam, you wrong me,
And the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

The madly-used Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither.

[Exit Fabian.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought To think me as well a sister as a wife, [on.]
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—

[Service done him,

Your master quits you; [To VIOLA.] and, for your
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.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong.
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio?

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter: You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention: 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-gartered to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to brown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And, setting this in an obdient hope,
Why have you suffered me to be imposed on,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious gawk, and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why,

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do believe me I was right
First told me, thou wast mad: thou cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presump't
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,
Shall be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby.

Set this device against Malvolio here:
Upon him, that stibhous and ignorant parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
Now with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries he justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, some are born great, some achieve greatness,
And some have greatness thrown 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 cause? do you smile not, he's gagg'd:— And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged 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 the golden time converts,
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. [Excuse
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Song.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, A foolish thing was but a toy, For the rain it raineth every day. But when I came to man's estate, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, 'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate, For the rain it raineth every day. But when I come, alas! to weep, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes excessively humorous. Ague-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is purely comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama as it exhibits no just picture of life.—Johnso

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VIENNA, Duke of Vienna.

ANGELO, lord deputy in the Duke's absence.

ESCALUS, an ancient lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.

CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.

LUCIO, a fanatical.

Two other like gentlemen.

VARBUTUS, a gentleman, servant to the Duke.

PROVOST.

THOMAS, PETER, two friars.

A Justice.

ELIDEN, a simple constable.

PROCTH, a foolish gentleman.

CLOWN, servant to Mrs. Over-done.

ABSHONER, an executioner.

BARNABAS, a dissolve prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.

MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.

JULIET, beloved by Claudio.

FRANCISCA, a nun.

DISTRESS OVER-DONE, a bard.

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 put to know, that your own science

By scraggery 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 had drunken head, For the rain it raineth every day. A great while ago the world began, 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.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

This play was not printed till 1623.—Mr. Malone supposes it to have been written in 1609. The plot is found in Cinthio's Novels, Decad 8, Novel 5.—But Shakspeare took the subject of his drama from an old play call'd Pontus and Cassandra, written by George Whetstone, and published in 1578. A hint, like a seed, is more or less prolific, according to the qualities of the soil on which it is thrown. The story, which

in the hands of Whetstone produced little more than barren insipidity, under the culture of Shakespeare became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader will find that the old play of Pontus and Cassandra, exhibits in a most complete empyre of Measure for Measure; yet the hints on which it is formed are so slight, that it is nearly as impossible to detect them, as it is to point out in the autumn the future ramifications of the oak.—Malone.

Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice My strength can give you: Then no more remains But let to thy sufficiency, as your worth is able, And let them work. The nature of our people, Our city's institutions, and the terms For common justice, you are as pregnant in, As art and practice hath enriched any That we remember: There is our commission, From which we would not have you warp,—Call I say, bid come before us Angelo. —

[Exit an Attendant.

What figure of us think you he will hear? For you must know, we have with special soul Elected him our absence to supply; Lent him our treasure, drest him with our love; And given his deputation all the organs Of our own power: What think you of it? Excit. 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 the observer, doth thy history Fully unfold: Thyself and thy belongings Are not thine own so proper, as to waste Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee. Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do; Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd, But fine issues: nor nature never lends The smallest scraple of her excellence, But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines Herself the glory of a creditor, Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
SCENE II.—A Street.

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 conclimest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal.

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: 'There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace's grace, despite of all controversy: As for example: Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

2 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet; Thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee; I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think, I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under the false denomination of medicine, as have been sold to an old woman in the market, in three hundred dollars a year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error, I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow: impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 Gent. How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 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's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this foolish, 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 proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[Enter 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. Gropping for trout in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him;
You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

**Bawd.** What proclamation, man?

**Clio.** All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pull’d down.

**Bawd.** And what shall become of those in the city?

**Clio.** They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgur put in for them.

**Bawd.** But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull’d down?

**Clio.** To the ground, mistress.

**Bawd.** Why, here’s a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

**Clio.** Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack not clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I’ll be your tapster still.

Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

**Bawd.** What’s to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let’s withdraw.

**Clio.** Here comes signior Lucio, led by the provost to prison: and there’s madam Juliet. [Exeunt.]

**SCENE III.**—The same.

**Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers; Lucio and two Gentlemen.**

**Claudio.** Fellow, why dost thou shew me thus to the Bear me to prison where I am committed. [world?]

**Prov.** I do it not in evil disposition, But from lord Angelo by special charge.

**Claudio.** Thus can the demi-god, Authority. Make us down for our offence by weight. The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still ‘tis just.

**Lucio.** Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

**Claudio.** From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty: As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scope by the inordinate 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 oppery of freedom, and the mortality of imprisonment.—What’s th’ offence, Claudio?

**Claudio.** What, but to speak of would offend again. **Lucio.** What is it? murder!

**Claudio.** No.

**Lucio.** Lecchery?

**Claudio.** Call it so.

**Prov.** Away, sir; you must go.

**Claudio.** One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you. [Takes him aside.]

**Lucio.** A hundred, if they’ll do you any good—

Is lecherity so look’d after?

**Claudio.** Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true-con, I got possession of Julietta’s bed; [triflet, You know the lady; she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation lack Of outward order: this we came not to, Only for propagation 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 mutual entertainment, With characters too gross, is writ on Juliet.

**Lucio.** With child, perhaps?

**Claudio.** 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’t play safe, let 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 coroll’d penalties, Which have, like usurcer’d armour, hung by the wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round, And none of them been worn; and, for a name, Now puts the drowsy and neglected act Freshly on me:—’tis surely, for a 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.

**Claudio.** 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 assay him; I have great hope in that: for in her youth There is a prone and speechless dialect, Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art When she shall play with reason and discourse, And well she can persuade.

**Lucio.** I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement 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 to her.

**Claudio.** I thank you, good friend Lucio.

**Lucio.** Within two hours,—[Exeunt.]

**Claudio.** Come, officer, away.

**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.

**Friar.** May your grace speak of it?

**Duke.** My holy sir, none better knows than you How I have ever lov’d the life removed; And held in idle price to haunts assemblies, Where youth, and costs, and widless bravery keep. I have deliver’d to lord Angelo (A man of stucture, and firm abstinence,) My absolute power and place here in Vienna, And he supposes me travel’d to Poland; For so I have stew’d it in the common ear, And so it is receiv’d: Now, pious sir, You will demand of me, why I do this?

**Friar.** Gladly, my lord.

**Duke.** We have strict statutes, and most biting laws, (The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds,) Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep; Even like an o’ergrown 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 time the red Becomes more mock’d, than fear’d: so our decrees, Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead; And liberty plucks justice by the nose, The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart Goes all decorum.
ACT II.—SCENE I.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unlock this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd: And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd, Than in lord Angelo. Duke. I do fear, too dreadful: Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope, 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and call them For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done, When evil deeds have their passim pass, And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my I have on Angelo imposed the office; [father, Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home, And yet my nature never in the sight, To do it slacker: And to behold his sway, I will, as 'twere a brother of your order, Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee, Supply me with the habit, and instruct me How I may formally in person bear me Like a true friar. 'Move reasons for this action, At our more leisure shall I render you; Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise; Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses That his blood flows, or that his appetite Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see, If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [Exit. SCENE V.—A Nursery. Enter Isabella and Francisca. Isab. And have you summons no further privileges? Fran. Are not these large enough? Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more; But rather wishing a more strict restraint Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of saint Clare. Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! [Within. Isab. Who's that, which calls? Fran. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella, Turn you the key, and know his business of him; You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn: When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men, But in the presence of the priestess; Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face: Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak. He calls again; I pray you answer him. [Exit Francisca. Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls: Enter Lucio. Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead 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; For, when I now must make you know I am that Isabella, and his sister. [you: Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets 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 story. Lucio. It is true. I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest, Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so: I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and saicted; By your renounceance of your inconstant 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. Fewnness and truth, 'tis thus: Your brother and his lover have embrac'd: As those that seed grow full: as blossoming time, That from the seedness the bare fallow brings To turn the blossom into fruits, the full plenteous womb Expresseth his full tillth and husbandry. Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Lucio. Is she your cousin? [Juliet? Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their By vain thought apt affection. [names, Lucio. Isab. O, let him marry her! Lucio. This is the point. The duke is very strangely gone from hence; Bore many gentlema, myself being one, In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn By those that knew 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 bunt 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,) hab't 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 pithe 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. Assay 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 me, Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel, All their petitions are as freely theirs As they themselves would own 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: Command 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. [Exit. ACT II. SCENE 1.—A Hall in Angelo's House. Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants. Aug. 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 the effect of your own purpose, Whether you had not sometime in your lifeErr'd in this point which now you censure him, And pull'd the law upon you. 

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalns, Another thing to fall. I do not deny, The jury, passing on the prisoner's life, May, in the swelling of pride, have a thief or two Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to That justice seizes. What know the laws, [justice, That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant, The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it, Because we see it; but what we do not see, We tread upon, and never think of it. Yet may not so extenuate they any 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? 

Prov. Here, if it like your honour. 

Escal. See that Claudio, Be executed by nine to morning morrow: 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 Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall: [all! 

Some run from brakes of vice, have answer nose; And some condemned for a fault alone. 

Enter Elbow, Frotia, Clown, Officers, &c. 

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a common-wealth, that do nothing but use therewares in common houses, I know no law; bring the villain here. 

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 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 misfactors? 

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. 

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer. 

Ang. Go to: What quality are these? 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 to attend officers, 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 formity and mockery, and all uncleanliness there. 

Escal. By the woman's means? 

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone's means: but as she spat in his face, so she defied 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. Do you hear how he misplaces? 

[To Angelo. 

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, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; — for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again. 

Frotb. No, indeed. 

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the aforesaid prunes. 

Frotb. 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. 

Frotb. All this is true. 

Clo. Why, very well then. 

Escal. This is a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come we 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 into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a pear; whose father died at Hallowmas: — Was not at Hallowmas, master Froth? 

Frotb. All-hallow'd eve. 

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; — twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: Have you not? 

Frotb. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter. 

Clo. Why, very well then; — I hope here be truths. 

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, And leave you the hearing of the cause; 

Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all. 

Escal. I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship. 

[Exit Angelo. 

Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more! 

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.
Act II.—Scene I.

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?

Elb. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is 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 woman 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. But she was respected with him before he married her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! 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 dale-courser that thou art;—I, this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have his action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born friend? [To Froth.]

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourcote pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and 't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: For mine own part, I never 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. Bun, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bun is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the bestliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd.

Pompey, however 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 in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If these be Pompeys, shall we take order for the drabs and the knives, you need not to 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, buck 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 put you in the same with 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 very 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 ago?

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?

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:
Scene II. - Another Room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come I'll tell him of you. [straight.  
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 sorts, 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, yes? hast thou not  
Why dost thou ask again? [order]  
Prov. Last I might be too rash:  
Under your good correction, I have seen,  
When, after execution, judgment hath  
Repeated o'er his doom.  
Ang. Go to; let that be mine:  
Do you your office, or give up your place,  
And you shall well be spare'd.  
Prov. I crave your 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 condemned,  
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 retire.  
Ang. Stay a little while.—[To Isab.] You are  
welcome: What's your will?  
Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,  
Please but your honour hear me.  
Ang. Well; what's your suit?  
Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,  
And most desire should meet the blow of 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. 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 was the very cipher of a function,  
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,  
And let go by the actor.  
Isab. [To Prov.] O just, but severe law!  
I had a brother then.—[Heaven keep your honour!  
[Retiring.  
Lucio. [To Isab.] 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 it.  
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 mine is to him?  
Ang. He's sentenc'd: 'tis too late.  
Lucio. You are too cold. [To Isabella.  
Isab. To note? why, no; I, that do speak a word,  
May call it back again: Well, believe this,  
No ceremony to that great ones 'lengths,  
Not the king's crown, nor the defended 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 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 'were to be a judge,  
And what a prisoner.  
Lucio. Ay; touch him: there's the vein. [Aside.  
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 I know that the vontage best have took,  
Found out the remedy: How would you be,  
If he, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like man new made.  
Ang. Be you content, fair maid?  
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:  
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,  
It should be thus with him; —he must die to-morrow.  
Isab. To-morrow? O, that sudden! Spare him,  
say again:  
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens  
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaveo  
With less respect than we do minister [you]  
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink  
Who is it that hath died for this offence?  
There's many have committed it.  
Lucio. Your story is so plain.  
Ang. Why, well said.  
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath  
Those many had not dare'd to do that evil, [asleep  
If the first man that did the edict infringe,  
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;  
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,  
Looks in a glass, that shews what future evils,  
(Kither now, or by remission now-conceiv'd,  
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)  
Are now to have no successive degrees,  
But, where they live, to end.  
Isab. Yet shew some pity.  
Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;  
For then I pity those I do not know.  
While these did offend, did the offence go faster?  
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 sen-  
And he, that sufferers: O, it is excellent [tence;
ACT II.—SCENE III.

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder?
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but
Merciful heaven! — [thunder.

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitst the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle; — But man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he most ass'rd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep: who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming, I perceive't.

Pror. Fray heaven, she wins him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou 'tis in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the capital, 'tis but a paler word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on 't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others.

Isab. What yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That sickens vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask you, 'What doth it know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guilesness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [aside.] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—

Fare 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,

Ang. How! brieve me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share

Lucio. You had marr'd all else. [with you.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are neither rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there, Eur son-rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate To nothing temporal.

Ang. 

Well: come to me

To-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; it is well; away. [Aside to IsABEL. Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen: for I

Am that way going to temptation,

[Aside. 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 sins most? Ha! Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I, That lying by the violet, in the sun, Do, as the carrioon does, not as the flower, Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be, That modesty may more betray our sense [enough, Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fy, fy, fy!

What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?

Dost thou desire her fouly, for those things
That her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have author,-
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 goad us on

To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,

With all her double vigour, art, and nature,

Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever till now,

When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in a Prison.

Enter Duke, habited like 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.

Prov. I would do more than that if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath bluster'd her report: She is with child:
And he that got it, sentenced: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—

I have provided for you; stay a while, [To JULIET. And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repeat 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
And try your penitence, if it be sound, [conscience, 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 lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;
Shewing, we'd not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stood in fear, —

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,

And I am going with instruction to him.—
Grace go with you! Benedicite.

[Exit.

Juliet. We are to die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That respite me a life, whose very comfort Is still a dying horror!}

Prov. [to pity of him. [Exeunt.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

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 invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isobel: 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 fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vane. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou still 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.

Ang. O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart:
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all the other parts
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quilt their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untak'n 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.

[Reaping:

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and it may be,
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fye, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their savvy 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 mettle 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 pose 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. I would rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; Our compelld sins
Stand more for number than accomp.

How say you?
ACT III.—SCENE I.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter Duke, 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, 
(See’rile to all the skiey influences,) 
That dost 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 the accommodations that thou bear’st, 
Are nurs’d by baseness: Thou art by no means 
For thou dost bear the soft and tender fork [Valiant; 
Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep, 
And that thou oft prove’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’st to get; 
And what thou hast, forget’st: Thou art not certain; 
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects, 
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor; 
For, like an ass, whose back with inge’r bows, 
Thou bear’st thy heavy riches but a journey, 
And death unloads thee: Friends hast thou none; 
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire, 
The mere effusion of thy proper joints, 
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum, 
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth, 
But, as it were, an after-dinner’s sleep. 
(2or age; 
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth 
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms 
Of pulsed eed; 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.

Enter ISABEL.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here: grace and good company!

Prov. Who’s there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I’ll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here’s 
Duke. Provost, a word with you. [your sister.

Prov. As many as you please. [ceal d.

Duke. Bring them to speak, where I may be con- 
Yet hear them. [Exit DUKE and PROVOST.

Claud. Now, sir, what’s the comfort? 

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in deed— 
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 better you till death.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Claud. Perpetual duration! Isab. Ay, just, perpetual duration; a restraint, Though all the world's vastidity you had, To determine'sd scope.

Claud. But in what nature? Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't) 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, Lov'd thou a feverish life sh'd entertain, And six or seven winters more respect Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st 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.

Isab. Why give you me this shame? Think you I can a resolution fetch From flowery tenderness? if I must die, I will encounter darkness as a bride, And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die: [grave Thou art too noble to conserve a life In base appearance. This is a nominated deputy, Whose settled visage and deliberate word Nips youth i'the head, and follies doth ennow, As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil; His fins within being cast, he would appear A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princeely Angelo? Isab. O, 'tis the cunning lively, of the damnedest body to invest and cover In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio, If I would yield him my virginity, Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be. [offence, Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank So to offend him still: this eight's the time That I should do what I abhor to name, Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do it.

Isab. O, were it but my life, I'd throw it down for your deliverance As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow. Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him, That thus can make him bite the law by the nose; When he would force it? sure it is no sin; Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise, Why, would he for the momentary trick Be perdurably fin'd!—O Isabel! Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where; To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot; This sensible warm motion to become A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice; To be imprison'd in the viewless winds, And blown with restless violence round about The generall world; or to be worse than worst Of these, that lawless and incertain thoughts Imagine bowling!—'tis too horrible! The wearest and most loathed worldly life, That age, ache, penury, and imprisoning

Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live: What sin you do to save a brother's life, Nature dispenses with the deed so far, That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast! O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wrench! Will thou be made a man out of my vice? Is't not a kind of incest, to take life From one's own sister's shame? What should I think? Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair! For such a warped slip of wilderness Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance: Die; perish! might but my bending down Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed: I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death, No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fye, fye, fye! Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade: Mercy to thee would prove itself a brawl: 'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [Going

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word. Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [To Claudio, aside.] Son, I have overheard what hath past between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures; sith, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there; Farewell. [Exit Claudio.]

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no less shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[Exit Provost.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes shy brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that tragi-c hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

[Exit.

Duke. brother! I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how match is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can
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and, 

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation: he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fatten your ear on my advizings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most willingly 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 further; 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. Have you not heard speak of Mariana the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the outtrip 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 gentle-woman: there she left a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sum of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinat husband, this well seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd 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, a marble to her tears, is wash'd with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avoid?

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. Shew 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 worldly. Go you to Angelo; assuer 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, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to steady up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledgeth itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untaint'd, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doublessness 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 speak to her, for this might be entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moat'd 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. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.—The Street before the Prison.

Enter Duke, as a Friar; to him Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Elb. "Twas never merry world, since, from two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse al low'd by order of law a fur'd gown to keep him warm; and fur'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocence, stands for the facing.

Duke. Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good father brother.

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. Eye, 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 touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live. Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So sinnKhly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stick in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Elb. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; Correction and instruction must both work, Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. Enter captain before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, Free 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 gentle man, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels 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 pochet and extracting it clutched? What reply? Ha! What say'st thou to this tause, manner, and method? It's not drown'd it the last rain? Ha! What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way! Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Pores. Well, sir, for her part.

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 where, and your pow-

ded' bawd: An unshawn'd consequence; it must be

so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Cl. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: Farewell;

Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey?

Or how?

Eib. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: If imprisonment

be the duc of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is

he, doubtless, and of antiquity too: bawd-born.

Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison,

Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey;

you will keep the house.

Cle. 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 patently, why, your met-

tle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey.— Bless you,

friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Eib. Come your ways, Sir; come.

Cl. You will not sail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now. — What news

abroad, friar? What news?

Eib. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go, to kennel, Pompey, go;—

[farewell Elbow, Cloww, and Officers.

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know not: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the emperor of Russia;

other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think

you?

Duke. I know not where: But wheresoever, I wish

him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to

steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was

never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his ab-

sence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no

harm in him; something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must

cure it.

Lucio. Yes, it, good sooth, the vice is of a great

kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impossible to ex-
tip 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 spaw'd him.—

Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishers:

—but it is certain, that when he makes water, his

urine is conceal'd ice; that I know to be true: and

he is a motion ungenerative, 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 get-
ing a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the

murther a thousand: He had some feeling of the

sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him

to more.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detect-
ed for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who is not the duke? yes, your beggar of

fifty— and his use was, to put a ducat in her cheek-
dish: the duke had crochets in him: He would be

drunk too: that let me inform you.


Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: A shy fellow

was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his

withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pray thee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,— pardon; — 'tis a secret must be lock'd

within you; you have no hand the lips: but this I can let you

understand,— The greater fee of the subject held the

duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unwielding

fellow.

Duke. Either this is easy in you, folly, or mistak-
ing the stream of his life, and the business he hath

held, must, upon a warranted need, give him a

better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied

in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the

envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: There-

fore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge

be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks well with better knowledge, and

knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know

not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return,

(as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make

your answer before him: If it be honest you have

duke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound
to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the

duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live
to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more:
or you imagine me too unfruitful an opposite. But,

indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll foreswear this

again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me,

friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell, if Clau-

dio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. No, why should he die, sir?


I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again:
this ungenitor'd agent will unpeole the province with

contenuity; sparrows must not build in his house-caves,
because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have
dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condit'd for untrussing,

Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The

duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fri-
days. 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. Fare-

well.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality

Can cease 'scape; back-woundng malum

The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

But who comes here!

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour

is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still for-

feit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear,

and play the tyrant.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To wound my wing and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Shrill song.

SCENE I.—A Room in Mariana's House.

MARIANA discovered sitting; a Boy singing.

SONG.

Tune, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the worm:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain.

MARI. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice [away;]
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—

[Exit Boy.]

ENTER DUKE.

I cry thee mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but please'd my woe.

DUKE. 'Tis good; though music oft have such a

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me
Here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet:

MARI. You have not been inquired after: I have
Sat here all day.

ENTER ISABELLA.

DUKE. I do constantly believe you:—The time is
come, even now, I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

ISAB. He hath a garden circummurr'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a plached 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 to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

DUKE. But shall you on your knowledge find this
ISAB. I have 'tne a due and wary note upon't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

In action all of precept, he did shew me
The way twice o'er
Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance!
Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me aloof,
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
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 approaching.
Mari. Will 't please you walk aside? [Exit MARIANA and ISABELLA.
Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report [eyes
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scopes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream, [agreed?
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome! How
Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.
Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my consent,
But my intreaty too.
Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember saw my brother.
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;
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 tithes 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 pri-
son 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 gyves; if not, you shall
have your full time of imprisonment, and your de-
liberation with an unpitied 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 instruc-
tion from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorsen! Where's Abhorsen,
there?

Enter Abhorsen.
Abhor. Do you call sir?
Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-
morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, com-
 pound 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? Fye upon him, he will dis-
credit 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 occupa-
tion, using painting, do prove my occupation a mys-
tery: but what mystery there should be in hänging,
if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.
Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.
Clo. Proof.
Prov. Enter true man's apparel fits your thief:
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 penetrant 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:
[Exit Clown and Abhorsen.
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.
Cl. 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?
Cl. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless lay
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones: [Dour
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?
[Knocking within.
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [Exit CLAUDIO.
By and by:—
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 called here of late?
Prov. None, since the curfew rang.
Duke. Not Isabel?
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Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere he be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio!

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd

Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;

He doth with holy abstinence subdue

That in himself, which he spurs on his power

To qualify in others: were he mean'd

With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.

[Knocking within.—Provost goes out.]

This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when

The steeld gaoler is the friend of men. — [haste,

How now? What noise? That spirit's possess'd with

That wounds the unquiet, with these strokes,

Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer

Aris to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,

But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,

You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily, You something know; yet, I believe, there comes

No countermand; no such example have we:

Besides, upon the very siege of justice,

Lord Angelo hath to the public ear

Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

*Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me

this further charge, that you swore 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; parcell'd by such sin,

For which the pardoner himself is in;

He that hath offence his quick celerity,

When it is borne in high authority:

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

That for the fault's love, is the offender friend'd.—

Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me

remiss in mine office, awakens me with this un-

wound putting on a melancholy, strangely; for he hath

not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [Reads.] Whate'er you may hear to the contrary,

let Claudio be executed by four of the clock;

and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satis-

faction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by free.

Let this be duly perform'd: with a thought, that more de-

pends 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 wrought reproves for him:

And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of

lord Angelo, came not to an un doubted proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison?

How seem he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more

dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reck-

less, 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 often

awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and

shew'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 beguies me; but in the

boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard.

Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is

no greater forfet to the law than Angelo who hath

sentenced him: To make you understand this, in a

manifest way, I may vent three brave but four days respite;

for which the 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 him dead 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 dis-

cover 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

please thee, and will use thee with such grace that

shall better serve thee than my own.

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

do 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 fearless, that neither my coat, integ-

rity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you,

I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fear's out

of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of

the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and

the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke;

you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure:

where you shall find, within these two days he will

be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not:

for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor:

perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering

into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of

what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the

shepherd: 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 Barnardine's head: I will give him a present thirt, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed: but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquaintance here, as I was in our house of profession; one would think, it were mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore 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 master Capgr, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoetie the great traveller, and wild Hall-car that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more: all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master 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 hangmen: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.


Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

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 you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and 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 Look forward on the journey you shall go. [you, Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word; if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[Exit.

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—

After him, fellows; bring him to the block. [Exit Abhorson and Clown.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death,

And, to transport him in the mind be it,

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 head, and head,

Just of his colour: What if we do omit

This repellent, till he were well inclined;

And satisfy the deputy with the visage

Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio!

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides;

Despatch it presently; the hour draws on

Prex'h'd by Angelo: See, this be done,

And sent according to command; whiles I

Pernadne 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

The under generation, you shall find

Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch,

And send the head to Angelo. [Exit Provost.

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—

The provost, he shall bear them,— whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;

And that, by great injunctions, I am bound

To enter publicly: him I'll desire

To meet me at the consecrated fount,

A league below the city; and from thence,

By cold gradation and well-balanced furm,

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 retir;

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 releas'd him, Isabel, from the

His head is off, and sent to Angelo. [world; Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other: Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.
You rogue, I have been drinking all night,
I am not fitted for't.
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! Injurious world! Must damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him nor pricks you a jot: For bear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

Mark what I say; which you shall find

By every syllable, a faithful verity:

The duke comes home to-morrow:—nay, dry your

One of our convent, and his confessor, [eyes; Give 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

In that good path that I would wish it go; [wisdom

And you shall have your bosom 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;

'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:

Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,

I'll 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 combin'd by a sacred vow,

And shall be absent. Wend 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 lov'd thy brother;

if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been

at home, he had lived.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden

to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I

do: he's a better woodman than thou tastest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare

ye well.

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 was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company isfaker than honest;

Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: If hasty talk offends you, we've 'll have very little of it; Nay, friar, I am a kind of lur, I shall stick.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd either.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His

actions shew much like to madness: pray heaven,
his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-nivel our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. Why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shews his reason for that: to have a de-

spatch 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 proceeding. A deli' dint 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—

For my authority bears a credent bulk: [50]

That no particular scandal once can touch, But it confounds the broken. He should have liv'd, Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,

Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,

By so receiving a dishonour'd life,

With ransome of such shame. 'Wold 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 letters.

The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.

The matter being afoot, keep you instruction, And hold you even to our special drift;

Though sometimes you do bleunch from this to that, As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,

And tell him where I stay: give the like notice

To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,

And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;

But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well. [Exit Friar.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:

Come, we will walk: There 's overt of our friends

Will greet us heere anon, my gentle Varrius. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Street near the City Gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loath;

I would say the truth: but to accuse him so,

That is your part: yet I'm advised to do it;

He says, to veil full purpose.

Mariana. 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.

Mariana. 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

Where you may have such vantage on the duke, [Exit,
ACT V.

SCENE I.—A public Place near the City Gate.

DURABLA (seated), ISABELLA, and PETRUS, at a d:

Enter at open doors, DUKE, VARRIUS, LORDS; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST, Offic:

ers, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—

Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Aug. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal

grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.

We have made inquiry of you; and we hear

Such goodness of your justice, that our soul

Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,

Forerunning more requital.

Aug. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I must

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom; [wrong it,

When it deserves with characters of brass

A fortified residence, "gainst the tooth of time,

And rasure of oblivion; Give me your hand,

And let the subject see, to make them know

That outward courtesies would fain proclaim

Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus,

You must walk by as on our other hand;

And good supporters are you.

And Isabella come forward.

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and

kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard

Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a mad!

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,

And justice! Where are your wages? In what? By whom?

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice! [Before

Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke,

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

Aug. 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!

Aug. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:

That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?

That Angelo's a murderer; is 't not strange?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief,

An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;

Is it not strange, and strange?


Isab. It is not true he is Angelo;

Than this is all as true as it is strange:

Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth

To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her;—Poor soul,

She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st

There is another comfort than this world,

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion

That I much'd with dishonesty; make it not impossible

That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible

But one, the wickedest caithiff 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 inequality; 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

Isab. I am the sister of Claudio, [Say? Condemn

Condemn'd upon the act of faction

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 desired her

To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,

For her poor brother's pardon.

Duke. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;

Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. Pray you, take note of it: and when you have

A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then

Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong

To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went.

To this pernicious caithiff depute.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter.


Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,

How I persuaded, bow I pray'd, and kneel'd,

How he refell'd me, and how I reply'd;

For this was of much length; the vile conclusion

I now begin with grief and shame to utter

He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his concupiscible 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 surfetting, 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, fund wretch, thou know'st not

what thou speakest; or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,

In hateful practice: First, his integrity

Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,

That with such vehemency he should pursue
ACT V.—SCENE I.

Noble prince, [breath, As there comes light from heaven, and words from As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue, I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly As words could make up vows; and, my good lord, But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house. He knew me as a wife: As this is true Let me in safety raise me from my knees; Or else for ever be confin'd here, A marble monument!  

Isabella. is carried off, guarded; and Mariana comes forward, Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?— O heaven! the vanity of wretched folks! 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 shew her face; and, after, speak. Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not shew 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?
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman, Composed with her that's gone! think'st thou, thy oathes, Though they should swear down each particular saint, Were testimonies against his worth and credit, That's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus, Sit with my conscius; lend him your kind pains To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd,— There another one that set them on; Let him be sent for.  

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord, for he, in- Hath set the women on to this complaint: [deed, Your provost knows the place where he abides, And he may fetch him.  

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin, Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth, Do with your injuries as seems you best, In any chasteisment: I for a while Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well Determined upon these slanderers.  

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—[Exit Duke.] Signior Lucio, did not you say, you know That friars, and such, were to be a suspicious person? Lucio. Causius non facit, quosquidam: honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.  

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow. 

Lucio. As ago in Vienna, on my word.  

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again; [To an Attendant.] I would speak with her: Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her. 

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.  

Escal. Say you!  

Lucio. Yes, sir; I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly she'll be ashamed.  

Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA: the DUKE, in the Friar's habit, and Provost.  

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her. 

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.  

Escal. Come on, mistress: [To ISABELLA.] here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said. 

Lucio. My lord, here come the rashal I spoke of; here with the provost, 

Escal. In very good time:—speak not to you, till we call upon you. 

Lucio. Aun.  

Escal. Come, sir: Did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did. 

Duke. 'Tis false. 

Escal. How! know you where you are? 

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne: What, you scoundrel! 'tis he should hear me speak. 

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you Look, you speak justly. [speak: Duke. Boldly, at least: But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? 

Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust, Puts to retort your most unjust plea, And put your trial in the villain's mouth, Which here you come to accuse. 

Lucio. This is the rashal; this is he I spoke of. 

Escal. Why, thou unavouch'd and unhallow'd friar! Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women, To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth, And in the witness of his proper car, 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 teaze you jointly by, But we will know this purpose:—What! unjust? 

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke. 

Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he Dare rack his own; his subject am I not, Nor here provincial: My business in this state 

Made me a looker-on here in Vienna, Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble, Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults; But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes 

Stand a hair low, the barber's shop, As much in mock as mark. [prison 

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to 

Aug. What can you vouch against him, signior? Is this the man that you did tell us of? [Lucio? Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither good-man 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, Aug. [to Lucio.] You'll hang this villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses. 

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:— Away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—Away with those glibpets too, and with the other confederate companion. 

[The Friar's hands on the Duke. 

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile. 


Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir: come, sir; foh, sir: Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooled, must you? show your knife's visage, with a pot to you! shew your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off! [Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke. 

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er made a duke. 

First, provost, let me bate 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. 

Aug. O my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can, be undiscoverable, When I perceive, your grace, like power divine, Hath look'd upon my passes; Then, good prince, No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death;
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, was 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.

[Exit ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and PROVOST.
Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strageness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel: Your friar is now your prince: As I was then Advertising, and holly 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 pai'd
Your honourable house,
Tho' 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 remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost: O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: But, 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 soul 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 charity, and of promise-break,
Then more dependent, for your brother's life,) The very mercy of the law eries out
Most audite, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure:
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.
Thou, Angelo, thy fault's in this manifested,
Which though thou wouldst deny it, denies thee van:
We do condemn thee to the very block:
Where Claudio stoo'd to death, and with like haste;
Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope on you will not mock me with a husband!
Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a hus-
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour, [band:
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 confession they are ours,
We do institute and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege,— [Kneeling.
Duke. You do but lose your labour;
Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [to Lucro.

[Part.

Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense do you importune her:
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel, Isabel, Isabel, Isabel!—[Kneeling
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are mounding out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better.
For being a little bad: so may my husband,
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He did for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir,— [Kneeling
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die: My brother bad but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perished by the way: thoughts are no subjects.

Intents but merely thoughts. 

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable: stand up, I say,—I have but thought me of another fault:—
Provoz, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an usual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give me your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou had'st done so by Claudio,
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost.

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should dye so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.
Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this pain:—
SIRRah, thou art saide to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar's't thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd; 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

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I say'd, [that I
That should have died when Claudio lost his head; As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

[Enter ANGELO, SAUL, and CLAUDIO.

Duke. If he be like your brother, [to ISABELLA.
for his sake
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

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
I find an apt remission in myself:— [yours]
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon—
You, sirrah, [to Lucio] that knew me for a fool, a
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman; [coward,
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That ye extol me thus?

Lucio. "Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick: If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after,—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard he swears 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 reprehense me,
in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slander I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to
death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Heam'son's a punk; you deserve 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 Ragonzio for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Wheroeto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is your's and what is yours is mine:
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[Exeunt.]

Of this play, the light or comic part is very natural and pleasant, but the grave scenes, if a few passages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than awful. The time of the action is indefinite: some time, we know not how much, must have elapsed between the receipt of the duke and the imprisonment of Claudio; for he must have learned the story of Mariana in his disgrace, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unity of action and place are sufficiently preserved.—JOHNSON.

There are very few readers whose admiration for Shakespeare will not be outraged by reading the above harsh and tasteless observations of Dr. Johnson. It may perhaps alloy their irritation to find that all critics are not equally cold to the various merits of this beautiful play.—"Of Measure for Measure," says Dr. Drake, independent of the comic characters, which afford a rich fund of pantomime, it is not only the variety of expression from the lovely example of female excellence exhibited in the person of Isabella. Poetry, spotless purity, tenderness combined with firmness, and an eloquence the most persuasive, unite to render her singularity interesting and attractive. "C'est un ange de la terre sous l'habit humain d'une femme. To save the life of her brother she hastens to quiet the peaceful reverie of her consort, and moves amid the vortices of corruption and hypocrisy amid the sensual, the vulgar, and the profane, as a being of a higher order, as a ministering spirit from the throne of grace. Her first interview with Angelo, and the immediately subse-
quent one with Claudio, exhibit, along with the most engaging feminine diffidence and modesty, an extraordinary display of intellectual energy, of deverent argument, and of indigent combination of the headings before a lord deputy, are directed with a strong appeal both to his understanding and his heart, while her sagacity and address in the communication of the result of her appointment with him to her brother, of whose weakness and resolution she is justly apprehensive, are, if possible, still more skilfully marked, and add another to the multitude of instances which have established for Shakespeare an unrivaled intimacy with the finest feelings of our nature." There is one beauty in this play which I do not remember to have seen observed, though the vice of Claudio is one which the world is inclined to think too lightly of, and though there was offered so easy and popular a way of exciting an interest for him in the minds of the audience, by diminishing the baseness of his offence, and representing the transgressor rather as a martyr than a culprit; Shakespeare has no instance breathed a syllable that might seem to extenuate his guilt. Throughout the play, the crime which is so much defined, is represented as an object of disgust, both in its own impurity and in the mean, the selfish, and the loathsome baseess of its sufferers. The very passages of a gross and indelicate nature that occur, only serve to heighten the general, moral effect of the whole, and raise the reader's admiration of the holy chastity of Isabel, by placing it in contrast with the repulsive levity of the vortices of licentiousness.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

This play was printed in quarto in the year 1600; and entered at Stationers' Hall, August 29, of that year: and as it is not mentioned by Meres, in his list of our Author's works published in 1608, the date of its production is ascertained with more than usual accuracy.

Mr. Pope says that the plot was taken from the fifth book of the Celestial Springs.—Mr. Steevens conceives that was what Arizona, but Spenser afforded the subject of the play, and that it was taken from the Fairy Queen, b. 2, s. 4. But as both these

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Don Pedro, Prince of Aragon.
Don John, his bastard brother.
Claudio, a young lord of Florence, favourite to Don Pedro.
Benedick, a young lord of Padua, favourite likewise of Don Pedro.
Leonato, governor of Messina.
Antonio, his brother.
Balthasar, servant to Don Pedro.
Borachio, Conrade, followers of Don John.
Dogberry, Verges, two foolish officers.
A Sexton, A Friar, A Boy.
Hero, daughter to Leonato.
Beatrice, niece to Leonato.
Margaret, Ursula, gentlewomen attending on Hero.
Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE.—Messina.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, and others, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Aragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. 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.

Mess. 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.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. 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?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is the matter that you ask, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challeng'd Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. — I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady:—But what is he to a lord?

Leon. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing.—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the old man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse: for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. — Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sword brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a dis-
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

D. 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 Benedict and Claudio.

Claud. Benedict, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not: but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. When you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, faith, methinks she is 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 she was not other than she is, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I saw.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, and she was not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn it contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is it come to this, faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, faith: an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigwayh Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Tell. Bene. I would, your grace would constrain me to.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Tell. 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 who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is: With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Tell. Like the old tale, my lord: "It is not so, nor was not so: but, indeed, God forbid it should be so."

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

Tell. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Tell. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Claud. Do you not think this a thousand pound the man be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, attended by Balthasar and others, Don John, Claudio, and Benedick.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are 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, cometh such a mains, but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.

—It 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 Benedict, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedict: 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.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedict; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. It is possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedict? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat.—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart: for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I think God, and my cold blood, are much of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuator: but keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you well by old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all:—Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedict,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at 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.

Tell. I 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.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
ACT I.—SCENE III.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.
Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.
Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.
Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a rochet winded in my forehead, or hang my bungle in an invisible baldric, all women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the 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 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 hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

In the savage bull doth bear the yoke.
Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull’s horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, Here is good horse to hire, let them signify under my sign,—

Here you may see Benedick the married man.
Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be hero-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shorty.
Bene. I look for an earthquake too.

D. Pedro. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the gands are but slightly basted on neither: ere you float old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [Exit Benedick.
Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.
Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the gands are but slightly basted on neither: ere you float old ends any further, 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 And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.
Claud. Hath Leontado any son, my lord?
D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she’s his only heir: Dost thou affect her, Claudius?
Claud. O my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look’d upon her with a soldier’s eye, That lik’d, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love:

But now I am return’d, and that was-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I ilk’d her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently And tire the hearer with a book of words: If the first love fair Hero, cherish it; And I will break with her, and with her father, And thou shalt have her: Wasn’t to this end, That thou begaun’t to twist so fine a story?
Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love, That know love’srief by his complexion! But lest my liking might too sudden seem, I would have you forth with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader The fairest grant is the necessity: [than the flood! Look, what will serve, is fit: ‘tis once, thou lov’st: 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 send her Hero I am Claudius, and if he found In her basom I’ll unclasp my heart, And take her hearing prisoner with the force And strong encounter of my amorous tale: Then, after, to her father will I break; And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine: In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.

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 dreamed not of.
Leon. Are they good?
Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they shew well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acquaint her; but being young and innocent, he found her accorndant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.
Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?
Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself— But I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [Severals persons cross the stage.] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend: you go with me, and I will use your skill!—Good cousins, have a care this busy time.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Room in Leonato’s House.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the gouger, my lord? why are you thus out of measure sad?
D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breedeth it, therefore the sadness is without limit.
Con. You should hear reason.
D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?
Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.
D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say’st thou art) born under Saturn, guest 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 to 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 constraint. You have 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.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be derided that 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?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.

Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Boro. I came to add something from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Boro. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Boro. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Boro. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Boro. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a moisty 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.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure; that young start-nath hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way: You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: Would the cook wore of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Boro. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

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 tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burnt an hour after. Hero. He is a man of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He was an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattleth.

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 he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curt.

Beat. Too curt is more than curt: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, God sends a curst cow short horns; but to a cow too curt he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curt, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell!

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maid's: so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bushes sit, and there live we merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [to Hero.] 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. She, she is too curt.

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 clod ofwayward 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 wool'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; Wooring, wedding, and repeating, 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-modest, as a measure full of
Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasard; Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others, masked.

Don Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing; I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

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 hound should be like the ease!

Don Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatched. Don Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. [Takes her aside.]

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

MARG. So would not I, for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

MARG. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearse may cry,

Amen.

MARG. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

MARG. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. 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.

Hero. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: He's in 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 dull fool; for his true gift is in devising impossible slander: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am sure he is in the street; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no 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.

[Exeunt all but Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.]

Don John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bene. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing. This is an accident of hourly proof, Which I mistrusted not: Farewell therefore, Hero! [Exit Bene.'

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count? What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man, 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exeunt all.]

Bene. Alas! poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha, it be mine. 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, the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being foraken, 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, shews it his companion, and he saith it.

D. Pedro. Will thou make a trust a transgression?

The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold 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 impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me; she speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have sold his club to make the fire too. Could she not of her? you shall find her the infernal Ale in good apparel. 'Twould 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.

Re-enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato, and Hero.

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 toothpick now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this happy: You have 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 lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice; therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudia, 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 as light as a feather.

D. Pedro. Faith, lady, I think thy blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudia, I have wood 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 this daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.

Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and do upon the exchange.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lack, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd; I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day: But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all with, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be made such a thing, for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. — By your grace's pardon.

[Exit Beatrice.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord; she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then: for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and walked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her woors out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudia, when mean you to go to church?
ACT II.—SCENE III.

Claud. Tomorrow, my lord: Time goes on chases, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not until this dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours: which is, to bring Signor Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I will fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. Any bar, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero! Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valor, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin that she shall fall in love with Benedick: and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

D. John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

D. John. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. I will cross it, not with the breath of now.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.


Bora. I can, in any unsseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady’s chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated state, such as one as I am.

D. Jbn. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to mislead the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to dispute them, I will endeavour any thing else.

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 liked to be cozened with the advice of a maid, — that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial; offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero’s disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call’d assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. 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. Do you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick and a Boy.

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;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [Exit Boy.—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling into love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and fife; and now he would rather hear the orator 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 as honest man, and a soldier; and now is he tauto' orthograph; 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 swor, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I shall take my oath on it, till he have made an ex-tor of me. He shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another is virtuous: yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich, she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll come: 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. [Withdraws.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord;—How still the even—

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony! [Sing is, D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid fox with a pennyworth.

Enter Balthazar, with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.
Balb. 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.
Balb. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing:
Since many a wonder 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.
Balb. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchetts that he speaks:
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting! [Aside.
Bene. Now, Divine air! now is his soul ravished!
—Is it not strange, that sheeps' guts should have souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR SINGS.

I. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go.
And by you brittle and bony;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey wony, wony.

II. Sing no more ditties, sing no me
Of dips and dool end heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.
Balb. And an ill singer, my lord.
Claud. Ha! no; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.
Bene. [Aside.] An he had been a dog, that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and, I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night crayon, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [to Claud.]—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.
Balb. The best I can, my lord.
D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [Exeunt BALTHAZAR and music.] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?
Claud. O, aye.—Stalk on, stalk on: the fowls sit. [Aside to Hero.] 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. Isn't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.
D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.
Claud. 'Faith, like enough.
Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeite of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shews she? Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. [Aside.
Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—
You heard my daughter tell you how.
Claud. She did, indeed.
D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.
Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.
Bene. [Aside.] I should think this a gull, but that the white bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.
Claud. He hath taken the infection; hold it up. [Aside.
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:—my daughter tells us all.
Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.
Leon. O! When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet—

Claud. That. Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand halves; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would false her:—I measure him, says she, by my own spirit: for I should find out, if he write to me: yea, though I love him, I should.
Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobbs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;
—O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!
Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the vestacy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself: It is very true.
D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.
Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.
D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.
Claud. And she is exceeding wise.
D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.
Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.
D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daff'd all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?
D. Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she makes love known: and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bite one breath of her accustomed crossness.
D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it: for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

BEATRICE Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner

Act II. Sc. 3.
ACT III.—SCENE I.

Benedick advances from the armour.

Beatrice, against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Beat. 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. Yes, as much as you may take upon a knave's point, and 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 to dinner—there's a double meaning in that. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you are 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 into the parlour; There thou shalt find my cousin Beatrice Properly with the prince and Claudio: Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us; And bid her steal into the pleas'd bower, Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter;—like favorites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide To listen our purpose: This is thy office, [her, Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

[Exit.

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick: When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit: My talk to thee must be, how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hear-say. Now begin; Enter Beatrice, behind.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Beat. 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.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Scene 11.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

Don Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummated, and then I go toward Aragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Don 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 hold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not so as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

Don 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-ach.

Don Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Don Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

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.

Don Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be 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 doubtlet: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o'mornings; What should that bode?

Don 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 stifled tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

Don Pedro. Nay, he 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.

Don Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was it wont to wash his face?

Don Pedro. Yes, 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 lustrestring, and now governed by stops.

Don Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Don Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

Don 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.

[Enter 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 Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you,—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

[To Claudio.

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

D. John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you: and, circumstancesshortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who! Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till farther warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I would for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue shew itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turn'd!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarted!

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?
stable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

**Verg.** Nay by 'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

**Dogh.** Five shillings to one of 'e, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

**Verg.** By 'r lady, I think, it be so.

**Dogh.** Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear your charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

**Dogh.** One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.]

**Enter Borachio and Conrade.**

**Bora.** What! Conrade,—

**Watch.** Peace, stir not. [Aside.]

**Bora.** Conrade, I say!

**Con.** Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

**Bora.** Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought, there would a scab follow.

**Con.** I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

**Bora.** Stand thee close then upon this pent-house, 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 villany should be so dear?

**Bora.** Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villany 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. But what shows thou art unconfirmed? Thou knowest, that the fashion of a duchess, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

**Con.** Yes, it is apparel.

**Bora.** I mean, the fashion.

**Con.** Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

**Bora.** Touch! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

**Watch.** I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this seven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name. [Aside.]

**Bora.** Didst thou not hear somebody?

**Con.** No; 'twas the vane on the house.

**Bora.** Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reecy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm- eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as nasy as his club?

**Con.** All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

**Bora.** Not so neither: but know, that I have tonight woot 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 aar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

**Con.** And thought thou, 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 oats, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, 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.** 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, he wears a lock.

**Con.** Masters, masters.

2 **Watch.** You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

**Con.** Masters,—

1 **Watch.** Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

**Bora.** We are likely 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.** Truth, I think, your other rabato were better.

**Hero.** Nay, one way true, 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 foole, 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 a most rare fashion, ho! 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 of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, you are not ten on't.

**Hero.** Give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

**Marg.** Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

**Hero.** Fye upon thee! art not ashamed?

**Marg.** Of what lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a bigger? 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 of-
ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogh. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogh. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter; an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogh. Comparisons are odious; palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogh. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dogh. Ye, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exception 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 aia.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have tall a couple of us arrang knaves as any in Messina.

Dogh. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges;—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul i'faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipped: All men are not alike; all neighbours.

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogh. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogh. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogh. 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 will wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exit Leonato and Messenger.

Dogh. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Sracali, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gale: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogh. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [touching his forehead] shall drive some of them to a non com: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gale.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Claudio, Benedict, Hero, and Beatrice, &c.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain, and the plain; 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 conjoin'd, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men can dare! what men may do! what men do so! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your Will you with free and unconstraining soul [leave; Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose Master enterpriseth this rich and precious gift? [worth

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you become me noble thank Thence, Leonato, take her back again; [falsely.—

Give not this rotten orange to your friend! She's but the sign and semblance of her honour: Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:

O, what authority and show of truth Can cunning sin cover itself withal! Comes not that blood, as modest evidence, To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear, All you that see her, that she were a maid, By those exterior shows? But she is none: She knows the heat of a luxurious bed: Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married, Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof Have vanquished the resistance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginity, 

Claud. I know what I would say; if I have known you, you'll say, she did embrace me as a husband, [her, And so extenuate the 'foresaid sin: No, Leonato, I never tempted her with word too large: But, as a brother to his sister show'd 

Bashful sincerity, and comely love, 

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you? 

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it: You seem to me as Dian in her orb; As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown; But you are more intemperate in your blood Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide? 

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak you not now?

Claud. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about To lack my dear friend to a common stole.

Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream? 

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are 

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial [true.

Hero. True, O God!

Leon. To Hecatone, 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, And, by that fatherly and kindly power [daughter; 

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?

Cloud. To make you answer truly to your name. 

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name With any just reproach?

Cloud. Marry, that can Hero; Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man has he talk'd with you yeernight Past 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 you are no maiden.—Leonato, I am sorry you must hear; Upon mine honour, Myself, my brother, and this grieved count. 

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night, Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window; Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain, Confess'd the vile encounters they had have A thousand times in secret.

D. John. 

Fy, fy! they are Not to be nam'd my lord, not to be look'd at; There is not chastity enough in language. Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady, I am charge'd to say to thy much misgovernment.

Cloud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been, If half thy outward graces had been placed About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart! But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell, Thou pure impurity, and impious purity! For thee I'll look up to the gate of love, And on my eyes- lids shall conjecture hang, To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm, And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me! 

[HERO SCREAMS.

Bent. Why, how now, cousin Hero? wherefore sink you down. 

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come Smother her spirits up. [thus to light, 

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudius.

Bene. How doth the lady? 

Bent. Dead, I think:—help, uncle;— 

Friar! Hero! why Hero!—Uncle!—Signor Benedict! 

Leon. O fate, take not away thy friend's hand! Death is the fairest cover for her shame, That may be wish'd for. 

Bent. 

How now, cousin Hero? 

Friar. Have comfort, lady. 

Leon. 

Friar. Yea; Wherefore should she not 

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny [thing 

The story that is printed in my blood? —

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes: 

For did I think thou would'st not quickly die, Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shame, Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches, Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one? 

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame? 

Her. O, oce too much by this, Friar! 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 mire with infamy, I might have said, No part of it is mine. 

This shame derives itself from unknown laws? 

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
ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?
Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her be—
Change slander to remorse; that is some good; half
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 Exemted, pitied, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
While it was ours: So will it fare with Claudio;
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicat, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived 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 fashion the event in better shape
Than he can of his or Claudio's mood.
But if all aim but this be levill'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infancy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation.)
In some repressive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine 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.
Friar. 'Tis well consider'd; presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day, [cure.—
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and
endure. [Exeunt Friar, Hero, and Leonato.
Bene. Signior Beatrice, have you kept all this while?
Beat. Yes, and I will weep awhile 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 wrong'd.
Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me
that would not her.
Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?
Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.
Bene. May a man do it?
Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.
Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you;
Is not that strange?
Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It were
as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you;
but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing,
or I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.
Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thouorest 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 said me in a happy hour; I was about to protest I loved you. 
Bene. And do it with all thy heart. 
Beat. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest. 
Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee. 
Beat. Kill Claudio. 
Bene. What? Claudio, not for the wide world. 
Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell. 
Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice. 
Beat. I am gone, though I am here:—There is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go. 
Bene. Beatrice,— 
Beat. In faith, I will go. 
Bene. We'll be friends first. 
Beat. You dare easer 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 kins-
woman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her 
in hand until they come to take hands; and then with 
palms, 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 pro-
er 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 
testimony, a godly count confect; 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 
mankind is melted into courtesies, valour into com-
pliment, and sumptuousness into small foolishness; 
and triest men 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. 
Beat. Think you in your soul the count Claudio 
hath wronged Hero? 
Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul. 
Beat. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge 
him; I will kiss your hand, and so 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. 
[Execut. 

SCENE II.—A Prison. 
Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; 
and the Watch, with Cowards and Borachio. 
Dogb. Are you all a whole company appeared? 
Verg. O, a stout'and a cushion for the sexton! 
Sexton. Which be the factoris? 
Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner. 
Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition 
to examine. 
Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be 
examined? let them come before master constable. 

Dogb. Yes, marry, let them come before me.— 
What is your name, friend? 
Bora. Borachio. 
Dogb. Pray write down—Borachio.——Yours, sir. 
Dogb. Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is 
Conrade. 
Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade. — 
Masters, do you serve God! 
Con. Bora. Yes, sir, we hope. 
Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve 
God;—and write God first; for God defend but 
God;—For they are gentlemen!—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 acquaintance. 
Dogb. 'Yea, marry, that's the eftest way:—Let the 
watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you, in the 
prince's name, assure 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. Sir, I say to you, we are none. 
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. Write down—Prince John a villain:—Why 
this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain. 
Sexton. What else, fellow? 
Dogb. And that count Claudio did mean, upon 
his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, 
and not marry her. 
Dogb. 0 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 
maner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly 
died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, 
and brought to Leonardo; I will go before, and shew 
him their examination. 
[Exit. 
Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned. 
Verg. Let them be in band. 
Con. Off, coxcom! 
Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him 
write down—the prince's officer, coxcom!—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 wit-
ness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; and 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as poisonous
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear, But such a one whose words 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 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 heard: Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should groan; Patch grief with provers; make misfortune drunk With candle-wasters; bring him yet 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, Petter strong madness in a silken thread, Charm ach 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 there is no such man. To be so moral, when he shall endure The like himself; therefore give me no counsel: My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood; For there was never yet philosopher, That could endure the tooth-ach patiently; However they have writ the style of gods, And made a pass at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself; Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speakest 'tis reason: nay, I will do My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied; [so ;
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.

Don. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

Don. 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. [man,

Don. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling, Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, Thou, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:— Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword, I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, besavrsh my hand, If it should give your age such cause of fear. To faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Thu'sh, rash, man, never never learnd 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 will to mine reverence by;

And, with grey hairs, and brune of many days,

Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;

Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,

And she lyes buried with her ancestors:

O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,

Save those of her's, brand'd by thy villany.

Claud. My villain!—

Thine, Claudio; thine I say.

Don. 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 Main of youth, and bloom of his good

Claud. Away. I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff'd me? Thou hast kill'd my child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:

But that's no matter; let him kill one first; —

Win me, and wear me, let him answer me.

Come follow me, boy; come, sir boy, 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

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,

As I do to make virtuous the tongs of

Boys, apes, braggers, Jacks, milksops!—

Don. Pedro. Brother Antony,— [yea,

Ant. Hold you content: What, man! I know them,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,

That lie, and cog, and fowl, deprave and slander,

Go anticy, and shew outward hideousness;

And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst, And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter; Do not you meddle, let me deal in this. [patience.

Don. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your

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.—

Don. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Ant. —

Don. Pedro. No?

Ant. Come, brother, away:—I will be heard:—

—

—

And shall, Or some of us will smart for it.

[Exeunt LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Enter BERNEDICK.

Don. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

K
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Cald. Now, signior! what news?
Bene. Good day, my lord.
D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are almost come to part almost a fray.
Cald. We had like to have had our two noses stuffed off with two old men without teeth.
D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'st thou? Had we thought, 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.
Cald. 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?
Cald. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to please us.
D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—Art thou sick, or angry?
Cald. 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.
Cald. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke into pieces.
D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.
Cald. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.
Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?
Cald. God bless me from a challenge!
Bene. You are a villain:—I jest not:—I will make it good to you, dare with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.
Cald. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.
D. Pedro. What a feast! a feast?
Cald. I faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a capital head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's meat.—Shall I not find you then?
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, says she, a fine little one: No, said I, a great wit; Right, says she, a great good one: Nay, said I, a good wit; Just, said she, it hurts nobody: Nay, said I, the gentlemen is wise; Certain, said she, a wise gentleman: Nay, said I, he hath the tongues: That I believe, she said, for he shone a thing to me on Monday night, which he foresaw 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 patron in man.
Cald. 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 dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.
Cald. All? and, moreover, God saw him when he was in the garden.
D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?
Cald. Yea, and text underneath, 'Bore duells Beneick the married man?'
Bene. Fare well, boy! you know my mind;
I will leave you now to your gossip-like humors, 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: you brother, the bastard, is flees from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-head, there he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.
[Exit Benedick.]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.
Cald. In most profound earnest; and I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.
D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?
Cald. And quite, as you see.
D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!
Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.
Cald. He is then a giant to an apex: but then is an apex a doctor to such a man.
D. Pedro. But, soft you, let be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was fied?
Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall never weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be hanged twice.
D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!
Cald. 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; secondly, they have lied; thirdly, 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?
Cald. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and whereby there's one's meaning well sign'd.
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?
Boru. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this comt kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wis-
Boro. I, and paid me richly for the practice of it.
D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of trea-
Boro. I, and paid me richly for the practice of it.
D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of trea-
And fled he is upon this villany. [scherie —
Cald. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.
Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this
ACT V.—SCENE II.

time our Sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter: And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

{Exeunt. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with 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? Boro. If you would know your wronger, look on me. Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast Mine innocent child? [kiss'd

Boro. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bel'st thyself; Here stand a pair of honourable men, A third is sedit, 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 be think it of you.

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 sin'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 weight That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live, That were impossible; but I pray you both, Possess the people in Messina here How innoctent she died: and, if your love Can labour aught in said 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 hereafter of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then I will expect your coming; To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man Shall face to face be brought to Margaret, Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong, Hid't to it by your brother.

Boro. No, by my soul, she was not; Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me; But always hath been just and virtuous, In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered In his punishment: And also, the watch heard then talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your over-weigh speak's like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation! [thank thee.

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I

Dogb. I leave an arrant knife 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 DON PEDRO, VERGES, and Watch.

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell. Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to- morrow.

Claud. To-night I'll morn 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, desire well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou 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 bit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most maely 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.

{Exeunt. The god of love,

Singing.

That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,

How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing; but in loving. — Leander the good swimmer, Trobuls the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme: I have tried; I can find out rhyme to lady but baby, an innocent rhyme; for scorn, horn, a hard rhyme; for school, fool, a babbling rhyme; very vainous endings: No, I was not born under a thymany planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now— and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

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 noisome; therefore I will depart unkinded.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer to love 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 ruination: therefore it is most expedient for the wise, (if Don Worm, his conscience, had 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 praise-worthy,) 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 meditate 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 abus'd; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone; will you come presently? beaat. 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. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Attent. It is, my lord.

Claud. [Reads from a scroll.]

Dedicated to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guarding 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, [affixing it.

Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now, monst, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For which, with songs of love,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moon;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily;
Graves, yarn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavenly, heavenly.

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night!

Yearly will I do this rite. [Out.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches The wolves have prey'd: and look the gentle Before the wheels of Phebus, round about, [day,
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray:
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way. [speeds.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other And then to Leonato's we will go. [speeds.

Claud. And, hymen, now with luckier issue Than this, for whom we reader'd up this woe! [Exit.

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 Upon the error that you have heard debated: [her, 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 c. o. c. o. 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. [Exit.

Friar. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must intreat 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. [true.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'Tis most 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 Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical; [will? But, if my will, my will is, your good will May stand with ours, this day to be confi'd in the estate of honourable marriage: In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking, Friar. And my help, Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow; 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.
[Exit Friar.]
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 Europa shall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leapt your father's
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
[cow, Much like you, for you have just his feet.
Re-enter Atronzo, with the Ladies masked.
Claud. For this I owe you: here come other recs—
Which is the lady I must seize upon? [konings.]
Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let me see your face.
[hand.]
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her
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 lived, I was your other wife:
[Unmasking.]
Claud. Another Hero? Nothing certain;
One Hero died des'd: 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 white's her slander.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify; [lived.
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 you not love me?
Beat. No, no more than reason.
Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and
cudgelled out, for they swore you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. No, no more than reason.
Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ur.
Are much deceiv'd: for they did swear, you did.
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.
Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
Bene. Tis no such matter:—Then you do not
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.
Hero. And here's another.
Write in my cousin's hand a satire, or an epigram; No:
Containing her affection unto Benedick.
Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.
Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth. Kissing her.
D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?
Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do propose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion— For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.
Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.
Bene. Come, come, we are friends;—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.
Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.
Bene. First, 'o my word; therefore, play music. —Prince, thou art said; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.
Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.
[Daniel. Eructat]
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Theseus, Duke of Athens.
Egeus, father to Hermia.
Lysander.
Demetrius; in love with Hermia.
Philostrate, master of the revels to Theseus.
Quince, the carpenter.
Snug, the joiner.
Bottom, the weaver.
Flute, the bellows-mender.
Snout, the tinker.
Starveling, the tailor.
Hippolyya, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
Hermia, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.
Helena, in love with Demetrius.
Oberon, King of the fairies.
Tatiana, queen of the fairies.
Puck, or Robin-goodfellow, a fairy.
Peas-blossom, Cornew, Moth, Mustard-seed, fairies.
Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, Lion, characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.
Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE,—Athens, and a Wood not far from it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Room in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour Draws on apace; four happy days bring in Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires, Like to a step-dame, or a dowager, Long withering out a young man's revenue, nights; Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in Four nights will quickly dream away the time; And then the moon, like to a silver bow Now 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 would thee with my sword, And won thy love; doing thee injuries; But I will wed thee in another key, With pomp, with triumph, and with reveling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke! [thee? The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—

Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord, This man hath my consent to marry her:—

Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke, This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child: Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes And interchanging love-tokens with my child: Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung, With feigning voice, verses of feigning love; And stol'n the impression of her fantasy With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, confections, Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweet-meats; messengers Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth: With cunning harts thou fitch'd my daughter's heart, Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me, To stubborn harshness — And, my gracious duke, Be it so she will not here before your grace Consent to marry with Demetrius, I beg the ancient privilege of Athens; As she is mine, I may dispose of her: Which shall be either to this gentleman, Or to her death; according to our law, Immediately provided in that case.

The. The what say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid: To you your father should be as a god; One that compose your beauties; yea, and one To whom you are but as a form in wax, By him imprinted, and within his power To leave the figure, or disfigure it. Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is: But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice, The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look; And, if according to his grace to pardon me I know not by what power I am made bold; Nor how it may concern my modesty, In such a presence here to plead my thoughts: But I beseech your grace that I may know The worst that may befall me in this case, If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. The 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 aye to be in shady cloister mev'd, To live a barren sister all your life,

Chorus. The cold fruitless moon, Three times blessed they, that master so their blood, To undergo such maiden pilgrimage: But earthly happy is the rose distill'd, Than that, which, withering on the virgino thorn, Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord Ere I will yield my virgin patent up Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

_The_. Take time to pause; and, by the next new
(The scaling-day betwixt my love and me, [moon
For everlasting bondage; thereby, before, 
On 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.

_Demi_. Relent, sweet Hermia.—And, Lysander,
The cradle 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 bis;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vauntage, 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 was betroth'd to him for love,
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 incomest man.

_The_. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being overfull of all the matter,
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 loss of single life.—
Come, my Hippolita; What cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our cuspial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
_Ege_. With duty, and desire, we follow you.

_Lys_. A ship, a ship, a mill, a water-train.

_Herm_. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so
How chance the roses there do fade so fast? [pale?
_The_. Delike for want of rain; which I could well
Betreem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

_Lys_. Ah me! for ought that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood.

_Herm_. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

_Lys_. Or else misguid'd, in respect of years:

_Herm_. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

_Lys_. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:

_Herm_. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

_Lys_. Or, if there were 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 to the collid'd night,
That, in a spleen, unloos'd both heaven and earth,
And, ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confusion.

_Herm_. If then true lovers have ever been over-cord;
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.

_The_. And for this purpose make me a sight,
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 us: If thou lovest 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.

'Herm_. My good Lysander! I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and8 prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In no more than seven years, and that so soon.
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

_Lys_. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

_Enter_.

_Herm_. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

_The_. Call you me fair? that fair again say.

_Demi_. loves you fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lead-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour so!
Your's would I catch, fair Hermia, etc I go.
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

_Herm_. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

_The_. O, thy frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

_Herm_. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

_The_. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

_Herm_. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

_Herm_. The more I love, the more he hate me.

_Herm_. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

_Herm_. None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault
Were mine!

_Herm_. 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 like a paradise to me:
O thee, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell!

_Lys_. Helena, to you and mine minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night when Phoebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(At a time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,) Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.
That in the wood, where we often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie.
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet;
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us, And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! — Keep word, Lysander: we must starve nor sight From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight. [Exit Herm.] Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena adieu! As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [Exit Lys. & Hel. How happy some, or other some can be! Through Athens I am thought as fair as the. But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so; He will not know what all he but do know. And as he eras, 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 unheeded haste: And therefore is love said to be a child, Because in choice he is so oft beguiled. As waggish boys in game themselves forswear, So the boy Love is perjur'd every where. For he, the lover, looking 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 a dear expense: But herein mean I to enrich my pain, To have his sight thither and back again. [Exit.] SCENE II.—The same. A Room in a Cottage. Enter Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, Quince, and Starveling. Quin. Is all our company here? Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the script. Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night. Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point. Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby. Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves. Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver. Bot. Ready. Name, what part I am for, and proceed. Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus. Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant? Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love. Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will compone in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split. "The raging rocks, "With shivering shocks, "Shall break the locks "Of prison-gates:" This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players. —This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling. Quin. Flute, Francis Flute, the bellows-mender. Flu. Here, Peter Quince. Quin. You must take Thisby on you. Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight? Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love. Flu. Nay, faith let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming. Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will. Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monarch's little voice.—Thisne, Thisne,—ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear! Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby. Bot. Well, proceed. Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor. Star. Here, Peter Quince. Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker. Snout. Here, Peter Quince. Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father; though he join you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted. Snug. Have you the lion's part written? I pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study. Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring. Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, Let him roar again, let him roar again. Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all. All. That would hang us every mother's son. Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies, and that they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale. Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus. Bot. But, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in? Quin. Why, what will you. Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, you prepare your yellow. Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play hare-faced.—But, masters; here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to come them 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 mean time 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
ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck at another.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moones sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tell her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those fleckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewy millers by,
And hang a pear in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone:
Our queen and all our elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here-to-night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light shen,
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow: are you not he,
The tossing goblin of the village, skulking skulking,
Skin milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometimes make the drink to bear no harm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do your work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. 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,
Neighing in likeness of a silly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a tossed crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd lap dew pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometimes for three foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bun, down topples she,
And tailor cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quite hold their hips, and lose;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress:—Would that be were
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grew big belled, with the wanton wind:
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
Following (her womb, then rich with my young
Would imitate; and sail upon the land, [square,]
To fetch me trifes, 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's wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies away:
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[Exeunt Titania and her train.

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this
Till I torment thee for this injury.— [grove,
My gentle Puck come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Under the feet of Cupid, with her ditty,
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 could'st not,)— Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid arms all: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, thronged by the west;
And loo'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As if it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial v'rors 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 maides call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou then here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth In forty minutes. [Exit Puck.

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she wakings looks upon,
(He it is lion, bear, or wolf, or bull.)
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,) She shall pursue it with the soul of love,
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,) I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will over-hear their conference.

[Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me. Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood.
And here am I, and wander within this wood, Because I cannot meet with Hermia. Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant; But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?
Hel. And even for that do I love you the more,
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will follow on: Use me but as your spaniel, spur me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,) Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit:
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do 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 my rich wealth of your virgin youth.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valor flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go;
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Yea, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We are like wild-bee's, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[Exeunt Dem. and Hel.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.
Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon 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 flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake blows 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 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: Then shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care; that he may prove
More food on her, than she upon his love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.
    
    Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

SCENE III.—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 cutters in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with red-winged rackers; and the rest
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back a
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

I.

1 Fai. You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thou art my lord, be not seen;
Neats, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:
    
    Philomel, with melody,
    Sing in our sweet lullaby;
    Lullu, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
    Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
    Come our lovely lady nigh;
    So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 Fai. Wearing spiders, come not here:
Hence, you long-legged’p spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 Fai. Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[Exeunt Faeries. TITANIA sleeps.

Enter OBION.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[Squeezes the flower on TITANIA’s eye-lids]
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear;
Pand, or bear 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
And to speak truth, I have forgot our way; [wood;
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 conference.
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 deck;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beschrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend;
Thy love ne’er alter, till thy sweet life end!
Lys. Amen, so to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!
Her. With half that wish the wiser’s eyes he press’d!

[They sleep.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower’s force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear;
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dark and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this hark-love, kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak’st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.

[Exit.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[Exit DEMETRIUS.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, where so’er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are often wash’d thence.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia’s sphery eye?—
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound!—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[Waking.

Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!
Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

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? Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man, That I did never, nor, nor never can, Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye, But you must find me insensible? Good truth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do, In such dis disdainful manner we two. But fare you well: performe 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! [Exit. 

_Lys._ She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep thou And never may'st thou come Lysander near! [there; 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 your love and might, To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit. _Her._ [starting.] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best, To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast! Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here? Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear! Methought a serpent eat my heart away, And you sat smiling at his cruel pike:— Lysander! what, removed? 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 well perceive you are not nigh: Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit. 

ACT III. 

SCENE I.—The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep. 

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling. 

_Bot._ Are we all met? 

_Quin._ Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hatchmark brake our tyming-house: and we will do it in action, as we will do it before thy 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 thakin, a parlous fear. 

_Star._ I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done. 

_Bot._ Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords: and that _Pyramus_ is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance tell them, that I _Pyramus_ am not _Pyramus_, but _Bottom_ the weaver: This will put them out of fear. 

_Qui._ Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six. 

_Bot._ No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight. 

_Snout._ Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion? 

_Star._ I fear it, I promise you. 

_Bot._ Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living: and we ought to look to it very humbly. 

_Snout._ Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion. 

_Bot._ Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same effect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would intreat you, not to take it to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are: and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner. 

_Qui._ Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, _Pyramus_ and _Thisby_ meet by moon-light. 

_Snout._ Doth the moon shine that night we play our play? 

_Bot._ A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine. 

_Qui._ 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. 

_Qui._ Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disguise, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for _Pyramus_ and _Thisby_, says the man: let this wall through the chink of a wall. 

_Snout._ You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom? 

_Bot._ Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall: or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranial shall _Pyramus_ and _Thisby_ whisper. 

_Qui._ If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and hearuse 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 swag-So near the cradle of the fairy queen? [greeting here, What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor; An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause. 

_Qui._ Speak, _Pyramus_;—_Thisby_, stand forth. 

_Pyr._ _Thisby_, the flowers of odious savours sweet,— _Qui._ Odours, odours. 

_Pyr._ —odours savours sweet: So doth thy breath, my dearest _Thisby_ dear. 

_QUI._ But, hark, a voice! stay thou but a while, And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit. 

_Puck._ A stranger _Pyramus_ than e'er play'd here! [Aside. —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 brisky jocund, and the most lovely Jew, As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire, I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb. Quin. Ninny's tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, never tire.

Re-enter Peck and Bottom with an ass's head. This. O.—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyt. If I were fair, Thibby, I were only thine:— Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly! masters! help. [Exit Clowns. Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round, Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier: Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometime a hound, A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire; And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn, Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [Exit. Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter Snout. Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee. Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter Quince. Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [Exit. 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 owlet-cock, so black of hue, With orange-tawney bill, The thrum with his note so true The wren with little quill.

Tit. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?—[Waking.

Bot. The fuch, 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 fie, though he cry cuckoo, never so?—

Tit. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again: Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note, So is mine eye enthrall'd to thy shape: And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me, On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek 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.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go; Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no. I am a spirit, of no common rate; The summer still doth tead 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 make like an airy spirit go. —Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!—

Enter four Fairies.


Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman; Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes; Feed him with apricocks and dewberries; With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries; The 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: To nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies. 1. Fai. Hail, mortal! 2. Fai. Hail! 3. Fai. Hail! 4. Fai. Hail! Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb. Bot. I shall desire you of 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 Peas-cod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of 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 you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed. [Exeunt. Bot. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my mother, methinks, looks with a watery eye; And when she weeps, weeps with every flower, Lamenting some enforced chastity, Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

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.

Obe. Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit? What night-mule 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,
Wore we met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's head I fix'd on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answer'd,
And forth my mimic came: When they him spy,
As wild green as that the fowler's eye,
Or russet-paced choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gau's report
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stand, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls: [strong]
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus
Made senseless things begin to do them harm:
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things
I led them on in this distracted fear, [catch.
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass,) Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.
Durst this falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latched 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.
Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter face.
Her. Now I butchide, 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 or 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 stole a way
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 dispulse
Her mother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murdered 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 glittering sphere.
Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, will thou give him me?
Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past
the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
Oh! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with double tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
But I pray thee, tell me then, that he is well.
Dem. An 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 here I make some stay. [Lies down. Obe. What hast thou done! thou hast mistaken
And laid the love-juice on some true love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perfuce ease
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding
A million fall, confounding oath on oath. [trotti,
Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helens of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cast the fresh blood dear
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, against she doth 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,
With both Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the yvntl, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once, woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That betal preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.
Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo in scorn,
And dearer love come in tears. [sconr
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
 Bearing the hedge 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. [awaking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfec
t, divine! To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure concealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
Whom thou holdest up thy hand: O let me kiss
This princes of pure white, this seal of bliss!
Hel. O spirit! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merit.
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 be kind, in these harsh words, show
You would not use a gentle lady so.

To vow, and swear, and superpaise 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 Helen:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize.
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With you derision! none, of noble sort,
Would so offend a virgin; and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia: this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helen 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 ever I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as gnest-wise, sojourn'd;
And hers was Helen to it 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 bear.
—Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function
The ear more quick of apprehension makes; [takes,
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recom pense: —
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unliter'd didst thou leave me so? To go?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press
Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helen; who more engilds the night
Than all youerry iesies and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate thou barest for thee thus so?
Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspire'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bate me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shad'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence!
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods;
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition.
Two lovely berries more were grown on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not naiiily:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed in 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 spur me with his foot,) To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection?
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlod?'

This you should pity, rather than despise.
Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, perseverse, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows 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 now any pity to our wrongs,
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 Helen; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Hermia!

Hel. O excellent!—

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entertain, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak
Helen, I love thee; by my life I do; [prayers.—
I swear by that which I will lose for thee.
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto teods all this?
Lys. Away, you Euphnius!

Dem. No, no, sir:—he will seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But you are none of you a time to go.
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burl: vile thing let
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent. [loose.
Her. Why are you grown so rude: what change
Sweet love!—

Lys. Thy love? out, twanny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'tis; 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
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. [dead
Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now, as I was erevile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

Hel. 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 Helen.
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?

Her. O! Fine, i’t faith! You have no modesty, no maiden shame, No touch of bashfulness? What, will you 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?

Now how am I, thou painted maypole? speak; How low am I? am I 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 cured; 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’s something lower than myself, That I can match her.

Hel. 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 further: Let me go: You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone; Who is’t that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. De not a friend: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she’s 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!— What will you suffer her to flout me thus? Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf; You minimus, of hind-ringing knot-grass made; You beast, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious, In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone; speak not of Helena; Take not her part: for if thou dost intend Never so little show of love to her, Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. *Now she holds me not.* Now follow, if thou darst, to try whose right, Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I’ll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

Her. You mistresse, all this coil is long of you: Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I; Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray; My legs are longer though, to run away. [Exit. Hel. I am amaz’d, and know not what to say. [Exit, pursuing Helena. Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak’st, Or else commit thy knavery willfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook. Did not you tell me, I should know the man By the Athenian garments he had on? And so far blameless proves my enterprise, That I have noted an Athenian’s eyes: And so far am I glad it so did sort, As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou see’st, these lovers seek a place to fight; Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night; He will winke cover thee and personage. With drooping fog, as black as Acheron; And lead these tvisty rivals so astray, As one come not within another’s way. Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue, Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong; And sometime rial thou like Demetrius; And from each other look thou lead them thus, Till o’er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep With legen legs and batty wings doth creep; Then crush this herb into Lysander’s eye; Whose liquor hath this virtuous property, To take from thence all error, with his might, And make his eye-balls roll with wented sight When they next wake, all this derision Shall be a dream, and fruitless vanity. And back to Athens shall the lovers wend, With league, whose date till death shall never end Whiles I in this affair do thee employ, I’ll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy; And then will I her charmed eye release From monster’s view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste; For night’s swift dragons cut the clouds full fast, And yonder shines Aurora’s harbinger; At whose approach, ghosts, waudering here and there, Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all, That in cross-ways and floods have burrial, Already to their wormy beds are gone; For fear lest day should lock their shame’s upon, They willfully themselves exile from light, And must for ay consort with black-brow’d night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort: I with the morning’s love have oft made sport; And, like a forester, the groves may tread, Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red, Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams, Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams. But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay: We may effect this business yet to 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.

Puck. Here villain; drawn and ready. Where art

Lys. I will be with thee straight. [ Thom? Puck. Follow me then

To plainest ground. [Exit Lys. as following the voice.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander! speak again. Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled? [head? Speak. In some bush! Where dost thou hide thy

Puck. Thou coward, art thou braggart to the stars, Telling the bushes that thou look’st for wars, And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child,
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

TITANIA While I thy amiable cheeks do coy
Act IV Sc 1
ACT IV.—SCENE I.

I'll whip thee with a rod: He is deaf'd, That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there? Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here. [Exeunt.

Re-enter LSANDER.

Ly's. He goes before me, and still dares me on; When I come where he calls, then he is gone. The villain is much lighter heel'd than I: I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly; That fallen am I in dark uneven way, And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day! [Lies down.

If for 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, 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?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy If ever I thy face by day-light see: [this dear, Now, go thy way. Fainness constrainteth me To measure out my length on this cold bed.— By day's approach look to be visited. [Lies down and sleeps.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night, Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the 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 makes up four. Here she comes, curst and sad:— Cupid is a knavish lad, Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe, Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers; I can no further crawl, no further 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! [Sleeps.

Puck. On the ground Sleep sound: I'll apply To your eye, Gentle lover, remedy. [Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye. When thou wak'rt, Thou tak'st True delight In the sight Of the former lady's eye; And the country proverb known, That every man should take his own, In your waking shall be shewn: Jack shall have Jill; Nought shall go ill; The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be [Exit Puck.—Dem. Hel. &c. sleep.

ACT IV.—SCENE I—The same.

Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending; Oberon behind unsee.

Tit. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed. While I thy amiable cheeks do coy, And stiek musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head, And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy. Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.


Bot. Monsieur Cobweb? Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overthrown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?


Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: And I am such a wander ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tit. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

Tit. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat. Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry roots. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tit. I have a most sumptuous fairy that shall seek The squirel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts. Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let some of your people stir me. I have an expectation of sleep come upon me.

Tit. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms, Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle, Gently entwist— the female ivy so Earring the barks fingers of the elm. O, how I love thee! how I doth on thee! [They sleep.

OBERON advances. Enter Puck.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet Her dotation now I do begin to pity. [sight? For meeting her of late, behind the wood, Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool, I did upbraid her, and fall out with her; For she his hairy temples then had rounded With coronet of fresh and fragile flowers; And that same dew, which sometime on the buds Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls, Stood now within the pretty fiorets' eyes, Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail. When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her, And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience, I then did ask of her her changeling child; Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent To bear him to my bower in fairy land. And now I have the boy, I will undo This hateful imperfection of her eyes. And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp L.
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fickle vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be, as thou wanst wont to be;
[Teaching her eyes with an herb."
See, as thou wanst wont to see:
Diana's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania, wake my sweet queen.
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.
The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The file 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.
[Horus. The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their
Horns, and shout within, Demetrius, Lyndendr, Hermia, and Urrlea, wake and start up.
The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now? [past; Lys. Pardon, my lord.
[He and the rest kneel to Theseus.
The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you are two 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 amazely,
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 couple here; which 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, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
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,
(Dut, by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of a bygone gawd.
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knitt.
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, Hippolita, Egeus, and train.

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable.
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds. [able.
Herm. Metheaks, I see these things with parted eye;
When every thing seems double.
Hol. So, methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.
Dem. It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
ACT V.—SCENE 1.

The duke was here, and bid us follow him!

Hey. Yea; and my father.
He. 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. [Exit.

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer—no next is, Mait fair Pyramus.—Hey! he!

Bot. Peter Quince! Flute, the bellow-sounder! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God’s my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream.—past the wit of man to say what dream it was:—Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can call 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 thing since the latterend of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in Quince’s House.

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 handycraft 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 sought.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made meg.

Flu. O sweet Bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have escaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I’ll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good affection to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o’er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clear贷款; 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.

[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—The same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolym, Philostrato, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. ’Tis strange, my Thesens, that these lovers speak of.

The. The more strange than true. I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such soothing brains, Such shaping fancies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover, and the poet, Are of imagination all compact: One sees more devils in a vast ball 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 And, as imagination bodies forth [heaven. The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen Turns what was forbid into things fair, And these their 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 suppos’d a bear! Hip. But all the story of the night told over, And all their minds transfigured so together, More witnesseth than fancy’s images, And grows to something of great constancy; But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter Lyssander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, ful of joy and mirth,— Joy, gentle friends! joy! joy, and fresh days of love, Accompany your joys! Lys. More than to us Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed! The. Thee now come; what masks, what dances shall we have, To wear away this long age of three hours, Between our after-supper and bed-time? Where is our usual manager of mirth? What revels are in hand! Is there no play, To ease the anguish of a torturing hour? Call Philostrato.

Philostrato. Here, mighty Theseus, [ing? 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? Philostrato. Thereis 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 esquire to the harp. We’ll none of that that I told my love, In glory of my kinsman Hercules. The riot of the tipsy Bacchanales, Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage. That is an old device, and it was play’d
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceased in letargy.
That is some satire, keen, and critical.
Not-sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical! Tedium and brief!
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is my lord, some ten words
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 rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.
The. What are they that do play it? [Here,
Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have told't their unbrach'd 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 conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.
The. I will hear that play;
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simplicity and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[Enter Philostrate.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'charged,
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 purpos'd
To greet me with premediated welcomes;
Where I have seen them drive and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences.
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
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 savoy, and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

[Enter Philostrate.
Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is ad-
drest.
The. Let him approach. [Flourish of trumpets.

Enter Quince as Prologue.

Proli. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite,
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repeat 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 points.
Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt;
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It
is not enough to speak, but to speak true.
Hip. Indeed he hath played on this prologue, like
a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in govern-
ment.
The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing
impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.

Proli. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;
"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
"This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.
"This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
"Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers
"sunder;
"And through wall's chalk, poor souls, they are con-
"To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
"This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
"Presenteth moon-shine; for, if you will know,
"By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn
"To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
"This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,
"The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
"Did scarce away, or rather did affright;
"And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
"Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
"Amon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,
"And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain;
"Whereat with blade, with bloody blamful blade,
"He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
"And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
"His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
"Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,
"At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[Enter Proli. Time, Lion, and Moonshine.
The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when
many asses do.

Proli. In this same interlude, it doth befall,
"That I, one Scout by name, present a wall;
"And such a wall as I would have you think,
"That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
"Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
"Did whisper often very secretly.
"This leam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth shew
"That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
"And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
"Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard
discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

[Enter Pyramus.
Pyr. "O grim look'd night! O night with hue so
black!
"O night, which ever art when day is not;
"O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
"I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—
"And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall, and
I mine,
"That stand'st between her father's ground and
"Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
ACT V.—SCENE I.

After parting, we find Syr. Phoebe's, and Miss. Elinor's apartments:

"Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eye.
[Wall holds up his fingers.
"Thanks, courteous wall! Jove shield thee well for
"But what see I! No Thysib do I see.
[This!"
"O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;
"Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"
Th. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.
Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. Deceiving me, is Thysib's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see it, it will fall past as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

Enter Thysib.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my
For parting my fair Pyramus and me: [woans,
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
Thy stones with lute and hair knelt up in thee."
Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
'To spy an I can hear my Thysib's face.

Thisthy!"

This. "My love! thou art my love, I think."
Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
And like Linander am I trusty still."
[grace;
This. "And I like Hecaton, till the fate's mate"
Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procris, was so true.
[This. "As Shafalus to Procris, I to you."
[wall."
Pyr. "O, kiss me through the hole of this vile
This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not thy lips at all."
Pyr. "Wilt thou at Thysib's tomb meet me
straightway?"
This. "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."
Wall. "Thus have I wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go.
[Exeunt Wall, PYRAMUS, and THYSIB.

The. Now the mural down between the two neighbours.
Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.
Hipp. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
Th. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worse are no worse, if imagination amend them.
Hipp. 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 masters.
Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.
Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
"The smallest monstrous-mouse that creeps on floor,"
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here.
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know, that I, one Smug, the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my 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. 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;
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 box.
Hipp. I am aweary of this moon: Would, he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. "All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thornbush, my thornbush; and this dog, my dog."
Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

[love?"
This. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my
[Lys. "Oh—"
[The Lion roars.—THYSIB runs off.

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hipp. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Where is the moon's d. lion.
[The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and ext.
Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And then the moon vanishes.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;"
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright:
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.
But stay:—O spite!
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 fates! come, come;
Cut thread and thurum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

Th. The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend would go near to make a man look sad.
Hipp. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.
Pyr. "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou frames me!
Since lion vile bath here defoure my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest danye,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with:
"Come, tears, confound;
"Out, sword, and wound
"The pap of Pyramus:"
"At, that left papp,
Where heart doth hop:—
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus,
"Now am I dead,
"Now am I fled;
"My soul is in the sky:
"Tongue, loose thy light!
"Moon, take thy flight!
"Now die, die, die, die, die."

Die.—Exit Moonshine.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one. Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.
The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by star-light,—Here she comes; and her passion costs 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 note will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lyt. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she means, videlicet.—

This. "'Asleep, my love?"

"What, dead, my love?"

"O Pyramus, arise,"

"Speak, speak. Quite dumb?"

"Dead, dead? A tomb"

"Must cover thy sweet eyes;"

"These lily lips,"

"This cherry nose,"

"These yellow cowalip cheeks,"

"Are gone, are gone:"

"Lovers, make moon!"

"His eyes were green as becks."

"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, breast-nude:"

"And farewell, friends:—"

"Thus Thisbe ends:"

"Adieu, adieu, adieu."  [Dies.

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dom. 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.

[Here a dance of Clowns.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fair time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable gross play hath well beguill'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.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,

And the wolf bewails the moon;

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,

All with weary task forborne.

Now the wasted brands do glow,

Whilst the scratch-owl, scratching 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 rue

By the triple He-cat's team,

From the presence of the sun,

Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolic; not a mouse

Shall disturb this hallow'd house:

I am sent, with broom, before,

To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania, with their train.

Obe. Through this house give glistening 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 daunce it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote:

To each word a warbling note.

Hand in hand, with fairy grace,

Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

Obe. 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 plots of nature's hand

Shall not in their issue stand;

Never mole, bare-lip, nor scar,

Nor mark prodigious, such as are

Despised in nativity,

Shall upon their children be.—

With this field dew consecrate,

Every fairy take his gait;

And each several chamber bless,

Through this palace with sweet peace:

Ever shall in safety rest,

And the owner of it blest.

Trip away:

Make no stay:

Meet me all by break of day.

[Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.

Puck. If we shadows have offended,

Think but this, (and all is mended,)—

That you have but slumber'd here,

While these visions did appear.

And this weak and idle theme,

No more yielding but a dream,

Gentles, do not reprehend;

If you pardon, we will mend.

And, as I am an honest Puck,

If we have unearned luck

Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,

We will make amends, ere long:

Else the Puck a liar call.

So, good night unto you all,

Give me your hands, if we be friends,

And Robin shall restore amends.  [Exit.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Published in 1594. Mr. Malone supposes this play to have been written in 1594. The title page in the quarto states it to have been newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare, and perhaps these corrections and augmentations constituted his only share of the production.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.
BIRON, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, Lords, attending on
the King.
BOYET, MERCIAU, Lords, attending on the Princess
of France.
DON ADRIANO DE ARMANO, a fantastical Spaniard.
Sir NATHANIEL, a curate.
HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.
DULL, a constable.
COSTARD, a clown.
NURSE, page to Armado.
A FORSTER.
PRINCESSES OF FRANCE.
ROXALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, Ladies, attending on
the Princess.
JAQUENETTA, a country wench.
Officers and others, Attendants on the King
and Princess.

SCENE.—NAVARRE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. A Park, with a Palace in it.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registred upon our brazen tomb,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death.
When, spite of corneorant devouing time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall hate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here;
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 oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean rates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.
Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and she,
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 to know the thing I am forbid to know,
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:
Q, these are barren things, 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 swear to that, Biron, and to the rest.
Biron. By and by, 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,
Swell, to break it, and not break my truth.
If study's gain be thus, and yet the be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know.
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.
King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain: y'ain,
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eye-sight 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 to be so,
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heel,
And give him light that was it blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit 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!
LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

Dum. Proceed well, to stop all good proceeding.
Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weed.
Biron. The spring is near, when green greece are a
Dum. How follows that? [breeding.
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhyme.
Long. Biron is like an envious snapping frost,
That beed the first-born infants of the spring.
Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud sum-
mer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an 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, to study how it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.
King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron; adieu! I
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 confidently I'll keep what I have swore,
And hide the penny 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.—
Must this this been proch'im? [Four days ago.
Long. Biron, Let's see the penalty.
[Reads.]—On pain of losing her tongue.—
Who devi'd this?
Long. Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why?
Long. It, well behind them here, with that dread penalty.
Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.
[Reads.] Item, If any man be seen to talk with a
woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such
public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For well you know, here comes in embassy
The French King's daughter with yourself to speak,—
And therefore, sir, I rise in your Grace's presence.
About surrender-up of Aquitania.
To her decrep't, sick, and bed-ridd father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admiring princess hither.
King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite
Biron. So study evermore is over-shot; [forgot.
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire: so won, so lost.
King. We must, of force, dispense with this de-
She must lie here on mere necessity.
[ere;
Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years!
For every man with his affairs is born;
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name: [Subscribers.
And he that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attendant of eternal shame:
Suggestions are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth;
I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted?
King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is
With a refined traveller of Spains bright;
[haunted
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain
One, whom the music of his own vane 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 bright.
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tanwy Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrous wight,
A man of fire-now 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, this fellow; What would't?
Dull. This, this person, he is my own person, for I am
This grace's tharborough: but I would see his
own person in flesh and blood.
Biron. This be.
Dull. Sigoio Armé—Armé—commends you.
There's villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.
Cost. Sir, the contents thereof are as touching me.
King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
Biron. Low sover, the matter, I hope in God
for high words.
Long. A high hope for a low having: God grant
us patience!
Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?
Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderate-
ly; or to forbear both.
Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us
cause to climb in the merriness.
Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Ja-
quenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the
manner.
Biron. In what manner?
Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those
three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting
with her upon the form, and taken following her
into the park; which, put together, is in manner and
form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the
manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,
in some form.
Biron. For the following, sir?
Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; And
God defend the right?
King. Will you hear this letter with attention?
Biron. As we would hear an oracle.
Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after
the flesh.
King. [Reads.] Great deity, the welkin's vice-
rent, and sole dominator of Nature, my soul's earth's
God, and body's fostering patron,—
Cost. Of other man's Costard yet.
King. So it is;—
Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in
telling true, but so, so.
King. Peace.
Cost. —be mine, and every man that dares not fight!
King. No words.
Cost. —not other men's secrets, I beseech you.
King. So it is, besieg'd with sable-coloured melan-
choly, I did command the black-oppressing humour to
ACT I.—SCENE II.

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Another part of the same. Armado's House.

Enter Armado and Moth.

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 inp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou then part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Which is my tender 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 longh.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir; I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. Is thy condivg praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou hearest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him.

[Aside. 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 tapaster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross suit of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study?

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. To prove you a cipher. [Aside. 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 repro-
bait 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
man 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. Sampson, master; he was a man of good
carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-
gate his back, like a porter; and he was in love.
Arm. O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Samp-
son! I do excel thee in my rapiers, as much as thou
didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too,—Who
was Sampson'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, Sampson had
small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her
wit.
Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.
Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.
Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked
under such colours.
Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.
Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue
assist me.
Arm. Sweet invitations of a child; most pretty,
and pathetical!

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 shewn:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of
white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and
the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad
some three ages since: but, I think now 'tis not to be
found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the
writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that
I may example my digression by some mighty pre-
cedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I look
in the park with the rational hind Costard; she de-
serves well.

Moth. To be whipped; and yet a better love than
my master. [Aside.

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 Dell, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep
Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight,
nor no painence; 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.

Jag. Man.
Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jag. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jag. Lord, how wise are you?
Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jag. With that face?
Arm. I love thee.

Jag. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jag. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[Exeunt Dell, 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.

[Exeunt Moth and Costard.

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base,
where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot,
which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forewarned,
(which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love:
And how can that be true love, which is falsely at-
tempered? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there
is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so
tempted; and he had an excellent strength; yet was
Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit.
Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Herencles' club,
and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapiers.
The first and second cause will not serve my turn;
the passado he respects not, the duello he regards
not; his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory
is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapiers! be
still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he
lovest. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme,
for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneeter. Deviso wit;
write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same. A Pavillion
and tents; a distance.

Enter the Prince of France, Rosaline, Marie,
Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest
Consider who the king your father sends; [spirits;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre hath notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors in oath,
Were all address’d to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you to the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

Enter King, Longaville, Duman, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

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 wild 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. Hears he, dear lady; I have swor’n an oath.

Prin. Our lady help my lord! he shall be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is. [Exit.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:
’Tis daily 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 beseecheth 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.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you’ll prove perfidious, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then
To ask the question?

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. ’Is long of you that spur me with such questions.

[will tire.

Biron. Your wit’s too hot, it speeds too fast,

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time of day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befal your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Dispensed by my father in his wars;
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,) 
Received ’tis 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 the one half wags 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 withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than 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, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Boyet. 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, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd.
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again. [Grace]

Prin. Sweet health; and fair desires consort your
King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[Exit KREUZ, and his train.

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my 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 heart.
Ros. Alack, is it bad?

Biron. Would that it do it good!
Ros. My physic says, I.

Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?
Ros. No payt, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life.
Ros. And yours from long living.

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alencon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

[Exit.

Long. I beseech you a word; What is she in the white
[light.

Boyet. I mean sometimes, as you saw her in the
Long. Perchance, light in the light; I desire her
name.
[were a shame.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that,
Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.
Long. God's blessing on your head!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Faltrackridge.
Long. Nay, my choleric is cured.
She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [Exit Long.

Biron. What's her name, in the cap?

Boyet. Katherine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit Biron.—Ladies unmask.

Mar. The last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to
Mar. Two hot sheeps, merry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; shall that finish
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [the jest?

Prin. Not so, gentle beast;
My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be laureling; but, gentle,
The civil war of wits were much better used [agree:
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,) By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Decieve not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason.

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
 Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye, As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy; [glass'd,
Who, tendering their own worth, from where they were
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did quote such amazens,
That all eyes did his eyes enchant'd with gazes:
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed—
Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye
I only have made a mouth of his eye, [hath disclos'd:
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and earns money
Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same.

Enter ARMADO and MOITH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.
Moth. _Conclineth._

[Singing.]  
**Arm.** Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years! take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festively hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love. [Exit.]  

_Moth._ Master, will you win your love with a French _Arm._ How mean'st thou? brawling in French?  

_Moth._ No, my complete master: but to jog off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-idee; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by snuffling love; with your hat penthouse-like, over the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are compliments, these are honours; these betry nice wenches—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 penny 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.  

_Moth._ And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all. [a letter.]  

**Arm._ Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me.  

_Moth._ What meanest thou sympathized; a horse to be embassador 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._ Mistime, honestmaster; 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 fr'd from a gun?  

**Arm._ Sweet smoke of rhetoric!  

He reproves me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—  

_I shoot thee at the swain._  

_Moth._ Thump then, and I fce. [Exit.]  

**Arm._ A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!  

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face: Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.  

_My herald is return'd._

**Re-enter Moth and Costard._

_Moth._ A wonder, master: here's a Costard broken in a shin

**Arm._ Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy _l'envoy_;—begin.  

_Cost._ No egma, no riddle, no _l'envoy_; no salve in them all, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no _l'envoy_, no _l'envoy_, no salve, sir, but a plantain!  

**Arm._ By virtue, thou laurel-laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Both the inconsiderate take salve for _l'envoy_, and the word, _l'envoy_, for a salve!  

_Moth._ Do the wise think them other? is not _l'envoy_ a salve, as I make plain.  

_Cost._ No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to some obscure precedence that hath before been said. I will example it:  

_The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,_  

_We're still at odds, being but three._  

_There's the moral: Now the _l'envoy._  

_Moth._ I will add the _l'envoy_. say the moral again.  

**Arm._ The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,_  

_We're still at odds, being but three;_  

_Moth._ Until the goose came out of door,  

_And stay'd the odds by adding four._  

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my _l'envoy._  

_The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,_  

_We're still at odds, being but three;_  

_Moth._ Until the goose came out of door,  

_Staying the odds by adding four._  

_Cost._ A good _l'envoy_, ending in the goose; Would you desire more?  

_Cost._ The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,  

Sir, your pennworth is good, an your goose be fat.—  

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose.  

Let me see a fat _l'envoy_; ay, that's a fat goose.  

**Arm._ Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?  

_Moth._ By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.  

_Then call'd you for the _l'envoy_.  

_Cost._ True, and I for a plantain: Thus came your argument in;  

_Then the boy's fat _l'envoy_, the goose that you bought;  

And he ended the market._  

**Arm._ But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?  

_Moth._ I will tell you sensibly.  

_Cost._ Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that _l'envoy._  

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,  

Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin._  

**Arm._ We will talk no more of this matter.  

_Cost._ Till there he more matter in the shin.  

**Arm._ Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.  

_Cost._ O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some _l'envoy_, some goose, in this._  

**Arm._ By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.  

_Cost._ True, true; and now you will be my purga-  

_ tion, and let me loose._  

**Arm._ I give thee thy liberty, set thee from dur-  

_ance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing  

but this: Bear this significant to the country maid  

Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [giving him _money._] for the best ward of mine honour, is, re- 

warding my dependents. Moth, follow. [Exit._  

_Moth._ Like the sequel, I.——Signior Costard, adieu._  

_Cost._ My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incroy-  

_babe! [Exit Morri._  

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remunera-  

tion! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings:
three farthings—remuneration.—What’s the price of this tinkle? 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 carat'ion ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?
Biron. What is a remuneration?
Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.
Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.
Cost. I thank your worship: God he with you!
Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.
Cost. When would you have it done, sir?
Biron. O, this afternoon.
Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.
Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.
Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.
Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.
Cost. Will come to your worship to-morrow morning.
Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:—
The princess comes to hunt here in the park, And in her train there is a gentle lady; [name, When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her And Rosaline they call; ask for her; And to her white hand see thou do commend This seal’d-up counsel. There’s thy guerdon; go.

Cost. Guerdon.—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Guerdon
—remuneration.

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love’s whip;
A very beadle to a humours sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o’er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This, this senior-junior, giant heart, Dan Cudip,
Regent of love-rythmes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of signs and groans,
Lige of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of 픽لك스, king of codpieces,
Sole emperor, and great general
Of trotting paritors, O my little heart!—
And to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler’s hoop:
What? I! 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 whitely 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 eunuch and her guard:
And to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will importune 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.

ACT IV.

SCENE L.—Another part of the same.

Enter the Princes, Rosaline, Maria, Katherine, Boyle, Lords, Attendants, and e Forestier.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr’d his horse so Against the steep uprising of the hill? [hard Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not be.
Prin. Whoe’er he was, he shew’d a mounting mind. Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch; On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forestier, my friend, where is the bush, That we must stand and play the murderer in.
For, Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppie; A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot, And thereupon thou speak’st, the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what! first praise me, and again say,
O short-lived pride! Not fair! slack for wee! [oo!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise I must mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;

[Giving him money,
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. Sue, see, my beauty will be sav’d by merit
O heresy in fair, 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’;
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of her distracted errors.
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.
Boyle. Do not curse 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 common-wealth.
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. [his truth.
Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth
An your waist, mistresse, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maid’s girdles for your waist should be
Her.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest
Prin. What’s your will, sir! what’s your will?
Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

[Of mine:
Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he’s a good friend
Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

[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:
ACT IV.—SCENE II.

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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 bounteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fair than fair, beautiful than beautiful; truer than truth itself have commotion on thy Heretical Vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrious king Copheus set eyes upon the precious and indubitable beggar Zenepollion; and he it was that might right say, veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlect, 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; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; 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: thou, the beggar; for so witnesseth thou baseness. Shall I command thee love? I may; Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thee love? I will. What shall thou exchange for vagabonds? For tittles; titles: For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I confesse my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the name of the king.

DON ARDIANO DE ARMAZO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar 'Gainst 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 inditted this letter? [better] What vane? what weather-cock? did ever thou hear Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the style. [while]

Prin. Else thy memory is bad, going o'er it ere Boyet. This Armazo is a Spanishid, that keeps here in court; A phantasm, a Monarch, 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 should'st thou give it? Cost. From my lord to my lady. Prin. From which lord, to which lady? Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine; To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline. [away]

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day. [Exit Princess and train.

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor? Ros. Shall I teach you to know? Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off! [marry]

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horses; but, if thou hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry, Finely put on! [endear]

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your dear? Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself; come Finely put on, indeed! [near]

Mer. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now? Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, kiss it, hit it; [Singing Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot, An I cannot, another can.

[Exit ROS. and KATRIN.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did I did hit it.

Mer. A mark marvellous well shot: for they both Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, at mete if, it may be. Mer. Wide o' the bow hand! if thy hand is at the clout.

Cost. Indeed, a must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, believe your hand is in.

[the pin.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving Mer. Come, come, you talk rashly, your lips grow foul. [lenege her to bowl.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; chal Boyet. I fear too much roughing; Good night my [deep good owl. [Exit BOYET and MAJN.

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 inconcey vulgar wit! [were, so fit.

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it Armatho o' the one side.—O, a most dainty man! To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fae To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a will swear!—

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit! Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit! Sola, sola! [Shouting within.

[Exit COSTARD, running.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

NATH. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the
testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in sanguis,— blood; ripe as a pommeater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of ocel.—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of terre,—the soild, the land, the earth.

NATH. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweety 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. 'Twas not a haud credo; 'twaas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of in- insiation, as it were, in vie, in way, of explication; fascere, as it were, replication, or, rather, utenture, to shew, as it were, his inclination,—after his undress ed, unpolished, uneducated, untrained, or rather unlettered, or rather unconstituted, in unconformed 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 coetus! O thou monster ignorance, how dost thou let thou look! Nath. Sir, he hath never feel of the daunties 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, only sensible in the duffer parts;
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be
(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify more than he.
For as it would till become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
[a school: So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in But, once bene, say 1; being of an old father's mind, Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.
Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?
Hol. Dictyenna, good man Dull; Dictyenna, good man Dull.
Dull. What is Dictyenna?
Nath. A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.
Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;
And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five-
The allusion holds in the exchange.
Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the allusion 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 for, why beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.
Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epithap 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 shall I excuse you to abrogate securitly.
Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility,
The praiseful princes pirc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket; [with shooting.
Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore
The dogs did yell; put i to sore then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, sore, or else sore; the people fall a howling.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; Osore L!
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.
Nath. A rare talent!
Dull. If a talent be a claw, how he claws him with a talent.
Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple:
A foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the vestriecle of memory, nourish'd in the wond of pia mater; and deliver'd 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 tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.
Hol. Meherce, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, vir sopit, qui paene liqucat: a soul female saluteth us.

Enter Jacquesetta and Costard.

Jacq. God give you good morrow, master person.
Hol. Master person, — quasi pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?
Cost. Master, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hog's head.

Hol. Of piercing a hog's head! 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.
Jacq. God 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. Fanste, precor getild quando pecas onne sub umbra
Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice: —

VINCE,

Chi non te vede, et non te prega.

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, donatia.

Nath. If love make me forsowen, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed! Though to myself forsowen, 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 thine eyes;
Where all those pleasures live, that art would benedict.
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 in lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!
Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so mass the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poetry, care,
Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the edifierious flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Ismari, is nothing: so doth the bound his master, the ape hiskeeper, the tired horse his rider. But donnasilla virgin, was this deditio to you?
Jacq. Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.
Hol. I will overglance the superscript. To the snow-white hand of the most beautiful Lady Rosaline, I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto.

Your Ladyship's in all desired employment, Biron. Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of 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 command, I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jacq. Good Costard, go with me. — Sir, God save your life!
Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[Exeunt Cost. and Jacq.]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith —
Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear co-
lourable colours. But, to return to the verses; Did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellos well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the fore-said 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, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it,—Sir, [to Dulc.] I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentlemen are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another part of the same.

Enter Biron, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toll; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch that defiles it! a foul word. Well, Set thee there, heavens I sorrow! for so they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again on my side! I will not love: if I do hang me; if faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye. I would not love her; yes, fou her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sons already; the clown bore it, the fool seat it, and the lady hath it; sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan. [Gets up into a tree.

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ah me!

Biron. [Aside.] Shot by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left page:—I'faith secrets.—

King. [Reads.] So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not, To those fresh morning drops upon the rose, At the eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows: Nor shines the silver moon half so bright Through the transparent boughs of the deep, As doth thy face through tears of mine give light: Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep; No drop but as a coach doth carry thee, So rides thou triumphing in my soul: Do but behold the tears that swell in me, And they thy glory through my grief will show: But do not love thyself: then thou wilt keep My tears for glasses, and still make me weep. O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel! No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell,— How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper; Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here? [Steps aside.

Enter Longaville, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more foul, appear! [Aside.

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers. [Aside.

King. In love, I hope, sweet fellowship in shame! [Aside.

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name. [Aside.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so? Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know: Thou mak'st the trumitarian, the corner cap of society, The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity. [move:

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear and write in prose.

Biron. [Aside.] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Disguise not his slop. [Cupid's hose: Long. This same shall go. He reads the sonnet.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye (Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,) Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for thee broke, deserve not punishment.

A woman I foreswear; but, I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I foresware not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gain'd, ensues all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhalest this vapour now; in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

If by me broke. What foot is not so wise.

To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. [Aside.] This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity:—

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry. [way.

God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the

Enter Dumiain, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [Stepping aside.

Biron. [Aside.] All bid, all bid, an old infant play;

Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

More sack's to the mill! O heavens I have my wish; Dumiain transform'd: four wood-cocks in a dish! Duni. O most divine Kate! Biron. O most prophane cockcomb! [Aside. Dumiain. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye! Biron. By earth she is but corporal: there you lie. [Aside. Dumiain. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted. Biron. An amber-coloured raven was well noted. [Aside. Dumiain. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say; Her shoulder is with child.

[Aside.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [Aside. Dumi. O that I had my wish! Long. And I had mine! [Aside. Biron. And I mine too, good lord! [Aside. Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good thing? [Aside. Dumiain. I would forget her; but a fever she Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be. Biron. A fever in your blood, why, then incision
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Would let her out in saucers; sweet misprision!

[Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary

[Dum. On a day, (aock the day!)

Love, whose mouth is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wat'rous air:
Through the veiled leaves the wind,
All unseen, you passage find;
That the bough to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alack, my hand is worn,
Nè'er to pluck thee from thy thor'n:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth so op't to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am averse for thee:
Thou for whom even Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiopian; 
And deny myself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true and tender pain.
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'od note;
For now offend, where all alike do dote.
Long, Dumain, [advancing:] thy love is far from
That in love's grief desir'd society.
Charity, you may look pale, but 1 should blush, I know,
To be o'erlooked, and taken plying so.
King. Come, sir, [advancing:] you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet 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 I did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;
Saw sighs rek'n from you, noted well your passion:
Ah me! says one; O Jove! 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 Dumain.

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
A faith infringing'd, such a 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 keep so much by me.
Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me:
[Descends from the tree.

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love!
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears,
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are not you ashamed? I say, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mot; the king your mot did see;
But I a beam do find in each of thee,
Of sights, of groans, of sorrow, and of ten!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a goat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gigot.

And profound Solomon to tune a jigg,
And Nester play at push-pin with the boys,
And critie Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my hege's! all about the beast:
A candle, ho! 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 moon-like men, of strange inconstancy,
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time,
In prining me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb!—

King. Soft; Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gally's so?
Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the king!
King. What present hast thou there?
Cost. Some certain treason.
King. What makes treason here?
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
King. If it mar 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; twas treason, he said.
King. Biron, read it over. [Giving him the letter.

Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. From a fellow.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dan Adramadio, Dan Adramatio. [it?
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou fear
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs
not fear it. [let's hear it.
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and he, as you see,
[Pick up the pieces.
Biron. Ah, you whoreson loghead, [to Costard you were born to do me shame.

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.
King. What? [up the mess;
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make
me, he, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four.
Will these turtles be gone?
King. Hence, sirs; away.
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors
[Excuse Cost. and Jaquenett.
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 shew his face;
Young blood will not 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 rest lines move some love
of thine?—Evelyn Rosaline,
Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the hea-
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Biron Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?

Act IV Sc. 2
ACT IV.—SCENE III.

That, like a rude and savage man of Isla,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, strucken 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 real, what fury, hath inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star, scarce seen alight.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexities the cul'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.
Lead me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fye, 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,
A bishop's nun, and a monk's Laos brother eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born.
And gives the erudite the child's infancy.
O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood would felnecity.
O, she would give us the answer to her book?
That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack;
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full of black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dangerous, and the scowl of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils most meanly that would resemble spirits of.
O, if in black my lady's brows he deck,
[Light.] It morns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would aver the praise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her beauty.
Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.
Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.
[Crack.
King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Devils most meanly that would resemble spirits of.
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
King. Were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day. [plain,
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she,
Dum. I never knew man bold vile stuff so dear.
Long. Lock, here's thy love; my foot and her face sex.
[Shewing his shoe.
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
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn. [prove
Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quilletts, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. O, 'tis more than need—
Have at you then, affiction'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 vowed 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,
Whence doth spring the true Prometheus fire
Why, universal) pledging 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 earer of your vow:
For who is any other eye when the world?
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself;
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
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 ye, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Shew a harvest of their labour poor;
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured 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 blessing to the eye;
A lover's eye 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 cocked snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valor, who was ever valiant for himself?
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 drowsy with the harmony.
Never darst poet touch a pen to write,
'Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Prometheus fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in ought proves excellent:
Then fools you were these women to enforce;
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 our eyes to see and find out:
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.

M 2
LOVE’S LABOUR’S LOST.

It is religion to be thus forsworn:
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And they that can no more from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them,

Pells-mell, down with them! but be first advis’d,

Long. To own plain dealing; lay these glories by;
Shall you assist to work these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise

Some entertainment for them in their tents. [ther;

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thi-
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,

That will be time, and may but be fitted.

Biron. Alons! Alons!—Saw’d cockle reap’d no corn;

And justice always whirs in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;

If so, our copper buyes no better treasure. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. Satis quid sufficat.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at

dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant
without servility, witty without affectation, audacious
without impudence, learned without opinion, and
strange without heresy. I did converse this guanoud
day with a companion of the king’s, who is intimated,
nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Non hominum tantum te: His humour is
lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue fired, his
eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general
behaviour vain, ridiculous, and brachial. He is too
nicely too, so proue, too affected, too odd, as it
were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Take out his table book.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity
finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such
fanatical fantasies, such insociable and point-devise
companions; such rackers of orthography, as to

speak, dunt, fine, when he should say, don’t; det,
when he should, pronounce doubt; d. e. b. t; not
t. e. t.; he cephal a calf, can’t; half, hauf; neigh-
bour, vecot, nebour, neigh, abbrevitated, ne: This
is abominable, (which he would call abominable,) it
insinuates me of insanee; Na intelligis domine? to
make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Luns Deo bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone?—Bone for bone: Priscian a little
scratch’d; I will serve.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Nath. Videste quis visuit?

Hol. Vides, et guiones.

Arm. Chirn!

[To Moth.

Hol. Quare chirna, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter’d.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great deal of

languages, and stolen the scraps. [To Costard aside.

Cost. O they have lived long in 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
honorum liber tantidem: thou art easier swallowed
than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Hol. Mousiere, [to Hol.] are you not letter’d?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:—

What is a b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Eat, puertia, with a horn added.

Moth. He is but a 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: ; u, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean,

a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit; snip, snap,
quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer’d by a child to an old man; which is
wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like a infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will
whip about your infancy circum circa; A gig of a
cuckold’s horn.

Cost. As I had but one penny in the world thou
shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there
is half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion.

O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou
hadst art such a friend! what a joyful father wouldst
thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad dughill, at
the fingers’ ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dughill for unguem.

Arm. Arts-man, praebambula; we will be singled
from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at
the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, most, 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 multi-
tude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir,
is liable, congruous and advisable for the afternoon:

the word is well call’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, very good friend. —For
what is inward between us, let it pass: —I do beseech
thee, remember thy courtesy; —I beseech thee, ap-
pal thy head; —and amongst other impomtante and
most serious bargain, —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 mustachio:
bout, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I re-
count 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 im-
prove secrecy,—that the king would have me present
the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful osten-
tation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work.

Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet
self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking
out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal,
to the end to crave your assistance.
ACT V.—SCENE II.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrious, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Macabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Darnel, 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 strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Arm. What excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry: well done, Hercules! now thou crum'st the snake! that is the way to make an audience 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! An I shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Yea, Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Alas, we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabour to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.

Rosal. 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?

Prince. Nothing, but this lyes, as much love in rhyme,

As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax;

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he 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 have 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 bear the light, by taking it in snuffs.

Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.

Prince. Well banded both; a set of wit well play'd.

But Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew?

An if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:

The numbers true; and, were the number ring too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairies.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Prince. Any thing like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prince. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.


Ros. Dost think it so? thou dost not think it so. I have a lasting love to me:

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover;

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prince. I think no less: Dost thou not wish in heart,

The discourses or the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prince. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron! I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week!

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And make him say his prodigal acts in heartless rhymes:

And shape his service wholly to my behests;

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

So potent-like would I o'erways his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prince. None are so surely caught, when they are exact

As wit that's fool'd: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;

Andwit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,

As gravity's revolt to wantoness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,

As folly in the wise, when wit doth dote.

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prince. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.


Arm. Wenchens, arm! arm! encounters mounted are

Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:

Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prince. Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid! What are they,

That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:
When lo! to interrupt my purport'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address
The king and his companions: variably
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 con'd his embauscage:
Action and accent, did they teach them there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
For, quoth the king, An angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not this, but speak audaciously.
The buy reply'd, An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;
Making the bold way by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fierc'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoken before:
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, Via! we will do't, come what will come:
The third he caper'd and cried, as it 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 solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,
Their purpose is, to parole, to court, and dance;
And every one his love-feat 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,
Design 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.—

Rose. And change your favours too:—so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceive'd by these your guesses.
Rose. Come on the scene: 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 mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbossom 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.
Rose. 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 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contemn 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.

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers come.

Enter the King, Biron, Longavile, and Dumain,
in Russian habits, and masked; Moth, Musicians,
and Attendants.

Moth. All hail the richest beauties on the earth!
Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dams,
That ever turn'd their backs to him.

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out—

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not answer to that ephephet,
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers I know their purpose?

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?
Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measure'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.
Boyet. They say that they have measure'd many a
To tread a measure with you on this grass. [mike.
Ros. It is not so: ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measure'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither you have measure'd miles,
And many miles; the princess bids you tell,
How many inches doe fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without acc ramp.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine.
(Those clouds remov'd,) upon our watery eyene.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, to our measure do but vouchsafe one change:
Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then: say, you must do it soon.

[Musick plays.

Not yet,—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?

Chang'd. Ros. You took the moon at full: but now she's
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

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:—
Court'ly, 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 com-
Ros. Yee our 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-handied mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice.)
Metheglin, wort, and malmsay;—Well run, dice!–
There is half a dozen sweet.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu! Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.
Prin. Gall! bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[They converse apart.
Dum. Will you voues safe with me to change a
Mar. Name it.
[Word?
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. 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. Yeal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a
Long. A calf, fair lady? [call?
Kath. No, a fair lord call.
Long. Let's part the word.
Kath. No, I'll not be your half;
Take all, and wear it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
Will you give horns, chaste lady? I do not so. [mocks
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.
Boget. 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
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
[break off.
Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off;
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff.
King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits
[Exit King, Lords, Music, & Attendants.
Prin. Twenty abusers, my frozen Muscovites.—
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Boget. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths
puff'd out.
Ros. Well-likeing wits they have; gross, gross; fat
Poor poverty in wit, kingly-poor hout! [fat
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. Duman was at my service, and his sword:
No point, quoth I; my servant straight was more.
Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps, in good faith.
Prin. Go, sickness as thou art.
Ros. Well, betterwits have worn plain statutes.
But will you hear! the king is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mar. Duman is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
Boget. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes. I can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boget. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lane with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
—stood.
Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be under-
Boget. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud;
Dismak'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn,
Are augels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
Prin. Avant, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd;
Let us complain to them what foods were hore,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prolonge vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.
Boget. Ladies, withdraw these; the galants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our tents, as rays run over land.
[Exit Princess, Ros, Kath, and Maria.
Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Duman,
in their proper habits.
King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the prin-
cess?
Boget. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boget. I will; and so will she, I know my lord.
[Exit.
Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utter it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pellar; and retails his wares
At wakes, and vassels, 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 puts the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courteous:
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and, lo ushering,
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 shew his teeth as white as whales' bone:
And conscience, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blaster on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the Princess, ushered by Boyet; Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, and Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?
King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Biron. For, in all hail, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Biron. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.

Biron. This field shall hold me; and so hold your

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men. [vow:
King. Repute me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Biron. You nick-name virtue: vice you should have
spoken;
For virtue's office never breaks men's truth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the asuullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
That God would not yield to be your house guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you live liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Biron. 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.


Biron. 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 the days,) in
courtesy, gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted here with four
To Russian habit; her, and I, staid an hour
And talk'd pace; 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
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.

Biron. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. I, I own yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse of her, she shoul'd the better face.

King. We are deseri'd: they'll mock us now down-
Dun. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest. [right.

Pri. Amaz'd, my lord, why looks your highness sad?
Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why
look you pale?—

Sea-seek, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for per-
Can any face of brass hold longer out? [jury.
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit,
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O! never will I trust to speeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in visor to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, as a blind harper's song:
Taffata parrot, silken, precise, clear,
That pil'd hyperboles, spruce affection,
Figures pedantical; these summer-sites
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 working mind shall be express'd
In recent years, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sana, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:—
Write, Lord's, and Alas, never on the three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see. [us.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to
Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so; For how can this be true,
That you are, and 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 trans-
Some fair excuse. [gression.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Ros. Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?
Biron. Madam, I was.

Pri. And were you well advis'd?
King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here
What did you whisper in your lady's ear? [her.
King. That more than all the world I did respect

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will
King. Upon mine honour, no; [reject her,
Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will: and therefore keep it.—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight: and did value me
Above the world: but take theroeto, 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. [troth,
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;
I 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 twin.—
ACT V.—SCENE II.

I see the trick on’t;—Here was a consent, (Knowing beforehand of our erriment.)
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please man, some slight zany,
Someumble news, some treacher-knight, some Dick,—
That smiles his cheek in years; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she’s disposed—
Told our intents before: which once disclosed,
The ladies did change faces; and then we,
Following the signs, would 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 treacher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: Go, you are allowed;—
Die when you will, a smack shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there’s an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Biron. Full merrily
I 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 varie fine,
For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine. [is not so:
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it.
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we
know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Biron. Is not nine.
Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Cost. O Lord, sir, if were pity you should get
your living by reckoning.
Biron. How much is it?
Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the
actors, sir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount:
for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one
man,—e’en one poor man; Pompion the great, sir.
Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?
Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of
Pompiion the great: for mine own part, I know not
the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.
Biron. Go, bid then 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, sir. [Some palpery
Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and ’tis
To have one show worse than the king’s and his
King. I say, they shall not come. [company.
Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o’er rule you now?
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.
Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armando.
Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy
royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.
[Armando converses with the King, and delivers
Him a paper.
Prin. Doth this man serve God?
Biron. Why ask you?
Prin. He speaks not like a man of God’s making.
Arm. That’s all one, my fair, sweet, honey-mo-
urch: 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 complemt!
[Exit Armando.
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;
Armando’s page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Ma-
chabaeus.
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 deceiv’d, ’tis not so.
Biron. The pedant, the bragget, the hedge-priest
the fool, and the boy:—
Abate a throw at novium; and the whole world again,
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein,
King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes again.
[Seats brought for the King, Princess, &c.

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter Costard arm’d, for Pompey.
Cost. I Pompey am,—
Boyet. You lie, you are not he
Cost. I Pompey am, —
Boyet. With libbard’s head on knee.
Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be
friends with thee.
Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey sur nam’d the big.—
Dem. The great.
Cost. It is great, sir;—Pompey sur nam’d the great:
That oft in held, with targe and shield, did make my
sio to sweat: [sion
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lust of
France. [done.
If your Lordship would say, Thanks, Pompey, I had
Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.
Cost. ’Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was
perfect: I made a little fault in, great.
Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the
best worthy.

Enter Nathaniel arm’d, for Alexander.
Nath. When in the world I liv’d, I was the world’s
commander; —[ing might:
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquer-
ly’s scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alixander.
Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it
stands too right. [smelling knight.
Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-
Prin. The conqueror is dismay’d: Proceed, good
Alexander. [commander;
Nath. When in the world I liv’d, I was the world’s
Boyet. Most true, ’tis right; you were so, Alixander.
Biron. Pompey the great,
Cost. Our parent, and Costard. [sander.
Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Ali-
Cost. O, sir, [To Nath.] you have overthrown
Alixander the conqueror! You will be scraped out
of the painted cloth for this: your liein, that holds
his poll are sitting on a close stool, will be given to
A-jay: he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! run away for shame, Alidand. [Nay, nay! They can't shall please you; a fool-dy mild man; an honest man, look you, and so don't! He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alidand, alas, you see, how 'tis:—a little o'erparted:—But there are worthes coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Pri. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofemnes arm'd, for Judea; and Moth arm'd, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Holofemnes is prevented by this imp.

If houseclub killed Cerberus, that three-handed canus;
And, when he was a bole, a child, a shrew,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:
Quonian, he seemeth in minority;
Ego, I come with this apology.—
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [Exit Morn.

Hol. Judas, I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not hecquarit, sir.

Judas I am, yeilded Machabaeus.

Dum. Judas Machabaeus elipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor:— How art thou prov'd

Hol. Judas, I am,—

Judas! [Judas!]

Hol. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Biron. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder. [elder.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hanged on an

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Biron. A clitter head.

Dum. The head of a bokein.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Hol. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Biron. The pommel of Caesar's fanlechion.

Dum. The carve'd face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half check 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.

Biron. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And so aside, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude:—give it him

Judas, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Biron. A light for monarch Judas: it grows dark,

He may stumble. [United!.

Pri. Alas, poor Machabaeus, how hath he been

Enter Armano arm'd, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes

Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift:—

Dum. A better nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilium:

A man that breth'd, that certain he would fight, sea

From morrow till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

That mint.

Long.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rain thy tongue

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs

against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The swee: war-man is dead and rotten;

sweet cheeks, beat not the bones of the buried:

when he breath'd, he was a man:—But I will forward

with my device: Sweet royalty, to the Princess, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[Bynow whispers Costard.

Pri. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Biot. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may no' by the yard.

Arm. This Hector for summounted Hannibal,—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is
gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. And less you play the honest Trojan,

the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child

brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Doost thou inamoratize me among potenates? 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!

Biron. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd:—More Ares, more

Ares; stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in

his belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern

man; I'll slash; I'll do by the sword:—I pray you,

let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incense worthies.

Cost. I'll do it my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.

Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will
not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt;

I go woolward for penance.

Biot. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for

want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore

now, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that a

wears next his heart, for a favour,
Enter Mercadre.

Mer. God save you, madam!  

Prin. Welcome, Mercadre;  

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.  

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring,  

Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—  

Prin. Dead for my life.  

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.  

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath;  

I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[Exit Worthies.

King. How fares your majesty?  

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.  

King. Madam, not so, I do beseech you, stay.  

Prin. Prepare, I say—I thank you, gracious lords,  

For all your fair endeavours: and entreat,  

Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe  

In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,  

The liberal opposition of our spirits:  

If ever-boldly we have borne ourselves  

In the converse of breach, or vanity,  

Was vanity of it—Farewell, worthy lord!  

A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:  

Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks  

For my great suit so easily obtained.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form  

All causes to the purpose of his speed;  

And often, at his very base desiring you,  

That which long process could not arbitrate:  

And though the mourning brow of progeny  

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,  

The holy suit which faint it would convince;  

Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,  

Let not the cloud of sorrow jostle it  

From what it purposed: since to suit 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 double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of  

And by these badges understand the king. [grief;—  

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,  

That fond play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,  

Is by their defects deform'd us.  

Even to the opposed end of our intents;  

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—  

As love is full of unbefitting strains;  

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 misbecon'd 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 a sin,  

Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.  

Prin. We have now read your letters, full of love;  

Your favours, the embassadors 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, shew'd much more than  

Long. So did our looks.  

Jest.  

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 casual signs  

Have brought about their annual reckoning:  

If this austere insensible life  

Change not your offer made in heat of blood;  

If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,  

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  

But that it bear this trial, and last love;  

Then, at the expiration of the year.  

Come, and challenge me in these deserts.  

And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,  

I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut  

My woeful 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 entitling in the other's heart.  

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,  

To fatter 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 heard, fair health, and honesty;  

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.  

Dum. I thank you, I thank you, most noble wife!  

Kath. Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day  

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:  

Come when the king doth to my lady come,  

Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.  

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.  

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.  

Long. What says Maria?  

Merc. 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  

Merc. The liker you; fewer tallow are so young.  

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,  

Delight the window of my heart, mine eye,  

What humble suit attends thy answer there;  

Impose some service on me for thy love.  

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,  

Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue  

Proclaims you for a man repellet with mocks;  

Full of comparisons and wondering fonts;  

Which you on all estates will execute,  

That I 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,
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible;
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Rou. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fuels:
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 dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if you do not, I will, in that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befal what will bela,
I'll just a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

To the King.

King. No, madam: we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enters Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Arm. 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.

Enters Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard,
and others.

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the

one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo.

Ver. begin.

SONG.

Spring. I. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lily-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 aaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughman's clocks,
When turtles tread, and vooks 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!

Winter. III. When sires hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears legs into the half,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

To-who;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

IV. When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drousens the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs kiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

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.

In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure,
and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be con-
cluded that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar;
and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are

 tells they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered
through the whole many sparks of genius: nor is there any
play that has a more evident mark of the hand of Shakespeare.—

JOHNSON.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 2nd of July, 1596; but must have been exhibited before that time, as it was mentioned by Nabbes, in the First Folio, which was published early in the same year. The first known edition of this comedy is the quartino printed by J. K. for Thomas Heyes, 1597. It was most probably written in 1596. Mr. Malone places it three years earlier; but he has no authority to support his hypothesis, but a smile of Portia's—

"I thy music is
"As sweet as the flourish when true subjects how
"To a new crowned monarch."

This passage he supposes to refer to the recent coronation of Henry the Fourth of France, of which description was published in this country immediately after the event.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.

Prince of Morocco, 

Prince of Arragon, 

Bassanio, his friend.

Salano, Salarino, Gratiano, friends to Antonio and Bassanio.

LORENZO, in love with Jessica.

Shylock, a Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.

Launcelot Gobbo, a clown, servant to Shylock.

Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot.

Salerio, a messenger from Venice.

LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.

BALTHAZAR, STEPHANO, servants to Portia.

PORTIA, a rich heiress.

NERISSA, her waiting-maid.

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificences of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice.

Groomers, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia, on the Continent.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salano.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad; It wearies me; you say, it wearies you: But how I caught it, found it, or came by it, What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born, I am to learn; And such a want-wit sadness makes of me, That I have much ado to know myself. 

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean; There, where your argosies with portly sail,— Like ships and rich burghers of the flood, Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,— Do overpeer the petty traffickers, That curt'sy to them, do them reverence, As they fly by them with their woven wings. 

Salar. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth, The better part of my afflictions 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 over every object, that might make me fear Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt, Would make me sad. 

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Bass. I will not fail you.

Grat. 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; and a state, where every man must play a part, and mine a sad one.

Grat. 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 as an altar in a dank and smoky house? 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 maeste, 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 open my lips, let no dog bark! O, my Antonio, I do know of these, that therefore only are reputed wise, for saying nothing; who, I am very sure, if they should speak, would almost damn these ears, which, bearing 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’s gudgeon, this opinion.—Come, good Lorenzo: Fare ye well, a while; I’ll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time. I must be one of these same dumb wise men, for Gratiano never lets me speak.

Grat. Well, keep me company but two years more, then shall not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I’ll grow a talker for this gear.

Grat. Thanks, i’ faith; for silence is only commendable.

In a neat’s tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is this 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 shewing a more swelling port than my faint means would grant continuance: nor do I now make mean to be abridg’d from such a noble rate; but my chief care is, to come fairly off from the grace of 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 Bassiano, 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 unlook’d to your occasions, Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
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 who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, overname them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to 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 appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoie himself: I am much afraid, my lady his mother placed false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, And if you will not have me, choose: he hears merry tules, 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 see him caller to a death's head, than his month, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a monarch as well as a man: he hath a horse and a better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throat 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 require him.

Ner. What say you then to Faunecbridge, 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 pennyworth in this match of mine: But alas! who can converse with a dwarf 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: and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right one you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponde.

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 home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless, you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dole 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 Montefratt?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-maner 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 shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Venice. A public Place.

Enter BASSANO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats.—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months.—well. [be bound.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall Shy. Antonio shall become bound.—well.

Bass. May you succeed me? Will you have pleasure me? Shall I know your answer? [Antonio bound.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Shy. Your answer to that.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man. [stary?

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the con Shy. He, no, no, no, no,—my meaning, in say Shy. I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of Shy. You have assured me.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.
Shy, Yes, to small pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Naratite, conjured the devil into; I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following: but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [Aside.] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him, for he is a Christian: But more, for that, in low simplicity, he lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my 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 can count hardly in 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:—Is he yet possess'd, How much you would? Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so. Well then, your bond; and, let me see,—but hear you: Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow, Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep, This Jacob from our holy Abraham was (As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,) The third possessor; he was the bird. Ant. And what of him? did he take interest? Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say, Directly interest: mark what Jacob did. When Laban and himself were compromis'd, That all the earnings which were streaked, and pied, Should fall, as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank, In the end of autumn turned to the rams: And when the work of generation was Between these woolly brooders in the act, The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands, And, in the doing of the deed of kind, He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes; Who, then conceiving, did in 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 not in his power to bring to pass, But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven. Was this inserted 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. [aside.] Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose. An evil soul, producing holy witness, Is like a villain with the smiling cheek; A goodly apple rotten at the heart; O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats—'tis a good round sum Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beheld to you? Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft, In the Rialto you have rated me About my monies, and my usances: Still have I borne it with a patient shrug; For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe: You call me—infidel, cut-throat dog, And spit upon my Jewish gaberline, And all for use of that which is mine own. Well then, it now appears, you need my help: Go to then; you come to me, and you say, Shylock, we would have monies; You say so; You, that did void your ducats upon my beard, And foot me, as you spur a stranger on 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 customer lend three thousand ducats? or Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key, With bated breath, and whispering h umbleness, Say this,—

Fair sir, you spuit on me on Wednesday last: You spurr'd me such a day: another time You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies I'll lend you such monies, and such terms As I am like to call thee so again, To spit on thee again, to spur thee on. If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not As to thy friends: (for when did friendship take A breed for barren metal of his friend?) But lend it rather to thine enemy: Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face Exact the penalty. Shy. Why, look you, how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your love, Forget the shame which you have staid me with, Supply your present wants, and take no doot Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me. This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I shew:— 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, 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 the 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 teach us 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, beefs, or goats. I say,
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. A Room in Portia’s House.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his Train; Portia, Nerissa, and other of her Attendants.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion, The shadow’d livery of the burnish’d sun, To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred. Bring me the fairest creature northward born, Where Phlebus’ fire scarce thaws the icicles, And let us make lucrative for your love, To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine. I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine Hast fear’d the valiant; by my love, I swear, The best-regarded virgins of our clime Have lov’d it too: I would not change this hue, Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen. Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led By nice direction of a maiden’s eyes: Besides, the lottery of my destiny Bars me the right of voluntary choosing: But, if my father had not scanted me, And hedg’d me by his wit, to yield myself His wife, who wins me by that means I told you, Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair, As any comer I have look’d on yet, For my affection. Mor. Even for that I thank you; Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets, To try my fortune. By this skirmish,— That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince, That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,— I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look, Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth, Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she bear, Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey, To win thee, lady: But, alas the while! If Hercules and Lachas, play at dice Which is the better man, the greater throw May turn by fortune from the weaker hand: So is Alcides beaten by his page; And so may I, blind fortune leading me, Miss that which one unworthy may attain, And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance, And rather not attempt to win it all, Or swear before you choose,—if you choose wrong, Never to speak to lady afterward In way of marriage; therefore be advis’d. Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me my own chance. Por. First forward to the temple; after dinner Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [Corns. To make me bless’t, or curse’d among men. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Venice. A Street.

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Lau. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, saying to me, Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away! My conscience says,—no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run: “Who runs with thy heels? Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; via! says the fiend; away! says the fiend, for the heavens; rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—“my honest friend, Launcelot, being an honest man’s son, or rather an honest woman’s son,—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, Launcelot, budge not; budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil: and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnate: and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter Old GONZO, with a basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew’s?

Lau. [Aside.] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not,—I will try conclusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew’s?

Lau. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew’s house.

Gob. By God’s sounes, ’twill be a hard way to it. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Lau. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now; [aside] now will I raise the waters:—Talk yon 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.

Lau. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship’s friend, and Launcelot, sir. Lau. But I pray you ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an’t please your mastership. Lau. Ergo, master Launcelot: talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning), is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

N
MERCHANT

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cugel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop? — 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 fall 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: 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 not 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 heard hast thou got? thou hast got more hair than thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How 'gree you now?

Laun. Sir, very well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew; Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveliness; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. — O rare fortune! here comes the man; — to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo, and other Followers.

Bass. You may do so: — but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [Exeunt Bassanio, Leonardo, and Followers.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; Would 'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Not, sir, a poor boy.

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify.

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve.

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify.

Gob. His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce eater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify onto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—
ACT II.—SCENE V.

Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: But fare you well, •
I have some business.
and I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exeunt.

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 talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful Pagans, most sweet Jew! If a Christian do not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived:
But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu! [Exit.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.

Alack, what honourable 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 Street. A Street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salario, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sali. We have not spoken as yet of torch-bearers.

Salan. Tis' vile, unless it may be quixtly 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.

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.

Lau. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither guest 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.

Salan.  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.

Sali. 'Tis good we do so. [Exeunt Sali. and Salan.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed,
How shall I take her from her father's house;
What gold, and jewels, she is furnished with;
What page's part she hath in readiness,

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse.—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; perseve this, as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same. Before Shylock's House.

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!

Shy. Who bids thee call! I did not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, 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 on; my young master doth expect your approach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding
on Black Monday last, at six o'clock: the morning,
falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday, was four year in the afternoon.

Schi. What? are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica,
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd sife,
Chamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head int he 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 poppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. —Go you before me, sirrah;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir,—

Mistress, look out at window, for all this; [aside.
There will come a Christian by.

Will he 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 forder, Snaill-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His box'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;—
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you.

Shut doors after you:— Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thirsty mind. [Exit.

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.
SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter Gratiano and Salario, masked.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Sal. O, this his hour is almost past,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To real 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 unstead again
His tedious measures 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,
Hug'd and embraced by the strompet wind!
How like the prodigal cloth she returns;
With his rattle'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strompet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Gra. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this here-
after.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
Not 1, but my affairs, have made you wait: [Aside.
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. — Approach ;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Enter Jessica, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Allent I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love;
Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? and now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours? [Thou art.
Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that
Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains,
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Capit' might well blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. How, that? What must I do? I have a
Blind credit to pay to my shame's?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,
And I should be observ'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy,
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are stand 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 good, a Gentle, 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 same 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, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentleman, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit, with Jessica and Salario.
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's inscribed upon; If here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive as I may!
Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lieth, Then I am yours. [He116ee's the golden easket.
Mor. O hell! what have we here!
A carnion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'11 read the writing.

All that glitters is not gold,
Often have ye heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tomb3 do worms inflold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscr0bl:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.
Cold; indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and, adl, welcome, frost.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: to the book parts.
[Exit.
Por. A gentle riddance;—Draw the curtains, go;—
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Salario and Salanio.

Salar. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
Sali. They villain few with outcries rait'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 certify'd the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Sali. I never heard a passion so courfus'd,
Strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As they did say did utter in the streets:
My daughter!—O my daucats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian!—O my christian daucats!—
Justice! the law! my daucats and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags 3 daucats.
Of doubt daucats, stoll'n from me by my daughter.
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stoll'n by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the daucats!
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying.—his stones, his daughter, and his daucats.
Sali. 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 narro 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.
Sali. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treats not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part;
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answered.—Do not so,
Shudder 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, or let it
Be memory; and expunging your fairest thoughts
To courtesies, and such false outsets of love
As shall conversely become you there:
And even then, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him.
And with affectation wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.
Sali. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his unbridled heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [Exit.

SCENE IX.—Belmont. —A Room in Portia's House

Enter Portia, with a Servant.

Por. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain
The prince of Arragon hath tain'd his oath. Straightway,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the prince of Arragon,
Portia, and their Train.

Por. Behold, here 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 enjoiy'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 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 every 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 have such 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 prises not to the 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 consent fortune?—Let none presume
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 pronounced, that command!
How much low parrisany could then be glean'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 us much as he deserves;
I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortresses here.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Salan and Salaniz.

Sal. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Sal. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger, or made her neighbours believe she went for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—without any ships of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Sulan. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Sulan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sulan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fleg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sulan. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sulan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and sherry: But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce shew his head on the Rialto,—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer,—let him look to his bond! he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy,—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scoured my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooledmy friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? is it not therefore, that you show kindness even to a Christian?—

Salar. Why, as much as with kindness or as much as with charity.

Shy. Yet I will not deny you have a tongue; you shall have it:—Is there no law, but what is bye-law and custom? can a Jew have none? is it not lawful for a Jew to deal with a Jew?

Salar. All the law, that a Jew may not.

Shy. I would you knew it, for it is the law; I am a Jew: and there is none but I, that know the law, and can make it answer for a Jew:—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Shy. Here; what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted 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 commendations, and courteous breath, Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen So likely an ambassador of love: A day or two since he was here; To shew how costly summer was at hand, As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Serv. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid, 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 Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.-

Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be.

[Exeunt.]
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHYLOCK  The villany you teach me, I will execute
Act III Sc. 1.
cannot he matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Enter Salan, Salan, and Segret.]

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! I cursed ne'er fell upon our nation till now! I never felt it till now!—two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels,—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were heard’sd 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, thou 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. 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. Why, thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where is in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats!

Shy. Thou stickst a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio’s creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I’ll plague him; I’ll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. What, upon her? Thou tormentest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise: I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that’s true, that’s very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue, go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exit.

ACT III.—SCENE II.

Belmont. A Room in Portia’s House.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and Attendants. The caskets are set out.

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 foresworn; So will I never be: so may you miss me:

But if you do, you’ll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Deshew your eyes, They have her locked in. This is not the casket: 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 speak too long; but 'tis to petrize the time; To cke it, and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose; For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of untruth, Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love: There may as well be unity and life 'Tween snow and fire, as treason 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.

Bass. Confess, and love, Had been the very sum of my confession: O happy torment, when my torturer Doth teach me answers for deliverance! But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

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 swain-like end, Fading in music: that the comparison May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream, And waft ye 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 summons 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: I stand for sacrifice, The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives, With bleared visages, come forth to view The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules! Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay I view the fight, than thou that makst the fray.

Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself:

SONG. 1. Tell me where is fancy bred, Or in the heart, or in the head? How beget, how nourished?

Reply. 2. It is engender’d in the eyes, With guising fed; and fancy dies in the cradle where it lived me; Let us all ring fancy’s knell; I’ll begin it, —Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass.—So may the outward shows be least them: The world is still deceiv’d with ornament. [selves; In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt, But, being season’d with a gracious voice, Obscures the show of evil? In religion, What damned error, but some sober brow Will bless it, and 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, androwning Mars;  
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?  
And these assume but valour's excrement,  
To render them redoubled. Look on beauty,  
And you shall see 'tis half the meaneast lead,  
Which therein works a miracle in nature;  
Making them lightest that wear most of it:  
So are those crisp'd snaky golden locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,  
The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.  
This ornament is but the gilded shore  
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf  
Velling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
To entrap the wiser. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:  
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
Tame and tame thou warn'st the meaneast lead,  
Which rather threat'nest, than doth promise aught,  
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,  
And here choose I; Joy be the consequence!  
Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,  
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embrac'd despair,  
And shoul'd ring fear and green-ey'd jealousy.  
O love, be moderate, alway thy ecstasy,  
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;  
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,  
For I surfeit!  

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?  
Or, whether, riding on the halls of mine,  
Seem they in motion? Here are never, sweet lips,  
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs  
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
Faster than gnats in coebwps: But her eyes,—  
How could be see to do them? having made one,  
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave him nothing: but this is; Yea, look how for  
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,  
The continent and summary of my fortune.  
You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair, and choose as true!  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content, and seek no more.  
If you be well pleas'd 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 see  
As in a glass, whether what I see be true,  
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by fate.  
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 troubled twenty times myself;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
More rich;  
That only to stand high on your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, living, friends,  
Exceed account; but the full sum of me  
Is something of something; which, to term in gross,  
Is an unlesso'nd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn; and happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;  
Happiest of all, is, 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 fool  
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,  
Is thine in truth. And let me have the praise,  
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.  
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 bustling phalanx multitudes  
Where every thing is being blent together,  
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
Express'd, and not express'd: But when this ring  
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;  
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.  

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,  
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,  
To cry, and joy; Good joy, my lord and lady!  

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,  
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;  
For I am sure, you can wish none from me:  
And, when your honours mean to solemnize  
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,  
Even at that time I may be married too.  

Bass. I do beseech you, so thou must get a wife  
Gra. I thank your lordship; I 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 freezing here, until I sweet again;  
And swearing, till my very roof wans dry  
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—  
I got a promise of this fair one here,  
To have her love, provided that your fortune  
Achiev'd her mistress.  

Por. To wish myself such, Is this true, Nerissa?  
Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withall.  
Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?  
Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.  

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your  
Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for  
A thousand ducats.  

Ner. What, and stake down!  
Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and  
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.

**Sale.**
And I have reason for it.

Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. 

**Bass.**
I ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

**Sale.**
Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will shew you his estate.

**Gra. Neriassa,** chief stranger: bid her welcome.

**Yor.**
What's the news from Venice? I
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jacons, we have won the fleeces. 
[Lost!]

**Sale.**
Would you had won the fleeces that he hath,
Por. There are some shrewd contents in you'ae same
That steal the colour from Bassano's cheek; 
paper,
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?
With have, Bassano; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

**Bass.**
O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Racing myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a bragart: When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What not one hit
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barby, and India;
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marving rocks?

**Sale.**
Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuad'd with him;
But none can drive him from the unwise plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

**Lor.**
When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

**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 Bassano's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife:
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you be by Portia's side
With an empty purse. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Neriassa, and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Did your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

**Bass.**
[Reads.] Sweet Bassanio, my ship have all miscarried, my creditors grow envious, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeited; and since, in paying it, I am impossible I should live, all debts are erected 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, despacht all business, and be gone.
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay.

No rest be interposer' twixt us twain. 
[Exit.]

ACT III.—SCENE III.

Enter Shylock, Salano, Antonio, and Gaoler.

**Shy.**
Gaoler, look to him; Tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—
Gaoler, 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 gaoler, 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.

[Exit Shylock.

**Salan.**
It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

**Ant.**
Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with boodless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sultan. I am sure, the duke will never grant this forfeit to stand.

Portia. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go;
These griefs and losses have so hathed me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of mah
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay my 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 know to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of your 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,
While 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 bestow’d,
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 secret vow,
To devote in prayer and pilgrimages,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord’s return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you! Jes. I wish your fulness in all your 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 show it to that whom thou shalt apprize in
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin’s hand, Doctor Bellario;

And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagination speed.
Unto the transept, to the common larry
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. What shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I’ll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter’d 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 with all: then I’ll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill’d them.
And yet in these thy sayings I’ll laugh:—
That men should swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these orraging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fye! what a question’s that,
If thou once name law among us:—but come,
I’ll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to day. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same. A Garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Lau. Yes, truly;—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: Therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are dam’d. There is but one hope in this; and that is a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Lau. marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew’s daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Lau. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Sylva, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother; well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Lau. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; even as many as could well trades to Venice: 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.

[Exit.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I’ll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say, here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.
ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly; the Moor is with child by you, Launcelet.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir, they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done, too, sir: only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Will thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning; go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit LAUNCELOT.

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! The fool hath planted in his memory An army of good words; And I do know A many fools, that stand in better place, Garish'd like him, that for a tricky word Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica? And now, good sweet, say thy opinion, How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: it is very meet, The lord Bassanio live an upright life; For he is such a blessing to his lady, He finds the joys of heaven here on earth; And, if on earth he do not mean it, It reason he should never come to heaven. Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match, And on the wager lay two earthly women, And Portia one, there must be something else Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband Hath thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk; Then, howsoever thou speakest, 'mong other things I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes; Antonio, Bassa- nio, Gratiano, Salario, Solano, and others.


Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to an. A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch [sner Uncapable of pity, void and empty From any drain 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.

Solano. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too, [face.— That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought, Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse, more strange Than is thy strange apparent cruelty: And where thou now exact'st the penalty, (Which is a bond of this most usurious flesh,) Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture, But touch'd with human gentleness and love, Forgive a meeky of the principal; Glancing an eye of pity on his losses That have of late so huddled on his back, Enough to press a royal merchant down, And pluck commiseration of his state From brassy bonnets, and rough hearts of flint, From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never trai'd To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew. Sky. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose; And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn, To have the due and forfeit of my bond: If you deny it, let the danger light Upon your charter, and your city's freedom. You'lt 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 I buy a house to treble my lady, And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet? Some men there are, love not a gaping pig; Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat; And others, when the bagpipe sings 'tis the nose, Cannot contain their urine; for affection, Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood Of what it likes, or loathes: Now, for your answer, As there is no firm reason to be render'd, Why he cannot abide a gaping pig; Why he, a harmless necessary cat; Why he, a swollen bagpipe; but of force Must yield to such inevitable shame, As to offend, himself being offended; So can I give no reason, nor I will not, More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing, I bear Antonio, that I follow thus A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man, To excurse the current of thy cruelty. Sky. I am not bound to please thee with my answer. Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love? Sky. Hates any man the thing he would not kill? Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first. [twice Sky. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew: You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleed for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart.—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain convenience,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats,
Were in six parts, and ever part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shall thou hope for mercy, reading none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchaser's slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them.—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs;
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are ours.—So do I answer you;
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, I, by your own law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer, shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sol. My lord, my lord stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Let them be tender, whip them to your heirs.
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.

[Present a letter.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gro. 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 keeness
Of the sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast writ easy enough to make.

Gro. 0, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the ranks of men; thy curish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soulfleet,
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 can'st rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth; or it will fall
To 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? 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.—
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] Your grace shall understand, that,
at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick:
but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation
was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balchus:
I acquainted him with the cause in controversy
between the Jew and Antonio the merchant; we turned
over many books together: he is full of 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 yours 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 commendations.

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—
[writes:—

Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth?

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such a rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not?

[To Antonio.

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty.
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
ACT IV.—SCENE I.

The deeds of mercy I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence against the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds appeal to heaven; I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, thrice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times over,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established;
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
Sly. A Daniel came to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Sly. Here it is: it most reverend doctor, here it is.
You see, there is the old penalty,
And twice the money offer'd then.
Sly. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearer my heart, or farther—be merciful:
Take thrice thy money: bid me tear the bond.
Sly. When it is paid according to the tenour,—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is,
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. And I shall exclaim—O young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appear'd due upon the bond.
Sly. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Sly. 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?
Sly. I have them ready. [charge,
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Sly. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd; But what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Sly. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.
Por. The money, and all thy sins confus'd.
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off,
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Por. Tell my deeds appeal of Antonio's end.
Say, how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this curious Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Sly. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.
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:
To take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned
Shy. Is that the law? 
Por. Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgent justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned
Shy. I take this 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 but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scrap;—may, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Though vast, and all things small confus'd
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.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Duke. I am merry, that your business serves you well. Antonio, grant this gentleman,
For, in my need, you are much bound to him.
ACT V.—SCENE I.  

BELMONT.  

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.  

Lore.  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 Cressida lay that night.  

Jes.  In such a night, Did Thidias fearfully o'erstrip the town: And saw the hour's shadow给自己 himself, And ran dismay'd away.  

Lore.  In such a night, Stood Dido with a willow in her hand, Upon the wild sea-banks, and wave'd her love To come again to Carthage,  

Jes.  In such a night, Media gather'd the enchanted herbs, That did renew old Jason.  

Lore.  In such a night, Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew: And with an untimely love did run from Vemoci, 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 'never a true one.  

Lore.  And 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 nobody come: But, hark, I hear the hoofing of a man.  

Enter Stephano.  

Lore.  Who comes so fast in silence of the night?  

Step.  A friend!  What friend! your name, I pray.  

Lore.  A friend! what friend! your name, I pray.  

Step.  Stephano is my name; and I bring word, My mistress will before the break of day Be here at Belmont; she doth stay about By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays For happy wedlock hours.  

Lore.  What comes with her!  

Step.  None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.  I pray you, is my master yet returned?  

Lore.  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 Jawo.  

Jawo.  Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!  

Lore.  Leave hollaing, man; here.  

Jawo.  Sola! where I?  

Lore.  Hush!  

Jawo.  Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here one morning.  

Enter.  

For.  Sweet-soul, let's in, and there expect their coming. 

And yet no matter:—Why should we go in? My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you. Within the house, your mistress is at hand: And bring your music forth into the air.—

Enter.  

For.  How sweet the moon-light soaps upon this bank! Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music Creep in our ears, soft silence, and the night. 

Become the toucht of sweet harmony.  

Jes.  Look how the Moon of heaven Is thick maked with pannes of bright gold. There's not the smallest speck which thou beholdest, But in his motion like an angel sings.  

Still quiring to the young-cv'd cherubins:  

Such harmony is in immortal souls; But, whilst this earthy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.  

Enter Musicians.  

Come, he, and wake Diana with a hymn, With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear, And draw her home with music.  

Jes.  I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.  

For.  The reason is your spirits are attentive:  

For do but note a wild and wanton head, Or race of youthful and unhandled colts, Fetching mad bounds, bowing, 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 mostest gaze, By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and foods; Since nought so stanchish, hard, and full of rage, But music for the time doth change its 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 E upus.  

Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.  

Enter Portia and Nerissa, at a distance.  

For.  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.  

For.  When the moon shine, we did not see the 

For.  So doth the greater glory dim the less. 

A substance shines brightly as a king, Until a king be by, and then his state Empties itself, as doth an inland vessel Into the main of waters. Music! back!  

For.  It is your music, madam, of the house.  

For.  Nothing is good, I see, without respect: Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.  

For.  Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.  

Now, doth not she doth sing as sweetly as the lark, When neither is attended, and, I think, The nightingale, if she should sing by day.  

For.  When every goose is calling, would be thought 

For.  No better a musician than the wren.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace, hoa! the moon sleeps with Egidyon,
And would not awak'd!—[Music ceases.

Lor. That is the voice, Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

[Ecchoo.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare.

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor.' Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa, Give order to my servants, that they take
No note of all our being absent here;
Not you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, not you.

[A tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And worse be Bassanio so for me;
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my
This is the man, this is Antonio, [friend.—
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitt'd of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

[Gratiano and Nerissa seem to talk apart.

Gro. By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he be gel't that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love it, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Gro. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was
For all the world, like cutter's poetry
Upon a knife, Love me, and leave me not.

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it, That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

Gro. He will, as if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man,
Gro. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scroubbed 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 riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here be stands;—
I gave him bond 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 'twere to me, I should be mad at it,

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [Aside.

Gro. 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 swear'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 never come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. 'Till 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. No, but the bond that had been in the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain 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 wrapp 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;
For, for the high that had been in the very ring
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady!
I was enforce'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy:
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmar' it: Pardon me, good lady;
For by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd the ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed;
Know him 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 I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gro. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
Por, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Ant. I am the 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 doubtless sees himself:  
In each eye once—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 to his wealth;  
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,  
To Portia,  
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,  
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
Will never more break faith advisedly.  
Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;  
And bid him keep it better than the other.  
Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.  
Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!  
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;  
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.  
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;  
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,  
In love of this, last night did lie with me.  
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways  
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:  
What! are we cuckoldes, ere we have deserved it?  
Por. Speak not so grossly.  
You are all amaz'd:  
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;  
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:  
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;  
Nerissa there, her clerk: Long live her.  
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,  
And but even 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 you, and Jessica.  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.  
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starved people.  
Por.  
It is almost morning,  
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied  
Of the events at all: Let us go in;  
And charge us there upon interrogatives,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.  
Gra. Let it be so: The first interrogatory,  
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,  
That 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.  
[Exit.  

* Of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comic part raises laughter, and the serious business entertainment. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his Spanish Lover, which yet, I believe, the critic will find excelled by this play—JOHNSON.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

THOUGH this exquisite comedy appears to have been first published in the player's edition of our author's works in 1623, it must have been written before the year 1600; as at the beginning of the second volume of the entries at Stationers' Hall, two leaves of irrefragable prohibitions, notes, &c. are placed, in which As you Like it is mentioned. An entry of the 4th of August, 1600, contains a caveat relative to three of our author's plays, the present comedy, Henry the Fifth, and Much Ado about Nothing.—With respect to the other two plays, the caveat was soon taken off, and they were both published within the month. As you like it may have been

printed at the same time, but no copy of such an edition has been discovered.

The plot of the play was taken from Lodge's Rosalind, or Euphues's Golden Legacy, 4to. 1600. And Shakespeare has followed the novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals. He has sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription. It should be observed, that the characters of Jaques, the Clown and Audrey, are entirely of the poet's own formation.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, being in exile.  
FREDERICK, brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.  
AMIENS, JAQUES, Lords attending on the Duke in his banishment.  
LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.  
CHARLES, his wrestler.  
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, sons of Sir Rowland de Adam, DUNNIS, serjeants to Oliver.  
[Bois.  
TOUCHSTONE, a clown.  
SIR OLIVER MARTELL, a rigor.  

CORIN, SILVIO, shepherds.  
WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.  
A Person representing Hymen.  
ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.  
CELIA, daughter to Frederick.  
PHINE, a shepherdess.  
AUDREY, a country wench.  
Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.  

O
ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Orchard, near Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando, and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion 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 which the his animals on his dungsills 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.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Orl. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Orl. What mean you then, sir?

Orl. marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Orl. marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huck's with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such misery?

Orl. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. 0, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Orl. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Orl. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Orl. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois: he was my father; and he is three a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Orl. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me; and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises 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.

Orl. 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.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Orl. 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.

[Exeunt Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Orl. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me.

Den. So please you he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Orl. Call him in. [Exit Dennis.]-'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Orl. Good Monsieur Charles!—what's the news at the new court?

Cha. 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.

Orl. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the 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.

Orl. 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.

Orl. What, you wrestler to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with this. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguise against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come is: 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.

Orl. 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, alas! he has been too far. 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 have as fain to do as thou hast been to break his neck as his finger: And thou wert best look to it; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mildly 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 animadvert to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Ch. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship! [Exit.

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, 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 knadle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry. Ros. Dear Celia, I shew more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier! Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lov'st 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 would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perchance, 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 Rosaline, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth, I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see: What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife. Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay; now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No: When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of his wits.—How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knave, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was nghted: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were nghted, and the mustard was good: and yet was not the knight foresworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By your beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is 't that mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough is the speech of more of him: you'll be whipped for taxation, one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair prices, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree. O
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a towel. Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—
Ros. Thou lostest 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, and there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and 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: 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 own interest.
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 youcreat 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 F. goes apart.
Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.
Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.
Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?
Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.
Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man’s strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.
Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprisned: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.
Orl. I beg you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one 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 your letters.
Cel. Your heart’s desires be with you.
Orl. 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. Thou shalt try but one fall.
Orl. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entangle him to one fall, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.
Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.
Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!
Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [Charles and Orlando wrestle.
Duke F. 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. The world esteem’d thy father honourable, else But I did find him still mine enemy: Thou shouldest 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.
[Exit 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 To be adopted heir to Frederick.
Ros. My father lov’d sir Rowland as his soul, And all the world was of my father’s mind: Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Else he should thus have ventured.
Cel. Gentle cousin, Let me thank him, and encounter him: My father’s rough and envious disposition Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv’d If you do keep your promises in love, But justly, as you have exceeded promise, Your mistress shall be happy
Ros. Gentleman, [Giving him a chain from her neck.]

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.

Ros. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts are all thrown down: and that which here stands up, is but a quittance, a mere lifeless block. [tunes:

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my for-

I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown

More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Ort. 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, wouldst 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 is he, indeed, More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of. Ort. 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? [mourners:

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by But yet, indeed, the smaller 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 against his gentle niece; Grounded upon no other argument, But that the people praise her for her virtues, And pity her for her good father's sake; And, on my life, his majesty '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.

Ort. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well! [Exit Le Beau.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother; From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—But heavenly Rosalind! [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin: why, Rosalind:—Cupid 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, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up: when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it for my child's father: O, how full of prints this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday folly: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try: if I could cry hem, and have him Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly. Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chasé, 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: Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Humphrey, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest And get you from our court. [baste, Ros.

Cel. Me uncle! You, cousin—Within these ten days if 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 unhurt, Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors; If their purgation did consist in words, They are as innocent as grace itself:— Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor: Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends. [enough.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's

Cel. So was I, when your highness took his duke, So was I when your highest hand bade him: [dom; reason is not inherited, my lord;

Duke F. Or, if we did derive it from our friends, What's that to me? my father was no traitor: Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much, To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia: we stay'd her for your sake. Else had she with her father rang'd aloud.

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 do am I: we still have slept together: Rose at an instant, learnt d, play'd, eat together; And whereas we went, lib at his swans, Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and hersmooth—Her very silence, and her patience, [ness,

Speak to the people, and they pity her. Then art a fool: she robs thee of thy name; And the world is more wise, and seem more virtu, When she is gone: then only in thy lips: [fous, Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her: she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege; I cannot live out of her company.
Duke. If you are wise,—You, men, prove your men if you outstrip the love of the more honest, (self.)
In the great error of yours, you do. [Long heav. Deans, Priests, and Lords)

Cler. O my poor Rosalind! what wilt thou say? Wilt thou change letters? I will give thee mine, I change thee, be not so more grauid than I am. For, I have many cause.

Cler. Then hast not, cousin, Priytha, been pleased? I know at present, we dare Hath bidden me his design on? Yes. That he hath not.
Cler. Nor I hath not? Rosalind, and then the love Which teacheth that thee and I am one. Shall we be sorre? shall we part, sweet girl? No; yet my father were another here. Therefore devise with me, how we may fly. Whether to go, and when to bear with us. And do not seek to take your charge upon you, To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out. For, by this heere, now at my sorrowes pale, I have no thought, I'll go along with thee. Yes, Why, whither shall we go? Cler. Not to seek my uncle. Ros. Also, what danger will it be to us, Much as we are, to travel forward so? Beauty proveth others sooner than gold. Cler. I'll put myself in such a manner, And with a hand of mine, to go to face, Like thee do, you, so shall we pass along. And never the commit. Ros. What is it, better, That because I am more than common-soul, That I did set at me as great a face? A pleasant errand upon my love. A love-soop in my hand, and (in my heart Like there what they when we are there will,) We'll have a writing and a martial outside, As many other materials enough have, That do outgoth it with their former letters. Cler. What mean? I call thee when thou set a man? Ros. I have no worse occasion not to lose your page. And therefore, love you, name me, Greywode. What will you be call'd? Cler. Something that has a relevance to my state. Not to rost on houts, Ros. But, when we want, we asked't to steal The solemn hold out of your London court? Would he be so comfort to our travel? Cler. He'll go along with the white world with me; Leave me alone to work him. Let's away, And set our jewels: and our way together, Do the beast haste and what way To make it from papam that shall be made. After my right, I know, you content, To liberty, and not to new incumbr. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. — The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke, Senior, Antonio, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.

Duke. Now, my coney, and, brothers to a wile, Haue not old custom made the more sweet
This that of painted poy? Are not these woods More free from peril than the slyer covert? Here had we lost the jealousy of Arden, The seasons disorderous, as, the sky hang, And with the shedding of the winter's wood Which when it bates and blows upon my body, Even till I shrowt with cold, I would, and say,—

This is no matter; these are counsellors. That bravely persuade me what I am. Sweet are the uses of adversity; Which like the toad, 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 running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in every thing: Alas! it were not changed. Happy in your grave. That can translate the sterility of fortune Into so quiet, and so sweet a style. Duke. Come, shall we go and kill us venison? And yet it please me, the poor cappled boar,— Being native breeders of this desert city, Would, in their own confounds, with forked heads Have their round branches got d. 1 Lord. Indeed, my lord, The melancholy Jaques grooves at that; And in that land, where you do more uper Than cause your brother that hath been and you. To-day, my lord of Arden, and myself, Did seal by this, we be, by head, along Under a white cloth, comely roof peaks out Wind in the leaf, and smoothness in the wood To the which place a pour request I stay, That from the hunters' dole they have taken a hurt, Did come to large with, and, indeed, my lord, The witched was not heard for such grounds, That their discharge did stretch in heathen coast Almost to border; and the big round ears Could not one another lose their innocent woe, But by their way, and the heavy food, Much marked of the melancholy Jaques, Scored on the extreme verge of the swift brook, A presenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques?

Did he not move do the spectable? 1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand fantasies. First, for his weeping in the noiseful stream, Poor deer, youth be, thus much is a testament As worldlings do, giving the sum more To that which had too much: Then Being alone, Left and abandon'd of his vengeful friends, To right, youth be; thus money doth just The flair of company. Ammon, a careless herd, Full of the porest, jumps along by him, Auching ways to villain, and a youth Jacques, Sweep up, you fast and present present. To just the falcon: Wherefore do you look Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there? This most accurately by plantagh through The body of the city, city, court, Yes and of unroofed life, swearing that we Are more enwrapped, tyrant, and what's worse, To fright the summer, and naked them up, In their assuaged and native dwelling place. [Exsurr. 1 Duke. And did you leave him in this consummation? 2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping, and comming. Upon the sobbing deer. Duke. Show me the place; I love to see him in those unholy, For he hath full of manner. 2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke, Foresters, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Can it be possible, that woman saw them? It was not, by the assurance of any part Are of constant and sufferance in this. 1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her. The lady, her attendants of her chamber,
ACT II.—SCENE IV.

Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed nutrusting of her mistress.

'ACT. II.—SCENE IV.

1. He is your master, your tender, your friend.

Your grace was wont to laugh, and was missing.

Hesps, up, the princes' gentlewoman.

Consents, that she seawedly dotes on your master.

Your daughter and her sister much commend

The parts and graces of the wrister,

That did but faintly feel the steeley Charles;

And she behoves, whenever they are gone,

That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother, let him that goeth

Hence, but return but the nearest brother to me, (behind;)

I'll make him find him: do this sumingly;

And let not search and inspection quit,

To bring again these foolish runaway.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Before Oliver's House.

Entire DELAMO and URSUS, meeting.

Ol. Who's there? 

Urs. What! my young master! O, my gentle

Ol. My sweet master, O you memory

Of old sir Rowland! why, what makes you here? 

Why are you anxious? Why do people love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant? 

Why would you be so kind to everyone? 

Your house is a house of the honorable house,

Your peace is come too softly home before you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men

That grace serves them but as enemies?

No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy tranfers to you.

O, what a world this is, when what is incomely

Enamours him that bears it?

Ol. Why, what's the matter?

Urs. O unhung youth,

Come not within these doors, within this fold

The enemy of all your graces lives;

Your brother no, no brother, yet the son—

Yet not the son, I will not call him son;

He will not call his father, to call his father, 

Hath heard your praises, and this night, if he means
To burn the lodging where you used to lie,

And you within it 'till the end of that,

He will have other means to cut you off,

I everbless him, and his particular,

This is no place, this house is but a buttery;

Abstain from it, it is not eatable.

Ol. Why, where, where, where, wouldst thou have me go? 

Amm. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Ol. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg? 

Urs., with a base and basterdous sneer, enter, (toed)

A thievish look, on the common read.

Thick must do, or know not what to do,

Yet thus I will not do, do how I can.

And rather subject me to the abuse

Of a diverted brood, and bloody brother.

Amm. But he not so, I have two hundred crowns,

The thirty he I said under your father,

Which did stare to be my former nurse.

When service should in my old hands be lane,

And unweighted age in corners thrown

Take't and He that dots the ravens feed,

Yea, professedly eates for the sparrow,

Be content to age! Here is the good:

All this I give you. Let me be your servant;

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:

For in your youth I never did apply

Hand for selection in my blood;

Not did not with unashamed headway why

The means of weakness and debility.
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 Jacques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel 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 them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jacques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing, come hither.

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any maestro, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, mettucks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree: he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shew, [All together here.]
And loves to live i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither; come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'U give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes;
If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborne will to please,
Ducalome, ducalome, ducalome;
Here shall he see,
Gross foole as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that ducalome?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. 'I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll raiy against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adm. Dear master, I can go no further; 0, I die lor food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: if this uncoth forest yield any thing savage, 1
will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee.
Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For thou canst not be comforted while at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerily: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air! Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—The same. A Table set out.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Lords, and others.
Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast; For I can no where find him like a man.
1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence; Here was he merry, hearing of a song.
Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:— Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.
Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company? What! you look merrily.
Jaq. A fool! a fool!—I met a fool i' th' forest, A motley fool;—a miserable world!— As I do live by food, I met a fool; Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun, And rai'd on lady Fortune in good terms, In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool. Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he, Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune: And then he drew a dial from his poke; And looking on it with lack-lustre eye, Says, very wisely, It is ten o' clock: Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wages: 'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine; And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven; And in, from hour to hour, we ri pe and ri pe, And then, from hour to hour, lou se and rot and rot, And thereby hangs a tale. Who ever heard The motley fool thus moral on the time, My lungs began to crow like chanterelle, 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?
Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a cour- And say, if ladies be but young, and fair, [tier; They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,— Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit After a voyage,—he hath strange places crammed 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.
Jaq.

It is my only suit; Provided, that you weed your better judgments Of all opinion that grows rank in them, That I am wise. I must have liberty To blow on whom I please: for so fools have: And they that are most galled with my folly, They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they so? The why is plain as way to parish church:
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart, To seem senseless of the bob; If not, The wise man's folly is the fool's best
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 the infected world, If they will patiently receive my medicine. [do.
Duke S. Most mischievous fool, in chiding sin! For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself; And all the embossed sores, and head evils, That thou with licence of free foot hast caught, Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
Jaq. Why, who, in conscience, to the good,
That can therein tax any private party?
Duke S. Most mischievous fool, in chiding sin! For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very means do ebb?
Duke S. Most mischievous fool, in chiding sin! For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Whoever 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!
Jaq. What? How, and where? I do not see wherein,
My tongue hath wrong'd thee; and 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?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. What? Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
Orl. Of what kirtle should this cock come of?
Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy dis- Or else a rude despiser of good manners, [tress; That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point Of base distress hath ta'en from me the show Of smooth civility: yet talk as I in land bred,
And know some nurture: But forbear, I say;
He did that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. As you will not be answered with reason,
I must die, [shall force
Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you
I thought, that all things had been savage here; And therefore put I on the countenance Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs, Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time; If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church; If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye a tear did leak,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword
Duke S. True ist that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church; 
And sat at good men's feasts: and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whites, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffoc'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age, and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good
comfort!

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy;
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jay: All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-draw; Then a soldier:
Full of strange mans, and beard'd 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 eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome: Set down your venerable bar.
And let him feed. [den]

Orl. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need; I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke S. Welcome, fall to; I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes: —
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

Aimiens sings.

SONG.
I. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Though art not so wild
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, he! sing, heigh, he! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Thou, heigh, ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

II. Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good sir Rowland's
As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were; [son,—
And as mine eye doth his elogies witness
Most truly hind'd, and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke.
That lov'd your father: The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is;
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Oliver, Lords,
and Attendants.

Duke F. Not seecing since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, where'so'er he is:
Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory,
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.
Oli. O, that thy highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.
Duke F. To more villain than.—Well, push him out
And let my officers of such a nature [of doors;
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expeditiously, and turn him going. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Forest.

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

Oli. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [Exit.

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, mas-
ter Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a
good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life,
it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it
very well; but in respect that it is private, it is
a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it
pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the
court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you,
it fits my humour well; but as there is no more
AS YOU LIKE IT.

JACQUES And then the lover

Act II, Sc. 1
ACT III. SCENE II.

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.

All the picture that thou dost look'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no face be kept in mind.
But the fairest of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together;
Dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted:
it is the right better woman's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.

Winter garments must he lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.

They that reap, must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.

Sweetest nut hath sweetest wind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses; Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool: I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you will be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. Why should this desert silent be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Touches I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings shew:
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 violent rows,
'Tis the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence's end,

Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little shew.

Therefore heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distil'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Athena's better part;
And Lucifer's mortality.

Thus Rosalind of many parts
By celestial swatious seed's;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts
It have the touches dearest prize'd.

Heaven would that she 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 cry'd, Have patience, good people!
Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Rosl. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pray thee: it carvets very unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Ros. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

OrL. 'Tis he; sink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

OrL. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. Good be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

OrL. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

OrL. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favourably.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

OrL. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

OrL. There was no thought of thinking you, when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

OrL. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmith's wives, and con'd them out of rings?

OrL. No so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it is made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

OrL. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

OrL. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

OrL. He's grown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

OrL. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good signior love.

OrL. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

Jaq. Exit Jaques.—CelL and Ros. come forward.

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy laquay, and
under that habit play the knife with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Ofr. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't a clock?

Ofr. You should ask me, what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there's an 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.

Ofr. 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.

Ofr. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Ofr. Who ambles withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the goat: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merely, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penny: These time and time again.

Ofr. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Ofr. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between their term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Ofr. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Ofr. Are you a native of this place?

Ros. As the canoe, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Ofr. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in–land man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Ofr. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fail'd seeming monstrous, till his fellow fail'd came to match it.

Ofr. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on Brambles; all, forsooth, defying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy–monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Ofr. I am he that is so love–shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught you how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure you are not prisoner.

Ofr. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not; a blue eye, and snak'en; which you have not; an unquestionable spirit; which you have not; a beard neglected; which you have not; but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: —Then your nose should be un–garter'd, your bonnet unhanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point–device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Ofr. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Ofr. 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?

Ofr. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madness do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Ofr. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes; one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and boking; proud, fantastical, upish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing; as boys and women are for the most part cull'd on the colour: would now like him, now hate him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nuck 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.

Ofr. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my eote, and woo me.

Ofr. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll shew it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Ofr. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Enter Touchstone and Audrey:

Jacques at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Dost my simple feature content you?

And. You your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the
most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Greeks.

_As_ laughed and marry, who pigeons will to the

[Aside.]

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seceded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—_Truly,_ I would the gods had made me poetical.

Ald. 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, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

And. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly, for then swear'st to me, thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Ald. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

_Jag. A material fool!_ [Aside.]

Ald. 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 unequal dish.

Ald. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am not a slut.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end. I have been with sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

_Jag. I would fain see this meeting._ [Aside.]

Ald. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though! Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right! many a man has good horses and knows of them. Well, that is the dovery of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more 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 despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Or. Are there none here to give the woman a kiss? Touch. I will not take her on the gift of any man.

Sir Or. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

_Jag. [Discovering himself.]_ Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master What ye call't: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God'd you for your last company? I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir.—Nay, pray, be cover'd.

_Jag. Will you be married, motley?_ Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons hill, so wellloyd would be nilling.

_Jag. 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 waxcots: then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well: and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

[Aside.]

_Jag. 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!

---O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver,

Leave me not be'lih' thee;

But—Wind away,

Begone I say,

I will not to wedding wi' thee.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—The same. Before a Cottage.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pry'thee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the disseambled colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy hands: he can no more kiss than the common touch of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laug'd and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man: he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover: as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on
Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdesse
That was his mistress.

Cor. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the palecomplexion 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 unto 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 Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accentual'sight of death makes
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
[hard.
But first begs pardon; Will you stern be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis not for thee. Rivalry, and envy,
That eyes,—that are the frailst and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atoms,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do 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 save, and very much to die.
Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The caitiff and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
When I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near,) You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mock's, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [Advancing] Who might be your mother,
That ye mould, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have more
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
[beauty, Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—O'd my little life! I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:

No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inked brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream.
That can entame my spirits to your worship,—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Then she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full, of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can shew 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 what you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most soul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, shepherd:—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. And write in love with fresh and fervid fouls,
And she'll fall in love with my anger: If it be true so, as fast
As she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sance her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me.
For I am fatter than vows made in wine:
Besteas if you not. I'll shew you my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, over hard by:
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—

Come, sister:—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And he not proud; though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come to our flock.

Thy very grave! O, Corin! Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, at a distance.

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
Who ever bord'd, that bord'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe,

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Whatsoe'er sorrow is, relief would be;
If you do stare at mine eye, and at my corners.
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was, I did hate 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 further recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I will such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plentiful crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reapeth: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon. [while

Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to me ere
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him o'ert
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him:
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well:—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleasest 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 tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so sort; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red;
That mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled dampness.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me;
I marvel, why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omission is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: Wilt thou, Silvius?
Sil. Phæbe, with all my heart.
Phæ. 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 same.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all 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, in which my oftentimes rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look, you lips, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country: be out of love with your na-
tivity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have

swam in a gondola. [Exit Jaques.]

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but one-thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-while.

Orl. Pardon, me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I bad as lie bef'ood o' a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail: for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better joiturer, I think, than you can make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his forehead, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holier humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to intreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty rather than my wit.

Orl. What of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your snit. Anm not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old; and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, nudefleat, in a love-case. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Greek club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestus. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But
ACT IV.—SCENE III.

come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.
Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?
Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?
Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. 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?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.
Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin.—Will you, Orlando,—
Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Cel. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,
—do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There a girl goes before the priest: and, certainly, a woman's thought runs on her actions.

Cel. So do all thoughts: they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maid, 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 man, and that when they are inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Cel. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—Wit, whither wilt?

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. 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 occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

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?

Orl. 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 partial in break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try:—Adieu!

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doubtlet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O, coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how my foolish deep I am in love! But it cannot be sound'd: such 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 horn 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter Jacques and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.

Jacq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jacq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horn upon his head, for a branch of victory:—

—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jacq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. What shall be have, that kill'd the deer?

2. His leather skin, and horns to wear.

1. Then sing him home:

Make thy song:

Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;

'Twas a good guy thou must wear.

1. Thy father's father wore it;

2. And thy father bore it:

All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Jacq. 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 'em in his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. —Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth; My gentle Phoebe bid me give you this:

[Giving a letter.
Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you Where, in the purliche of this forest, stands [know A sheeph-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?]

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour-hi The rank of sisters, by the murmuring stream; [tom, 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 I should know you by description; Such garments, and such years: The boy is fair, Of female favour, and himself a

Like a ripe sister: but the woman low, And browner than her brother. Are not you

The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. His no boast, being ask'd, to say, we ace. Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both: And to that youth he calls his Rosalind, He sends this bloody napkin; Are you he? Oli. 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 Softly, and pacing through the forest, Chevying the food of sweet and bitter fancy, Lo, what belf! he threw his eye aside, And, mark, what object did present itself! Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age, And high top braid with dry antiquity, A wretched ragged man, d'gerown with hair, Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck A green and glided 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 likeness, with adders all drawn dry, Lay crouching on the ground, most like-like watch, When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis The royal disposition of that beast, To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead: This seen, Orlando did approach the man, And found it was his brother, his elder brother. Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother; And he did render him the most unnatural That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do, For well I know he was unnatural.

Cel. But, to Orlando:—Did he leave him there, Food to the suck'd and hungry liones? Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purposé so; But kindness, nobler ever than revenge, And nature, stronger than his just occasion, Made him give battle to the liones, Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescued? Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him? Oli. Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame To tell you what I was, since my conversion So sweety tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By, and by. When from the first to last, betwixt us two, Tears our recompenses had most kindly bathe'd,
ACT V.—SCENE II.

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 bleed; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, 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,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.
Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?
[ROSALIND新たにします。]
Oh! Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it:— Cousin—Ganymede!
Oh! Look, he recovers.
I would, I were at home.
Cel. We'll lead you thither:—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
Oh! Be of good cheer, youth:— You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.
Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would think the countenance counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother bow well I counterfeited. —Heigh ho!—
Oh! This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.
Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oh! Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.
Ros. So I do: but I 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.
Oh! 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.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.
Aud. Touch. the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.
Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text: But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.
Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; 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; may, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?
Will. Five and twenty, sir.
Touch. A ripe age: is thy name William?

If'ill. 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, it is good, very good, very excellent good:— and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?
Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.
Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remem-ber a saying: The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool. The beauteous philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?
Will. I do, sir.
Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?
Will. No, sir.
Touch. Thee learn this of me: To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent, that ipse is he; now you are not ipse, for I am he.
Will. Which he, sir.
Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman:
Therefore, you clown, abandon,— which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society, —which in the boorish company is company,— of this female,—which in the common
is,— woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or clown, thou penshurst; or, to thy better understanding, diet; to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado thee, in steel; I will Randy with thee in fac-tion: I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.
Aud. Do, good William.
Will. God rest you merry, sir. [Exit.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you: come, away, away.
Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey:— I attend, I attend.
[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her! that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?
Orl. Neither call the godliness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting: but say with me, I love Aliena; say, with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.
Roz. God save you, brother.
Orl. And you, fair sister.
Roz. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.
Orl. It is my arm.
Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeit-ed to swoon, when he shew'd me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know all you are:—Nay, 'tis true; there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's tirasional bag of—

I came, saw, and overcome. For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. 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!

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. I 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 proficient in this art, and not yet damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her:—

I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest 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 Phoebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phoe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study, To seem despitful and ungentle to you; You art not more follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look up hem, love him: he worships you.

Phoe. 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.

Phoe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to he all made of fantasy, All made of passion, and all made of wishes; All adoration, duty, and observance, All humbleness, all patience, and impatience, All purity, all trial, all observance; And so am I for Phebe.

Phoe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phoe. 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 Phoebe.]

Ros. Who do you speak to, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [to Silvius] if I can:—I would love you, [to Phoebe] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [to Phoebe] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [to Orlando] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [to Silvius] if what you please content you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [to Orlando] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [to Silvius] love Phebe, meet. And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phoe. Nor 1.

Orl. Nor 1. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

And. 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. Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.


2 Page. We are for you: sit i'th' middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hue's; which are the only prologues to a bad voice? 2 Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG.

1. 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 rank time,

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding:

Sweet lovers love the spring.

2. Between the acres of the rue,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

These pretty country folks would lie

In spring time, &c.

3. This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

How that a life was but a flower

In spring time, &c.
IV. And therefore take the present time.  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nono;  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In spring time, so.  

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no greater matter in the duty, yet the note was very untimely.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I connit but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God med your voices! Come, Audrey. [Exit.]

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 they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Rosal. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind. [To the Duke.  
You will bestow her on Orlando here? [with her.  
Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give Ros.  
And you say you will have her, when I bring her? [To Orlando.  
Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.  
Rosal. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing! [To Phebe.  
Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Rosal. But, if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd!  
Phe. So is the bargain.

Rosal. You say, you'll have Phebe, if she will? [To Silvius.

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 join'st, Orlando, to receive his daughter. —

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me; Or else, coming to meet the shepherd, you shall.

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her, If she refuse me:— and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even. [Exeunt Ros. & Celi.

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.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jag. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!  
Jag. Good my lord, bid him welcome; This is the metely-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 taitors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jag. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jag. How seventh cause! Good my lord, like this Duke S. I like him very well. [fallow.  
Touch. God'd you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country courators, to swear, and to forewear:— according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:— A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty doth walls like a mirie, sir, in a poor-house:— as your pearl, in your fowl oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and entertaining.  
Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jag. But for the seventh cause, how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the Retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the Quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is called the Reply churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spoke not true: This is called the Reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say I lie: This is called the Countercheck quarrelsome: and so to the Lie circumstantial, and the Lie direct.

Jag. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie direct; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jag. 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 Lie Retort courteous, the second, the Quip modest, the third, the Reply churlish, the fourth, the Reproof valiant, the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome, the sixth, the Lie with circumstance, the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as, If you said so, then I said so: And they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker, much virtue in If.

Jag. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a talking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, leading Rosalind in woman's clothes; and Celia.

Still Music.

Hymn. Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things make even:  
Some, and some, are better.

Good duke, receive thy daughter,  
Hymen from heaven brought her,  
You, brought her hither,  
That thou might'st join her hand with his,  
Whose heart within her bosom be.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

To Duke S. [To Duke S.]

You I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Ors.]

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

[To Ors.]

Ors. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosaline.

[To Duke S.]

Phe. If sight and shape be true, [End.]

Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[To Duke S.]

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[To Ors.]

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [To Phe.]

Hymn. Peace, but I cannot say 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.

You and you no cross shall part:

[To Orlando and Rosalind.]

You and you are heart in heart:

[To Oliver and Celia.

You [to Phebe] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

[To Touchstone and Audrey.]

As the winter to the warmer weather,

Whiles a wellockd hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great June'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 of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome art thou to me;

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. [To Stay.]

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jacques de Boys. Let me have audience for a word or two; I am the second son of old sir Rowland, That bring 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 hands 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 hands with-held: 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 endur'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 the true enjoyments:—[Exit.]

Play, music—and you bride and bridgeworks all, With measure hap'ly in joy, to the measures fall.

Jacq. Sir, by your patience; if I heard you rightly, The duke hath put on a religious life, And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jacques de Boys. To him will I: out of these conveniences There is much matter to be heard and learnt—

You to your former honour I bequeath; [To Duke S.]

You 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 victim:—So to your pleasure I am for other than for dancing measures. [Sirs;]

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jacq. To see no pastime, I: what you would have I'll stand by you at your abandon'd case. [Exit. Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites, And do we trust they'll end, in true delight. I: I dance.

EPilogue.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is not 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 confute 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 them: and so I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had heard that pleased me, compliances that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as much as I have good hearts, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me fare-well.

[Exit.]

Or this play the fable is wild and pleasing, I know not how the ladies will approve the fable, with which both Rosalind and Celia gave away their hearts: To Celia much may be forgiv'n for the heutenant of her friendship; the character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less manner of low buffoonery than in some other places: and the cravat part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of this work, Shakespeare sup pressed the dialogue between the washer and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers. —Johnston. The taste of the poet is here, as in many other instances, to be preferred to that of the critics. —Though Shakespeare has shown great judgment in substituting the conversion of Frederick in the prologue, which is a deal worse than the death allowed him in Lodge's novel, nothing could have been more out of keeping with the true and colour of the play, than the representation of such an event. It was a circumstance to be related and not performed. A sense so grave a character, as that between the rude duke and the aged hermit must necessarily have been, could have too appropriate place in this tale of love and mirth, and wit. In a work, like the present, calculated to unfatigue the mind and delight the imagination by a succession of pleasing incidents, every thing of a sad or solemn nature is with admirable propriety omitted, or only cursorily glanced at.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Of this play there is no edition earlier than the first folio, 1623, although it seems to have been written, in the year 1600; but the many passages of rhyme scattered through the play seem to speak it an earlier production. Meres, in 1598, mentioned a play of our author's called, Love's Labour Lost, an application which very accurately applies to this, but to no other of his plays; and its date may be perhaps assigned a year or two earlier.

The title All's Well that ends Well, is one of Camden's proverbial sentences.

The story was originally taken from Boccacio, but came immediately before Shakespeare from Painter's Gesta Nutricum, in the first vol. of the Palace of Pleasure, 40. 1566, p. 95. In the novel, however, Shakespeare is only indebted for a few leading circumstances in the craver parts of the piece. The comic business appears to be entirely of his own formation.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**King of France.**

**Duke of Florence.**

**Bertram, Count of Rousillon.**

**Lafeu, an old lord.**

**Parolles, a follower of Bertram.**

Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.

**Steward, Clown, servants to the Countess of Rousillon.**

**A Page.**

**Countess of Rousillon, mother to Bertram.**

**Helena, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.**

**An old Widow of Florence.**

**Diana, daughter to the Widow.**

**Violanta, a neighbour and friend to the Widow.**

**Mariana, another neighbour and friend to the Widow.**

**Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c. French and Florentine.**

**SCENE,—partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.**

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**ACT I.**

**SCENE I.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.**

**Enter Bertram, the Count of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafeu, in mourning.**

**Count.** In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

**Ber.** And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

**Laf.** You shall find the king a husband, madam: you, sir, a father: it is that so generally is at all times good, most of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

**Count.** What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

**Laf.** He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process out only the losing of hope by time.

**Count.** This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that had! how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have played 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 laudably, and courageously: he was skillful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

**Ber.** What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

**Laf.** A fistula, my lord.

**Ber.** I heard not of it before.

**Laf.** It would it were not notorius. —Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

**Count.** His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my looking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations are made partly, all virtuous and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simplesness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

**Laf.** Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

**Count.** Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more: lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

**Hel.** I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

**Laf.** Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

**Count.** If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess is enemy to it soon mortal.

**Ber.** Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

**Laf.** How understand we that? [f [Exit Countess.]

**Ber.** De thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue, Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: he check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will, That thee may furnish, and my players push down, Fall on thy head! Farewell. — My lord.

**Laf.** Tis an unseason'd courier; good my lord, Advise him.

**Laf.** He cannot want the best That shall attend his love.

**Count.** Heaven bless him! — Farewell, Bertram.

— [Exit Countess.]

**Ber.** The best wishes, that can be forged in your thoughts, [to Helena.] be servants to you! Be contented to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

**Laf.** Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father. — [Exit Bertram and Lafeu.]

**Hel.** O, were that all! — I think not on my father; And 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 it, but 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.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hand that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pity, though a plague,
To die so well; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawk-wing eye, his curls,
In our 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’s withal, full oft we see
Corruption waiting on superfluous folly.
Par. Save you, fair queen.
Hel. And you, monarch.
Par. No.
Hel. And no.
Par. Are you meditating on virginity?
Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you;
Let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity,
How can we be hazard’d against him?
Par. Keep him out.
Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though
Valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.
Par. There is none; man, sitting down before you,
Will undermine you, will 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
quicker 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: when you give it away, you have never virgin got; till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of; it metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.
Hel. I will stand for’t a little, though therefore I die a virgin.
Par. There’s little can be said in’t; 'tis against the
role of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most inoffiable disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murdered itself; and should be burned in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offensiveness against nature. Virginity breeds miles, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, increases; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of; it metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.
Hel. I will stand for’t a little, though therefore I die a virgin.
Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that order it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an oldcourser, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and toothpick, 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 wither’d pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither’d pear; it was formerly; and now to cut off 'tis a wither’d pear: Will you any thing with it?
Hel. Not my virginity yet.
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord duteous,
That blinking Cupid’s 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. He’s not a young man.
Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity——
Par. What’s pity?
Hel. That wishing well had not a body in’t,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose base stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew 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 the thing, I will think of you at court.
Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable 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. For that one was good in my household.
Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.
Par. Why think you so?
Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.
Par. That’s for advantage.
Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the war 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 weak. 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.
Hel. 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 design, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so high?
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The nightiest space in fortune nature 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 shew 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 the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continuo
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
Hath well employ'd thee: wherein our dearest friend
Prejudices the business; and would seem
To have us make denials.

2 Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For ampest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here by?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFAY, and PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in hate,
 Hath well comp'rest thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First try'd our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipl'd of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggis age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unsnood,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courteous, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awk'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand; who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now,
But ours backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb:
So in approb' in lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech. [ways say.

King. 'Wou'd, I were with him? He would al-
(Methinks, I hear him now: his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to hear,)—Let me not lye,—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—let me not lye, quoth he,
After my flame locks oil, to be the stuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehsiive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
More 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 labourers room.

2 Lord. You are lov'd, sir;

They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's death?
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. [Exit. Flourish.

SCENE III.

Rousillon.—A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clowns.

Coun. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours: for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our devisings, whew of ourselves we publish them.

Coun. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaverys yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Coun. 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 ladyshin's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Coun. Will thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Coun. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel'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, learn's are blessings.

Coun. 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.

Coun. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Coun. Play 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 repeat.
Enter Helena.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:
If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Dooth not the rose of youth rightly blest.

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:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. I know, Helen.

Hel. I am a mother to you.

Count. Mine honourable mistress.

Hel. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother?
That you start at! I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enombed mine: 'Tis 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 end thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That so distemper'd my younger cousin
The many-col'd Iris, round thine eye?
What?—that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honon'r'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble;
My master, my dear lord he is; and
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; Would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister: Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother? [Law;
Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My heart bleeds, my blood will torment me.
Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross.
ACT II.—SCENE I.

You love my son; invention is shamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion.
Tell me, then, do not: therefore tell me true;
Tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy checks
Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only say
And he'll obstinacy in thy tongue.
That truth should be suspected: speak, 'tis so! If
It be so, you have wound a goodly eel;
If it be not, forswear't: love, or I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail.
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passion
Have to the full appeared.

Hel. Then, I confess
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended: for it hurts not him,
That he is lord of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intemate sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But know 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 love,
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 not you 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 prescriptive
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty: and that he would me
In bestfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were.
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedly, approv'd, set down,
To care the desperate languishes, whereof
The king is render'd last.

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,
Happily, 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 hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctioned
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your ho-.
Bit 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,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into 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, Paroles, and Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lords, these warlike principles
[well:—
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, fare-
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. It is our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen; let higher Italy
(Those bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,) see, that you come
Not to wo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud; I say, farewell, [jesty!]
2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your ma-
King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say, our French lack language to dey,
If they demand; beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[The King returns to a couch.

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind
Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark — [hus!]

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,

Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away
bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the foreshore to a smock,

Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,

Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,

But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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, 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
intrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.
2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.
Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [Exit Lords.]
What will you do?
Ber. Stay; the king——
Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords:
you have restrained yourself within the list of
too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them: for
though they stand now in the cap of the time, there,
do no more 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. [Exit Bertram and Parolles.

Enter LA斐F.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [kneeling] for me and for
King. I'll see thee stand up, [my tidings.
Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you
Had knelt'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.
King I would I had: so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.
Laf. Good faith, across;
But, my good lord, 'tis thus: Will you be cured
Of your incurability?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have seen a medicine,
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to raise king Pupin, nay,
To give Great Charlemain a pen in his hand
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she; My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see her
(For that is her demand) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafen,
Firing in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou tookst it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [Exit Lafen.

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LA斐F, with ILEANA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways; This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together: fare you well. [Exit. King.
Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord: Gerard de Naarbon was
My father: in what he did profess, well found.
King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience, the only curing,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all boundless humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure.—
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inadulter estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empires; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to hear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give.
As near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy;
He that of greatest works is finisher.
Oft doth them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shewn,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid: [maid
Profers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of man.
Dearer, 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
Hope thou mine cure! 

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in muck and occidental damp
ACT II.—SCENE III.

Most 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 stranglet's boldness, a divulged shame, Tragedy! by odious ballads; my maiden's name Sear'd otherwise; nay, worst of worst extended, With viest tortore let my life be ended.

King. Metlinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth His powerful sound, within an organ weak: [Speak; And what impossibility would say In common sense, sense save another way. Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate; Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all That happiness and prime can happy call! Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate. Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try; 

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die; And well deserv'd: Not helping, death's my fee;

But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my scene, and the vaults of heaven. Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kindly hand, What husband in thy power I will command:

Exempted be from me the arrogance To choose from forth the royal blood of France; My low and humble name to propagate With any branch or image of thy state: But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know Is free for me to ask, then to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd, Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd; So make the choice of thy own time, for I, Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I must; Though, more to know, could set more to trust; From whence thou canst not, here 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.  

[FLOURISH. 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 shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court. Count. To the court! what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court! Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing; has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and tended, such a fellow, by words, 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 but-
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Laf. Not to be helped,—
Par. Right: as 'twere a man assured of an—
Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.
Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.
Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.
Par. Indeed: if you will have it in sheewing, you shall read it in,—"What do you call there?—
Laf. A sheewing 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 luster: fore me speak in respect—
Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most faci-
norous 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 tran-
scendence: 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, Helen, and Attendants.
Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.
Laf. Lustièk, as the Dutchman says: 'I like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lend her a coranto.
Par. Mort du Vinagre! Is not this Helen?
Laf. 'Tis God, I think so.
King. Go, call before me all the lords in court—
[Exit a attendent.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side:
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast restored, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.
Fair maid, send forth thine eye:—this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
Of every sort: sovereign power, and father's voice
I have to use: thy first 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. 'Tis a dey Curat, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys,
And writ as little beard.
King. Perseem them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.
Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven bath, through me, restor'd the king to health.
All. We understand it, and thank heaven for—
Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid:—
Pleased it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks, thus whisper me,
We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll never come there again.

King. Make choice; and, see,
Whosha 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 stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?
1 Lord. Aod grant it.
Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.
Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
Amen-ace for my life.
Hel. The honour, sir, that frames in your fair eyes,
ACT II.—SCENE III.

Let the rest go.

King. My honour 's at the stake ; which to defeat,
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, pointing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that will not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travels in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do those own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy dutey owes, and our power claims;
Or willer style, as thou faires 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! think answer!
Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider,
What great events from that which makes of honour,
This, which you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praise of the king; who so, ennobled, is,
As 'twere, 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 new-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space
Expiring about friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[Exeunt King, Ber. Her. Lords, & Attendants.

Laf. Do you hear, monseigneur? a word with you.
Par. Your pleasure, sir!

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?
Laf. Ay; Is it not a language, I speak?
Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood
Without bloody succeeding. My master?
Laf. Are you companion to the count Ronsillon?
Par. To any count; at 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 that makes of honour,
Or as thy able vent of thy travel; it might pass:
Yet the scarts, and the bananaets, about thee, did manifoldly disuade 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 art scarce worth.
Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity
upon thee,—
Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest
Thou hasten thy trial;—which if—Lord have mercy
On thee for a fen! So, my good window of lattice, face 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 dram of it: and I will
Not bate thee a scruple.
Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to
Pull at a snare o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st
Bound in thy scarf, 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 know-
ledge; that I may say in the default, he is a man I
know.
Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable
vexation.
Laf. I would it were hall-pains for thy sake, and my
poor doing eternal: for doing I am past: as I will by
thee, in what motion age will give me leave. 
Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace
off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I
must be patient; there is no lettering of authority.
I'll hear him in my life, if I can meet him with any
convenience, or he be double and double a lord.
I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of— I'll beat him, as if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Laf. 

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master 's married, there's
news for you; you have a new mistress,
Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to
make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my
good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.
Laf. Who? God?
Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost
thou gather up all 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 throttle themselves upon thee.
Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.
Laf. If you were better left in thy folly 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
heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission.
You are not worth another word, else I'd call you
knave. I leave you.

[Exit.

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very gold; it is so then.—Good, very
good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares far ever!
Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Paroles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. Prance 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
I know not yet. Timporn is,
Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my
boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That huggs his kicky-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 war!

But it shall be so; I'll send her to my house, Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, And wherefore I am fled; write to the king That which I durst not speak: His present gift Shall furnish me with those Italian fields, Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife To the dark house, and the detested wife:

Par. Why, this canvas hold in these, art sure?

Par. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me. I'll send her straight away: To-morrow I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. Tis hard; A young man, married, is a man that's mar'd: Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go: The king has done you wrong: but, bash! tis so.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady! I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on: and to keep them so, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I ber money, I would she did as you say.

Clo. Truly, my lord.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou art a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knife, sir, is, and well fed.—Madam, my lord will go away to-night:

A very serious business calls on him. The great prerogative and rite of love, [lodge; Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknow-

But puts it off by a compell'd restraint; Whose want, and whose delay, is stew'd with sweets, Which they distill now in the curbed time, To make the coming hear 'er favours with joy, And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king.

And make this haste as your own good proceeding, Strengthen'd with what apology you think

May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands ha?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently

Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Lafeu and Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approach.

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 the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [To Ber.

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. Is she gone to the king? [Aside to Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, Given order for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride,— And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and yet, Why, I say nothing but 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 custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him to 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.

Ber. I think not.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog—
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

BERTRAM: This to my mother.

Act II. Sc. 5.
ACT III.—SCENE II.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave For present parting; only, if 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 must, than ask, why I entreat you: For my respects are better than they seem; And my appointments have in them a need, Greater than shews itself, at the first view, To you that know them not. This to my mother:

Twil be two days ere I shall see you; so I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant. Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall With true observance seek to eke out that, Wherein toward me my lonely stars have fail'd To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: Farewell; the home. Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon. Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. 1 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, 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. Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.

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! [Exit.

ACT III.


Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; Two French Lords, and others.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you The fundamental reasons of this war; [heard Whose great decision hath much blood let forth, And more thrusts after. Lord. Holy seems the quarrel Upon your grace's part; black and fearful On the opposer. [France

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom Against our borrowing prayers.

Lord. Good my lord, The reasons of our state I cannot yield, But like a common and an outward man, That the great figure of an council frames

By self-unable motion: therefore dare not Say what I think of it; since I have found Myself in my uncertain grounds to fall As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure, Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our nature That surfeit on their case, will, day by day, Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be; And all the honours that can fly from us, Shall on them settle. You know your places well; When better fall, for your avail's they fell: To-morrow to the field. [Flourish. Exit

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 the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his nose, and sing;—I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly morrow for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [Opening a letter.

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court; our old king and our Isbels o'the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o'the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have 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 held her; and sworn to make the court eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you, Your unfortunate son, Bertram.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy, To fly the 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 kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your son was run away. [Exit Clown.

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

1 Gen. Save you, good madam. Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 Gen. Do not say so. [men.

Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentle I have felt so many quarks of joy, and grief, That the first face of neither, on the start, Can woman write to?—Where is my son? I pray you? 2 Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward; from thence we came, and, after some despatch in hand at court, Thither we bend again. [port.]

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my pass. [Reads.] When thou dost 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?

1 Gen. Ay, madam; and, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains. Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer; if thou engrossest all the grieves are thine, Thou robb'st me of a moity: He was my son; but I do wash his name out of my blood, and thou art all my child. —Towards Florence is he?

2 Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose: and, believ't, the duke will lay upon him all the honour that good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed. Hel. [Reeds.] Till I have no wife, I have nothing in his bitter. [France.]

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand; happily, his heart was not consenting to. [which 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?

2 Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman. Which I have some time known.

Count. Paroles, was't not?

1 Gen. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature. [cess. With his inducement.]

Hel. Indeed, good lady, the fellow has a deal of that, too much, which holds him much to have. Count. You are welcome, gentlemen, I will entreat you, when you see my son; to tell him that his sword can never win the honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you Written to bear along. [and]

2 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? [Ex. Countess & Gentlemen.]

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France. Nothing in France, until he has no wife! Thou shalt have none, Roussillon, none in France, then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't! That chase thee from thy country, and expose Those tender limbs of thine to the event Of the same sparing war? and is it Then that drive thee from theスポーツ court, where thou Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark Of some muskets? O you leaden messengers, That ride upon the violent speed of fire, Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air, That slings with piercing, do not touch my lord! Whoever shoots at him, I set him there; Whoever charges on his forward breast, I am the caufi, that do hold him to; And, though I kill him not, I am the cause His death was so effected: better 'twere

I met the ravin lion when he roard With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere That all the miseries, which nature owes,

Wore mine at once: No, come thou home, Roussillon, Whence honour but of danger wins a scar, And all becomes; 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 offic'd all: I will be gone;

That pitiful rumour may report my flight, To consolite thine ear. Come, night; end, day! For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.]


Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we, Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence, Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is A charge too heavy for my strength: but yet We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake, To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth: And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm, As thy suspicious 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 war. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Roussillon.—A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess and 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. I am St. Jacques' pilgrim, thither gone: Ambitious love hath so in me offended, That bare-foot pod I the cold ground upon, With with saw my faults to have amended.

If erte, write, that, from the bloody course of war My dearest master, your dear son may be; Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far, His name with zealous fervor sanctify: His taken honors bid him me forgive; His despicable Juno, sent him forth From courtly friends, with camping feast to live, Where death and danger do the hearts of worth: He is too good and fair for death and me; Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stations 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'ert'a'en; and yet she writes, Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive, Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear, And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo, To this unworthy husband of his wife: Let every word weigh heavy of her worth, That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief, Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again.
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in 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.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—Without the Walls of Florence.

A bucket after off. Enter an old Widow of Florence,
Diana, Violanta, Mariana, and other Citizens.

DIA. 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.

DIA. 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.

DIA. I have told my neighbour, how you have
been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

MAR. I know that knife; hang him! one Pa-
rolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions
for the young Earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their
promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these
gains 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 shews in the wreck of
maidens, cannot for all that dissipate succession,
but that they are lined with the twigs that threaten
them. I hope I need not advise you further: but,
I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are,
though there were no 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.

DIA. I hope so. — Look, here comes a pilgrim:—
I know she will lie at my house: thither she send
one another; I'll question her.

Goe, strike, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

HEL. To Saint Jaques le grand.

DIA. Where do the palmer's lodge, I do beseech you?

HEL. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

DIA. Is this the way?

HEL. Ay, marry, is it. —Hark you!

[A march after of.

DIA. 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?

DIA. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

HEL. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

DIA. You came, I think, from France?

HEL. I did so.

DIA. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

HEL. His name, I pray you.

DIA. The Count Rousillon; know you such a one?

HEL. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

DIA. Whatso'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

HEL. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

DIA. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

HEL. What's his name?

DIA. Monsieur Parolles.

HEL. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.

DIA. Alas, poor lady!

HEL. Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a desisting lord.

DIA. A right good creature: wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

HEL. How do you mean?

DIA. May be, the amorous solicitis her
In the unlawful purpose.

HEL. He does, indeed;
And brakes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is am'ld for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Floren-
tine army, Bertram, and Parolles.

MAR. The gods forbid else!

HEL. 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: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honest,
He were much goodlier.—Is't not a handsome gentle-
man? I like him well.

DIA. His pity he is not honest: Yond's that same
knight,
That leads him to these places: were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

HEL. Which is he?

DIA. That jack-an-apes with scars: Why is he
melancholy?

HEL. Verchance he's hurt i' the battle.

PAR. Lose our drum! well.

MAR. He's shrewdly vexed at something: Look,
he has spied us.

DIA. Marry, hang you!

MAR. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[Exit Ber., Par., Officers, and Soldiers.

HEL. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring
Where you shall be host: of envin'd penitents [pos]
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 require you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Camp before Florence.

Enter Bertram, and the two French Lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him
have his way.

Q?
2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceived in him?

1 Lord. 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 good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and lead him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the league of the adversaries, when we bring him to our 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 furiet of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

Ber. Well, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 Lord. A box on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is 't but a drum? A drum so lost! There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Caesar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our successes: some discomour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or he lack.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on: I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant; and to the possibility of the undertaking, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

[Exit.

1 Lord. 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; dares himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do.

2 Lord. 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 discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 Lord. None in the world; but return with an in- ward clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to-night: for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smacked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sport you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 Lord. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

2 Lord. As 't please your lordship: I'll leave you.

[Exit.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you The lass I spoke of.

2 Lord. But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have 't the wind, Tokens and letters which she did re-send; And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature; Will you go see her?

2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Florenc.—A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter Hellen and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born, Nothing acquainted with these businesses; And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.

First, give me trust, the count he is my husband; And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken, Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you; For you have shew'd me that, which well approves You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold, And I'll buy your friendly help thus far.

Wid. Which I will over-pay, and pay again. [Laughter, When I have found it. The count he woos your Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent.
As we 'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she 'll demand: A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his life fierce,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
How'er repeated after.

Wid. Now I see

The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawfully then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent; after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:

Instruct my daughter how she shall persévère.
That time and place, with this decision so lawful,
May prove some thing to every night he come;
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
May wicked meaning in a lawful deed
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter First Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 Lord. 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, you 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.

1 Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 Lord. But what linsy-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

1 Sold. Even such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers: 'tis 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 to one another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble 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.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me; and disgrace have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

[Aside.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came 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 another of Bajazet's nule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is?

[Aside.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 Lord. We cannot afford you so.

[Aside.

Par. Or the barring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 Lord. I would not do.

[Aside.

Par. Or to drowd my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 Lord. Hardly serve.

[Aside.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 Lord. How deep?

[Aside.

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 Lord. Three great oaths would scarce serve make that be believed.

[Aside.

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear, I recovered it.

1 Lord. You shall bear one anon.

[Aside.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! [Alarum within.

1 Lord. Thrice fomous us, cargo, cargo, cargo. All, cargo, cargo, utiliada par corvo, cargo.

Par. O! reason, reason:—Do not hide mine eyes.

[They seize him and blindfold him.

1 Sold. Baskos tromuldo baskos.

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 undeceive The Florentine.

1 Sold. Baskos caurudo—

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—

Keretlyimoto:—Sir, Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh! O, pray, pray, pray.—

Manka reavius duide.

1 Lord. Oscurbi dulceis volvcrea.

1 Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet; And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on.

To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live, And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew, 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. Acero launa. —

Come on, thou art granted space.

[Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.

1 Lord. Go, tell the count Roussillon, and my brother,

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him Till we do hear from them.

[Stuffed,
SCENE II. Florence.—A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter BERTHAN and DIANA.

BER. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

DIA. No, my good lord, Diana.

BER. Titled goddess; And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul, Is your fine fume hath love no quality? If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, You are no maiden, but a monument: When you are dead, you should be such a one As you are now, for you are cold and stern; And now you should be as your mother was, Who, when her sweet self was got, Did she then was honest.

DIA. So should you be.

BER. My mother did but duty; such, my lord, As you owe to your wife.

BER. No more of that! I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows: I was compell'd to her; but I love thee By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever Do thee all rights of service.

DIA. Ay, so you serve us, Till we serve you: but when you have our roses, You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves, And mock us with our barrenness.

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 If I should swear by Jove's great attributes, I, love you dearly, would you believe my oaths, When I did love you ill? this has so holding, To swear by him whom I pretend 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 affairs, 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 lusing to our house, Bequeathed down from many ancestors; Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world In me to lose.

DIA. Mine honour's such a ring: My chastity's the jewel of our house, Bequeathed down from many ancestors; Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world In me to lose: Thus you own proper wisdom Brings in the champion honour on my part, Against your vain assault.

BER. Here, take my ring:

My house, nine honour, yea, my life be thine, And I'll be bid by thee. [Exit.

DIA. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber: I'll order take, my mother shall not hear. Now will I charge you in the band of truth, When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed, Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me: My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them; When back again this ring shall he 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, Aye, till then; then, fall not: You have won A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

BER. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [Exit.

DIA. For which live long to thank both heaven and You may so in the end.— My mother told me just how he would woo, As if she sat in his 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 abjured. Since Frenchmen are so braid, Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid: Only, in this disguise, I think no sin To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Florentine Camp.

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 LORD. You have not given him his mother's letter? 2 LORD. I have deliver'd it an hour since; there is something in 't that stings his nature: for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 LORD. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady. 2 LORD. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even turned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 LORD. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it. 2 LORD. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 LORD. Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 LORD. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their aborted ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream overflows himself.

1 LORD. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 LORD. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 LORD. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 LORD. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 LORD. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 LORD. I hear there is an ouverture of peace.

1 LORD. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 LORD. What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?
ACT IV.—SCENE III.

1 Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

3 Sir. In his life, some two months since, fled from his house his present is a pilgrimage to Saint Jacques le Grand: which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the worthy.

2 Lord. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 Lord. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 Lord. 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.

1 Lord. 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 cherish'd 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.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful there; if they were more than they can command.

Enter Bertram.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tattiness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, isn't after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have confeder'd with the duke, done my adieu with him; sent a thousand pieces of news to my lady mother, I am returning; enterained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effectually many nicer deeds; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. 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 notd, as fear ing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the tool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit me; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophet.

2 Lord. Bring him forth. [Except Soldiers.] He has sat in 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?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already: the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood: he weeps like a wench that had shod her milk; he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposed a wife, mourned for her; wept, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting in the stocks: And what think you he hath confess'd?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. 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.

Recitar Soldiers, with Paroles.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Boodle comes! Posta tartara.

2 Lord. He calls for the torments: What will you say without 'em?

Par. I know not what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 Sold. Morte ammehu.

2 Lord. Balladando eichmururo.

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. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down.—for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Par. But I vom 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.

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, Corinthians so many, Gaunts so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratia, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopfer, Vannond, Bentii, two hundred and 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 off from their casacks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Damain he the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertise in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible, with well-weighting sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? I bid 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 Damain?
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 dull innocent, that could not say him, nay. [DUMAIN lifts up his hand in anger.] 
Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.
1 Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's army?
Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and louzy.
1 Lord. 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 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.
1 Lord. Excellently.
1 Sold. 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 Di-ana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.
1 Lord. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.
Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.
Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!
1 Sold. When he sweats oaths, bid him drop gold, and After he scores, he never pays the score: [take it: 
Haff won, is match well made; match, and well make it; 
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before; And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this, 
Men are to melt with, boys are not to kiss: 
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it, 
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it. 
Thine, as he would't to thine in thine ear, PAROLLES.
Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.
2 Lord. This is your devour'd friend, sir, the man-ifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.
Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.
1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.
Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, 'tis the stocks, or any where, so I may live.
1 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: 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 parleyeth 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: drunkenss makes him bright for he will be swine-drunck; 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.
1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.
Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pos- upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.
1 Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?
Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English, Nay, and to believe him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Milie-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.
1 Lord. He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.
Ber. A pos 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 guart d' eau he will sell the fee sim- ple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entuil from all remainders, and a perpetual success- suing for it perpetually.
1 Lord. What's his brother, the other captain Dumas?
1 Lord. Why does he ask of me?
1 Sold. What's he?
Par. Even a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in 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; weary, in coming on he has the cramp.
1 Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?
Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rou- silhon.
1 Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.
Par. 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 sus- pected an ambush where I was taken? [Aside.
1 Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously dis- covered the secrets of your army, and made such pus- tiferous 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.
[Unmanning him.
So, look about you; Know you any here?
Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.
2 Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.
1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.
2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lalie? I am for France.
1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Dana in behalf of the count Rousillon? if I were not a very coward, I'd compass it of you; but fare you well. [Readeth the first two lines.
1 Sold. You are undone, captain: all but your searc, 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, 'Twould burst at this: Captain, I'll be no more;
ACT IV.—SCENE V.

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 braggar
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggar shall be found an ass.
Rest, sword! cool, blushes! and, Paroles, 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
One of the greatest in the Christian world [you,
Shall be my surety; ’fore whose throne, ‘tis needful,
Ere I can perfect my 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 informed
His residence is at Marseilles, to which place
We have convenient convey. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We’ll be, before our welcome.
Hil. Gentle madam, you never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your 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 dover,
As it hath fated her to be my mother.
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen’d thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night? so lust doth play
With what it loths, for that which is away;
But more of this hereafter;—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dian. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,—
But with the word, 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; still the fine’s the crown;
What’er the course, the end is the renown. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Rousillon.—A room in the Countess’s Palace.

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was mislaid with a snip-
taffata fellow there; whose villainous saffron
Have made all the unbaked 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-
beetle I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the
death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever
nature had praise for creating; if she had partaken
of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother,
I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. ’Twas a good lady, ’twas a good lady: we
may pick a thousand salads, o’er we light on such an-
other herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of
the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you know, they are
nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nébuchadnezzar, sir, I have not
much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; or 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 czoven 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
as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who is that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his
phisonomy is more batter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir, Elles, the prince of dark-
ness; 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 good fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps
a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world,
let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the
house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too
little for pomp to enter; some, that humble them-
selves, may: but the many will be too civil 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 wary of thee;
and I tell thee so before, because I would not fail
out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horse be well
looked after, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon ’em, sir, they shall
be jades’ tricks; which are their own right by the
law of nature. [Exit.

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord, that’s gone, made him-
self much sport out of him: by his authority he re-
maines here, which he thinks is a patent for his sacri-
ence; and, indeed, he has no pace, 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 met 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 con-
ceived against your son, there is no fitter matter.
How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I
wish it happily effect.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of
as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will
be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in
such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him
ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manner I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privileges.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank you God, it holds yet.

Re-Enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on his face; whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a patch of two pile and a half, and his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbamboed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Tis true, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prythee, get thee further.

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 Laf.
ACT V.—SCENE III.

As mad in folly, lack’d the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done 't the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason’s force,
'O'er bears it, and burns up.

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 scorn’d to serve,
Humbly call’d mistress.

King. Praising what’s lost, [hither:—
Makes the remembrance dear. — Well, call him
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 this our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoken?

Laf. All that he hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters
That set him high in fame. [sent me,
Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on’t.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou may’st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repepted blam’d,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. 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’t decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord!

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixed,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp’d the line of every other favour;
Scarcely a fair colour or expres’d it stoln’;
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 exec’d:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great comet: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence.
Crying, That’s good that’s gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what’s done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen’s knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Madalin:
The main consents are had; and here we’ll stay,
To see our widow’s second marriage day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven
Or, ere they meet in me. O nature, cease! [bless!
Laf. 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.—I have old ear,
And every hair that’s on’t, Helen, that’s dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e’er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fastened to it—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign
Howe’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 deceit’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 knew it; noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag’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 overture, she ceas’d
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: ’twas mine, ’twas Helen’s,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess ’t was hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call’d the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her 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 heart;
And mark’st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I will not suffer out. I would prove
That thou art so inhuman—’twill not prove so:
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.

[Guards seize Bertram.

My fore-past proofs, however the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity.
Having vainly fear’d too little.—Away with him;—
We’ll sift this matter further.

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.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinnings.

Gent. [Rends.] Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rosalind a widow; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seeder flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

Diana Capulet.

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, Lafen, To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—

Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

[Exit Gentleman, and some Attendants.

I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doors!

Enter Bertram, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you, And that you fly them as you swear them lordship, Yet 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 Capulet; 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. [women?

King. Come hither, count; Do you know these Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny But that I know them: Do they charge me further? Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife? 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 embobbed yours, That she, which marries you, must marry me, Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation [to Bertram.] 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 high-Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour, [less Than for to think that I would sink it here. King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend, 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 say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;

And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so, He might have bought me at a common price: Do not believe him: O, behold this ring, Whose high respect, and rich validity, Did lack a parallel: yet, for all that, He gave it to a commoner of the camp, If I be one. Count. He blushes, and 'tis it: Of six preceding ancestors, that gem Confer'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 hath am to produce So had an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be. King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave, With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debos'd; Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth: Am I for that, or this, for what he'll utter, That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours,

Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her, And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth: She knew her distance, and did angle for me, Madding my eagerness with her restraint, As all impediments in fancy's course Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine, Her intent coming 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 sa nobile 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 shrivelly, every feather starts

Is this the man you speak of? [you.

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but, tell me true, I charge Not fearing the displeasure of your master, (you, (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 hath had 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.
ACT V.—SCENE III.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.
What an equivocal companion is this?
Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.
Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.
Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?
Par. Faith, I know more than I 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 knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours?
Dia. Ay, my good lord.
King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?
Dia. It was not given me, nor did I not buy it.
King. Who lent it you?
Dia. It was not lent me neither.
King. Where did you find it then?
Dia. I found it not.
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 hadst this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.
King. Take her away.
Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.
King. I think thee now some common customer.
Dia. By love, if ever I knew man, twas you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accused 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.—Stay, roval sir; [Exit Widow.

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 quitt him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd;
And at therefore 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?
To make that I see?
Het. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.
Het. Both, both; O, pardon!
Het. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid, I found you would'son kind.
There is your ring, and,
Beguile my sight, as 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?
Het. If she, my liege, can make me know this
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
[clearly.
Het. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lead us, and take our hearts. [Exeunt.
MR. MALONE SUPPOSES THIS COMEDY TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN 1596. IT IS FOUND ON AN ANONYMOUS PLAY OF NEARLY THE SAME TITLE, "THE TAME OF A SHEEP," WHICH WAS PROBABLY WRITTEN ABOUT THE YEAR 1591, BY GEORGE PEILE, OR ROBERT GREEN. THE OUTLINE OF THE INDUCTION MAY BE TRACED, AS MR. Douce OBSERVES, THROUGH MANY INTERMEDIATE COPIES, TO THE SLEEPER AWAKED OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. IT HAS BEEN Doubted BY DR. WACHURTON AND DR. FARMER WHETHER THIS COMEDY IS REALLY THE PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE. THEY HAVE NO OTHER GROUNDS FOR THEIR OPINION, BUT THE INFERIORITY OF ITS PLOT. THE PLAY, AS A WHOLE, IS CERTAINLY NOT IN OUR AUTHOR'S BEST MANNER, BUT IN THE INDUCTION AND IN THE SCENES BETWEEN KATHARINA AND PETRUCHIO THE TALE OF HIS HAND ARE STRONGLY MARKEt. IF IT BE NOT SHAKESPEARE'S, TO WHOM CAN IT BE ATTRIBUTED?

BENVOLIO AND FLETCHER HAVE WRITTEN A SEQUEL TO THIS COMEDY, CALLED "THE WOMAN'S PRIZE" OR THE "TAMER MADE," IN WHICH A CHARACTER BEARING THE NAME OF PETRUCHIO (FOR NOTHING BUT THE NAME REMAINS TO HIM) IS SUBJUGATED BY A SECOND WIFE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A LORD.
CHRISTOPHER SYL, A DRUNKEN TUBER.
HOSTESS, PAGE, PLAYERS, HUHTSMEN, AND OTHERS ATTENDING ON THE INDUCTION.

BAPTISTA, A RICH GENTLEMAN OF PADUA.
VINCENTIO, AN OLD GENTLEMAN OF PISA.
LUCENTIO, SON TO VINCENTIO, IN LOVE WITH BIANCA.
PETRUCCIO, AGENT OF VERONA, SUITOR TO KATHARINA.
GREGIO, HORTENSIO, SUITORS TO BIANCA.
FRANCO, BIONDELLO, SERVANTS TO LUCENTIO.
GNOMIO, CERITUS, SERVANTS TO PETRUCCIO.
PEDANT, AN OLD FELLOW SET UP TO PERSONATE VINCENTIO.

KATHARINA, THE SHEEP; \{ DAUGHTERS TO BAPTISTA.

BIANCA, HER SISTER; \{ DAUGHTERS TO BAPTISTA.

WIDOW.

TUTOR, HARDESHAVER, AND SERVANTS ATTENDING ON BAPTISTA AND PETRUCCIO.

SCENE,—SOMETIMES IN PADUA; AND SOMETIMES IN PETRUCCIO'S HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—BEFORE AN ALCOHOLE ON A HEATH.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I'll plea thee on, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue! I

Sly. Ye're a bagage; the sites are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, rausa pallialis; let the world slide: Scusa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burnt!

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy:—

Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-brother. [Exit.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[LIe down on the ground, and falls asleep.

WIND BLOWS. Enter a LORD FROM HUNTING, WITH HUHTSMEN AND SERVANTS.

LORD. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman,—the poor ear is embossed,

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 pound.

1 Hun. Why, Delman is as good as he, my lord;

He cried upon it at the greatest 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? [with ale,

2 HUN. He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd This were a bed but cold to sleep in soundly.

LORD. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies! Grim death doth mock how foul and loathsome is thine image! Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man—

What think you, if he were conveyed to bed,

Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 HUN. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 HUN. It would seem strange unto him when he wake'd.

LORD. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:

Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:

Procure me music ready when he wakes.

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,

And, with a low submissive reverence,

Say,—What is it your honour will command?

Let one attend him with a silver basin,

Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;

Another bear the towel, the third a diaper,

And say—Will't please your lordship cool your some one; be ready with a costly suit, [hands?

And ask him what apparel he will wear;

Another tell him of his hounds and horse,

And that his lady mourns at his disease:

Persuade him, that he hath been luminous;

And, when he says he is—say, that he dreams,

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs; It will be pastime passing excellent, If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 Hun. My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part, As he shall think, by our true diligence, He is as good as what we say he is.

LORD. Take him up gently, and bed with him; And each one to his office, when he wakes.— [Some hear out Sly. A trumpet sounds

SIRRAH, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—

[Exit Servant.

Belike, some noble gentleman: that means,

Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—
HORSESS  You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?
INDUCTION.-SCENE II.  255

Re-enter a Servant.

How now! who is it?

Serv. It is the rich, meinem lord.

Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 Play. 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 played to a farmer's eldest son:

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part was aptly fitted, and naturally performed.

1 Play. I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. The 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 bear you play to-night:

But I am doubtful of your modesties.

Lest, ever-varying 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.

1 Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain our

Were he the veriest antic in the world. [selves

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery.

And give them friendly welcome every one:

Let them want nothing that my house affords.

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page, [Toa Serv.

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 accomplish'd;

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 shew her duty, and make known her love?

And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,

And with delightful words in his bosom—

Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd;

To see her noble lord restored to health,

Who, for twice seven years, hath esteem'd him

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:

And if the boy hath not a woman's gift,

To raise a shower of command'd tears,

An onion will do well for such a shift:

Which in a napkin being close conveyed,

Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;

Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [Exeunt Serv.

I know, the boy will use surcease 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.

Sirv. For God's sake, a pot of small sike.

1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of

 conserve?

2 Serv. Will it please your honour taste of these

3 Serv. What repute will your honour wear to-day?

Sirv. I am Christopher Sly; call not me honour,

nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserve, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what repute I'll wear: for I have no more doubles than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your

O, that a mighty man of such descent, [honour!

Of such possessions, and so high esteem.

Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. Why, what should make my mad? Am not I

Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by

birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by trans-

mutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession

a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of

Wincot, if she know me not; if she say I am not

foureene pence on the score for sheere ale, score me up

for the King's playing in Christendom. What, I am not

bestraught: Here's

1 Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn

2 Serv. O, this it is that makes your servants droop

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy. [House

O, noble lord, bethank thee of thy birth;

Call him hence. Now to his dust and trans-stitute.

Banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? stark! Apollo plays, [Music.

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lastful bed

On parings trium'd up for Sereniss.

Say, thou wilt walk: we will bestrew the ground

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trappid,

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 fight as they shall please:

1 Serv. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounderes

As breathed stages, ay, fleeter than the roc. [as swift

2 Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee

Adonis, painted by a running brook: [straight

And Cythera all in sedges hid;

Which seem to move and wanent with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee lo, as she was a maid;

And how she was beguiled and surpriz'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 bloody 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 waging age.

1 Serv. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,

Like envious clouds o'er-rain her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world;

And yet she is the inferior earth.

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 Christophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale. [Hands.]
Serv. Will you please your mightiness to wash your hands?
Servants present an ever, bason, and napkin.
O, how we joy to see your wit 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 life, a goody nap.
But I doubt I never speak all that time.
Serv. O, ye, 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 raiu upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the feet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quart's;
Sometimes you would call out for John 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 thanke 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.
What 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 mea should call me—lord; I am your goodman.
Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband.
I am your wife in all obedience. [band
Serv. I know it well:—What must I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Serv. Al'lad madam, or Joan madam?
Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.
Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd and
Above some fifteen year and more. [slept
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 abstain me from your bed:
I have this reason, that I am for 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 fleth and the blood.

Enter a Servant.
Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amend,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
[meet
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeald'your blood,
And melancholy is the curse of frawzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and meritment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a common a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?
Page. No, my good lord: it is more pleasing stuff.
Sly. What, household stuff?
Page. It is a kind of history.
Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall o'er be younger. [They sit down.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. A public Place.

Enter LUCENTIO and TRanio.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company.
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all:
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincinio, come of the Berbatoll's.
Vincenio his 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 achieve'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa, left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.
Tra. Mi perdono, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
On my 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 checks,
As Ovid he an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Blondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: What company is this?
Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand aside.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For I know I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
ACT I.—SCENE I.

To can her rather: She's too tough for me.— There, there Hortensio, will you any wife? Kath. I pray you, sir, [to Bap.] is it your will To make a state of me amongst these mates? Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that! no mates Unless you were another, milder month. [For you, Kath, faith, sir, you shall never need to fear; I was, 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-leg'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! [Aside: Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward. Luc. But in the other's silence I do see Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety. Peace, Tranio. Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gare your fill. Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good What I have said.— Bianca, get you in: And let it not displease thee, good Bianca; For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl. Kath. A pretty peat! 'tis best Put finger in the eye—an she knew why. * Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent. Sir, in our pleasure hides the sport. 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. [Aside. Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange? Sorry am I, that our good will effects Least 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:— Go in, Bianca. [Exit Bianca. And for I know, she taketh most delight In music, instruments, and poetry. Schooling may I will 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 communickate to 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! Ha! [Exit Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so great, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell.—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father! Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never break'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistresses, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'specialy. 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,
TAMING OF THE S HREW.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible; For who shall bear your part, And be in Padua here, Vincentio; Keep how and my book; welcome his friends; Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. haste; content thee; for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house;

Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,

For man, or master: then it follows thus;—

Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead.

Keep house, and ply your book; as I should:

I will some other be; some Florizent,

Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.

'Tis batch'd, and shall be so;—Tranio, at once

Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:

When Biennello comes, he waits on thee;

But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. They exchange habits.

In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,

And I am tied to be obedient;

(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;

Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,

Although, I think, 'twas in another sense.)

I content am to be Lucentio.

Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;

And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid

Whose sudden sight hath thrill'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biennello.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, now how, where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?

Or you stol'n his? or both? or pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,

And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life, Puts my apparel and my countenance on,

And 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 descried.

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,

While I make way from hence to save my life; You understand me?

Bion. I do, sir; ne'er a whit.

Luc. Only, and not a jot of Tranio in your mouth; Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'Would I were so too.

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daught,

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's;—

I advise you use your wits diversely in all kind of com;

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; [Exeunt

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daught,

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's;—

I advise you use your wits diversely in all kind of com;

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; [Exeunt

To make one among these woosers: if thou ask me Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

1 Serv. My lord you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter surely; Comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; [Would 'twere done!

SCENE II.—The same. Before Hortensio's House.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a 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 wipe it wealthily in Padua;
If I am truly, then happily in Padua.

Grn. 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 no teeth in her head, though she has as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petrucho, since we have stepped thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest,
I can, Petrucho, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough),
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward: so beyond all measure,
That were my state far 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; [feet—
For I will hold her, though she chide as loud.
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is a gentleman,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And then I promise, I'll make terms with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Grn. 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 him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so, why, that's nothing: an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see within a cut: You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petrucho, I must go with thee; For in Baptista's house I keep a tryst—
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholdeth from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love,
Supposing it a thing impossible, 
[For those defects I have before rehearsed,]
That ever Katharina will be won.

Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en;
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Grn. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid; of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petrucho 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; with him Luciento disguis'd, with books under his arm.

Grn. 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—
Petrucho, stand by a while.

Grn. A proper stripling, and an amorous! [They retire.

Grn. O, very well: I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I 'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand; And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I 'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too, And let me have them very well perform'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?
Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I 'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,) As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Ten, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Grn. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Grn. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!


Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio.

Grn. And you 're well met, signior Hortensio, Trow Whither I am going!—To Baptista Minola. [you, I promised to inquire about a schoolmaster for fair Bianca,
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour, Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman, Hath promised me to help him another, A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whate behind in duty To fair Bianca, so befo'ed of me.

Grn. Beloved of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Grn. And that his bags shall prove. [Aside.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love; Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, I 'll tell you news indifferent good for either. Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to his liking, Will undertake to wo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Grn. So said, so done, is well:
Hortensio, have you told her faults?

Pet. I know she is an icksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Grn. Na, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Grn. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:
But if you have a stomach, to 'ot O' God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But, will you woo this wild cat?
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bags.

Bap. For he fears none. 

Gre. Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooling, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided, that he win her.

Bap. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio, bravely appareled; and Biondello.

Bap. 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?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't
aside to Tranio.] 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?

Gre. Not her that chides, sir, or any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir;—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. 

Biondello!

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

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. Solly, my masters! if you be gentleman,

Do me this right,—bear 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.

Then, Paris came, he was the man to be shamed:

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to 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 scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous 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 heardken 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 stand us all, and me among the rest;

An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—

Achieve the elder, set the younger free.

For as a could with the ricoch shal 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 beholden.

Tov. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,

Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,

And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;

And do as adversaries do in law,—

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends. 

Gre. Bap. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be—

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so——

Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto. 

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Katharine and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your-

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me:—

Thyself, that I disdain; but for these other gawds,

Unbend my hands. I'll pull them off myself,

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;

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. Minyon, thou liest; 'Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,

I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;

You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?

Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,

You have but jested with me all this while:

I prythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[Strikes her.

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this

Insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside; poor girl! she weeps:—

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.

For shame, thou hilding 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 slouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[Exit Katharine.

Bian. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

[Exit Bianca.

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

I must dance bare-foot 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 Katharine.

Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in the habit of a mean

man; 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 sister! Pray, have you not a daugh-

Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous? 

[ter

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,
ACT II.—SCENE I.

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That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit, Her affability, and bashful modesty, Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,— Am bold to show myself a forward guest Within your house, to make mine eyes the witness Of that report which I so oft have heard. And, for an entrance to my entertainment, I do present you with a man of mine— [Presenting Hortensio.]

Cunning in music, and the mathematics, To instruct her fully in those sciences, Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant: Accept of him, or else you do me wrong; His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and be for your good But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know, [sake: And, toward 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. You seem not for the hire of your barge. Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray, Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too: Baccare! you are marvellous forward. [doing. Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing—

—Neighbours, this gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindliness myself, that have been more kindly beheld to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [presenting Lucentio.] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. Much 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? Tran. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own; That being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Bianca, fair, and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preference 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, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument. And this small packet of Greek and Latin books: If you accept them, then their worth is great. Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray? Tran. 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 You shall go see your pupils presently. [of books, Holia, 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 Hor. Luc. and Bion. We will go walk a little in the orchard, And then to dinner: You are passing welcome, And so I pray you all to think yourselves. Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste, And every day I cannot come to woo. You knew my father well; and in him, me, Left solely heir to all his lands and goods. Which if I have better'd rather than decreas'd; Then tell me,—If I get your daughter's love, What dowry shall I have with her to wife? Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands: And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her Of her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,— In all my lands and houses whatsoever. Let specialties be therefore drawn between us, That covenants may be kept on either hand. Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd, This is,—her love; for that is all in all. Pet. Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father, I am as peremptory as she proud-minded; And where two raging fires meet together, They do consume the thing that feeds their fury: Though little fire grows great with little wind, Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all: So I to her, and so she yields to me: For I am rough, and wot not like a babe. Bap. Well, may'st thou woe, 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 shackle not, though they blow perpetually. Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale. [pale? Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good nurse? Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier; [sician? Iron may hold with her, but never lutes. Bap. Why, then, let us speak 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 how her hand to teach her fingering; When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, Frets, call you these? quoth she: 'I'll fiue them with These, and with that word she struck me on the head, And through the instrument my pale made way; And there I stood amazed for a while, As on a pillory, looking through the lute; While she did call me,—rascal fiddler, And—twangling Jack; with twenty such vile tunes, 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 clout with her! Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discontented: Proceed in practice with my younger daughter; She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns,— Signior Petruchio, will you go with us? Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you? Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here.— [Exit. Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, & Hor. And woo her with some spirit when she comes. Say, that she rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain, She sings as sweetly as a nightingale: Say, that she frown; 'I'll say, she looks as clear As morning roses newly wash'd with dew: Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word; Then I'll commend her volubility, And say,—she uttereth piercing eloquence: If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks, As though she bid me stay by her a week; If she deny to wed, I'll 'crave the day When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.— But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak. Enter Katharina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.
TAMING OF THE SHEREW.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something-hard of hearing;
They call me—katharine, that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call’d plain Kate,
And benry Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst,
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate.
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:

Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,

Myself, now will to walk thee for my life. [hitherto
Kate. Mow’d in good time; let him that mov’d you
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what’s a moveable?
Kate. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.
Kate. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
Kate. No such jade, sir, as you, if you me mean.
Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—
Kate. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
Pet. Should be! should little.
Kate. Well tac’d, and like a buzzard. [thee?
Pet. O, slow-wing’d turtle! shall a buzzard take
Kate. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you wapsh; I faith, you are too an-
Kate. If I be waspish, best beware my sting. [gry
Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.
Kate. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth bear his
In his tail. [ Sting it

Kate. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?
Kate. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come
Good Kate; I am a gentleman. [again
Kate. That I’ll try. [Striking him
Pet. I swear I’ll cuff you, if you strike again.
Kate. You lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O put me in thy books.
Kate. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A coombless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kate. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so
Kate. It is my fashion, when I see a crab. [sour
Pet. Why, here’s no crab; and therefore look not
Kate. There is, there is. [sour
Pet. Then shew it me.

Kate. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kate. Well aim’d of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kate. Yet you are withered.

Pet. ’Tis with cares.
Kate. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you scape not
Kate. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go. [so
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, gamesome, passing courteous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain’s thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?
O slenderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
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.
Kate. Go, fool, and whom thou keep’st command.
Pet. Did ever Diian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Diian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Diian sportful!

Pet. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kate. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kate.

Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry ’prented;
And, will you, will you; I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well.)
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he, am born to tame you Kate;
And bring you from a wild eat 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, Orsino, 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?
Kate. Call you me, daughter? now I promise you,
You have shew’d a tender fatherly regard,
’twas wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A woman’s husband, and a man’s wife.
So swearing back,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, ’tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk’d of her, hath talk’d amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she’s not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have ’greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
Kate. I’ll see thee hang’d on Sunday first.
Gre. Hart, Petruchio! she says, she’ll see thee
hang’d first. [four part

Ten. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night
Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for my
If she and I be pleased, what’s that to you? [self;
’Tis bargain’d ’twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, ’tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me:—O, the kindest Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vowed 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 meacoek wratch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate; I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel against the wedding-day:—
ACT III.—SCENE I.

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine; [hands;]
I'll know not what to say: but give me your God send you joy, Petrucchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, alack! I will to Venice, Sunday comes apart:
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[Exeunt Petruccio and Katharina, severally.

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's
And venture madly on a desperate need. [part;

Tra. 'Twas a commodity betray'd so suddenly!

Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor for.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. YouAngel! thou canst not love so dear an I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fryst.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age, that nourisith.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes, that nouriseth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this

' Twis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dover,
Shall have Bianca's love—

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnish'd with plate and gold.

Basons, and ewers, to have her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;

In every cofet I have stuff'd my crowns;
La cressy chests my arres, counterparts,
Costly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valence of Venice gold be networking.

Pewter, and brass, and all things that belong
To house or house-keeping; then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stails,
And all things answerable to this portion.

Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is here.
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in—Sir, list to me,
I am your father's heir, and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pha's walls, as any one.

Old signior Gremio has in Padua
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.

What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all;
That she shall have; besides an argosy?

That cow is lying in Marseilles' road;

What, have I pinch'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;—

If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
TAMING OF THE SHREW

Bion. Let's hear:—

[Hortensio plays.

Luc. Sat in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bion. Now let me see if I can construe it:—Hor that  
Sinors, I know you not: hic est Sigfell tells, I trust  
you not.—His serenat Priami, take heed he us not:  
regina, presume not:—celta seans, despair not.  
Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

[All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knife that jars.

How fierly and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:  
Petrucho, I'll watch you better yet.

Bion. In time, Luc. I mistrust it not; for, sure, Xacides  
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bion. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,  
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:  
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,  
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [to Lucintio] and give  
me leave awhile;  
My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,  
And watch vital; for, but I be deceiv'd,  
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

[Aside.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,  
To learn the ordering of any fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art;

To teach you gamet in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pitiful, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade:

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bion. Why, I am past my gamet long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamet of Hortensio.

Bion. I read it not. Gamut I saw the ground of all accord,  
A re, to plead Hortensio's passion:  
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C fault, that loves with all affection:  
D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;

E la mi, shem pry, 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 old 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.

Bion. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.

[Execut Bianca and Servant.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[Exit.

Hor. But I have cause to pray 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 stake,  
Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,  
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. Before Baptista's House.

Enter Baptista, Griseld, Tranio, Katharina,  
Bianca, Lucentio, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [to Tranio] this is the  
pointed day.

That Katharine and Petrucho should be married,  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:  
What will be said? what mockery will it be,  
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends  
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!

Bion. What says Lucentio to this shame of ours? [for'd  
Kath. 'No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be  
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,  
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;  
Who would in haste, and means to wed at leisure.  
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool.

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour,  
And, to be noted for a merry man,  
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,  
Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns;  
Yet never means to wed where he hath word.  
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,  
And say,—Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,  
If I in time will my name in course of time,  
And marry her.

[Exit. Petrucho, good Katharine, and Baptista too;  
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,  
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;  
Though he be merry, yet vital he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him though!  
[Exit, weeping, followed by Bianca, and others.

Bion. What girl can I blame this?  
For such an injury would vex a very saint,  
Much more a shrew of thy impudent humour.

[Enter Bionello.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such new news as I never heard of!

Bap. Is it news both old and 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. What will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

[Exit. But, say, what:—To 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 faced; an old rusty sword taken out  
To thread a hilt with a broken hilt, with a broken hilt  
And chapeless; with two broken points: His horse hipped  
With an old motley saddle, the stirrups of no kindred:  
Besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to nose  
In the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected  
With the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins,  
Raised with the yellows, past care of the fives, stark  
Spoiled with the stagers, begnawn with the bitts;  
Swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legged  
Before and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall  
Of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to  
Keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and  
Now repaired with knots; one girt six times piece,  
And a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two  
Letters for her name, falsely set down in studs, and  
Here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse;  
With a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other,  
Gartered with red and blue list; an old hat, and The humour of forty fancies pricked in't for a feather: a monster,  
A very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

[Exit. Tis some old humour pricks him to this  
A fashion;—

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.
ACT III.—SCENE II.


Bep. Why, that’s all one. Bion. No, by saint Jamy, I hold you a penny, A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.


Pet. Not so well apparel’d as I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus. But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride? How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown; And therefore shew this gayly company; As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bep. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding day: First we were sad, fearing you would not come; Now sadder, that you come so neglig’d. Fye! doff this habit, shame to your estate, An exact sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import Hath all so long detain’d you from your wife, And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tidings it was to tell, and harsh to hear: Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word, Though in some part enforced to digress; Which, sir, if I survive, I will so excuse As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her; The morning wares, ’tis time we were at church. Tra. See not your bride in these unseemly robes; Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me, thus I’ll visit her. Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her. Bep. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with me to see she’s married, not unto my clothes: words; Could I repair what she will wear in me, As I can change these poor accontriments, Twere well for Kate, and better for myself. But what a fool am I, to chuse with you, When I should bid good-morrow to my brine, And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[Enter PETRUCHIO, GREMIO, and BIONDELLO.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire: We will persuade him, be it possible, To put on better ere he go to church.

Bep. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [Exit. Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add She doth her manners: 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. Sick’st thou quietly enjoy your hope, And marry sweet Bianca with your consent. Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster Doth watch Bianca’s steps so narrowly, Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage; Which once performed, let all the world say—no, I’ll keep it 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 greybeard, Gremio,

The narrow-pining father, Miaola: The quaint musician, anxious Licio: All for my master’s sake, Lucentio.—

Resenter GREMIO. Signor GREMIO! came you from the church? Grem. As willingly as ever I came from school! Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home? Grem. A bridegroom, say you? ’tis a groom, indeed, A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find. Tra. Corster than she? why, ’tis impossible. Grem. Why, he’s a devil, a devil, a very fiend. Tra. Why, she’s a devil, a devil, the devil’s dam. Grem. Tut! she’s a lamb, a dove, a fool to him. I’ll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife, Ay, by gods and women, quoth he; and swore so loud, That, all amaz’d, the priest let fall the book: And, as he stoop’d again to take it up, The mad-brain’d bridegroom took him such a cuff, That down fell priest and book, and book and priest; Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again? Grem. Trembled and shook; for, why, he stamp’d, As if the vicar meant to eazon him. [And swore, But after many ceremonies done, He calls for wine.—A health, quoth he; as if he Had been ashamed, carousing to his mates.

After a storm—Quaff’d off the muscadel, And threw the sops all in the sexton’s face; Having no other reason,— But that his beard grew thin and hangery, And seem’d to ask him sops as he was drinking. This done, he took the bride about the neck; And kiss’d her lips with such a clamorous smack, That, at the parting, all the church did echo. I, seeing this, came thence for very shame; And after me, I know, the rout is coming: Such a mad marriage never was before; Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [Music.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BLANCA, BAPTISTA, HONESTIO, GREMIO, and Train. Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your know, you think to dine with me to-day, [pains; And have prepar’d great store of wedding cheer; But so it is, my haste doth call me hence, And therefore how I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is’t possible you will away to-night? Pet. Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:— Make it no wonder; if you knew my business, You would entreat me rather go than stay. And, honest company, I thank you all, That have beheld me give away myself To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife: Dine with my father, drink a health to me; For I must hence, and farewell to you all. Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner. Pet. It may not be.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. I'elp me, I'm no scholar; but I know a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis. Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio? Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water. Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported? Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter takes man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and she is not so tamed as thou, fellow Curtis. Curt. Away, thou 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 head (she being now at hand,) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office? Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world? Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death. Curt. There's fire ready; And, therefore, good Grumio, the housewife tells me? Gru. Why, Jack boy! oh 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 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 tired; 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. Grumio, what is the tale? or is this a tale? and this cutt was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin; Imperius, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse! Gru. What's that to thee? Curt. Why, a horse. Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou'st not have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou'st not have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemolested; 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 pray'd before; how I cried how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crop; with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave. Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she, Gru. Ay; and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sycarsop, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent kind: 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 mas-
ter, to countenance my mistress.
Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.
Curt. Who knows not that?
Gru. Thou, it seems; that calleth for company to
countenance her.
Curt. I call them forth to credit her.
Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.
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 spruce companions, is all ready, and all
things meet! Nath. All things is ready: How near is our master?
Gru. Even at hand, alighted by this; and there-
fore be not,—Cock’s passion, silence! — I hear
my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.
Pet. Where be these knives? What, no man at 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 knife I sent before?
Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.
Pet. You peasan’t swain! you whoreson malt-horse!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, drudge!
And bring along these rascal knives with thee?
Gru. Nathaniel’s coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel’s pumps were all unpink’d? the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter’s hat,
And Walter’s dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gre-
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly; —
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. —

Enter some of the Servants.
Where is the life that late I tem’d—
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 feast of orders grey,
As he goth walked on his way: —
Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and meed the plucking off the other. —

[Strikes him.]
Be merry, Kate — Some water, here; what, ho! Who
Where’s my spaniel Troilus? — SIRRAH, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinando come hither: [Exit Serv.
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with,—

Where are my slippers? — Shall I have some water?

[Enter a boy presented to him, Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily: —
Servant lets the ever fall. You whoreson villains! will you let it fall? [Strikes him.

Kath. Patience, I pray you; ’twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A whoreson, beelzebudded, flap-eared knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I —
What is this? mutton?
1 Serv. Ay. Pet. Who brought it?
1 Serv. I. Pet. This 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, trenchers, cups, and all:
[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.
Heedless jolthead, and unmanner’d slaves?
What, do you grumble? I’ll be with you straight.
Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so indisposed;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, ’twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, phlegmatic anger;
And hence ’twere that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roast’d flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we’ll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Curtis.
Nath. [Advancing.] Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.
Gru. Where is he?
Curt. In her chamber. Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. —

[Exeunt.

Re-enter Petruchio.
Pet. Thus have I politly begun my reign,
And ’tis my hope to end successfully:—
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty
And, till she stoop, she must not be full gorg’d.
For then she never looks upon her hare.
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 these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night shall she 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 a way to kill a wile 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; 'tis charity to shew. —

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.
Tran. Is’t possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
Tamming of the Shrew

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[They stand aside.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profess you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art?
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.
[They retire.

Hor. Quick proceed, marry. Now, tell me, I pray,
You that dost swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. 0 despiteful love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:—
Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca, and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court her. Signior Lu-
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—[centio,
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy of all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Ne'er to marry with her though she would entreat;
Fye on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would I were in the world, but I had quite for-
For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath! [sworn!
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggar:
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
Resolution as I swore before.

[Exit Hortensio.—Lucentio and Bianca advance.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And for have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Traiano, you jest; But have you both forsworn
Tra. Mistress, we have. [me?—
Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be wod'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tane her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Fair, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello, running.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient eagle coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercantane, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
To gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?—

Tra. If he be cedulous, and trust my tale
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exit Lucentio and Bianca.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome,
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest!—

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up further; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!

And come to Padua, careless of your life?


Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaimed it openly:
'Tis marvel! but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else prech'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 will I advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been:
Pisa, my native, for all good fortune.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all
one.

[Aside.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do for his sake:
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;—

Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day:
A pass assurance of a dower in marriage
Twixt me and one Baptist'a daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you;
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[Exeunt.

Scene III. — A Room in Petruchio's House.

Enter Katharine and Grumio.

Grum. No, no; forsooth, I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite app.

What did he marry me to faminish me?

[ears: Boggers, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking God, and with brawling fed;
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?—
Kate. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.
Gru. I fear, it is too phlegmatic a meat:
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
Kate. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 's his cholerie.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard!
Kate. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kate. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Or else you get no beef of Grumio. [Stand.
Kate. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.
Kate. Go, get thee gone, thou false delaying slave.
[Beats him.
That feed'st me with the very name of meat;
Sorow 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, sweetling, all
Hor. Mistress, what cheer? [amort!]
Kate. '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 good:
Here, take away this dish.
Kate. Pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kate. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fye! you are to blame!
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—

Much good do much unto thy gentle heart.
Kate, eat apiece;—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 euffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, last thou din'd? The tailor gave thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.
Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments:

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was mounded on a porringier;
A velvet-dish;—fye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy;
Why, 'tis a cokkle, or a walnutshell,
A knock, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.
Kate. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Her. That will not be in haste. [Aside.
Kate. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe.
Your betters have endure'd me say my mind:
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.
Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A cost, you mean to make a puppet of me.
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.
Kate. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
What's this! a sleeve! 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What's that!—What's this like an apple-tart?
Here's snap, and nip, and cut, and slit, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop—
Why, what, o devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

[Aside.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.
Pet. Marty, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel bome,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.
Kate. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.
Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

[Thread.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou
Thou thimble, thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou bloody suck, thou winter cricket thou,—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skew of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, 1, that thou hast mar't her gown.
Tai. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.
Grumio gave order how it should be done.
Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.
Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?
Gru. Marty, sir, with needle and thread.
Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?
Gru. Thou hast faced many things.
Tai. I have.
Gru. Face not me thou hast braved many men;
brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved
I say unto thee.—I bid thy master cut out the gown;
but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.
Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.
Pet. Read it.
Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:
Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew
me in the skirts of it, and bent me to death with a
bottom of brown thread! I said, a gown.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Enter Biondello.

Pet. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy; 'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tua. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello, Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you; Imagine 'twere the right Vincenzio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tua. 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. Tua. Thou 'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met—

Sir, [to the Pedant.] This is the gentleman I told you of: I pray you, stand good father to me now, Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Pet. Soft, son! Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio Made acquaintance 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 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'd to like No worse than I,—upon some agreement, I shall find you most ready and most willing With one consent to have her so bestowed; 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 planness, and your shortness, please me well. Right true it is, your son Lucentio here Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him, Or both dissemble deeply their affections: And, therefore, if you say no more than this, That like a father you will deal with him, And pass my daughter a sufficient dower, The match is fully made, and all is done: Your son shall have my daughter with consent. The match you sign, sir; for you know best We be affed; 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 heart'ning still; And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tua. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir 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 pittance.

Bap. It likes me well.—Cambio, bie you home, And bid Bianca make her ready straight; And, if you will, tell what hath happened:— Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua, And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luce. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart.

Tua. Daily not with the gods, but get thee gone. Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way? Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer; Come, sir; we'll better it in Padua.


Bap. Cambio.—

Luce. 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 fates of his 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 Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.  
Luc. And what of all this?  
Bion. I cannot tell; except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take your assurance of her, cum privilegio ad imprimentum suum: 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. [Exit.  
Luc. Hearst thou, Biondello?  
Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a whench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adequ sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint 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 pleased, then wherefore should I doubt?  
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;  
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [Exit.  

SCENE V.—A public Road.  
Enter Petruchio, Katharina, and Hortensio.  
Pet. Come on, o'God's name; once more toward our father's.  
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!  
Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.  
Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.  
Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.  
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,  
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Or else I journey to your father's house:—  
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—  
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd: nothing but cross'd!  
Hort. Say as he says, or we shall never go.  
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,  
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:  
And if you please to call it a rash candle,  
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.  
Pet. I say, it is the moon.  
Kath. I know it is.  
Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.  
Kath. Then, God be blessed, it is the blessed sun:  
But sun it is not, when you say it is not:  
And the moon changes, even as your mind.  
What you will have it moon'd, even that it is,  
And so it shall be so, for Katharine.  
Hort. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.  
Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl I should  
And not unluckily against the bias.— [Run,  
But so!; what company is coming here?  

[Enter Vincentio, in a travelling dress.  
Good morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?—  
To Vincentio.  
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?  
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!  
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,  
As these two eyes become that heavenly face?—  
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—  
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.  
Hort. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.  
Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and  
Whither away; or where is thy abode? [sweet,  
Happy the parents of so fair a child;  
Happier the man, whom favourable stars  
Allow thee for this lovely bed-fellow!  
Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:  
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;  
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.  
Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,  
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,  
That every thing I look on seemeth green:  
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;  
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistake. [known  
Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make  
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,  
We shall be joyful of thy company.  
Vin. Fair sir,—and you to my merry mistress,  
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;  
My name is call'd—Vincentio: my dwelling—Pisa;  
And I bound am to Padua; there to visit  
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.  
Pet. What is his name?  
Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir,  
Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.  
And now by law, as well as reverence,  
I may entitle thee—my loving father;  
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,  
Thy son by this hath married: Wonder not,  
Nor be not grieved; she is of good esteem,  
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;  
Beside, so qualified as may beseech  
The spouse of any noble gentleman.  
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:  
And wonder we to see thy honest son,  
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.  
Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,  
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
Upon the company you overtake?  
Hort. I do assure thee, father, so it is.  
Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;  
For our first remittance hath made thee jealous. [Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, & Vincentio.  
Hort. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart,  
Have to my widow; and if she be forward,  
The haste thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [Exit.  

ACT V.  

Enter on one side Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.  
Gremio walking on the other side.  
Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.  
Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.  
Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back;  
And then come back to my master as soon as I can. [Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.  
Grem. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.  
Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, and Attendants.  
Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,  
My father's 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 with.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundreds 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 is 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.

Pet. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Bondeilolo.

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.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [Seeing BIONDEILO.]

Bion. I hope, I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come, hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forget you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, man, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [Beats BIONDEILO.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.

[Exit.]

Pet. Help, son; help, signior Baptista!

[Exit, from the window.

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy.

[They retire.

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRAMIO, & Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir? —O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatian 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 concerns 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 Bellarmino.

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
Act V.—Scene II.

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.


Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree: And time it is, when raging war is done. To smile at 'scapes and pitfalls overthrown.—

My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome, While I with self-same kindness welcome thee:—

Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,— And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,— Feast with the best, and welcome to my house; My banquet is to close our stomachs up, After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down; For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. [They sit at table.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio. Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind. Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true. Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his wife. Wid. Then never trust me if I be afraid. —

Pet. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense; I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you. Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that? Hor. 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: K'sh him for that, good widow. [Round:

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

I pray you, tell me what you mean by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate. Hor. To, widow! Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down. Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha! to thee, lad. [Drinks to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks? Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt! an hasty witted body Would say your head and butt were head and horn. 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 bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush, And then pursue you as you draw your bow:—

You are welcome all. [Exit Bian, Kath, & 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. Tran. O, sir, Lucentio slip'd it made his greyhound, Which was taken, and goes for his attender.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something curish. Tran. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself; 'Tis thought, your deer does bold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that bird, good Tranio. Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here? Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess; And, as the jest did glance away from me, 'Tis ten to one it main'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio, I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance Let's each one send unto his wife;

And he, whose wife is most obedient To come at first when he doth send for her, Shall win this wager which we will propose, Hor. Content:—What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound, But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I. Go.

Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [Exit. Bap. Sire, will be your half, Bianca comes. Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll hear it all myself. Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word, That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come! Is that an answer?

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, he! 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 godly jest in hand; She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile, inolerable, not to be endured! Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress; Say I command her come to me. [Exit Grumio. Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not come.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end. Enter Katharina.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina! Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me? Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife? Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire. Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come, 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.

Bop. Now fair beal thee, good Petruchio! The wager thou hast won; and I will add S
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns I
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been;
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca and Widow.
See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that 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. Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty,
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-
strong 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. Fye, fye! uskait that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts 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,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to her honest will,
What is she, but a foul contention rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am ashamed, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world;
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, 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 to be most, which we least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands before your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease. [me, Kate.
Pet. Why, there's a wrench!—Come on, and kiss
Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad: for thou shalt ha't.
Viss. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.
Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.
Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:—
We three are married, but you two are spred.
Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
To Luc. And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[Exeunt Petruchio and Katharine.
Hor. Now, go thy ways, thou last tam'd a curst shrew.
Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.
[Exeunt.

Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly
be called two without injury to the art with which they are
intertwined. The attention is entwined with all the variety of
a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katharine and Petruchio is eminently
spleenish and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival
of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than plea-
sure. The whole play is very popular and diverting.—Johnson.
WINTER'S TALE.

The first edition of this play is that of the Players, the folio of 1613. It could not have been written before 1610, as we find from the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, that it was issued by Sir George Brooke, who did not till that year get full possession of the office of Master of the Revels, which he had obtained by a reversionary grant; neither could the com- pany have been produced later than 1613, when it was performed in Court.

The plot is taken from the Pleasant History of Dorastus and Eadorta, written by Thomas Green. The poet has changed the names of the characters, and added the parts of Polixenes, Faudon, and Antigonus; he has also suppressed many circumstances of the original story; in other respects he has adhered closely to the novel. The error of representing Bohemia as a maritime country is not attributable to our author, but to the original from which he copied. Ben Jonson, in a conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, remarking on this geographical mistake, observed that "Shakespeare wanted art and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by a hundred miles."

This remark, which was written in the course of private conversation, without the slightest suspicion of its ever being made public, is so well justified by the example that he adduced to support it, that it has been quoted as another instance in proof of Jonson's vanity to Shakespeare. Jonson only prefers to love Shakespeare, "as this side idolatry," to admire his excellence without being blinded to his defects: the incongruous mention is decidedly a great fault, but there is no melancholy or undue severity expressed by the manner in which it is expressed.

Mr. Walpole has a ridiculous conjecture that The Winter's Tale is an historical play, that it was intended as a cover compliment to Queen Elizabeth, that it is designed as a sequel to Henry the Eighth, and that Hermione represents the stuff monarch, Hermione, Anne Boleyn, Perkin, Queen Elizabeth, and Mamillius an elder brother of hers, who was still-born. "The Tale of this play," says Schlegel, "answers admirably to its subject. It is one of those histories which appear framed to delight the idleness of a long evening."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Leontes, King of Sicilia.
Mamillius, his son.
Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomenes, Dion, Sicilian lords.
Another Sicilian lord.
Rogero, a Sicilian gentleman.
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizel, his son.
Archidamus, a Bohemian lord.
A Messenger.
Gauler.
An old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
Servant to the old shepherd.
Antolvyus, a rogue.
Time, as Chorus.
Hermione, Queen to Leontes.
Perdita, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a lady, attending the Queen.
Mopsa, Doucas, shepherdesses.

SCENE,—sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Sicilia.—An Antechamber to Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall 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 know-

ledge: 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 in-structs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew herself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their child-hoods; 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, thoughमें\textsuperscript{nt} now, we been royally attended, with inter-change 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 con-tinue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either ma-

lince, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gen-
tleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on cruitches till he had one. [Exeunt.]
Leon. Stay your thanks awhile; And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow. I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance, Or breed upon our absence: That may blow No snapping winds at home, to make us say, This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have stay'd 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 gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, 'tis merech you, so; There is no tongue that moves, none, none in the world, So soon as yours, could win me; so it should now, Were there necessity in your request, although 'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder, Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay, To you a charge, and trouble: to save both, Farewell, our brother. Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you. Hermione had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until You had drawn oath 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 proclain'd: say this to him, He's beat from his best ward. Leon. Well said, Hermione. Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong: But he him say so then, and let him go: But let him swear so, and he not stay, We'll whack him hence with distaffs.-- Yet of your royal presence [to Pot.] I'll adventure 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 Preced'd for his parting: yet, good deed, Leonets, I joy see not a jar o' the clock behind What lady she her lord.—You'll stay? Pol. No, madam. Her. Nay, but you will? Pol. I may not verily. Hel. Verily! You put me off with limber vows: But I, Though you would seek to unsnare the stars with Should yet say, Sir, no going. Verily [oaths, You shall not go; a lady's verily is As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet? Force me to keep you as a prisoner, Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees, 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.

Your guest then, madam: To be your prisoner, should import offending; Which is for me less easy to commit, Than you to punish. Her. Not your gaoler 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 frisk i' th'o' sun, And blest the one at the other: What we chang'd Was innocence for innocence; we knew not The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd That any did: Had we pursued that life, And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven Boldly. Not guilty; the 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 us: for In those unledger'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; The 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? Her. He'll stay, my lord. Leon. At my request, he would not. Hermione, my dearest, then never spoil'st To other purpose. Her. Never? Leon. Never, but once. [before. Her. What? have I twice said well? when wasn't I pr'ythee, tell me: Cramms with praise, and make us As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueless, Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that. Our lives are our wages. You may ride us With one soft kiss, a thousand fairlings, ere With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;— My last good was, to entreat his stay; What was my first? It has an elder sister, Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace! But once before I spoke to the purpose. When? Nay, let me have'; I long. Why was that when Three crabbled months had sour'd themselves to death, Ere I could make thee open thy white hand, And clap thyself my love; then dist thou utter, I am yours for ever. Her. It is Grace, indeed,— Why, do you now I have spoke to the purpose twice; The one for ever earn'd a royal husband; The other, for some while a friend. [Giving her hand to Polixenes. Leon. Too hot, too hot: [Aside. To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods. I have tender cords 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, fertile bosom, And well become the agent: it may, I grant: But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers, As in a looking glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius, Art the young boy? Mam. Ay, my good lord. Leon. I'fecks? [nose? Why, that's my bawcock. What, hath smutch'd thy They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain, We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain: And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf, Are all call'd neat.—Still vignalling [Obaecting Polixenes and Hermione.
WINTHROP'S BALLET.

LEONIE: Still vixmalling.

Act I. Sc. 2.
ACT I.—SCENE II.

Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf! Art thou my lord?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord. [that I have, 1

Leon. Thou want'st a rough path, and the shoots To be full like me—yet, they say we are Almost as like as eggs; women say so, of
That will say any thing? But were they false As o'er-died blanks, as wind, as waters; false As dice are to he wish'd, by one that fixes. No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet I must true To say this boy were like me—Come, sit page, Look on me with your wilkin eye: Sweet villain! Most dearst! my calling!—Can thy dam!—may't be? Affected! thy intention stabs the centre: Thou dost make possible, things not so held, Communicat's with dreams,—[How can this be?— With what's uncel real thou counterfeit art, And fellow'st nothing. Thou art't very credent, Thou may'st co-operate with something; and thou dost; And that by beyond commission: and I find it,) And that to the infection of my brains, And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled

Pol. How, my lord?

Leon. What cheer? how is 'tis with you, best brother? You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you now'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest,—

How sometimes nature will betray it's folly, Its tenderness, and make itself a slave To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines Of my boy's face, methoughts, 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, this gentleman,—Mine honest friend, Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight. [My brother, My lord will you? why, happy man be his dote!— 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 childishness, cues in me Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire.

Off'd with me: We two will walk, my lord, And leave you to your gravter steps.—Hermiton.

How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome; What let 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 your's! the garden: Shall'st attend you there? To your own bents dispose you: you'll be be You beneath the sky:—I am agog now, [found, Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to! [Aside. Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE. How she holds up the toe, the kill to hit! And arms her with the boldness of a wife To her loving husband! Gone already; Inch thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one. [Enter POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and Attendants. Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful; 
In every one of these no man is free, 
But that his negligence, his folly, fear, 
Amoist the infinite doings of the world, 
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord, 
If ever I was wilful-negligent, 
It was my folly; if industriously. 
I could not do it, 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 cory out 
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear 
Which oft affects the wisest: these, my lord, 
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty 
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace, 
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass 
By its own visage: if I then deny it, 
'Tis none of mine. 

Leon. 
Have not you seen, Camillo, 
(But that's past doubt: you have;) or your eye-glass Is thicker than a cuckold's horn; or heard, 
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour 
Cannot be mute,) or your cogitation. 
Resides not in that man, that does not think it, 
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt cooless, 
(Or else be impudently negative, 
To have, nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say, 
My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name 
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to 
Before her truth-plight: say it, and justify it. 
Leon. I would not be a slander-bearer, but 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. 
Leon. 
Is whispering nothing? 
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses? 
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career 
Of laughter with a sight? (a note infallible 
Of breaking honesty;) horses foot on foot? 
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift? 
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind 
With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only, 
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing? 
What is there in the world? Is the all that's, is nothing? 
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing; 
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these notings, 
If this be nothing: 
Cam. 
Good my lord, be cur'd 
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes; 
For 'tis most dangerous. 
Leon. 
Say, it be; 'tis true. 
Cam. 
No, no, my lord. 
Leon. 
It is: you lie, you lie: 
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee; 
 Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave; 
Or else a lowering temporizer, that 
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil, 
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver 
Infected as her life, she would not live 
The running of one glass. 
Cam. 
Who does infect her? 
Leon. 
Why he, that wears her like her medal, hang- 
About his neck, Bohemia: Who—if I 
Had servants true about me: that bare eyes 
To see alike mine honour as their profits, 
Their own particular thrifis,—they would do that 
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou, 
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form 
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship; who may'st see 
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven, 
How I am called,—might'st besipere a cup, 
To give mine enemy a lasting wink; 
Which draught to me were cordial. 
Cam. 
Sir, my lord, 
I could do this; and that with no rash potion, 
But with a ling ring dram, that should not work 
Maliciously like poison: But I cannot 
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress, 
So sovereignly being honourable. 
I have lov'd thee. — 
Leon. 
Make thy question, and go rot! 
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled, 
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully 
The purity and whiteness of my sheats, 
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted, 
Is goods, thorns, nettles, tails of waifs! 
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son, 
Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine; 
Without ripe moving to't?—Would I do this? 
Could man so blench? 
Cam. 
I must believe you, sir; 
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't: 
Provided, that when he's known, 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 affid to yours. 
Leon. 
Thou dost advise me, 
Even so as I mine own course have set down: 
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none. 
Cam. 
My lord. 
Go then; and with a countenance as clear 
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia. 
And with your queen: I am his cupbearer; 
If from me he have wholesome beverage, 
Account me not your servant. 
Leon. 
This is all: 
Don't, thou hast the half of my heart; 
Don't not, thou split'st thine own. 
Cam. 
I 't'll, my lord. 
Leon. 
I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. 
[Exeunt. 

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me, 
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner 
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't 
Begins to chance to a master: one, 
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have 
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed, 
Promotion follows: If I could find example 
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings, 
And furnish'd after, I'd not do't: but since 
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one, 
Let villany itself forswear't. I must 
Forsake the court; to do't, or no, is certain 
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now! 
Here comes Bohemia. 

Enter Polixenes. 
Poi. 
This is strange! methinks, 
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak! — 
Good-day, Camillo. 
Cam. 
Hail, most royal sir: 
Poi. 
What is the news i' the court? 
Cam. 
None rare, my lord. 
Poi. 
The king hath on him such a countenance, 
As he had lost some province, and a region, 
Lo'd as he loves himself: even now I met him 
With customary compliment; when he, 
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling 
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and 
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding, 
That changes thus his manners.
ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter HERMIONE, MACBILUS, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord.

Shall I be your play-fellow?

No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my good lord?

Mam. Not for because Your brows are blacker; yet blacker brows, they say, Become some women best; so that there be not Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle, Or half-moon made with a pec.

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now What colour are your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 Lady. Hark ye:

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall Present our services to a new prince, One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us, If we would have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her:

Her. What wisdom stirs among you! Come, sir, I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us, [Now And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:

I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
WINTER'S TALE.

Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To frighten me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

Man. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Man. Dwelt by a church-yard:—I will tell you
Your crickets shall not hear it.

[softly]

Her. Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONETES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train! Camillo with him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scourg so on their way:—ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Her. How bless'nd am I

In my just cause!—In my true opinion!—
Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accurs'd,
In being so bliss!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart;
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The absurd'd ingredient to his eye, make know,
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent hiccoughs:—I have drank, and seen the spider.

Camillo was his help in this; his prander:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was preemploy'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,

On your command.

Leon. I know't well too.—

Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of you, yet you
Have too much blood in him, Her.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about
Away with him:—and let her sport herself; her;
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
How'er ye lean to the nayward.

Leon. Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, she is a goodly lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, she's not honest, honourable:
Prize her but for this her without-doors form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and
straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumni doth use:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumni will sear
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
For you can say she's honest: But be it 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,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,

Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguish leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adultress: I have said, with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that's she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgar give bold titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grievc you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is far off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns
Must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Purchase, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown'd: 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 perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard! [To the Guards.

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—Beseech your
My women may be with me; for, you see, my highness,
My spight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know, your mis-
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.

And EUGENIA, 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 which the three great oaks suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Lord. I dare my life lay down, and will do's, sir,
Please you to 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 my stables where
I lodge my wife: I'll go in couples with her;
Then 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 about, and by some perrar-on,
That will be dand'd for; 'would I knew the villain.
I would land-damn him: Be she honour'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,
ACT II.—SCENE II.

I'll gend them all: fourteen they shall not see, To bring false generations; they are co-heirs; And I had rather glib 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 do feeling thus; and see withal The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so, We need no grave to bury honesty; But there’s not a grain of it, the face to sweeten Of the whole dusty 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’th how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we Commune with you of this? but rather follow Our forceful insig. Our prerogative Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness Imparts this: which—if you (for stupidity, Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not, Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves, We need no more of your advice: the matter, The loss, the gain, the ordering of’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, sought for approbation, But only seeing, all other circumstances Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding. Yet, for a greater confirmation, (For, in an act of this importance, ‘twere Most piteous to be wild,) I have dispatch’d in post, To sacred Delphi, 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 true report was known. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter Parina 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 Keeper. You know me, do you not? Keep. For a worthy lady, And on whom much I honour. Paul. Pray you, then, Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary I have express commandment. Paul. Here’s ado, To lock up honesty and honour from The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful, Pray you, to see her women? any of them? Emilia! Keep. So please you, madam, to put Apart these your attendants, I shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her. Withdraw yourselves. [Exeunt Attendants. Keep. And, madam, I must be present at your conference. Paul. Well, be it so, pray’t; but—

Here’s such ado to make no stain a stain, As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with Emilia. Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady? Emilia. As well as one so great, and so forlorn, May hold together: on her frights, and griefs, (Which never tender lady hath borne greater,) She is, something before her time, delivered. Paul. A boy?

Emilia. A daughter; and a goodly babe, Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives Much comfort in’t: says My poor prisoner, I am innocent at you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:— These dangerous unsafe lances o’the king! beseech him He must be told on’t, and he shall: the office [them Becomes a woman best; I’ll take him upon me, IF I prove honey-mouth’d, let my tongue blister; And never to my red-look’d anger be The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia, Command my best obedience to the queen; If she dares trust me with her little babe, I’ll she’st the king, and undertake to be Her advocate to th’ loudest: We do not know How he may soften at the sight o’the child; The silence often of pure innocence Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emilia. Most worthy madam, Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident, That your free undertaking cannot miscarry. A thriving issue; there is no lady living, So meet for this great errand: please your ladyship To visit the next room, I’ll presently Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer; Who, but to-day, hammer’d of this design; But durst not tempt a minister of honour, Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia, I’ll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it, As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted I shall do good.

Emilia. Now be you bold for it! I’ll to the queen: Please you, come something nearer. Keep. Madam, if I please the queen to send the babe I know not what I shall incur, to pass it, Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir: The child was prisoner to the womb; and is, By law and process of great nature, thence Free’d and enthron’d: not a party to The anger of the king; nor guilty of, If any be, the trespass of the queen.


Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon

Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and
other Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, nor rest: It is but weak—

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if [I

The cause were not in being;—part of the cause,

She, the addressee; for the harlot king

Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank

And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she

I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,

Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest

Might come to me again.——Who's there?

1 Attent. My lord!

[Advancing.

Leon. How does the boy?

1 Attent. He took good rest to-night;

'Tis hoped, his sickness is discharged.

Leon. 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 in himself;

Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,

And downright languish'd.——Leave me soley:—go,

See how he fares. [Exit Attendant.] —Fye, fye! so

thought of him;

The very thought of my revenges that way

Recall upon me: in himself too mighty:

And in his parties, his alliance.——Let him be,

Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,

Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes

Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:

They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor

Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a child.

1 Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be secord tome:

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 Attend. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; com-

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so, good sir;

I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—

That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh

At each his needless beavings,—such as you

Nourish the cause of his awaking; I

Do come with words as mid cinal as true;

I 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;

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 know, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,

On your displeasure's peril, and mine,

She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,

(Unless he take the course that you have done,

Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,

He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now: you hear!

When she will take the rein, I let her run;

But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—

And I beseech you, hear me, who profess

Myself your loyal servant, your physician,

You most obedient counsellor; yet that dare

Less appear in, comforting your evils,

Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come

From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen? [good queen; Paul. Good queen, my lord, my good queen! I say,

And would by combat make her good, so were I

A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,

First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;

But first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,

For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;

Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[Shutting down the child.

Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door!

A most intelligencing bawd?

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you

In one thing more: and no less honest

Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard—

Thou, dotard. [to Antigonus.] thou art woman'tid, un-

unroosted by thy base Partilet here,—take up the bastard;

Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy cowre.

Paul. For ever

Un venerable be thy hands, if thou

Tak't up the princes, by that forced baseness

Which he has put upon't.

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did; then 'twere past all

You'd call your children yours. [doubt.

Leon. A nest of traitors! Ant.

I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he

The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,

His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,

While this, as sharp as the sword's; and will not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse

He cannot be compell'd to,) once remove

The root of his opinion, which is rotten,

As ever oak, or siooe, was sound.

Leon. A callat,

[band Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her hus-

And now baits me!—This brat is zone of mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes:

Hence with it; and, together with the dam,

Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

So like you. 'tis the worse.——Behold, my lords,

Although the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,

The trick of his brow, 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 last made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast

The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours

Now, as now; lest she suspect, as he does,

Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross bag!
ACT III.—SCENE I.

And, lovel, thou art worthy to be hang'd, That wilt not stay her tongue.  

Leon. I hang all the husbands,  

Paul. That cannot do that fast, you'll leave yourself 

Hardly one subject.  

Leon. Once more, take her hence. 

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord, Can do no more.  

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.  

Cleop. I care not:  

It is a 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-ling'd fancy,) something sa-

Of tyranny, and will ignore make you, [yours 

Yes, scandalous to the world.  

Leon. 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; 'tis yours: Jove send her 

The swiftest and most salutary spirit—What need these hands? 

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies, 

Will never do him good, not one of you.  

So, so,—Farewell; we are gone.  

[Exit.  

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set 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 see it instantly consumed with fire; 

Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight; 

Within this hour bring me word 'tis done, 

(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life, 

With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse, 

And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so; 

The bastard brags with these my proper hands 

Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire; 

For thou sett'st on thy wife. 

Ant. I did not, sir;  

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please, 

Can clear me in't.  

1 Lord. We can, my royal liege,  

He is not guilty of her coming hither.  

Leon. You are liars all.  

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better cre-

We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech 

So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg, 

(As recompense of our dear services, 

Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose; 

Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must 

Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.  

Leon. I am 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 cause it then. But, be it; let it live: 

It shall not neither.— You, sir, come you hither; 

[To Antony.  

You, that have been so tenderly officious 

With lady Margery, your midwife, there. 

To save this bastard's life: for 'tis a bastard, 

So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you adven-

To save this brat's life?  

[Enter 

Ant. Any thing, my lord, 

That may ability may undergo, 

And nobleness impose: at least, thus much; 

I'll pawn the little blood which I have left, 

To save the innocent: any thing possible. 

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword, 

Thou wilt perform my bidding. 

Ant. I will, my lord.  

[Exit. 

Mark, and perform it; (seeest thou?) for the 

Of any point in't shall not only be 

Death to my self, but to thy lewd-tong'd wife; 

Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoy thee, 

As thou art beggar'd to us, that thou carry 

This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it 

To some remote and desert place, quite out 

Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it, 

Without more mercy, to its own protection, 

And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune 

It came to us, I do in justice thee,.—  

On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—  

That thou commend it strangely to some place, 

Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up. 

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death 

Had been more merciful—Come on, poor babe: 

Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens, 

To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say, 

Casting their savageness aside, have done 

Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous 

In more than this deed doth require! and blessing, 

Against this cruelty, light on thy side, 

Poor thing condem'n to' loss! [Exit, with the child. 

Leon. No, I'll not rear 

Another's issue. 

1 Att._ Please your highness, posts, 

From these you sent to the oracle, are come 

An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion, 

Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed, 

Hasting to the court. 

1 Lord. So please you, sir, their speed 

Hath been beyond account.  

Leon. Twenty-three days 

They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretold, 

The great Apollo suddenly will have 

The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords; 

Summon a session, that we may arraign 

Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath 

Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have 

A just and open trial. While she lives, 

My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me, 

And think upon my bidding.  

[Exit. 

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same. A Street in some Town. 

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.  

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet; 

Ferile the isle; the temple much surpassing 

The common praise it bears. 

Dion. I shall report, 

For most it caught me, the celestial habits, 

(Methinks, I should so term them,) and the reverence 

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice! 

How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthy 

It was! the offering! 

Cleo. But, of all the burst 

And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle 

Kins to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense, 

That I was nothing. 

Dion. If the event o' the journey, 

Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!— 

As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy, 

The time is worth the use on 't. 

Cleo. Great Apollo, 

Turn all to the best! These proclamations, 

So forcing faults upon Hermione, 

I little like. 

Dion. The violent carriage of it 

Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
WINTER'S TALE.

(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up.)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge. — Go, — fresh
horses:
And gracious be the issue! — [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A Court of Justice.

LEONTES, Lords, & Officers, appear properly seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce,
Even pushes' gainst our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king: our wife: and one
Of us too much belov'd. — Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—

Produce the prisoner.

Ofi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court. — Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Ofi. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, these are 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, the royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce 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 devils'd,
And mad, to take spurious: For beheld me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life, and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I price it,
As I would grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. — I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncourtly I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour: or, in act, or will,
That way inclining: harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fye upon my grave!

Leon.

I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gain say what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Ofi. That's true enough; though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in 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 knew of his departure, as you know
What you have undertaken to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams,
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it— As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brut hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
Mortal criminal in thee, than it,) so soon
Shall feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity;
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence,
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with innomades, hatred,
The withheld privilege denied, which longs
To women of all fashion: Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, 't the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed,
But yet hear this; mistake me not: — No life,
I prize it not a straw:— but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surpriseth ; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you
'Tis rigour, and not law. — Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracles.
Apollo be my judge.

Leon. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[Exeunt certain 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.

Ofi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not daer'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cloe. Dion. All this we swear.

Len. Break up the seals, and read.

Ofr. [Reads.] Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless. Camillo a true subject, I count a foolish tyrant, his innocent bohe truly begoten: and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Len. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so.

As it is here set down.

Len. There is no truth at all i' the oracle: The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Len. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hasted to report it: The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Len. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Len. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves Do strike at my injustice. [II. iii. 1, 2, 3, 4.] How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down.

And see what death is doing.

Take her hence:—Her heart is but o'erarch'd; she will recover.

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—Beseech you, tenderly apply to her.

Some remedies for lie. — Apollo, pardon

[Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Her.]

My great proficiency 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloodly 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: lie, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kindly guest
Uncaspl'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties 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?
What wheels? racks? fires? What faying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all

Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'st Polixenes, 'twas nothing,
That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconsistent,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was it much,
Thou would'st have poison'd Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor 's t' directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince: whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender,) cleat the heart
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam; this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and vengeance
Not drop'd down yet. [for t]

1 Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead: I'll swear:—I swear, if word, nor
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring [earth,
Tincture, or lustre, to her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would the god: But, O thou tyrant! Do not repeat these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Uppon a barren mountiao, and still winter
To storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Len. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much: I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterness.

1 Lord. Say no more

How'er the business goes, you have made fault
'T 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 shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd [help,
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—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.

Len. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. P'reythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son;
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
The chagel 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.

Enter Antigonus, with the Child; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd
The deserts of Bohemia? [upon
WINTER'S TALE.

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far 't the land; 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep un't.

Ant. Go thou away:

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'the business. [Exit.

Ant. Come, poor babe:
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow.
So wild, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to the oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pry'thee, call'st: for this ungentle business,
Put on thy by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:—and so, with shrinks,
She melted into air. Arightly mach,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slander. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstition,
I will be squâd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes', it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth.
Of its right father. Blossom, spend thee well! [Laying down the Child.

There lie; and there thy character: there these;

[Laying down a bundle.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins.—Poor
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd [wretch,
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleed's; and most accur'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!

The day frowns more and more—then art like to have
A hollabuy too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage cloumour?—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chace;
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
wrenches with child, wronging the ancienity, 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, browsing on ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will!
what have we here? [Taking up the Child.] Mercy
on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! 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 gentle woman in the face. This has been some
stall-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work:
they were warmer that get this, than the poor thing is.
I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll 'tarry till my son
come; he hollaid but even now. Whoa, bo hoa! [Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, Joa! Shep. What, art so near? If thou'll see a thing
to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.
What ailst thou, man?

Shep. 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 bolkin'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 precious crew of the poor souls!
Some, alas! are lost, and not to see 'em: now the ship
boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon
swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork
into a hogsheds. 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 Antigo-
onus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—
to see now the sea flag-dragoned it: but, first, how
the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them:—
and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear
mocked him, both 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,
may'st hear 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. [Aside.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look
there here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met't with
things new born, and 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
faries; this is some changeling:—open't: What's
within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your
youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! All
gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so:
up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way.
We are lucky, boy, and to be so still, requires
nothing but secrecy. —Let my sheep go: —Come, good
boy, the next way home.

Shep. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go
so far as to bear thee gone from the gentleman, and how
much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when
they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou may'st discern
by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to
the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him
the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good
deeds on't. [Exeunt.
ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time I.—that please some, try all, both joy, and terror.

Of good and bad: that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To speak the unutterable, To say To me, or my swift passage, that I slide O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried Of that wide gap; since it is in my power To o'erthrow law, and in one self-boro hour To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass The same I am, ere ancient'st order was, Or what is now received: I witness to The times that brought them in: so shall I do To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale The glistering of this present, as my tale Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing; I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing, As you had slept between: Leontes leaving The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving, That he shuts up himself; imagine me, Gentle spectators, that I now may be In fair Bohemia; and remember, well, I mentioned a son the king's, which Florizel I now name to you; and with speed so pace To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace Equal with wondering: What of her ears, I list not prophecy; but let Time's news [daughter, Bekenown, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's And what to her adheres, which follows after, Is the 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. [Exit.}

SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more impor- 
tunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this; Cam. It is ten years, since I saw my country; though I have, for the most part, been aird abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the peni- tent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrow I might be some allay, or I o'erween 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 exe- cute 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 thank- ful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee 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 queen, and children, are even new ones to thee. Say to me, when sawst 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 ap- proved 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, missingly, noted, he is of late much re- tired 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 removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his 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 ex- tended 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 un- 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 our- selves. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodills begin to peer,—
With, height! the dozy over the dale,—
With, hey! the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleeding on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set thy pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that 'sra-lira chants.—
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pipe; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go morn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there, I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheots; when the kite builds, look to lesser lines. My father named me Autolycus, who, being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway; beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see—Every leetn wether—lois; ever tooth yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn.—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the spring hold, the cock's mine. [Aside.

Clo. I cannot do without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pounds of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—
What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-grays for the shearsers: three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have sulfur, to colour the warden pies; mace, dates, none; that's out of my note: mustard, seven; a race, or two, of ginger: but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins of the same, and mace, nutmegs. Aut. O, that ever I was born! [Grovelling on the ground.]

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and presently to yourkinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[Exit Clown.] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearsers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIUS and PERIETA.

Flo. These your unusual needs to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdsees; but Floria,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscure'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like pranks up: But that our feasts
In every mess having, and the feasters
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; swora, I think,
To shew 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 forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fats!
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 raiments, 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 Jove did: the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated: and the fire-ro'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn better than my faith.

Per. O but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power o' the king;
One of these must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: Or I'Il be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if

[Exit.
ACT IV.—SCENE III.

I be not thine: to this I am most constant, Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle; Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing That you behold the while. Your guests are coming: Lift up your countenance; as it 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 disguised; Clowes, Mopsa, Dorcas, and others.

Flo. See, your guests approach: Address yourself to entertain them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd upon This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook; Both dame and servant: welcome all: serve'd all: Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here, At upper end o' the table, now, 'tis the middle; On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it, She would to each one 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.

Pol. Groom, come, sir! [To Pol. It is my father's will, I should take on me The hostess-ship o' the day: — You're welcome, sir! [To Camillo.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs, For you there's rosemary, and rose; these keep Seeing, and savour, all the winter long: Grace, and remembrance, be you both; And welcome to our shearing!

Per. Shepherdess, (A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages With flowers of winter.

Flo. Sir, the year growing ancient,— Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers of the season Are our curations, 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.

Flo. Wherefore, gentle maiden, Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said, There is an art, which, in their priesthood, 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 And tender scion to the wildest stock; And make conceive a barker of baser kind By bond of nobler race, this is an art Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but The art itself is nature.

Flo. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers, And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put The dibble in earth to set one slip of them: No more than, were I painted, I would wish This youth should say, 'twere 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 with 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 have graving, were I of your flock, And only live by gazing.

Per. You'd be so lean, that blasts of January [est friend, Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fair 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, brightened, thou let'st fall From Dis's waggon! daffodil, That eome before the swallow dares, and take The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim, But sweeter than the lads of Juno's eyes, Or Cynthia's breath; pale primroses, That die unmarried, ere they can behold Bright Phloxes in his strength, a madaly Most incident to maidies; bold oxlips, and The snap-dragon's imperial; little redling, 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.

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 quelled, and in many colors. Come, take your flowers: Methinks, I play as I have seen them do In Whitsun' pasturals: sure, this robe of mine Does change my disposition.

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, Crown'd what you are doing in the present deeds, That all your acts are queens.

O Doricles, Your praises are too large: but that your youth, And the tree blood, which fairly peeps through it, Do plainly give you out an unsta'd shepherd; With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, You wou'd me the false way.

I think, you have As little skill to fear, as I have purpose To put you to's.—But, come; our dance, I pray: Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair, That never mean to part.

I'll swear for 'em. Per. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever Ran on the green sward; nothing she does or seems But smacks of something greater than herself; Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something, That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is The queen of crows and cream.

Flo. Come on, strike up. Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick, To mend her kissing with.

Flo. Now, in good time! Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our man- 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 he boasts himself

To have a worthy footing; but I have it

Upon his own report, and I believe it;

He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my daughter;

I think so too: for he never gazed the moon

Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,

As 'twere, 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.

Shep. 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.

Serr. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at

the door, you would never dance again after a tabor

and pipe: so, 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 doleful

matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing

indeed, and sang lamentingly.

Serr. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all

sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves:

he has the prettiest love songs for maids; so without

bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate bur-
dens of dildos and fadings: jump her and thrust her;

and when a vomit stretch most that's rauced would, as it

were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the

matter, he makes the maid to answer, Where do we

have no harm, good man? puts him off, sitteth him, with

Whooop, do me no harm, good man.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-

conceived fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serr. He hath ribands of all the colours I the rain-

bow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia

can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the

gross; inkles, caddisses, cambries, lawns; why,

he sings them over, 'as they were gods or goddesses;

you would think, a smock were a she-angel: he so

chauts to the sleeve-hand, and the word about the

square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach

singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous

words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in

'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;

Cupraes, black as e'er was crow;

Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;

Masks for faces, and for notes;

Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,

Perfume for a lady's chamber:

Golden quofs, and stomachers,

For my lady to give their dears;

Plays, and pikling-sticks of steel,

What maids lack from head to heel.

Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;

Buy, lad, or else your lasses cry;

Come, buy, &e.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou

shouldst take no money of me: but being enthralled

as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands

and gloves.

Mops. I was promised them against the feast; but

they came not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or

there be liars.

Mops. He hath paid you all he promised you: may

be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to

give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will

they wear their placlets, where they should bear their

faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going

to bed, or kith hole, to whistle off these secrets; but

you must be little-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis

well they are whispering: Charm your tongues, and

not a word more.

Mops. I have done. Come, you promised me a taw-

dry 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, be not men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many

parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mops. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in

print, a-like; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a

usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-
bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders'

heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mops. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to', one mistress

Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were

present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mops. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more

ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that ap-

peared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of

April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sang

this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was

thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold

fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that

loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more

than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mops. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes

to the tune of Two maid's wooing a man: there's scarce

a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I
can tell you.

Mops. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part,

thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my

occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;

Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? M. O, Whither? D. Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.
ACT IV.—SCENE III.

M. Or thou go'st to the groove, or mil?
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
D. Then hast soon in my love to be,
M. Then hast sworn it more to me:
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Col. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves:
My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both—Pedler, let's have the first choice—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [Aside.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear—
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and sin'st, isn't worn—
Come to the pedler;
Honey's a medler,
That doth utter all men's voice-

[Exeunt Clowns, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallowaunty of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowing,) it will please plentifully.

Step. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely folly already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four throes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Step. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics, habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exit.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—He's simple and tells much. [Aside.]—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love, as you do, I was wont To load me with knacks: I would have ransack'd The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing parted with him: If your lash Interpretation should abuse; and call this, Your lack of love, or bounty: you were straited For a reply, at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are: The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd Up in my heart; which I have given already, But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometime 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 fawn's snow, That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this—
WINTER'S TALE.

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a scepter'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;—

_Shep._ O, my heart! [made

_Pol._ I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh.
That thou no more shall see this knack,—as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, nor our kin, my
Far than Deceuiln off.—Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yes, 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._

_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 quench it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

_Cam._ Why, how now, father?

_Shep._ I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore three
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yes,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed witch!

_Exit._

_That knewst this was the prince, and would'st adven-
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone! [tune
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

_Exit._

_Fio._ Why look you so upon me?
I am sorry, but not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My lash 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.

_Fio._ I think, Camillo.

_Cam._ Even he, my lord.

_Per._ How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

_Fio._ It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature crush the sides of the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

_Cam._ Be advised.

_Fio._ I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

_Fio._ This is desperate, sir.

_Cam._ So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I must, I must think it honestly. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be tierat glean'd; for all the sun sees or
The close earth worms, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathom, 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,
Tag 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 prepared
For the design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

_Cam._ O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

_Fio._ Hark, Perdita.—_[Takes her aside
I'll hear you by and by._

_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
So much thirst to see.

_Fio._ Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

_Going._

_Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

_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 is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour)
I'll point you, where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness: where you may
Enjoy your mistress: (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forfend! your ruin:) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,) Your dis-contenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

_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, whereunto you'll go?

_Fio._ Not any yet:
But as the 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.

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,) fore Leonotes;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leonotes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: ask thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere if the father's person: kisses the hands
Of you fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him
Twist his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.

Flor. What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Worthy Camillo,
Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
Worthiness, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three. I'll write you down the
Which shall point you forth at every sitting,
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flor. There is some sap in this,

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you:
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors: who
Do their best office, if they can stay you
Where you'll be loath to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love:
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alter.

Flor. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not in the mind.

Cam. Yes, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
Beborn another such. [Years, Flor.
My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is the fear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Flor. Your pardon, sir, for this:
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My pretiest Perdita.—

But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camilo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me!
The more of our care!—How shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Belonia's sea;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
to have you royally apprized, as if
The scene you play, were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want.—one word.

[They talk aside.

Enter Autolycus.

Ant. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust,
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have
sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a
riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad,
knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to
keep my pack from fasting: they throag who should
buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and
brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means,
I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what
I saw, to my good use, I remembered. My clown,
(who wants but something to be a reasonable man,)grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would
not stir his pettoes, till he had both tune and words;
which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their
other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a
placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a
colpice of a purse: I would have filed keys off, that
hang 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 out and cut most of their fes-
tival purses: and had not the old man come in with a
whoop! 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.

[Cam. Flor. and Per. come forward.

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you go forward, shall clear that dole.

Flor. And those that you'll procure from king Leon-

Cam. Shall satisfy your father. [Yes,—

Per. Happy be you!
All, that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?—[Seeing Autolycus.
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing, may give us what deliver.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why hanging.

[Aside.

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, he so still; here's nobody will steal
that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty,
we must make an exchange: therefore, disperse thee
instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in 't,) and
change garments with this gentleman: Though the
pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee,
there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well
enough.

[Aside.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is
half fainted already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir—I smell the trick of
it.—[Aside.

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot
with conscience take it.

Cam. Unlock, unlock, unbrace.—

[Flor. and Flor. exchange garments.

Fortunate mistress.—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert; take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muzzle your face;
Dismantle you; and as you can, disliken
The true cane of your own seeming: thence you may,
(For I do fear eyes over you,) to shipboard
Get undescribed.

Per. I see, the play's nigh, that
I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—

Flor. Have you done there?

Flor. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have
No hat:—Come, lady, come,— Farewell, my friend,
Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forget!
Pray you, a word.  
Clos. What do I next, shall I, to tell the king
Of this escape, and whether they are bound?  
[Aside.  
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.
Camm. The swifter speed, the better.
[Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain:
Every man's end, every shop, church, session, hanging,
yields a careful man's work.
Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there
is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling,
and none of your flesh and blood.
Shep. Nay, but hear me.
Clo. Nay, but hear me.
Shep. Go to then.
Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh
and blood has not offended the king; and, so,
your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him,
Shew 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.
Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off
you could have been to him; and then your blood
had been the dearer, by I know not how much an ounce.
Aut. Very wisely; puppies!
[Aside.
Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in
this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.
Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint
may be to the flight of my master.
Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.
Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so
sometimes by chance;—Let me pocket up your pedler's
excrement.—[Takes off his false beard.] How
gow, rustics! whither are you bound?
Clo. To the palace, as it like your worship.
Aut. Your affairs there? what with whom? the
condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling,
your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and
any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.
Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.
Aut. A lie! you are rough and hairy; Let me have
no lying; it classname none but tradesmen, and
they often give us soldiers the lie! but we pay them
for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore
they do not give us the lie.
Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one,
if you had not taken yourself with the manner.
Shep. Are you a curtier, an't like you, sir?
Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a curtier.
shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned and slay'd alive.

Shy. 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.

Act. After I have done what I promised?

Shy. Ay, sir.

Act. Well, give me the money:—Are you a party in this business?

Cleo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Act. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Cleo. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and shew 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.

Act. 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.

Cleo. Who are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shy. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.——[Exit Shepherd and Clown.

Act. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, abroad 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 she belongs to 't; To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. A Room in Leontes' Palace. Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DIAN, PAULINA, and others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd a saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence, than done trespasse: At the last Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil; With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them; and so still think Of the wrong I did myself: which was so much, That hearkens it hath made my kingdom; and Destroy'd the sweetest companion, that ever man Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, 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.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd! She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikst at me Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good, good, Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady: You might have spoken a thousand things that would Have done the time more benefit, and grace'd Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those, Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so, You pity not the state, nor the remembrance Of his most sovereign dace; consider little, What dangers, by his highness' fall of issue, May drop upon his kingdom, and devour Incurant lookers-on. What were more holy, Than to rejoice, the former queen is well! What holier, than,—for royalty's repair, For present comfort and for future good,— To bless the bed of majesty again With a sweet fellow to 't!

Paul. There is none worthy, Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes: For has not the divine Apollo said, Is't not the tenour of his oracle, That king Leontes shall not have an heir, Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall, Is all as monstruous to our human reason, As my Antigonus to break his grave, And come again to me; who, on my life, Did perch with the infant. Is't your counsel, My lord, should to the heavens be contrary, Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue,

[To Leontes.]

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 squard' 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 sanctified spirit Again possess her corps; and, on this stage, (Where we offenders now appear,) soul- vexed, 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.

Paul. I should so: Were I the ghost that walk'd, 'I'd bid you mark Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in 't You chose her: thou I'd shriek, that even your ears Should rift to hear me; and the words that fellow'd Should be, Remember mine!

Leon. Stars, very stars, And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife, I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit! Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another, As like Hermione as is her picture, Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done. 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.
Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel, Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not Like to his father's greatness: his approach, So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us, 'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but 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 most thy grave Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now Is colder than that thought,) She had not been, Nor was not to be equal'd—thus your verse Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd, To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam; The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,) The other, when she has obtain'd your eye, Will have your tongue too. This is such a creature, Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal Of all professors else; make proscytes Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman, More worth than any man; men, that she is The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes; Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends, Bring them to our embraces.—Still 'tis strange, [Exeunt Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentleman. He thus should 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; then know'st thou, 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 Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wealock, prince; For she did print your royal father off, Conceiving you: I was but twenty-one, Your father's image is so hit in you, His very air, that I should call you brother, As I did him; and speak of something, wildly By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome! And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas! I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as Your gracious couple, do! and then I lost (All came one own folly,) the society, Amity too, of your brave father; whom, Though bearing misery, I desire my life Once more to look upon.

Flo. By his command Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him Give you all greetings, that a king, and 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 Meaur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves (He had me say so,) more than all the scepters, And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother, (Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, stir Afresh within me; and these thy offices, So rarely kind, are as interpreters Of my behind-hand slackness—Welcome hither, As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage (At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune, To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord, She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Simalus, That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from Thence; from him, whose daughter His 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 holy father, A great and gentle man; against whose person, So sacred as it is, I have done sin: For which the heavens, taking angry note, Have let me issueless; and your father's bless'd, (As he from heaven merit's,) with you, Worthy his goodness. What might I have been, Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on, Such goodly things as you! Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir, That which I shall report, will bear no credit, Were not the proof so high. Please you, great sir, Bohemia greets you from 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 the city; I now came from him: I speak amazedly; and it becomes My marvelous, and my message. To your court While he was hast'ning, (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'st so to his charge; He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo? Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now Has these poor men in question. Never saw I Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth; I forsware themselves as often as they speak:
ACT V.—SCENE II.

Bohemia steps 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
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and so sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:—
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father: power no jot
Of love, for 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. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in’t: not a month
’Tore 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
Is yet unanswer’d: I will to your father: [To Flo.]
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 Aurylucus and a Gentleman.

Aur. 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 church. Methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aur. 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 another one, to bear the cases
Of their eyes; there was a speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture: they looked, as they
Had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A noble passion of wonder appeared in them: but the
Worst beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow: but in
The extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfilled: the king’s daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that balladmakers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the little child’s steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news,

which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found
his heir?

3 Gent. Most true: if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance; that, which you hear, you’ll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione — her jewel about the neck of it:—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character — the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother — the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding.—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with certainty, to be the king’s daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 Gent. Then have you 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 waxed 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 only. They, by the way, desired me 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 he his daughter, with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten roudni of many kings’ reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lanes report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd’s son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much,) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 Gent. Wrecked, the same instant of their master’s death; and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the issues of the child to be recovered, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, ‘twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

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, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of colour to another, she did, with an alius! I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed; if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?

3 Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother’s statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would have set Paulina to be a, most perfect he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath
do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in Paulina's House.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grace and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee! For, whatsoever sir, I did not well, I meant well: All my services, You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit: It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Paul. 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 image of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man bath 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, I like your silence, it the more shews 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 life not chiding; for she was as tender, As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carer's excellence; What is it now by some sixteen years, and makes her As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty; (warrn life, As now it coldly stirs,) when first I wou'd her! I am ashamed: Does not the stone rebuke me, For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece, There's magic in thy majesty; which has My evils conjured in remembrance; and From my admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee!—

Per. And give me leave; And do not say, 'tis superstition, that, I kneel, and then 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 and sour; 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 himself in it.

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 shew'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on it; lest your May think anon, it moves. [fancy

Leon. Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already— What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord, Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those veins Did verily burn 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. I'll draw the curtain; My lord's almost so far transported, that He'll think anon, it lives. O sweet Paulina, Make me to think so twenty years together; No settled senses of the world can manage I got from one of that madness. Let's alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina; For this afflication has a taste as sweet As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks, There is an air comes from her: What fine chisel Ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me, For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear: The rudness upon her lip is wet; You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stan your own With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain? Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Solicitude. So long could I stand by, a looker on. Paul. Either forbear, Quit presently the candel; 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, (With reason, I made it against,) I am assisted By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do, I am content to look on: what to speak, I am content to hear: for 'tis as easy To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd, You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still; Or those, that think it unlawful business I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed; No foot shall stir. Paul. Music: awake her; strike. [Music. Tis time; descended; be stone no more: approach; Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come; I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away: Bequeath to death your numbress, for from him Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs; [Embracing her. 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 woud her; now, in age, Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! If this be magic, let it be an art Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him. Cun. She hangs about his neck; If she pertain to life, let her speak too. Pol. Ay, and make't 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.

[Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione. Her. You gods, look down, And from your sacred vials pour your graces Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own, Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,— Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle Gave hope thou was in being,—have preserv'd Myself, to see the issue.

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, or whither, for to draw 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:—Cone, Camillo, And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty, Is richly voted; and here justified By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.— What!—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons, That e'er I put between your holy looks My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law, And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,) Is truth-plaint 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 dissever'd: Hastily lead away. [Exeunt.

This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is Eternally conceived, and strongly represented.—JOHNSON. Warburton is not guilty of a criticism so frijicid as Johnson has represented,—his words are: "On this play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. In telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, couplet as above, Our learned Shakespeare, fancy's child, Hath his native good-natured wit, This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had

induced some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce to the extor to any in the whole collection."

The persons of great name to whom Warburton alludes are Dryden and Pope. The former of whom mentions this play with no great exceeding, in his Essay at the end of the second part of the Conquest of Granada; while the latter, in the preface to his edition of our author's works, is rather inclined to class it with Love's Labour's Lost, the Comedy of Errors, and Titus Andronicus, as one of the plays, in which Shakespeare had produced only some characters, or single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

This play, of which the first edition was that of the folio 1623, is mentioned by Nares in 1609, and exhibits internal proofs of having been one of Shakespeare’s earliest productions. A translation of the Menandri di Plauto by W. W. (C. according to Ward, William Warner) was published in 1623, and may have afforded the groundwork of the present comedy.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus.

ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.

ANTIPholus OF Ephesus, twin brothers, and sons to

ÆGEON and Emilia, but unknown to each other.

DROMIO OF Ephesus, twin brothers, and Attendants.

DROMIO OF Syracuse, a servant to the two Antipholus’s.

BALTHAZAR, a merchant.

AGOLO, A goldsmith.

A Merchant, servant to Antipholus of Syracuse.

PINC, A schoolmaster, and a conjurer.

EMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.

ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

Luciana, her sister.

LucEÉ, her servant.

A Courtezan.

Gr Calder, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—Ephesus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall in the Duke’s Palace.

Enter Duke, Ægeon, Gr Calder, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat’ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in sundry heads been deeply rooted
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan marts or fairs,
Again, if any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the dukedom 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 the law thou art condemn’d to die.
Ægeon. Yet this my comfort; when your words are
My woes end likewise with the evening sun. [Duke.
Duke. Well, Syracusan, say in brief the cause
Why thou departest from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam’st to Ephesus.
Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos’d,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was brought by nature, not by vile offence,
I’ll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa I was born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me.
And by me too, had not our lap been bad.
With her I liv’d in joy; our wealth increas’d,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidaurus, till my factor’s death.
And he (great care of goods at random left)
Draw me from kind embraces of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,) I
Had made provision for her following me,
And, soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
Thou hadst not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish’d but by names.
That very hour, and in the self same inn,
A poor mean woman was deliver’d
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.
We came aboard
A league from Epidaurus we had sail’d,
Before the alway’s wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscure light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Where, though myself would gladly have embrac’d,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And pitious plaintings of the pretty babies,
That mour’d for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc’d me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our beat,
And, with a ship, that was asking-ripe
My wife, more careful for the latter born,
Had fasten’d him unto a small spar 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 Corinthus, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispares’d those vapours that offend us;
And, by the benefit of his wish’d light,
The seas was’t calm, and we discover’d
Two ships from far mark’d, which also remain to us;
Of Corinthus 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.
Ægeon. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily tender them will-less absence.
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter’d by a mighty rock;
ACT I.-SCENE II.

Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splinter'd in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have rest the fishers of their prey,
Had not the wind been very slow of sail;
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd;
To tell sad stories of my own misships.

Duke. And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Ege. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,) Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a mind to see,
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless. Egeon, 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 see as an 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 hunt thee this day,
To seek the help by benefactors hast:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaoler. I will, my lord.

Ege. Hopeless, and helpless, both. Egeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

[Exit Egeon.

SCENE II.—A public Place.

Enter Antisthene and Dromio of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to lay out his life,
And save to the strait of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:

Till that, 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 stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word.
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [Exit Dromio. Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very old,
When I am dull with care, I cannot help,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content,
[Exit Merchant. Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
To the world I am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.
So I, to find a mother, and a brother
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus. Here comes the almanac of my true date.—

What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit:
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my check:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray,
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. — For the expense, that I have lost 1 day last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;—
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive 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:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.

Mer. Think'st, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of
Reserve till a merrier hour than this season;
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 knife; Have done your foolishnesses,
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 Pharoan's house for dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a chri-stian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry scorne of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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 you have between you both.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?

[Phoenix;]

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will lie home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus in my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

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.

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-taught of all my money.

They say, this town is full of conjurors;

As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,

Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,

Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

And many such like liberties 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.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A public Place.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

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. Why, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong 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 fouls,

Are their males' subject, and at their controls:

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,

Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,

Induced with intellectual sense and souls,

Of more pre-eminence than fish and fouls,

Are masters to their females and their lords:

Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey. [sway.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unwed'd, no marble though she

They can be meek, that have no other cause. 

[ Pause; 

A wretched soul, brand'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet, or our heart cry:

Here you are burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try:

Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dhioio of Euphues.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is; is it two hands with me, that

My two eyes can witness. [his maid?

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear;

Beheld his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel

his meaning.

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could see well

feel his sufferings; and withal so doubtfully, that I could

scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pray thee, is he coming home?

It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Luc. Horn-mad, thou villain! [stark mad:

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold mad; but, sure, he's

What I'd'd him to come home to dinner, and

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 home? quoth I; My gold, quoth he:

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?

The pig, quoth I, is born'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 bare home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. 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.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other

Between you I shall have a holy head. [beating:

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home,

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me, That

Thou dost too football you, and to spurn me?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[Exit.

Luc. Fye, how impatient lowrich in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

From my poor count? then he hath wast it;

Are your discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'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 rains are in me, that can be found

By him not rain'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 feels from home; poor I am but his state.

Luc. Self-harming jealousies!—fye, bear it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I learnt his eye doth homage other where;

Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know, he promised me a chain;—

Would that alone alone he would detain,

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!

I see the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold hides still, That others touch, yet often touching will Wear gold; and so no man that hath a name, But falsehood and corruption doth it shame. Since that my beauty cannot please his eye, I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die. 

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! 

[Exeunt. 

SCENE II.—The same. 

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse. 

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio, is laid up Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out. By computation, and mine host's report, I could not speak with Dromio, since at first I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes. 

Enter Dromio of Syracuse. How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd? As you love strokes, so jest with me again. You know no Centaur? You receiv'd no gold? 

Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner! My house was at the Phoenix! Wast thou mad, That thus so madly thou didst answer me? 

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word? 

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since. Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence, Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me. 

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt; And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner; For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd. 

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein: What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me. 

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth? Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. 

[Beating him. 

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is Upon what bargain do you give it me? [earnest. 

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes Do use you for my fool, and chat with you, Your sauciness will just upon my love, And make a common of my serious hours. When the sun shines, let foolish grunts make sport, But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams. If you will jest with me, know my aspect, And observe you my demeanour by my looks, Or I will beat this method in your head. 

Dro. S. Sconce, call it you! so you would have battering, I had rather it had a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray sir, why am I beaten? 

Ant. S. Do not thou know? 

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten. 

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why? 

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore. 

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flattering me; and then, For urging it a second time to me. 

[wherefore,— 

Dro. S. Was it ever any man thus beaten out of season! When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme Well, sir, I thank you. 

[no reason!] 

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what? 

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing. 

Ant. S. I meant to make amends next, to give you nothing for something. But, say, sir, is it dinner-time? 

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have. 

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that? 

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. Last it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting. 

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time; There's a time for all things. 

Dro. S. I durst have denied, that before you were so choleric. 

Ant. S. By what rule, sir? 

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself. 

Ant. S. Let's hear it. 

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature. 

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery? 

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, 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 scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit. 

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit. 

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair. 

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit. 

Dro. S. The plainer 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 tiring; 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, 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, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts us yonder? 

Enter Adriana and Luciana. 

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown; Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects, I am not Adriana, nor thy wife. 

The time was once, when thou unurg'dallest vow That never words were music to thine ear, That never object pleasing in thine eye, That never touch well welcome to thy hand, That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste, Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee. How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it, That thou art then estranged from thyself? Thyself I call it, being strange to me, That undivisible, incorporate, Am better than thy dear self's better part. 

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me; For if it be, I am, as easy may'st thou fall, 

A drop of water in the breaking galph, 

And take unmingled thence that drop again, Without addition or diminishing, 

As take from me thyself, and not me too. 

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick 

Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious!
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By rufian lust should be contaminat?
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the saint'd skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divoring web
I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterer 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 true with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd, thou, undi-honour'd.
Ant. S. Plead to thee, fair d wine? I know you
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
[not:
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.
I, thy brother? how the world is chang'd with
When were you want to use my sister thus? [you:
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.
Ant. S. By Dromio?
Dro. S. I 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. [man?
Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentle-woman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?
Dro. S. 1, sir? I never saw her till this time.
Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. S. Howean she thus then call us by our names,
Using us by his imprerative,
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it your 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 elin, my husband, I a vine;
When thou dost press to thy green state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion. [theme: Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sune uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'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!—
We talk with goblings, owls, and elvish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue.
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why pratt'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou dronc, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I!
Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.
Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool.
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whist man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister;—Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disgrac'd!
I'll say as they say, and persevere 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.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same.
Enter ANTIPHOLES OF EPHESUS, DROMIO OF EPHESUS, ANDELO, AND BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours: [all.
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkathet,
And this will bring her home to keep 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 didst thou mean by this?
Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what show
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave
were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think
Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.
Dro. E. Marry, so doth appear
By the songs 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 bewail of an ass.
Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray
God, our cheer [here.
May answer my good will, and your good welcome
But I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your wel-come
dear.
Ant. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dishy dine.
But, Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl
affords. [nothing but words.
Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's
But, Small cheer,' and great welcome, makes a merry feast. [guest.
Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing
But thou mayest eate be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer you may have, but not with better names,
But, soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.
Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Mariam, Cicely, Gillian, Jen!?
Dro. S. [Within.] Mome, malf-horse, capon, cor-
comb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenchens, that thou call'st for
such stuff as thou shouldest.
When one is one too many, Go, get thee from the
Dro. E. What patch is made our partner? My master stays in the street.
Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came; lest he catch cold on's feet.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ANDRIANA Come, I will put on this sleeve of thine.

Act II. Sc. 2.
ACT III. SCENE II.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!  

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me to-day.  

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner, I have not din'd  

Dro. S. Nor to day here you must not; come again,  
when you may.  

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe!  

[Dromio.  

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is  

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both my office and  
my name:  
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.  

If thou hadst 'st been Dromio to-day in my place,  
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or  
thy name for an ass.  

Luce. [Within.] What a coil is there! Dromio,  
who are those at the gate?  

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.  

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;  

And so tell your master.  

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh,—  

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?  

Luce. Have at you with another: that's—Wench!  

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou  
hast answer'd him well.  

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in,  

Luce. I thought I had asked you. [I hope!  

Dro. S. And you said, no.  

Dro. E. So, come, help; well stricken; the man blest  

Ant. E. Thou baggaz, let me in, [for blow.  

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake.  

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.  

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.  

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door  
down.  

[Luce.  

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in  
me that is at the door, that keeps  
all this noise?  

[Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with un-  

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come  
before.  

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door,  

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave  
would go sore.  

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we  

were fain have either.  

[Neither.  

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with  

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them  
welcome hither.  

[Not in.  

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we can't  

Ant. E. You would say so, master, if your garments  
were thin.  

Cold:  

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the  

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be sought out  
here and sold.  

[Gate.  

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the  

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break  
your knaves gate.  

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir,  

and words are but wind;  

Av, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.  

Dro. S. It seems, thou wastest breaking; Out upon thee,  
hind!  

[Let me in.  

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee,  

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish  

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.  

Dro. E. A crow without a feather; a 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 crow.  

Bat. Have patience, sir, O, let it be so;  

Herein we'll gain against your reputation.  

And draw within the compass of suspect  
The unviolated honour of your wife.  

Once this,—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 sooner passage of the day,  

A vulgar comment will be made on it;  

And that supposed by the common rout  

Against your yet ungaUed estimation,  

That may with foul intrusion enter in,  

And dwell upon your grave when you are dead  

For slander lives upon succession;  

For every hour, where it once was possession.  

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet.  

And, in despight 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 upbraid'd me with the world.  

To her we will be dinner.—Get you home,  

And fetch the chain: by this, I know, 'tis made—  

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine:  

For there's the house; that chain will I bestow  

(De it for nothing but to spite my wife,)  

Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:  

Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,  

I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll dissemble me.  

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.  

[Exeunt.  

SENE II.—The same.  

Enter Lucius and Antipholus of Syracuse.  

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot  

A husband's office? shall, Antipholus, hate,  

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-  

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth:—  

Muffle thy false love with some show of blindness;  

Let not my sister read it in your eye;  

Be not thy tongue thy owne shame's orator;  

Look sweet, speak fair, become disorderly;  

Apparel vice 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?  

With what did she the thief brag of his own attain't?  

Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed  

And let her read it in thy looks at board:  

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;  

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.  

Alas, poor women! make us but believe,  

Being compact of credit, that you love us  

Though history have this with their own slave;  

We in your motion turn, and you may move us.  

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;  

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.  

Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,  
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.  

U
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know)
Not by what wonder you do hit on mine,) [not,
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;
And open to my earthly gross conceit.
Smother'd in errors, feeble, 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 noage I owe;
Far more, far more, to you I do decline.
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, a bed I'll take thee, and mine her;
And, in that glorious apparition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:
Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?
Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; 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. Gaze 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.
Ant. S. No;
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 aim thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life,
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [Exit Luc.
Enter from the house of ANTINOEUS of Ephesus,
DROMIO of Syracuse.
Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where ranst 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.
I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.
Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and
all grease; and I know not what use to put her to,
but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her
own light. I warrant, her rage, and the tallow in them,
will burn a Polish winter: if she lives till doomsday,
she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.
Ant. S. What complexion is she of?
Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing
like so clean kept: For why? she swears, a man
may go over shoes in the grime of it.
Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.
Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could
not do it.
Ant. S. What's her name?
Dro. S. Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters,
that is an ell and three quarters, will not measure
her from hip to hip.
Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?
Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from
hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could
find out countries in her.
Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it
out by the bags.
Ant. S. Where Scotland?
Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the
palm of the hand.
Ant. S. Where France?
Dro. S. In her forehead: armed and reverend, mak-
ing war against her hair; and, she transformed me to a
curtil-dog, and made me turn the wheel.
Ant. S. Where Spain?
Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in
her breast.
Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?
Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished
with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their
rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole
armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.
Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?
Dro. S. Sir, I did not look so low. To conclude,
this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me
Dromio; swore, I was assured to her; told me what
privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoul-
der, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left
arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and,
I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and
my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a cur-
tail-dog, and made me turn the wheel.
Ant. S. Go, he thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.
Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.
Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Pussess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself;
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?
Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I'll call thee, sir! Lo, here is the chain; I thought to have it en you at the Porcupine: the chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this? 

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespeak it not. 

Ang. I am your wife, 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.

Ant. S. What I think of this, I cannot tell; but this I think, there's no man is so vain, that would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see, a man here needs not live by shits, 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.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due, and since I have not much importun'd you; Nor now 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: Please you walk with me down to his house, I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPOPHUS OF EPHESUS, AND DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ang. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow Among my wife and her confederates, For locking me out of my doors by day,— But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone; Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [Exit Dromio.]

Ang. E. A man is well hulp up, that trusts to you. I promised 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 carat; The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion; Which doth amount to three odd ducats more Than I stand debted to this gentleman: I pray you, see him presently discharge'd, For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it. Ang. I will discharge him 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; Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ang. E. No, I will bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about

Ang. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have; Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain; Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman, And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ang. E. Good lord, you use this dilliance to excuse Your breach of promise to the Porcupine: I should have chid you for not bringing it, But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the chain— Ang. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch you your money. [Exit.]

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ang. E. E'ye! now you run this humour out of breath. Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it. Mer. My business cannot brook this dilliance: Good sir, or else you'll answer me, or no, If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ang. E. I answer you! What should I answer you? Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ang. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ang. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much I say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it. Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name, to Ang. This touches me in reputation:—[obey me. Either consent to pay this sum for me, Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had! Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer:— I would not spare my brother in this case, If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; if you hear the suit.

Ang. E. I do obey thee; till I give thee bail. But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus, To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dro. S. Master, there is a barn of Epidamnum, That stays but till her owner comes aboard, And then, sir, bears away; our freightage, sir, I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought The oil, the balsamum, and aquavita. 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. [Sheep.

Ang. E. How now! a madman! Why thou perversh What ship of Epidamnum stays for me! Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon: You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ang. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure, And teach your ears to listen with more heed. To Adrian, within, be there this present money; Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk That's cover'd over with Turkish tapestry, There is a purse of ducats; let her send it; Tell her, I am arrested in the street, And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone.

U 2
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[Enter Merchants, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E. Doro. To Adriana! that is where we did din', Where Dow-dabel did claim me for her husband. She is too big, I hope, for me to compas-s, Thither I must, although against my will. For servants must their masters' minds fulfill. — [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee too?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plied in earnest, yea or no!
Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation ma'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's motions tending in his eyes?
Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant, he did me none: the more my slyte.
Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
Luc. Then plead'd for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love beg'd for you, he beg'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 sere.
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And that the doubts of others were worse:
Far from her nest, the laiving cries, away. — [curse.
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go: the desk, the purse: sweet now,
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath? [make haste.
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,
One, whose hard heart is buttow'd up with steel;
A brand, a fiery, pitless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
[mands
A hack-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-
The passages of alleys, crooks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry foot well;
One, that before the judgment, carries poor souls to
Adr. Why, man, what is the matter? [hell.
Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.
Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.
Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:
[the desk
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in
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 is twice one, I let 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 sergeant, a turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou
Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than
he's worth, to season
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt, and then, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in the day?

[Enter Luciana.

Adr. O, Dromio; there's the money, hear it straight;
And let thy master some immediately then.
Conceit; I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. — [Exit.

SCENE III.—The same.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

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 shewed 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.

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
appraised?
[mean? I mean
Ant. S. What good is this? What Adam dost thou
Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise,
but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he goes in
the calf's skin that was killed for the prodigal; he
that came behind you. sir, like an evil angel, and bid
you forsake thy liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.
Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went
like a base-vol, in a case of leather; the man, sir,
that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and
rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men,
and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up
his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a
morris-pike.
Ant. S. What? thou mean'st an officer?
Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the hand; he, that
brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band;
one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says,
Gad give you good rest!

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your folly. Is there
any ship puts forth to night? may we be gone?
Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour
since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night;
and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry
for the hoy. Delay: Here are the angels that you
sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distant, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain, you 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 witch;
and thereof comes, that the wenches say, God damn me, that’s as much as to say, God make me a light wrench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wrenches 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, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that may reach with the devil. [supping]

Ant. S. Avoid then, feed! what tell’st thou me of Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress; I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or for my diamond, the chain you promised.
And I’ll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

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-stoole; but she, more covetous,

Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an’ if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you will not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avouart, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock; Mistress, that

[Exit Ant. S. and Dro. S.]

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 sin,

On purpose shut the doors against his way.

My way is now, to bie home to his house,

And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,

He rush’d into my house, and took perforce

My ring away: This course I fittest choose;

For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit]

SCENE IV.—The same.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;

I’ll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money

To warrant thee, as I am restor’d.

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 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.

Dro. E. Nay, ’tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands,
Ant. E. This is the reasonless 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 served him from the hour of my native birth, and am ten times better at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he beats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised 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 heggar won her brat: and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Lucina, and the Courtezan, with Pinch, and others.

Ant. E. Come, go along: my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, requisi renum, 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?

Adv. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a coquett.

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 exac’ty!

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, bound’st within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness thee straight;

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, dozing wizzard, peace: I am not mad.

Adv. Doth thou went not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You, minion, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adv. O unkind husband, God doth know, you din’d at home,
Where ’twould you had remain’d until this time,

Free from these shand’s, and this open shame! [thou?

Ant. E. I din’d at home! Thou villain, what say’st

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? [out.

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock’d, and you shut

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans false, she herself revil’d you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

[you.

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scold’d

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness,

That since we have felt the vigour of that

Adr. Is’t good to sooth him in these contrai’ries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein;

And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy. [me.

Ant. E. Thou hast sborn’d the goldsmith to arrest

Adv. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you.

By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. My heart and good will you.

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

[Exit.

Ant. E. Went not thou theret for a purse of ducats?
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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 bear me witness, 
That I was sent for nothing but a rope! 
Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd? 
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 
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold? [to-day, 
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth. 
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold; 
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. If the resembling villain, thou speak'st 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 these false eyes, 
That would behold me in this shameful sport.

[Pinch and his Assistants bind Astr. E. & Dro. E.]
Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him come near me.
Pinch. More company;—the freed is strong within.
Luc. Ah me, poor man! how pale and wan he looks!
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gadler, 
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them [thou, 
To make a rescue?]

Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not harm him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.
Ant. E. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself 
Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go, 
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will dis-charge thee, ere I go from thee:
But mind thou use thy hospitality
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe conveyed.
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 
mand 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! 
Off. Go bear him hence. — Sister, go with you with me.
[Enter Pinch & Assistants, with Astr. E. & Dro. E.]

Say now, whose suit is he arrest'd at?
Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes me?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cont. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my rigg. 
(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, gadler, 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
To have them bound again. 
Help, Off. Away, they'll kill us.
[Enter Officer. Ann. and Lucr.
Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.
Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from
I logh, that we were safe and sound aboard. [thence. 
Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely 
do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that 
for the mountain of gold and flash 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 our stuff aboard. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same.

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 of the name of Dromio in the city? 
Ang. Of very reverent 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 forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.— 
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much 
That you would put me to this shame and trouble; 
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly; 
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment, 
You have done wrong to this my honest friend; 
Who, but for staying on our controversy, 
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day: 
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?
Ant. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.
Mer. How is it, that you did bear them to my house? 
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?
Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear 
Eye on thee, wretched! 'tis pity, thou liv'st [these] 
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus: 
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty 
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st 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's mad; 
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bring them to my house.
Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take this 
Is some priory; — In, or we are spoild. [house.
[Enter Astr. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore trouble you him.
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence: 
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast, 
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man? 
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sorrow, sad, 
And much, much different from the man he was; 
But, till this afternoon, his passion
No' er brake into extremity of rage.
ACT V.—SCENE I.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck a sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Atr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Atr. Why, so I did.
Abb. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
And in assemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Atr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he has much for my urging it;
And in company, I often glanced it;
Yet still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman.
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his words were hinder'd by the railing:
And therein, as he did, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was saved with th' upbraiding:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brav'ls:
Sweet recreations barring, what doth ensue,
Betimes inward and dull melancholy,
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;) And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life!
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest.
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits.
Have sear'd thy husband from the use of wits.
Lus. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly,—
Why you're about these rebukes, and answer not me.
Abb. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter, and let no creature enter in my house.
Atr. Nay, nor till a creature enters in my house.
Abb. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.
Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.
Abb. I will attend my husband, be his curse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient: for I will not let him stir,
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Abb. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseen your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.
Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
Abb. 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 perform my husband from the abbess.
Mrs. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Abb. Upon what cause?
Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
[Deatb.]
Abb. See, where they come; we will behold his
Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.
Enter Duke, attended; Exxons, 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.
Abb. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!
Abb. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.
Abb. May it please your grace, Antiphons, my
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
(A husband, and
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurrieth through the street,
(With his handsman, all as mad as he,) Displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did take,
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs he went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wasted not by what strange escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with rufeful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased 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 sent hence for help.
Duke. Long since, his husband serv'd me in my
And that he was engag'd a prince's word, way;
Duke. 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 threw him up
Great pails of potted mire to quench the hair:
My master prayers and patience he, while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjuror.
Abb. 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 preach'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you.
To scour his face and to disfigure you: [Cry within.
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

Adv. Alas 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 ANTIPholoUs and DroMio of EpheseS.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee, When I besrid thee in the wars, and took Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote, I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife; There, that hath abused and dishonour'd me, Even ia the strength and height of life! 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 While she, with harlotts feasted in my house. [upon me,

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so? Ant. E. You, my good lord; myself, he, and my sister, To-day did dine together: So baf'd my soul, As this is false, he burdens me withal! Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night, But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ant. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn. In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Tis, in the ch'in, I, divvled what I say; Neither distin'gd with the effect of wine. Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire, Albeit, his 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, Pretending to bring it to the Porcupine, Where Balthazar and I did dine together. Our dinner done, and he not coming thither, I went to seek him: In the street I met him; And in his company, that gentleman. There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down, That this day of him receiv'd the chain, Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which, He did arrest me with an officer. I did obey; and sent my peasant home For certain ducats: He with none return'd. Then fairly I bespoke the officer, To go in person with me to my house. By the way we met My wife, her sister, and a rabble more Of vile confederates; along with them They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-faced villain, A meer anatomy, a mountebank, A thread bare juggler, and a fortune-teller; A needy, hollow eyed, sharp-looking wretch, A living dead man: this pernicious slave, Forsotho took on him as a conjurer: And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse, And with no face, as t'other, out facing me. Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence; And in a dark and dankish vault at home There left me and my man, both bound together: Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in suader, I gain'd my freedom, and immediately Ran hither to your grace: whom I beseech To give me ample satisfaction For these deep shames, and great indignities.

Ant. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him; That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no? Ant. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here, These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine Heard you confess, you had the chain of him, After you first forsaw it on the mart; And, thereafter I drew my sword on you; And then you fled into this abbey here From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls, Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me; I never saw the chain, so help me heaven! And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. What an intricate impeach is this! I think, you all have drank of Cicer's cup. If here you hou'sd him, here he would have been: If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:— You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that Ant. E. As true, my liege, this ring I had of her. Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here? Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace. Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbeys I think, you are all mated, or stark mad. [hither;[Exit An Attendant.

Ege. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word, Harpy, I see a friend will save my son, And pay the sum that may deliver me. Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt. Ege. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus? And is not that your bondman Dromio? Dro. E. Within this hour, I was his bondman, sir; But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords: Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound. Ege. Am I sure, you both of you remember me. Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you; For lately we were bond, as you are now. You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir? Ege. Why look you strange on me? you know me. Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now, [well. Ege. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last. And careful hours, with time's deformed hand, Have written strange defects 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 1.

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 and splitt'd my poor tongue, In seven short years, that here my only son Knows not my feeble key of untold cares? Though now this gnarled face of mine be hid In sap-consuming winter's drozzled snow, And all the conduits of my blood froze up; Yet hath my life of some memory, My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left, My dull deaf ears a little use to hear: All these old witnesses (I cannot err,) Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus. Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.
ACT V — SCENE I.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholus Syracuse, and Dromio Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

[All gather to see him.]

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.

Adr. E. I, sir, an Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. O. Egeon, art thou not I 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 Egeon, if thou best the man That hadst a wife once called Emeria, That bore to thee a burden two fair sons: O, if thou best the same Egeon, speak, And speak unto the same Emeria!—

Adr. If I dream not, thou art Emeria; 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.

Adr. E. By Egeon's wife, there are two so like. 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's, they are two so like, And these two Dromio's, one in semblance,— Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,— These are the parents to these children, Which accidentally are met together. Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which.

[Lord.]

Ant. E. I came from Conuth, my most gracious Duke. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle. [warrior] Adr. E. Which of you two did dine with me to day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. E. 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 receive from you, And Dromio my man did bring them me: I see, we still did meet each other's man, And I was taken for him, and he for me, And thereupon these errors are 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. Remain'd 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, By that this sympathized one day's error, Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company, And we shall make full satisfaction.—

Twelve-five yen at a have I in great travail Of you, my sons; nor, till 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. Witness, my lady, my heart, I'll gossip at this feast. [Enter Duke, Abbess, Egeon, Courtezan, Merchant, Angelo, and Attendants.]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard? [hark'd!]

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou expend

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Courtezan.

[ mio:]

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.

[Enter Antipholus S. and E., Ann. and Luc.]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house, That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner; The new shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth. [brother; 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 will draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus: We came into the world like brother and brother: And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [Exeunt.]

On a careful revision of the preceding scenes, I do not hesitate to think that the composition of two very unequal writers. Shakespeare had undoubtedly a share in them; but that the entire play was no work of his, is an opinion which (as Benedict says,) "Fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake." Thus, as we are informed by Aubin Villisus, lib. i. cap. x. some plays were actually ascribed to Plautus; which in truth had only been (verstauet et exspolita) retouched and polished by him.

In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character; and our attention is less forcibly engaged because we can scarce account how the denouement will be brought about. Yet the subject appears to have been remarkably disfigured, even in this last and amusing scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till their power of affecting us, Comedians is entirely lost.—Milton.

The long defence verses that Shakespeare has attributed in this play to the comicorum, are written in that kind of metre which was usually attributed, by the dramatic poets before his time, to the comic verses, to some of their inferior characters; and this circumstance is one of the many that authorize us to place the preceding comedy, as well as Love's Labour's Lost, and The Taming of the Shrew, (where the same kind of versification is likewise found,) among our author's earliest productions; composed very probably at a time when he was insensibly infected with the prevailing fashions, and betimes conceived "to devote boldly from the common track."—MALONE.
MACBETH.

Or this splendid poem the first edition was that of the players in 1589. It was, however, in the opinion of Mr. Malone, written in 1580 or 1581. A copy of it is in the British Museum. It was discovered the 31st of Middleton's tragic comedy the Witch, it was supposed, the Prince's was taken from it in the hint of the supernatural portion of this tragedy. There is no reason for suspecting that the play of Middleton was anterior to that of Shakespeare, and he was accused of having adopted several very strong arguments to show that it was written several years later. This must be given up as to all phases of the question; but it seems probable that the parts revealed in Shakespeare's time is from Dr. Johnson.

"In order to make up the number of the authorities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be considered as transgressing the bounds of probability, he was banished from the nobility to the mere, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions which prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakespeare was in no danger of such censure, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overestimating the credulity of his audience.

"The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by the learned themselves. Thephantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest glories of knowledge have at any time been so generally suspected or rejected, as when the notions which obtained in modern times were promulgated by the means of writers, like Newton, Dr. Warburton appears to believe (Supplement to the Introduction to the Oracles), that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by the Greeks which returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always found in these reports a mixture of the true and the false; and one of the most curious instances of this kind of credulity was at his height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians supposing demons to be spectators or accomplices of their enemies, were accustomed to employ every kind of witchcraft, to obtain the victory, or to the reception so general. Olympiodorus, in llio. of Eudox. tells us of one Libanius who practiced this kind of miracles on the occasion of a very great calamity, and succeeded so well, that the emperor himself is said to have been charmed out of his senses. There is a story, which is related by the ancient historians, of a certain woman who was so much affected with enchantment, that she could not refuse any request, however absurd, which he made, in the course of their conversation. After a long time, which, however, is said not to occur in the present ages, when the Romans discovered the trick, a great number of women and men were tried, and a sort of witchcraft invented, to perform great things against the Bar. karians without soldiers, by the art of the impostress Had. Hadr., just to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. He confessed several kindred in her sister, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation. But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in C. Chrystophorytius, the last of the liberators, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle ages; he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle, and beholding two armies, the one armed with various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the acts of slaughter, alchemists ete. on the enemies, and the other full of terrors and the might of the many, and so on with much vigor. Let him then proceed to the body of the whole tragic action, it is the object of the business, armes men transported through the air, and every power and force of nature. Whether Dr. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to reveal his design by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in use by the ancients; and he probably knew, that before the campaign, from the Saracens in a later age; the wars with the Saracens, the wonderful events associated with the annual occasions of their preparations, were representations ofPolicy naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to so great a distance.

"The Magicians now immediately arrive at their meridian, and though day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins and phantoms, and the entire train of supernatural beings were revealed in the twilight. In the time of Queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warwick, whose execution is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Hastings. But the reign of King James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances occurred to corroborate and confirm this opinion, the king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them in his declarations of Daemonologie, written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his succession, reprinted in London; and in the ready way to gain King James's favour was to foster his speculations; the system of Daemonologie was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated for its advancement, and the King's authority, and the public spirit of the times, and the party in parliament, who, in the first year of King James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xiv. That "if any person shall use any incantation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; or cause any person to be goaded, stung, or constrained to do any thing, or to do or believe any evil or cursed spirit, or to perform any act of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; or shall use any means to excite any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment: 5. whereby any person be killed, wounded, or hurt, or have some part of his body cut off, or be appalled, or from any injury, or false or malicious information, or through any justifiable means, shall suffer death." This law was repeated in many other cases, and became a basis for the practice of the arts of witchcraft, which became more and more universal, and enlivened the whole country, and became the only public, and criminal, to double it; and all are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and punished so fast in some places, that Bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire, where their number was greater than that of the houses. The Jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavored to promote the interest of their parties by pretending to certain wonders, and of the existence of demons, but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

"Upon this general infatuation Shakespeare might be easily allowed to have wrought an effect, especially since he had already, in his greatest exuberance such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted, that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and effecting;—Johnson."
ACT I.—SCENE III.

Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Mal. What bloody man is that? He can report, As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt.

The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant.

Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought 'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend! Say to the king the knowledge of the traitor, As thou didst leave it.

Sol. Doubtfully 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 quarril smiling, Shew'd like a rebel's where: 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,

Caw’d out his passage, till he fac’d the slave;

And ne’er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him, Till he unscaum’d him from the nace to the chaps, And fix’d his head upon our battlements.

Dan. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sol. As whence the sun ‘gins his reflection 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 Norweyan lord, surveying vantage, With furnish’d arms, and new supplies of men, Began a fresh assault.

Dan. Dismay’d not this Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sol. Yes;

As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were As canons overcharg’d with double cracks:

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.

Dan. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;

They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons.

[Exit Soldier, attended.

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes! So should That seems to speak things strange. [he look, Rose. God save the king!

Dan. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Rose. From Fife, great king,

Where the Norweyan banners float the sky, And far our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers, Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The thane of Cawdor, 'gan 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;—

Dan. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now

Sweno, the Norweyan’s king, craves composition; Nor would we deign him burial of his men, Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes’ inch, Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dan. No more that than! of Cawdor shall deceive Our bosom interests:—Go, pronounce his present death, And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I’ll see it done.

Dan. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [Exeunt.


Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?


3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

1 Witch. A sailor’s wife had cherisnats in her lap, And mouch’d and mouch’d and mouch’d:—Give me, quoth I:

Arise thee, witch! the rump fed ronyon cries. Her husband’s go to Aleppo war, master o’ the Tiger; But in a sieve I’ll thither sail, And, like a rat without a tail, I’ll do, I’ll do, and I’ll do.

2 Witch. I’ll give thee a wind.

1 Witch. Thou art kind.

3 Witch. And I another.

1 Witch. I myself have all the other; And the very ports they blow, All the quarters that they know I the shipman’s card.

I will drain him dry as hay: Sleep shall, neither night nor day, Hang upon his peat-house lid; He shall live a man forbid; 

Weary sev’n-nights, nine times nine, Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine: Though this bark cannot he lost, Yet it shall be tempest-toss’d.

Look what I have.

2 Witch. Shew me, shew me.

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot’s thum,

Wreck’d as homeward he did come. [Drum within.

3 Witch. A drum, a drum:

Macbeth doth come.

Ill. The weird sisters, hand in hand, Posters of the see 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 faris’t call’d to Fores?—What are these, So wither’d, and so wild in their attire; That look not like the inhabitants o’ the earth, And yet are on? Live you? or are you nought That man may question? You seem to understand me, By each at once her choppy finger laying Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women, And yet your beards forbid me to interpret That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you? [Glamis! 1 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of

2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!—[fater.

S’Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king here-

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?—I ‘the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems wrapt withal; to thee I 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. 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 Sincl's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be kig, 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 step our way
With such prophetic greeting?—speak, I charge you.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them: Whither are they vanish'd?
Macb. Into the air: and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.——Would they had stand!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of 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 recei'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
The general venture in the rebels' sight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norwarian ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make;
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
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;
To herald thee into his sight, o'thout 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 dress
In borrowed robes? [me

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Where he deserves to love. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He 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.——Thanks for your pains.—

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle 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 consequences.

Conius, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen——

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill: cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horizon image doth unfit 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, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in suspense; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what may come:
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
Wrought
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.

Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weight'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.——Come, friends. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — Fores. 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 his highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere 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.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

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 hadst less desper'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! 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 every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither;
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserve'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plentiful joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further 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 Ca'irdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-heap, [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 kinsman. [Flourish. Exit.

SCENE V.
Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. They met me in the day of success; and I
have learned by the perfectly report, they have more in
them than mortal knowledge. When I learned in desire
to question them further, they made themselves-air,
into which they vanished. While I stood reposing in the wonder of it,
came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, Thane of Ca'irdor;
by which title, before, these twain sisters solaced me, and referred me to the coming on
of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have
I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of
greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of re-
joicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee.
Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Ca'irdor; and shalt be
What thou art professed:—yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full of the milk of human kindness.
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art without ambition: but without [highly,
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongfully win: thou'dst have, great
Glamis,
That which cries, Thus thou must do, if thou hate it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie 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. —What is your tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Att. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it;
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Att. So please you, it is true; our thane is com-
One of my fellows had the speed of him; [ing:
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
[Exit Attendant.
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, 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 the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctions visiting of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you mordant ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark.
To cry, Halt, halt! —Great Glamis! worthy
Ca'irdor!

Enter Macbeth.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
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 despacht;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo,
Lenox, Macouff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess!

The love that follows us, sometimes 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 these of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermitxes.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We court'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,
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. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—The same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage,
A Servant, and divers Servants with dishes and service.
Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With its surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We'll all awake after-memories: that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-hand'd justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other.—How now, what news?

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: Why have you left
Mac. Hath he ask'd for me? [the chamber?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further 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 in art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it 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 high, that posterity will not love
Nor time, nor place, nor number to count them;
Did then that love, and yet you would make both;
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady M. We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Where'the the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: When in svinish sleep Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan! what not put upon
His spongy eviscers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?—

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males, Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done it?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our graces and clamour rear
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bade 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.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. Court within the Castle.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant with a torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fl. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
MAGNETH.

LADY MCGETH Hark! I laid their daggers ready.

Act II, Sc. 2
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir. [heaven.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. — There's but one dress in it.

Their candles are all out. — Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose! — Give me my sword; —

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your offices:

This diamond he gives your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepare'd, our will became the servant to detect;

Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well. I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

To whom they have shewn some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

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 'tis, it

Shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,

I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you! [Exit Ban.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [Exit Serv.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. [thee:

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, 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 'oer the one half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates

Pals Hecate's offerings; and with her murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinels, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design

Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prone of my where-about,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat, he lives;

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[4 bell rings.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.
MACBETH.

Give me the daggers; The sleeping, and the dead, Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood, That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms with blood, For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Kneeling 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 shun To wear a heart so white. [Kneel.] 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 [knocking: Hath left you unattended.—] [Kneeling.] Hark! more Get on your nightgown, let occasion call us, And shew us to be watchers:—Be not lost So poorly in your thoughts. Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself. Wake Duncan from thy knocking; Ay, 'would thou couldst! [Linen.]

SCENE III.—The same.

Enter a Porter. [Kneeling within. Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell's gate, he should have old turning the key. [Knocking.] Kneel, knock, knock: Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged 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, i' 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 horse: 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 further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the promisway to the everlastings bonfire. [Knocking.] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [Opens the gate.]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macb. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late? Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things. Macb. What three things does drink especially provoke? Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Leechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovoes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with leechery: it makes him: and it mars him: it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him. Macb. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night. Port. That it did, sir, 'tis the very throat o' me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him. Macb. Is thy master stirring?— Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes. Enter MACDUFF.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir! Macb. Good-morrow, both! Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane? Macb. Not yet. Macd. He did command me to call timely on him: I have almost slipp'd the hour. Macb. I'll bring you to him. Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet, 'tis one. Macb. The labour we delight in, physics pain. This is the door. Macd. I'll make so bold to call, For 'tis my limited service. [Exit MACDUFF. Len. Goes the king From hence to-day? Macb. He does:—he did appoint so. Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say, Lamentings heard; the air; strange screams of death; And prophesying, with accents terrible, Of dire combustion, and confus'd events, New hatch'd to the world: the obsequious bird Clam'd the livelong night: some say, the earth Was feverous, and did shake. Macb. Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel A fellow to it. Re-enter MACDUFF. 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 sacrileges 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. Sigh! Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak; See, and then speak yourselves. Awake! awake!— [Enter MACBETH and LENOX. Ring the alarm-bell—] Len. Murder and treason! Banquo, and Donaldbain! 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! [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, Tis not for you to hear what I can speak: The repetition, in a woman's ear, Would murder as it fell, —— O Banquo! Banquo! Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murder'd! Lady M. Woe, alas! What, in our house? Ban. Too cruel, any where. —— Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself, And say, it is not so.
Act III.—Scene I.

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, is dead; The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it: The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood Is stopped:—the very source of it is stopped.

Macb. Your royal father's murderer, was—

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, unswip'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.

Macb. Wherefore did you so?

Mal. Who can be wise, anoaz'd, temperate, And loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man: The expedition of my violent love Out-ran the pause of reason.—Here lay Duncan, His silver skin badg'd with his golden blood; And his gash'd stab 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 breach'd with gore: Who could refrain That had a heart to love, and in that heart Courage to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho! Macb. Look to the lady.

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 within an angle-hole, May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears Are not yet brewd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on

The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—[Lady Mac. is carried out.]

And when we have our naked fraitrles hid, That suffer in exposure, let us meet, And question this most bloody piece of work, To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us: In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence, Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight Of treasoous malice. Macb. And so do I. All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness, And meet it the hall together.

All. Well contented. [Exeunt all but Macb. & Don.]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with To shew an unfeelt sorrow, is an office [them: Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.]

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune Shall keep us both the safer: where we are, There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood, The nearer bloody. Macb. This murderous shaft that's shot, Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse; And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, But dash away: There's winter yet, Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Without the Castle.

Enter Ross, and an old Man.

Old M. Three score and ten I can remember well: Within the volume of which time, I have seen Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore Hath trifled former knowings.

[Exit Ross.

Old M. Ah, good father, Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act, Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day, And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp: Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame, That darkness does the face of earth intomb, When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural, Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last, A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place, Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain,) Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race, Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out, Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other. Ross. They did so; to the amazement of man eyes, That look'd upon it. Here comes the good Mac- duff:

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is't known, who did this more than bloody Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain? [deed?]

Ross. Alas, the day

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons, Are stol'n away and flied; which puts upon them

Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still: Threatless ambition, that wilt ravin up Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like, The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone, To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colines-kill;

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors, And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, may you see things well done there: Let our old robes sit easier than our new.

Macd. Father, farewell.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those That would make good of bad, and friends of foes. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

Scene I.—Forees. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hastit, now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all. As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear, Thou play'st most fouly 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 shine,) 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.

SECRET SOUANDER. Enter Macbeth, as King; Lady Macbeth, as Queen: Lenox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir, 
And I'll request your presence.

BAN. Let 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 desired your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,) 
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.

BAN. Is't far you ride?

Macb. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time,
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a 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 consorts are bestow'd
To 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.

Farewell. — [Exit Banquo.]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourselves
Till supper time alone: while then, God be with you.

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.
SIRRACH. Lord, this is a most pleasurable pleasure:
Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.— [Exit Attain.]

To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature 
[dares; Rajns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said, Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They bade him for a father to a line of kings;
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my grip.
Thence to be wrenched'd with an unlinear hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vesel of my peace
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings; the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

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 in-
struments;
[night,
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that
To half a soul, and a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

I. Macb. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went forward, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man; and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1. Macb. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-solves, are cleft
All to the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which beautesons nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in 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 lie;
Which in his death were perfect.

2. Macb. I am one, my liege,
Whereof the very blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1. Macb. And I another,
So weary 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.


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 wall his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Marking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2. Macb. We shall, my lord,
Permit what you command us.

1. Macb. Though our lives— [hour, at most,
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment out; for't must be done to-night,
ACT III.—SCENE IV.

And something from the place: always thought, 
That I require a clearance; And with him, 
(To leave no ruts, nor botches, in the work,) 
Flence his son, that keeps him company, 
Whose absence is no less material to me 
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate 
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart; 
I'll come to you anon.

2 Macb. We are resolved, my lord. 

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within. 
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight, 
If it had 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. Upon your father's Nought's heard, all's spent, 
Where our desire is got without content: 
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy, 
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone, 
Of such compeers as fix your companions making? 
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died 
With them they think on! Things without remedy, 
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it; 
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice 
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But how the 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 place, have sent to peace, 
Than on the torture of the mind to lie 
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave; 
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well; 
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison, 
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, 
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;

Gentle my lord, seek o'er your rugged looks:
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray you, be you: 
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; 
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue: 
Unsafe the while, that we 
Must have 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'rt, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives. 
Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not etern

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable; 
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown 
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons, 
The shard-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, 
Sharf up the tender eye of pitiful day; 
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand, 
Cancell, and tear to pieces, that great bond 
Which keeps my gait—light thickens; and the crowd 
Makes wing to the rocky wood:
Good things of day begin to drop and drowse; 
Whilest night's black agents to their prey do rouse. 
Then marvell' st at my words: but hold thee still; 
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. A Park or Lawn, with 
a Gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1 Mur. But who did bid thee join with us? 
2 Mur. Macbeth. 
3 Mur. He needs not our mistrust: since he delivers 
Our offices, and what we have to do, 
To the direction just.

1 Mur. Theon stand with us. 
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day: 
Now spurs the latest traveller space, 
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches 
The subject of our watch.

3 Mur. [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!
2 Mur. Then it is he; the rest 
That are within the note of expectation, 
Already are i'the court.

1 Mur. His horses go about. 
3 Mur. Almost a mile; but he does usually, 
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate 
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, a Servant with a torch 
preceding them.

2 Mur. A light, a light!

1 Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night. [Assaults Banquo.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly; 
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave! 
[Dies. Fleance and Servant escape.

3 Mur. Who did strike out this light? 
1 Mur. Was't not the way? 
3 Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled. 
2 Mur. We have lost best half of our affair.

1 Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is 
done: [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in the State in the Palace. 
A Banquet prepared.

Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Rosse, 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. Ourselves will mingle with society, 
And play the humble host. 
Our housest keeps her state; but, in best time, 
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all my friends; 
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts 
thanks:

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit 't the midst: 
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure 
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face. 
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then. 
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within. 
Is he despatch'd? 

X 2
MACBETH.

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, and I the old

Macb. Thou art the best of the cut throats: Yet he's

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been

Macb. And from hence our country's honours roof'd,

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,

Macb. Here, my lord, Whata's that moves your highness:

Macb. This is the very painting of your fear:

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! how

Macb. O, you sneer, and starts, (Impostors to true fear) would well become

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Lady M. You shall be whilst our friends, our monuments:

Lady M. The Ghost disappears.

Lady M. Good night, and better health

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

Lady M. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:

Macb. With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is

Lady M. How say'th thou, that Macduff denies his per-

Macb. And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;

Lady M. Think of this, good peers, but as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;

Macb. By augury, I and my firm nerves

Lady M. What man dare, I dare:

Lady M. Have you displac'd the mirth, broke the

Lady M. Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,

Lady M. And all to all.

The Ghost rises.

Lady M. O proper stuff!

Lady M. This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,

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Lady M. This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
I keep a servant fee’d. I will to-morrow, (Betwixt I will,) unto the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I am beat 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, eu they may be scan’d.  
    Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.  
    Much. Come, we’ll to sleep: my strange and self-  
    Is the imitate fear that wants hard use: abuse  
We are yet but young in deed.  
    [Exeunt.  

SCENE V.—The Heath.  
Thunder.  
Enter Hecate, meeting the three Witches.  
1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.  
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
Saucy, and over-hold! How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,  
In riddles, and affairs of death;  
And I, the mistress of your charms,  
Was never call’d to bear my part,  
Or shew the glory of our art?  
And, which is worse, all you have done,  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: Get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me in the morning; thither he  
Will come to know his destiny.  
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,  
Your charms, and every thing beside:  
I am for the air; this night I’ll spend  
Unto a dismal-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 snares,  
Shall raise such artificial spirits,  
As, by the strength of their illusion,  
Shall draw him on to his confusion:  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and hear  
His hopes ’bove wisdom, grace, and fear:  
And you all know, security  
Is mortal’s chiefest enemy.  
[Exeunt.  

SCENE VI.—Forests. A Room in the Palace.  
Enter Lenox, and another Lord.  
Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
Which can interpret further: only, I say,  
Thighs have been strangelyborne: The gracious Dun-  
Was pitied of Macbeth — marry, he was dead:—  
And the right-valiant Hanigo walked too late;  
Whom, you may say, if it please you. Fieance kill’d,  
For Fleance fled. Men must be kept 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 delinquents bear,  
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep:  
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;  
For I would have anger’d any heart alive,  
To hear the men deny it.  
He has borne all things well: and I do think,  
That, had he Duncan’s son under his key,  
(As, an’t please heaven, he shall not,) they should find  
What ’twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.  
But, peace!—for from broad words, and ’cause he 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 malvolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid  
To make Northumberland, and warlike Sivard:  
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 faith and justice, cancel contrivance, and return the 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.  
Len. And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the count of England, and unfold  
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accur’d!  
Lord. My prayers with him!  
[Exeunt.  

ACT IV.  

SCENE I.—A dark Cave. In the middle, a  
Cauldron boiling.  
Thunder.  
Enter the three Witches.  
1 Witch. Thrice th’brinded cat hath mew’d.  
2 Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin’d.  
3 Witch. Harper cries:—”Tis time, ’tis time.  
1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go,  
In the poison’d entrails throw—  
Tead, that under coldest stone,  
Days and nights hast 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 boil and bubble.  
All. Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.  
3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf:  
Witches mummy; jaw, and gulf,  
Of the ravin’d silt-sea shark;
MACBETH.

Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;  
Liver of blashpheming Jew;  
Gall of gnat, and slips of yew,  
Silver'd in the moon's eclip's;  
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;  
Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
Ditch-deliver'd by a draught,  
Make the greuel thick and slabb:  
Add thereto a tiger's chaurdon,  
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 the other three 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.

SONG,—Black spirits and white  
Red spirits and grey  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes:—  
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight  
What is't you do?  

All. A deed without a name.  

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
(though y'arise come to know it,) answer me:  
Though you unite the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches: though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;  
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure  
Of nature's germs tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken, answer me.

To what I ask you.  
1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We'll answer.

1 Witch. Say, if thou 'st rather hear it from our  
Or from our masters?  

Macb. Call them, let me see them.  
1 Witch. Pour in s'ow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow: grease, that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

All.  

Come, high, or low;  
Thyself, and office, deffly show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—  

1 Witch. He knows thy thought;  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.  

[druff;  
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macbeth!  
Beware the th'ane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.  

Descends.  

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;  

[more:  
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—But one word  
1 Witch. He will not be commanded: Here's an  
More potent than the first.  

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.  

App.  

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.  

[Descends.

Macb. Then live, Macduff: What need I fear of  
But yet I'll make assurance double sure.  
[three;  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,  

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with  
A Tree in his Hand, rises.  

That rises like the issue of a king;  
And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty!  

All.  

Listen, but speak not.  

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinnae hill  
Shall come against him.  

Descends.  

That will never be;  
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bededmets! good!  
Rebellious head, rise never, till the weed  
Of Birnham rise, and our high-plaid Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time, and normal custom.—Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art  
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?  

All.  

Seek to know no more.  

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny thyself;  
And an eternal curse fall on ye! Let me know:—  
Why sinks that cauldron! and what noise is this?  

[Hauntbys.

1 Witch. Show! 2 Witch. Show! 3 Witch. Show!  

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart.

Eight Kings appear, and pass over the stage in order;  
the last with a Glass in his Hand; Banquo following.  

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!  
Thy crown does see mine eye-balls:—And thy hair,  
Thon other gold-bound brow, is 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 shews me many more: and some I see,  
That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:  
Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;  
For the blood-bolted Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at thee 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 eprights,  
And shew the best of our delights;  
I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antique round;  
That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay.  

Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.  

Macb. Where are they? Gone!—Let this pernicious  
Stand aye accused in the calendar!—  

[hour  

Come in, without there!  

Enter Lenox.

Len.  

What's your grace's will?  

Macb. 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 dam'!d, all those that trust them!—I did hear The gathering of horses. Who was 'st come by? 
Len. 'Tis the hour three, my lord, that bring you word, Macduff is fled to England. 
Mach. Fled to England! 
Len. Ay, my good lord, 
Mach. Time, thou antipast of my dread exploits: The flighty purpose never is o'took. 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 The castle of Macduff I will surprise; [done: Seize upon Fife: give to the edge of the sword His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls That trace his line. No boasting like a fool; This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool! 
But no more sights!—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 ROSE. 

Lady MACD. What had he done, to make him fly the 
ROSSE. You must have patience, madam. [Exit. 
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 
husband, and his titles, in a place [babes, 
Whence 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, when 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 known. 
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further: But such are the times, when we are traitors, 
And do not know 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: 
Shall not be long but I'll be here again: 
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward 
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin, 
Blessing upon you! 
L. MACD. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless. 
ROSSE. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer, 
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort: 
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse. 
L. MACD. Sirrah, your father's dead; 
And what will you do now? how will you live? 
Son. As birds do, mother. 
L. MACD. What, with worms and flies? 
Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they. 
L. MACD. Poor bird! thou'lt never fear the net, 
The pit-fall, nor the gin. 
Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not 
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. 

SCENE III.—England. A Room in the King's Palace. 

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF. 

MAL. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there Weep our sad bosoms empty. 
MACD. Let us rather 
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men, 
Beside the down-fall'n birth'tomed: Each new born, 
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows 
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds 
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out 
Like syllable of doleful. 
MAL. What I believe, I'll wail; 
What know, believe; and, what I can redress, 
As shall the time to friend, I will. 
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance. 
This tyrant, whose sole name blusters our tongues, 
Was once thought honest, you have lov'd him well;
Macbeth.

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but something! You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom to offer up a weak, poor innocent lamb, to appease an angry God.

Mac. I am not treacherous.

Mac. But Macbeth is. A good and virtuous nature may recoil, in an imperial charge. But 'tis 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.

Mac. I have lost my hopes. 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. 

Mac. Bleed, bleed, poor country! Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, (wrongs, For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy Thy title is afeard.—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. 

As. Be not offended: I speak not as in absolute fear of you. I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke; It weeps, it bleeds: and each new day a gash Is added to her wounds: I think, withal, There would be hands uplifted in my right; And here, from gracious England, have I offer 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.

Mac. What should he be? 

Mac. It is myself I mean: in whom I know And all particulars of so griffed, That, when they shall be op'ned, black Macbeth Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state Esteem him as a lamb, being compared With my confinless harms.

Mac. Not in the legions Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd In evils, to top Macbeth. 

Mac. 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-hear, That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth, Than such a one to reign.

Mac. Boundless intemperance In nature is a tyranny; it hath been The untimely emptying of the happy throne, And fall of many kings. But fear not yet To take upon you what is yours: you may Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink. We have willing damnes enough; there cannot be That vulture in you, to devour so many As will to greatness dedicate themselves, Finding it so facl'd.

Mac. With this th'ore grows, In my most ill-compos'd affection, Such A stanchless avarice, that, were I king, I should cut off the nobles for their heads; 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.

Mac. This avarice Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root Than summer-seeding lust; and it hath been The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear; Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will, Of your mere own: All these are portable, With other graces weight'd.

Mac. But I have none: The king becoming graces, As justice, verity, temperance, stabilities, Bounty, perserverance, 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, Upbrao the universal peace, confound All unity on earth.

Mac. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mac. If such a one be fit to govern speak I am as I have spoken.

Mac. Fit to govern! No, not to live.—O nation miserable, With an untutled tyrant, bloody-scepper'd, When shall thou see thy wholesome days again? Since that the truest issue of thy throne By his own interjection stands ascer'd, And doth blaspheme his bred!—Thy royal father Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee, Off'er upon her knees than on her feet, Died every day she lived. Fare thee well! These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself, Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast, Thy hope ends here!

Mac. Macduff, this noble passion, Child of integrity, hath from my soul Wip'd the black scruples, reconcile'd my thoughts To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth By many of these trains hath sought to win me Into his power; and modest wisdom pleaks me From over-credulous haste: But God above Deail between thee and me! for even now I put myself to thy direction, and Unspeak mine own detraction; here abide The taints and blames I layd upon myself, For strangers to my nature. I am yet Unknown to woman; never was forsworn; Sarcely have coveted what was mine own; At no time broke my faith; would not betray The devil to his fellow; and deliver'd 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 warrior men, All ready at a point, was setting forth: Now thou and I together; And the chance of goodness, Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent? Mac. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once, Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mac. Well; more anox. Comes the king forth, I pray you!
ACT V.—SCENE I.

Doct. Ay, sir, there are a crew of wretched souls, That stay his cure: their malady convinces The great assay of art; but, at his touch, Such sanctity hath heaven given in his hand, They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor.

Mai. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king:
Which often, since my here-remain in England, I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven, Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people, All 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.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Ameo.

Mai. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country; Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot But raise our mother, but our grave: where nothing, But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile; Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent 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 who; and good men's lives Expire before the flowers in their caps, Dying, or e'er they sicken.

Mal. O, relation, Too nice, and yet too true! Mal. What is the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth kiss the speaker.
Each minute teems a new one.


Mal. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Mal. Rosse. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them. [Exit.

Mal. Be not a niggard of your speech: How goes Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings, Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour Of many worthy fellows that were out; Which was to my belief witness'd the rather, For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot: Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland Would create soldiers, make our women fight To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. We are coming thither: gracious England hath Lent us good Saxoy, and ten thousand men; An older, and a better soldier, none That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer This comfort with the like! But I have words, That would be howl'd out in the desert air, Where hearing should not latch them.

Mal. What concern they? The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest, But lo it shares some woe; though the main part Pertains to you alone.

Mal. If it be mine, Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever, Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound, That ever yet they heard.

Mai. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and Savage's slaughter'd: to relate the manner, [Bishops, Were, on the quarry 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.

Mai. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all That could be found.

Mal. And I must be from thence!

Rosse. My wife kill'd too? I have said.

Mal. Be comforted! Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge, To cure this deadly grief.

Mai. He has no children.—All my pretty ones? Did you say, all i.—O, hell-kite!—All! What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam, At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Mal. I shall do so; But I must also feel it as 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 bladuro, They were all strick 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 whetsone of your sword: let grief Convert to anger; blust not the heart, erange it.

Mal. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes, And bragget with my tongue.——But gentle heaven, Cut short all intermission; front to front, Bring thou this hand of Scotland, and myself; Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape, Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly. Come, go we to the king; our power is ready; Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth is ripe for shaking, and the powers above [may; Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you The night is long, that never ends the day. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsiaine. 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 nightgown 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
MACBETH.

walking and other actual performances, what, at any
time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no
witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and,
upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How now, is it gone 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
rules 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.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Harf, she speaks: I will set down what
comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more
strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One:

Twice. Why, then 'tis time to do:—Hell is
murky—Fye, my lord, fye! a soldier, and afear'd?
What need we feer who knows it, when none can call
our power to account!—Yet who would have thought
the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thame of Fife had a wife; Where
is the man now?—What?—What's done?
That's done; and this, 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
their votive observances 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 hollow in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-
gown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Ban-
quo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

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.

[Exit Lady Macbeth.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whispers are abroad: Unnatural
breed unnatural troubles; InfeBcted 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, MENTEIl, CATHNESS,
ANGUS, IRONDO, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Mal-
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. 

[Colm.

Reveiges burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who, knows, if Donalbain be with his bro-

Leu. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file [lier;

Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough 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 cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands;

Now minute he upbraids his faith-breach;

Those he commands, move only in command.

Nothing to love: now does he feel his tide
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 o'wdl!

Meet we the medicin of the sickly weal:

And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,

To drow the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.

Make we our march towards Birnam. [Ex. muttering-

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;

Tell Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taunt with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequents pronounce'd me thus:

Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee. Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures!

The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg 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. Goe, Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,

Thou little-bred boy. What soldiers, patch?

Death of the soul! then dress his shining shine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whiey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence—Seyton!—I am sick at
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push [heart,
Will cheer me ever, or dissent me now.
I have hev'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sea, the yellow leaf:

And that which should accompany old age,
ACT V.—SCENE V.

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses not loud, but deep, month honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but 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.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour,—
How does your patient, doctor?

Doc. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:

Caust 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 stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doc. Therein the patient

Must minister to 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 could'st, 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 off, I say,—What rubb'dh, senna, or what purgative drug, [them;]
Would scour these English hence? Hearest thou

Doc. 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,
Tell Birnam wood to come to Dunsinane.

[Exit. Doc. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunsinane: A Wood in view.

Enter, with drums and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, and his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, Rossie, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siuw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier bear him down a bough,
And beat before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery

Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siuw. We learn no other, but the confidant tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. Tis his main hope:

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures

Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siuw. The time approaches,

That will with due decision make us know

What we shall say we have, and what we owe.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:

Towards which, advance the war. [Exeunt, marching.

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with drums and colours, Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still. They come:—Our castle's strength
Will laugh a sneer to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up;

Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them careful, heard to hear,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cou'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Dreadess, familiar to my slanting thoughts,
Came o'er me. When was that cry?—

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

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.

Mess. Gracious my lord,

I shall report that which I say I saw,

But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,

The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! [Striking him.

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so;

Within this three mile may you see it coming;

I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speakest false,

Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,

Till I consume thee, if thy speech be sooth,

I care not if thou dost for me as much,—

I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,

That lies like truth: Fear not, till Birnam wood

Do come to Dunsinane; — and now a wood

Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—

If this, which he avouches, does appear,

There is not lying hence, nor tarrying here.

I 'gin to be a-weigh of the sun,

And wish the e-tate o'the world were now undone.—

Ring the alarum bell: — Blow wind! come, wrath! —

At least we'll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.
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 heavy screens throw down
And shew 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 us what else remains to do, According to our order.

Swe. Fare you well. —
Do we but find the tyrant’s power to night, Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. [breath.

Mac. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [Exit. 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. Swe. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou’lt be afraid to hear it. Yo. Swe. No; though thou call’st thyself a hotter Than any is in hell. [name

Macb. My name’s Macbeth. Yo. Swe. The devil himself could not pronounce a More hateful to mine ear.

[tut We. Macb. No, nor more fearful. Yo. Swe. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword I’ll prove the lie thou speakest.

[They fight. Macb. Young Siward is slain.

Macb. Thou wast born of woman. —
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn.
Brandish’d by man that’s of a woman born. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macb. That way the noise is: Tyrant, shewthy face: If thou be’st 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 bir’d to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth, Or else my sword, with an unbatter’d edge, I theatre again unheed. There thou shouldst be; By this great clatter, one of greatest note Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune! And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarum. Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle’s gently render’d: The tyrant’s people on both sides do fight: The noble thames do bravely in the war; The day almost itself professes yours, And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes That strike beside us. [Exeunt. Alarum. Enter Malcolm.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die On mine own sword? I wish I see lives, the gashes Do better upon them.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macb. Turn, hell-hound, turn. Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee: But get thee back, my soul is too much charg’d With blood of thine already.

Macb. I have no words, My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain Than terms can give thee out! [They fight

Mal. Thou lostest labour As easy may’st thou the intrenched 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 pallor 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 o’ 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’ll not yield, To kiss the ground before young Malcolm’s feet, And to be baited with the rabble’s curse. Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsmaine, And then oppos’d, being of no woman born, Yet I will try the last: Before my body I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff; And damned be him that first cries, Halt, enough. [Exit, fighting.


Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv’d. Swe. 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 powers confir’d In the unshrinking station where he fought, But like a man he died. Swe. Then is he dead! Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your case of Must not be measured by his worth, but for then It hath no end. Swe. Had he his hurts before? Rosse. Ay, on the front. Swe. 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 knoll’d be. Mal. He’s worth more sorrow, And that I’ll spend for him. Swe. He’s worth no more. They say, he parted well, and paid his score: So, God be with him! —Here comes newer comfort. Re-enter Macbeth, with Macbeth’s head on a pole.

Mact. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where The usurper’s cursed head: the time is free: [stands I see thee compass’d with thy kingdom’s pearl, That speak my salvation in their minds; Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,— Hail, king of Scotland! All. King of Scotland, hail! [Flourish. Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
ACT V.—SCENE VII.  

Before we reckon with your several loves, 
And make us even with you. My thrones and kinsmen, 
Henceforth be ears, the first that ever Scotland 
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do, 
Which would be planted newly with the time,— 
As callying home our exil'd friends abroad, 
That fill the spaces of watchful tyranny; 
Producing forth the cruel ministers 

This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its 
fiction, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; but 
it is not now discriminated by character; the events are too 
great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the 
course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the 
scenery. The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not 
whether it may not be said, in defence of some parts which now 
seem improbabe, that, in Shakespeare's time, it was necessary 
to warre credulity against vain and illusive predictions. 

The passages are directed to their true ends. Lady Macbeth 
is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth pre- 

cedes some esteem, yet every reader respects at his fall—

JOHNSON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King John.
Prince Henry, his son: afterwards King Henry III.
Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, son of Geoffrey, late Duke
of Bretagne, the elder brother of King John.
William Marchall, Earl of Pembroke.
Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, Earl of Essex, chief Justiciary
of England.
William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury.
Robert Ebor, Earl of Norfolk.
Hubert de Burgh, chamberlain to the King.
Robert Faulconbridge, son of Sir Robert Faulcon-
bridge.
Philip Faulconbridge, his half-brother, bastard son
of King Richard the First.
James Gwely, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
Peter of Pemfret, a prophet.
Philip, King of France.
Lewis, the Dauphin.
Archduke of Austria.
Cardinal Pandolph, the Pope's legate.
Melun, a French lord.
Chatillon, ambassador from France to King John.

ELINOR, the widow of King Henry II., and mother
of King John.
Constance, mother to Arthur.
Blanche, daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and
niece to King John.
Lady Faulconbridge, mother to the Bastard and
Robert Faulconbridge.

SCENE.—sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

Of this dead butcher, and his head-like queen: 
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands 
Took off her life;—Thi, 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 crow'd at Scene. 

{Flourish. Exeunt.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Northampton.—A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter KING JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX,
SALISBURY, and others, with CHATILLON.

KING 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. 

El. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty! 

KING JOHN. Silence, good mother, for 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, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine: 
Destiny 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. 

KING JOHN. What follows, if we disallow of this? 

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war, 
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld. [blood, 

KING JOHN. Here have we war for war, and blood for 
Controlment for controlment: so answer France. 

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth, 
The furthest limit of my embassy. 

KING 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, 
Thou and all soldiers shall hear: 
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath, 
And sudden presage of your own decay,— 
An honourable conduct let him have:—
KING JOHN.

Pembroke, look to't; Farewell, Chaillou.

[King Chaillou and Pembroke.

Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said, how that ambitious Constance would not cease, Till she had kindled France, and all the world, Upon the right and party of her son? This might have been prevented, and made whole, With very easy arguments of love; Which now the manage of two kingdoms must With fearful bloody spine arbitrato.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your Or else it must go wrong with you, and me: [right; So much my conscience whispers in your ear; Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy, Come from the country to be judged by you, That ever I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach. [Exit Sheriff. Our officers, and our pairs, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, with Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip, his bastard Brother.

This expedition's charge. — What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman, Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son, As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge; A soldier, by the honour-giving hand Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field. K. John. What hast thou done?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge. K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir? You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king, That is well known: and, as I think, one father: But, for the certain knowledge of that truth, I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother; Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Oft on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy And wound her honour with this difference. [mother, Basts. 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's given me! That in this land I am! [Six pounds, K. John. A good blunt fellow — What, being younger Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance? [born, Bast. I know not why, except to get the land. But once he slander'd me withbastardy: But who 'e 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 full 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, it was not like to thee. K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us Eli. He's true: but who hath the duke's face, [here! The accent of his tongue affecteth him. Do you not read some tokens of my son In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts. And finds them perfect Richard. — Sirrah, speak, What doth move you to claim your brother's land? Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father; With one half face we have all my land: A half-faced 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 rule must he, how he employ'd my mother. Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy. To Germany, there, with the emperor, To treat of high affairs touching that time: The advantage of his absence took the king, And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's; Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak; But truth it was, that he increased two of us and shores between my father and my mother has; (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 her's; Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands That marry wives. Tell me how he did employ the heir, Who, as you say, took pairs 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, My brother might not claim him; nor your father, not being none of his, refuse him: This concludes,— My mother's son did get the 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 haste's thou rather,—be he a Faulcon And like thy brothers to enjoy this land; [bridge, Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion, Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, as if my brother had my shape, And I had his, sir Robert his, like him; And if my legs were two such riding-roses, My arms such eel-skins stuff'd: my face so thin, That in a mirror I durst not look at her; Least men should say, Look, where there are farthings goes! And, to his shape, were heir to all this land. 'Would I might never stir from off this place, I'd give it every foot to have this face; I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortunes, 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 better's 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 bear'st:

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great; Arise, sir Richard, and Plantagenet. [hand Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your My father gave me hopes; yet I have this land: —Now blessed be the hour, by night or day, When I was got, sir Robert was away.
ACT II.—SCENE I.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard: call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What something about, a little from the right, [though! In at the window, or else o'er the hatch; Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night; And have his make, however men do catch
Near or far off, well won is still well shot ; And I am I, how'er I was begot. [sire,
K. Jaha. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thyde—
A landlord 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 i the way of honesty. 

[Exit all but the Bastard.

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make up Jean a lady—
Good day, sir Richard.—I, God-a-sir, 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 sociable,
For your conversion. Now your traveller,—
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;
And when my knighthood stomach is stuffed,'—
What would the devil, ha! I wuske my bread, and be your horse.
My picked man of countries:—My dear sir, (Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin,) I shall betheew you—That is question now;
And then comes answer like an ABC-book:—
O, sir, says answer, at your best command; At your employment; at your service, sir—
No, sir, says question, I want not, at yours:
And so, ere answer knows what question would, (Saving in dialogue of compliment; And talking of the Alps and Apennines, The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society.
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:—
For he is but a bastard to the time,
Who doth not smack of observation; (And so am I, whether I smack, or no ;)
And not alone in habit and device, Exterior form, outward accoutrement; But from the inward motion to deliver Some sweet, sweet pangs for the heart's tooth.
Which, though I will not practise to deceive, Yet to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes? What woman-post is this? hath she no husband, That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, and James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady? What brings you here to court so hastily!—
Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother! where is That holds in chase mine honour up and down? the! 
Bast. My brother Robert's old sir Robert's son! Colbran the giant, that same mighty man! Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so? 
Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unmerended 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? Gurn. Good leave, good Philip.

[Exeunt James and Gurney.

There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[Exit Gurney.

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast: Sir Robert could do well;— Marry (to confess!) Could he get me! Sir Robert could not do it;— We know his handy work—Therefore, good mother, To whom am I beholden for these limbs? Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too, That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour! What means this scorn, thou most uncounted knave? 
Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basillfice-like: What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.

Bast. Mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone: Then, good my mother, let me know my father; Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother? 

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge! Bast. As faithfully as deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard, Cour de-lion was thy father: By long and vehement suit I was seduced To make room for him in my husband's bed:— Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge! Thou art the issue of my dear offence, Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again, Match'd with my brother, I would sue at Richard's hand.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth, And so doth yours: your fault was not your folly: Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,— Subjected tribute to commanding love,— Against whose fury and unmatched force The aweless lion could not wage the fight, Nor with his pointed, quilted heart, thrust Richard's hand.
He, that performe rob's lions of their hearts, May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother, With all my heart I thank thee for my father! Who lives and dares but say, thou didst't not well When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell. Come lady, I will shew thee in my kin;— And they shall say, when Richard me begot, If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin: Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not. [Exit.
KING JOHN.

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealouss kiss, As seal to this indclaration of my love; That to my home I will no more return, Till Augiers, and the right thou hast in France, Together with that pale, that white-face'd shore, Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides, And coops from other lands her islanders, Even till that England, hagg'd in with the main, That water-swallowed bulwark, still secure And confidant 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 In such a just and charitable war. [swords
K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be Against the brous of this resisting town.-- [bent Call for our chiefest men of discipline, To call the plotts of best advantages;-- We'll lay before this town our royal bones, With all that market place in Frenchmen's blood, But we will make it subject to this king. ConSt. Stay for an answer to your embassy, Lost annu'd'v's you stain your swords with blood: My lord Châtillon 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 indirectly shed.

Enter Châtillon.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—o, upon thy wish, Our messenger Châtillon is arriv'd.-- What England says, say brieily, gentle lord, We cooly pause for thee; Châtillon, speak. Chât. Then turn your forces from this Julius siege, And stir them up against a mightier task. England, impatient of your just demands, Haths put himself in arms; the adverse winds, Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time To land his legions all as soon as 1: His marches are expedient to this town, His forces strong, his soldiers confidant. With him along is come the mother-queen, An Aig, stirring him to blood and strife: With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain: With them a bastard of the king deceased: And all the unsettled humours of the land,— Rash, inconsiderate, fiery, voluntaries, With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,— Have sold their fortunes at their native homes, Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs, To make a hazard of new fortunes here. In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits, Than now the English bottoms have wait o'er, Did never float upon the swelling tide, To do offence and scathe in Christendom. The interruption of their churlish drums [Drums beat, Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand, To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare. K. Phi. I know not how to look forward this expedition! Aust. By how much unseen, by so much We must awake endeavours for defence; For courage mounteth with occasion: Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King John, Elsinor, Blanche, the Bastard, Pembroke, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace Our just and lineal entrance to our own! [permis...
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.

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.

Ed. Come to thy grandam, child.

Cont. Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam, kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arthur. Good my mother, peace! I would,
That I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Ed. His mother shoals him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Cont. Now shame upon you, who she doth, or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shame.
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribe'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Ed. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth! Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy, the eldest son of this
Infant unfortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Remov'd from thy sin conceiving womb.

K. John. Bellam, have done.

Cont. His father has but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plague'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;
All punishment in this person of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!

Ed. Thou unadvis'd scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Cont. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a rank'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady, pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseemeth this presence, to cry aid
To these ill-inclinations.
Some trumpet summons 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.

1 Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France for England.

K. John. England, for itself:
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects.—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's sub-
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle. [j ects,]

K. John. For our advantage:—Therefore, hear us
These flags of France, that are advanced here [first—
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Colerful and of the worst provoking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsory of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been dishabit'd, 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 threaten'd decks,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle:
And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a falshess error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king: whose labours spirits,
Forewarned in this action of swift speed,
Craue harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection [both.
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 equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed
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 cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Again on the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unex't'd retire,
With uncheck'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proff'red offer,
Tis not the roundure of your old-fa'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were barbour'd in their rude circumfrence.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenge' d it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stand in blood to our enemies?

1 Cit. In brief, we the king of England's sub-
For him, and in his right, we hold this town. [j ects;
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1 Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we rama'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses, [king?
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's brea,—
Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Phi. As many, and as well-born blood as those,
Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthi'est,
We, for the worthi'est, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evenning fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's life.
Bast. St. George,—that swing'd the dragon, and e'er
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door, [since,
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, [to Austria.] with your lioness, Y
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,  
And make a monster of you.  

Aust. O, tremble; for you bear the lion roar.  
K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set  
In best appointment, all our regiments.  

[Burst forth,  
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!  

[Execut.

SCENE II.—The same.  
Abras and Excursions; then a Retreat.  
Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.  

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,  
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;  
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made  
Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground;  
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,  
Coldly 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 malicious day!  
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,  
Litter return all guilt with Frenchmen's blood;  
There stuck no plague in any English crest,  
That is removed by a 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 huntmen, come  
Our lusty English, all with purple hands,  
Ditto in the dying slaughter of their foes:  
Open your gates, and give the victors way.  

Ccit. Herals, 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 censur'd;  
[blows;  
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd.  
Strength match'd with strength, and power confront'd  
Both are alike; and both alike we like.  
[power;  
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,  
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.  

Enter, at one side, King John, with his power;  
Elinor, Blanch, and the Bastard; at the other,  
King Philip, Lewis, Austria, and Forces.  

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast  
Say, shall the current of our right run on?  
[away?  
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,  
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell  
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;  
Unless thou let his silver water keep  
A peaceful progress to the ocean.  

A. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop  
Of this hot trial, more than we of France;  
[blood,  
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,  
That sways the earth this climate overlook's,—  
Before we will lay down our just borne arms,  
We'll put thee down, against whom these arms we bear,  
Or add a royal number to the dead;  
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,  
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.  

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,  
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;  
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;  
And now he feasts, moulthng the flesh of men,  
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—  
Why stand these royal fronds amazed thus?  
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,  
You equal panters, fiery-kindled spirits!  
Then let confusion of one part confirm  
The other's presence; till in, blows, blood, and death!  
K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?  
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?  

1 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 possession of our person here;  
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.  

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;  
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:  
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolved,  
By some certain king purg'd and depos'd.  

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout  
you, kings;  
And stand securely on their battlements,  
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.  
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;  
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,  
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend  
The greatest deeds of malice on this town.  
By east and west let France and England mount  
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths:  
Till their soul fearing clamours have brawled down  
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:  
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
Even till unfenced desolation  
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.  
So long as they remain united, strength,  
And part your mingled colours once again;  
Face to face, and bloody point to point:  
Then, in a moment, fortune shall call forth  
Out of one side her happy minion;  
To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory.  
Now may this wild counsel, mightiest states?  
Smack it not something of the policy?  
K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,  
I like it well;—France, shall we kneel our powers,  
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;  
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?  

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—  
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—  
Tow now the month of thy artillery,  
As we will ours, against those 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 drif't of bullets on this town.  

Bast. O prudent discipline! from north to south;  
Austria and France shoot to each other's mouth:  

[Aside.  
I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!  
[stay,  
1 Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to  
And I shall shew you peace, and fair-faced 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.  
1 Ctt. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanche,  
is near 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 Blanche?  
If jealous love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanche?  
If love ambitions sought a match of birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanche?  
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:  
If not complete, O say, he is not she;  
And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
If want it be not, that she is not he;  
He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such a she;  
And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.  
O, two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:  
And two such streams can no one but 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 passage, but without this match,  
The sea enrag'd is not half so deaf,  
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
More free from motion; no, not Death himself  
In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we to keep this city.  
Bast.  
Here's a stay,  
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death  
Out of his rags! 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 bounce;  
How; and the last hereafter, this matchyard:  
Our ears are cudgeled; not a word of his,  
But buffets better than a fist of France:  
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,  
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.  
Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;  
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:  
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,  
That you green boy shall have no son to ripe  
The bloom that0 promiseth a mighty fruit.  
I see a yielding in the looks of France;  
Mark, how they whisper; urge them, while their souls  
Are capable of this ambition:  
Last zeal, now melted, by the windy breath  
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.  
1 Ctt. Why answer not the double majesties  
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?  
K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward  
To speak unto this city: What say you?  
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely  
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:  
For Anjou, and fair Tournai, Maine, Poictiers,  
And all that we upon this side the sea  
(Except this city now by us besieg'd,)  
Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich  
In titles, honours, and promotions,  
As she in beauty, education, blood,  
Holds hand with any princess of the world.  
K. Phi. What say'st thou, hoy? look in the lady's  
Lev. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find  
[face.  
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;  
Which, being but the shadow of your son,  
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:  
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,  
Till now inform'd I beheld myself,  
Drawn in the flatterer of her eye.  
[Whispers with Blanche.  
Bast. Drawn in the flatterer of her eye!—  
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—  
And quarter'd in her heart! — he doth espy  
Himself Jove's traitor: This is pity now,  
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should  
In such a love, so vile a lust as he.  
[be,  
Blanche. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine.  
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,  
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,  
Will with ease translate to your fall;  
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)  
I will enforce it easily to my love.  
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,  
That all I see in you is worthy love,  
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,  
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your  
That I can find, should not put any hate.  
[judge,  
K. John. What say these young ones? What say  
you, my niece!  
Blanche. That she is bound in honour still to do  
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.  
K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you  
love this lady.  
Lev. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;  
For I do love her most unequally.  
K. John. Then do I give Voltiessus, Tournai,  
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces, [Maine,  
With her to thee; and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin,—  
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Conquer the son and daughter of thy hand.  
K. Phi. It likes us well; — Young princes close  
your hands.  
Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well ass'd,  
That I did so, when I was first ass'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 solemnized;  
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.  
Lev. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent  
K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have  
Will give her sadness very little cure.—  
[made,  
Brother of England, how may we content  
This widow 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'll make him lord of. — Call the lady Constance;  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity; — I trust we shall  
Y 2
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?  
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?  
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
But that one word, whether thy tale be true.  

Sal. As true, as, I believe, thou thinkst them false,  
That give you cause to prove my saying true.  

Cost. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
Teach thee this sorrow how to make me die;  
And let belief and life encounter so,  
As doth the fury of two desperate men,  
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.---  
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?  
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—  
Fellow, be gone! I cannot brook thy sight;  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.  

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
But spoke the harm that is by others done!  

Cost. Which harm within so heinous is,  
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.  

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.  

Cost. If thou, that bid'st me be content, were grim,  
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,  
Lame, foolish, crotch'd, swart, prodigious,  
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,  
I would not care, I then would be content;  
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou  
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.  
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!  
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great;  
Of nature's gifts thou may'st have many boast,  
And with the half-blow'n rose: but fortune, O!  
She is as quick, chang'd, and won a content;  
She adulterates hourly with this 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 stropmet fortune, that usurping John:—  
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France i' the world?  
Embracing him with words; or get thee gone,  
And leave these wanes alone, which I alone,  
Am bound to underbear.  

Sal. Pardon me, madam,  
I may not go without you to the kings.  

Cost. Thou mayst, thou shall, I will not go with  
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud:  
For grief is proud, and makes his own stout;  
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, bids kingdom come to bow to it.  

She throws herself on the ground.  

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch,  
Elnor, bastard, Austria, and Attendants.  

K. Phi. This 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;  
Turned with spice, nor dyed by the spectre's eye,  
The meagre cloudy earth to glittering gold;  
The yearly course, that brings this day about,  
Never shall see it but a holyday.  

Cost. A wicked day, and not a holyday!—[Rising,  
What hath this day sav'd? what hath it done?  
That it in golden letters should be set,  
Among the high titles, in the calendar?  

ACT III.  

SCENE I.—The same. The French King's Tent.  

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.  

Cost. 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 pro-  
It is not so; thou hast misspeake, misheard; [violces  
Be well advis'd, tell me thy tale!  
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 this frighting me,  
For I am sick, and out of breath,  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;  
A woman, naturally born to fears;  
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,  
With my veil'd spirits I cannot take a trace,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day,  
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Nay, neither, turn this day out of the week; This day of shame, oppression, perfidy: Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day, lest that their hopes predigiously of this day: But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck; No bargains break, that are not this day made: This day, all things begun come to ill end: Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change! K. Phi. By heaven, lady, thou shall have no cause To curse the fair proceedings of this day: Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty? Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit, Resembling majesty: which, being touch'd, and tried, Proves valueless: You are 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 amity and painted peace, And our oppression hath made up this league:— Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings! A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens! Let not the hours of this ungodly day Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset, Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings! Hear me, O, hear me! Aust. Lady Constance, peace. Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war. O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou Thou'lt be valiant, great in villany! [coward; Thou art even strong, too strong a side! Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight But when her handsome 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! doff it for shame, And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me! But hang and hang a calf's-skin on recreant limbs, Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life. Const. 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 appointed 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 the church, our holy mother, So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce, Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop Of Canterbury, from that holy see? This, in our fore-said 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 cannot, cardinal, devise a name So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous, To charge me to an answer, as the pope's Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England, Add thus much more.—That no Italian priest Shall title or toll in our dominions: But as we under heaven are supreme head, So, under him, that great supremacy, Where we do reign, we will alone uphold, Without the assistance of a mortal hand: So tell the pope; all reverence set apart, To him, and his usur'd authority. K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this. K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom Are led so grossly by this meddling priest, [dom, Dreading the curse that money may buy out: And, by the merit of vile gold, gross, dust, Purchase corrupted pardon of a man, Who, in that safe, sells pardons from himself; Though you, and all the rest, so grossly lied, This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish; Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose Against the pope, and count his friends my foes. Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have, Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate: And blessed shall be he, that doth revolt From his allegiance to an heretic; And meritorious shall that hand be call'd, Canoniz'd, and worship'd as a saint, That takes away by any secret course Thy hateful life. Const. O, let him, O, lawful let it be, That I have room with Rome to curse awhile! Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen, To my keen curses: for, without my wrong, There is no tongue hath power to curse him right. Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse. Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right, Let it be lawful, that he that wrongs law Cannot give my child his kingdom here; For, he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law: Wherefore, since law itself is perfect wrong, How can the law forbid my tongue to curse? Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse, Let go the hand of that arch-heretic; And raise the power of France upon his head, Unless he do submit himself to Rome. [hand. Eti. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent, And, by disjoining hands, he'll lose a soul. Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal. Best. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs. Aust. Tell, tell, ruffian, I must pocket these wrongs, Because—

Bust. Your breeches best may carry them. K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal? Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal? Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome, Or the light loss of England for a friend: Forego the easier. Blanch. That's the curse of Rome. Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee In likeness of a new untrimmed bride. [here, Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her But from her need. [faith, Const. O, if thou grant my need, Which only lives but by the death of faith, That need must needs infer this principle, That faith would live again by death of need; O, then, tread down my need, and faith mount up, Keep my need up, and faith is troubled down. K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this. Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt. Best. I hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweetest K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say. Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd: [more,
K. Phi. Good revered father, make my person
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself. [yours,
This royal hand and mine are newly knit:
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and lock'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows:
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn 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—
High heaven is witness, thou and I and other-stain'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 joined in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret!
Play fast and loose with faith! so jest with heaven,
Marshall 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 revered father, let it be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some such gentle order; 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 art a serpent by the tongue,
A cased lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Thou keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
K. Phi. I may disjoint my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath.
Thy tongue against thy tongue.
First made to heaven, first to be to heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is 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 misbook
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 keep'd;
But thou hast sworn against religion;
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st;
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear 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 latter 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 those giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in.
If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee;

So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!
Bast. Will not be?
Wilt not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?
Leu. 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 curish drums,—
Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new
Is husband in my mother's eye—e'en for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.
Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Daphne, alter not the doom
For thought by heaven,
Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholds him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!
Leu. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do poll you on.
France. I will demonstrate a curse upon him.
K. Phi. Thou shalt not need—England, I'll fall from
Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty! [thee.
Edi. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour.
Bast. Old time the clock setter, that bald sexton
Is it as he will! we well then, France shall rue.
[Time.
Blanch. France, thou shalt rue. Is't s' o'ercast with blood: Fair day,
Which is the side that I must go withal? [aids me
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.
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.
Leu. 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 poorest val'd blood, of France.
K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To arms
let's lie! [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 wonderful
Some airy devil hovers in the sky, [hot:
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;
ACT III.—SCENE IV.

My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Hub. My lord, I rescu’d her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The same.

Aiturums: Excursions; Retreat. Enter KING JOHN,
ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay be-
hind. [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.

K. John. If this, will make my mother die with grief.

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 abbot; imprisonment’d angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use their commission in his former 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, my gentle cousin.

K. John. Come hither, little kinsman; bark, a word.
[She takes ARTHUR aside.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. Omy gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say
so yet; 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 gawds,
To give me audience.—If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that sad spirit, melancholy,
Had bak’d thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men’s eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;)
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without those ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not.—Yet I love thee well;
And, by thy troth, I think, thou lov’st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I’d do’t.

K. John. Do not I know, thou wouldst?

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy; I’ll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, whereas’er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dust thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will 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 toward Calais, ho! [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The same. The French King’s Tent.

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, RANDELL, and
Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter’d and disjoin’d from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta’en prisoner? divers dear friends slain:
And bloody England into England gone,
O’erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Leu. 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 o this?

K. Phi. Well could I hear that England had this
So we could find some pattern of our shame. [praise,

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—
I pr’ythee, lady, go away with me.

Con. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!
K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle
Constance!

Con. Con. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death.—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odioriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from 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 vauly 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 bow thee as thy wife! Misery’s love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace.

Con. Con. No, no I will not, having breath to cry:—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder’s mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
KING JOHN.

And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Cons. Thou art not holy to belibe 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 I shall be his, and my shame shall be none:
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

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 wry friends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief:
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sinking together in calamity.

Cons. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Cons. Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!

K. Phi. I see my dearest life in you:
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 have that child but yesterday suspend,
There was not such a vicious creature born,
But now will cancel sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dun 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.

Cons. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Cons. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Put on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious creature,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.

Fear you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort then you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
"Tearing off her head-dress.
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 sore'ss' cure! [Exit.

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

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 naught, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evil, that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

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.
'Tis true, to think how much you have lost
In which this he accounts so clearly won;
Are not you grieved, that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

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 fix 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 seized Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, while warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misprac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must he be heinously maintained by a gain'd.
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of to wipe hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May be the joy of all the world that saw you.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green are you, and fresh in this old world!
John lays your plots; the times conspire with you:
For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up the zeal;
That none so small advantage shall step forth,
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no destimer'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
but they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that ows 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
Of all his English, and freeze up the zeal;
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: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent;
Now that their souls are topfull of offences,
ARTHUR: O, save me. Hubert, save me!

SET IV. SC. 1
For England go: I will whet on the king.

Act IV.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HUBERT and Two Attendants.

HUB. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arms: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth:
And bind the boy, which thou shalt find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch.

1 ATTEND. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

HUB. Un cleanly scruple! Fear not you: look to—

[Exit Attendants.

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

ARTH. Good morrow, Hubert.

HUB. Good morrow, little prince.

ARTH. As little prince (having so great a title To be more prince,) as may be. —You are sad.

HUB. I had, I have been merrier.

ARTH. Methinks, no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen were to be sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my most tenderness,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as 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 Gaffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

HUB. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and despatch.

[Aside.

ARTH. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

HUB. His words do take possession of my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. [Shewing a paper.] How
You now, foolish rhinem! I await
Turning despight the torture out of door!
Must I be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears. —
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

ARTH. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

HUB. Young boy, I must.

ARTH. And will you?

HUB. And I will.

ARTH. Have you the heart? When your head did
I knot my handkerchief about your brows, (but ake,
(Th' best I had, a princess wrought it me,) And
I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you; But you at my sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning; Do, as if you will:

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?

HUB. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTH. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it! The iron of itself, though heat red-hot.
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation.
Even in the matter of mine innocencel
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 no tongue, but Hubert's.

HUB. Come forth. [Stamps.

Re-enter Attendants, with cords, 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.

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, hold, 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 angrily:
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.

1 ATTEND. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[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
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair, [yours,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boistrous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUB. You must be kind to your master that bears 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 oath, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

HUB. I can heat it, boy.

ARTH. No, io 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 strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

HUB. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTH. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow 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's throat he turns 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 extends,
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live, I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, hay
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 in the last repeating, troublesome,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! — I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me.

Much danger do I undergo for thee [Exeunt.

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 aonce again we sit, once aonce crown'd;
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pembroke. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
With prudence and wisdom we crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er plac'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 rich before,
To increase it still through the wise counsel,
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.

Pembroke. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act as an ancient tale now 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 disfigur'd;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pembroke. 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,
Discredite 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, (when lesser is 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.

Pembroke. 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 them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The 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 then your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong,) should move you to new up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise
That time's enmity, when not got to this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth
Enter Hubert.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pembroke. This is the man should do the bloody deed,
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wick'd heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mind of a much troubled breast,
And I do truly believe his days are done.

What we 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 herald's twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pembroke. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The image of a double-headed serpentine,
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 desc'ed to-night.
Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pembroke. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This made the answer'd, rather here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend each solemn brow on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandement 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.

Pembroke. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the 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 ere long I doub't.

[Exit Lords.

K. John. They burn in indignation, I repeat;
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood,
That I have sev'n inhabit in those cheeks!
No foul a sly eye does thou behold;
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?
Mess. From France to England. — Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. Of, whence hath our intelligence been drank?
ACT IV.—SCENE II.

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?  
Mest. 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 estate in France!—  
Under whose conduct came those powers of France, That thou for truth giv’st out, are landed here!  
Mest. 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? I do not seek to stuff My head with more ill news, for it is full.  
Best. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst, Then let the worst, unhord, fall on your head.  
K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz’d Unbearably of these tidings.  
Alot the flood; and can give audience To any tongue, speak it of what it will.  
Best. How I have spoil among the clergymen,  
The sums I have collected shall express.  
But, as I travelled 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 dost thou so?  
Peter. Forcakingnow 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 hang’d.  
Deliver him to safety, and return.  
For I must use thee.—O my noble cousin,  
(Exit Hubert, with Peter.  
Heart’s thon the news abroad, who are arriv’d?  
Best. The French, my lord; men’s mouths are full of  
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,  
[fit:  
(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.  
Best. I will seek them out.  
K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before,  
O, let me have no subject enemies,  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—  
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;  
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.  
Best. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.  
(Exit.  
K. John. Spoke like a spiritful noble gentleman.—  
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;  
And be thou he.  
Mest. With all my heart, my liege.  
K. John. My mother dead!  

Re-enter Hubert.  
Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-  
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about [night:  
The other four, in wond’rous motion.  
K. John. Five moons!  
Hub. Old men, and boldsmans, in the streets,  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:  
Young Arthur’s death is common in their mouths;  
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear;  
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer’s wrist;  
Whilst he, that hears, makes tearful 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 cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor’s cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor’s cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor’s cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor’s cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor’s cool.  
K. John. Whysyseek’t thou to possess me with these  
What urged thou so oft young Arthur’s death? [fears  
Thy hand hath murder’d him: I had mighty cause  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.  
Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke  
K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended [me  
By slavish that take their warrant for a warrant  
To break within 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 frows  
More upon humour than advis’d respect.  
Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.  
K. John. O, when the lastaccount twixt heaven and  
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal [earth  
Witness against us to damnation!  
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,  
Makes deeds ill done! Hades not then by been,  
By 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 villany,  
Apt, liable, to be employ’d in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur’s death;  
And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.  
Hub. My lord,—  
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a  
When I spake darkly what I purposed;  
[pause,  
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,  
And bid me tell my tale in express words;  
Deep shame had struck medumb, 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 sin;  
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 bravo’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 consim’s death.
KING JOHN.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies, 
I'll make a devil betwixt your soul and you. 
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine 
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand, 
Not stained with the crimson spots of blood. 
Within this bosom never entered yet 
The dreadful notion of a murd'rous thought, 
And you have slander'd nature in my form: 
Which howsoever rude exteriorly, 
Is yet the cover, of a true mind. 
Then to be butcher of an innocent child. 
K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the 
Throw this report on their incensed rage. 
[peers, 
And make them tame to their obedience! 
Forgive the comment that my passion made 
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind, 
And foul imaginary eyes of blood 
Presented thee more hideous than thou art. 
O, answer not; but to my closet bring 
The angry lords, with all expedient haste: 
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. Before the Castle.

Enter ARTHUR, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:— 
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!— 
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did, 
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite. 
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it. 
If I get down, and do not break my limbs, 
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away: 
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay. [Leaps down, 
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones!— 
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! 

[Dies.

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BOSW.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury; 
It is our safety, and we must embrace 
This gentle offer of the perilous time. 
Pen. Who brought that letter from the cardinal? 
Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France; 
Whose private wit with me, of the Dauphin's love, 
Is much more general than these lines import. 
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then. 
Sal. Or, rather then set forward: for 'twill be 
Two long days' journey, lords, or 'er we meet. 

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords! 
The king, by me, requests your presence straight. 
Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us; 
We will not line his thin bestained cloak 
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot 
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks: 
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst. 
[best. 
Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were 
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now. 
Bast. But there is little reason in your grief; 
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now. 
Pen. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege. 
Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else. 
Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here? 

[Seeing ARTHUR.

Pen. O death, made proud with pure and princely 
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed. [beauty! 
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done, 
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge. 
Bast. Or, when he imagined this bounty to a grave, 
Found it too preciously-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 arms: this is the bloodiest shame, 
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke, 
That ever wall-eye'd wrath, or staring rage, 
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pen. All murders past do stand execus'd in this: 
And this so sole, so remarkable, 
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 the shameful work of Hubert's hand: 
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:— 
From whose obedience I forbid my soul, 
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life 
And breathing to his breathless excellence 
A breast of a wily woman; 
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 hand, 
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 blushest not at death:— 
Avant, thus hateful villain, get thee gone! 
Hub. I am no villain. 
Sal. Then set down the law? [Drawing his sword. 
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again. 
Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin. 
Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say; 
By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours: 
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself, 
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence; 
Least I, by marking of your rage, forget 
Our oath, our faith, our great desire, and solitude. 
Big. Out, duagh! dar'st thou brave a nobleman? 
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend 
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer. 

Hub. Do not prove me so; 
Yet, I am none: Whose tongue soever speaks false, 
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies. 
Pen. Cut him to pieces. 

Bast. Keep the peace, I say. 
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge. 
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury: 
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot, 
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame, 
I'll strike thee dead. 
Put up thy sword betime; 
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron, 
That you shall think the devil is come from hell. 
Big. What wilt thou do renowned Faulconbridge? 
Second a villain and a murderer? 

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none. 

Big. Who kill'd this prince? 
Sal. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well: 
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep 
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss. 
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes, 
For villany is not without such rhum;
And he long tradg in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stung with the smell of sin.
Big. Away, toward Dury, to the dauphin there!
Pen. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.
[Exit Lords.]
Bast. Here's a good world! — Know you of this fair
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach [work?
Of mercy, if thou dost this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, sir.
Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black — nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more damn'd than Paris. Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell.
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hub. Upon my soul, —
Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou wanst a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twister from her web
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on, shouldst thou drown thy-
Put but a little water in a spoon, [self
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought
Be guilty of the stealing the sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beautiful cloy,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.
Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way.
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this mere morsel of dead empire
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scumble, and to part by the teeth
The smouldering interest of proud-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 low estate, and discourtesies to home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,) The eminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy lie, whose cloak and closure can
Hold out this terpest! Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed: I'll tell to the king:
A thousand businesse are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth crew upon the land. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same. A Room in the Palace.
Enter King John, Pasquilin with the crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again, [Giving John the crown
From this my hand, as holding of the pope.
Your sovereign greatness and authority. [French
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the
And from his holiness use all your power;
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflamm'd.

Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistempered humour
Rests by you only to be quali.ified.
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 convert,
My tongue shall hush against this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit.
K. John. Is this Ascension-day! Did not the prophet
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have,
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kentsh hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover castle: I London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the dauphin and his powers:
Your quicksilver 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 my strong 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 robb'd and ta'en away.
K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.
Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviour's from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauphin's spirit and resolution.
Away, and glistre like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said — Forage, and run wild;
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he comes so nigh.
K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the dauphin.
Bast. O inglorious league! shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive! shall a beardless boy
A coxcomb's silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And put a no cheval? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.
KING JOHN.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.
Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know, Our party may well meet a ponderer too. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.

Enter in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Leu. My lord Melun, let this be copied out, And keep it safe for our remembrance: Return the precedent to these lords again; That, having our fair order written down, Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes, May know wherefore we took the sacrament, And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.
Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble dauphin, albeit we swear A voluntary zeal, and unreg'd faith, To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince, I am not glad that such a sore of time Should seek a platter by conemain'd revolt, And heal the inveterate causer of one wound, By making many: O, it grieves my soul, That this is mettled from my side To be a widow-maker; O, and there, Where honourable rescue, and defence, Cries out upon the name of Salisbury; But such is the infection of the time, That, for the health and physic of our right, We cannot deal but with the very hand Of stern injustice and confus'd wrong. — And isn't pity, O my grieved friends! That we, the sons and children of this isle, Were born to see so sad an hour as this: Wherein we step after a stranger march Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep Upon the spot of this enforced cause,) To grace the gentry of a land remote, — And follow unacquainted colours here? What, here! — O, nation, that thou could'st remove! That Neptune's arms, who clipped thee about, Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself, And grapple thee unto a pagan shore; Where these two Christian armies might combine That in a win of death, And not to spend it so unprofitably! Leu. A noble temper dost thou shew in this; And great affections, wresting in thy bosom, Do make an earthquake of nobility. O, what a noble combat hast thou fought, Between compulsion, and a brave respect! Let me wipe off this honourable dew, That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks: My heart hath melted at a lady's tears, Being an ordinary inundation; But this effusion of such many drops, This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul, Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed Than had I seen the vanitory top of heaven Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors. Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury, And with a great heart leave away this storm: Command these waters to those baby eyes, That never saw the giant world enrag'd; Nor met with fortune other than at feasts, Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping, Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep Into the purse of rich prosperity. As Lewis himself — so, nobles, shall you all, That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake: Look, where the holy legate comes apiece, To give us warrant from the hand of heaven; And on our actions set the name of right, With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France! The next is this, — king John hath reconcil'd Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in, — That so he stood against the holy church, The great metropolises and see of Rome: Therefore thy threaten'ing colours now wind up, And tame the savage spirit of wild war; That, like a lion fosser'd up at hand, It may be gently at the foot of peace, And be no further harmful than in show. Leu. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back; I am too high-born to be prostrcess, To be a secondary at controul, Or useful serving-man, and instrument, To any sovereign state throughout the world. Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars Between this chas'tis'd kingdom and myself, And brought in matter that should feed this fire; And now it is far too long 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 you now to tell me, John hath made His peace with Rome! What is that peace to me. I, by the hand 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 enderso this charge? who else but I, And such as to my claim are liable, Sweet in this business, and maintain this war? Have I not heard these islanders shout out, Vice le roy! as I have bank'd their towns? Have I not here the best cards for the game, To win this easy match play'd for a crown! And shall I now give o'er the yielded set? No, never, till my soul, it never shall be changed. Pand. 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 call'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. Pan. The dauphin is too wilful opposite, And will not temporize with my entreaties; He flatter's me, he'll not lay down his arms. By all the blood that ever fury breathed, 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:
ACT V.—SCENE IV.

This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinestead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The same.—Another part of the same.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, Bigot, and others.

Sal. I did not think the king so staid with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French.

If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal! That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

[field.

Pem. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the

Enter Melun, wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthrift the rude eye of rebellious wrongs,
And welcome home again discarded faith.

Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund’s-Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hidous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolved from its figur’d against 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 by truth by right?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e’er those eyes of yours
Behold another day live the same.

But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Pay the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.

Command me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grand sire was an Englishman,—

Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In hien wherefro, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee.—And beshrue my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will not 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
Night in thine eye—Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.
[Exeunt, leading off Milun.]

SCENE V.—The same. The French Camp.

Enter Lewis and his Train.


Scene VI.—An open Place in the neighbourhood
of Swinsteal-Abeby.

Enter the Bastard and Huernet, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I
Bast. A friend.—What art thou?
[shoot.]

Hub. Show me of the part of England.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee? Why may I not demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Bast. Huernet, 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 art thou? as if thou please,
Thou may'st befriended so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night,
Have done me shame.—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?
Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.
Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out; the king
Yet is not dead, and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come
And brought prince Henry in their company; [back.
At whose request the king hath pardoned 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 escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—The Orchard of Swinsteal Abbey

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,]
Deth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foreret the ending of a 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 assails him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.

Deth he still rage? [Exit Bigot.

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 insensible; 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. 'Tis strange, that death should
I am the cygnus to this pale fain swan, [sing.
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And plays on the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude

Re-enter Bigot and Attendants, who bring in

K. John, 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 the parchment; and against this fire
I do shrink up.


P. Hen. Poison'd.—ill fare.—dead, faroak, cast.
And none of you will bid the winter come, [off:
To thrust his icy fingers in my Mary;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burnt bosom; nor estract the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips.
And comfort me with cold.—I do not ask you,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin’d to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am sealed with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack’d and burn’d;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be utter’d;
And then all this thou see’st is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The dauphin 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 watches, all unwarily,
Devour’d by the unexpected flood. [The King 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? Shew now your minded 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 Pandulphe 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 sinewed to our 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 pest
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar’d,
Shall wait upon your father’s funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be inter’d;
For so he will’d it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do beseech my faithful services
And true submission everlasting.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you
And knows not how to do it, but with tears. [thanks,
Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, (nor never shall,)—
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt.

The tragedy of King John, though not written with the utmost
power of Shakspeare, is tinted with a very pleasing interchange
of incidents and characters: the lady’s grief is very affecting; and
the character of the Bastard contains that mixture of great
ness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit. — John
son.
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD II.

This play, which Mr. Malone supposed to have been written in 1593, was published in quarto no less than five several times during our author's life. The first edition was in 1597, without the scene of deposing Richard, which was first inserted in the edition of 1608.

It has been supposed by Mr. Farmer, that there was a play on the subject anterior to that of Shakespeare, because he found in Lord Essex, in the arrangements of Cafe and Merel, vol. iv. p. 350, of Malone's edition, that, 'The afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great number of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had prearrived to be played before them the play of deposing King Richard the Second; when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was old, and they should have lost in playing it, because he would come to it, there was forty shilling's extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was.'

This passage does not, however, necessarily refer to a drama older than Shakespeare's. In the year 1601, the actors would be very naturally induced to consider a play as old as the one the Duke of Norfolk, on the accession of high-treason, which occurred in 1596, and close with the death of King Richard, which took place in the end of the year 1602.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Richard the Second.
Edmund of Langley, Duke of York; 
John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; 
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, his son.
Lord Ross.
Lord Willoughby.
Lord Dorset.
Bishop of Carlisle.
Abbot of Westminster.
Lord Marshal; and another Lord.
Sir Pierce of Exton.
Sir Stephen Scroop.
Captain of a band of Welchmen.
Queen to King Richard.
Duchess of Gloucester.
Duchess of York.
Lady attending on the Queen.
Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Two Gardiners, 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.

King. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lan-

cast thout, according to thy oath and band, [caster,

brought bither Henry Hereford thy bold son;

Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,

Which then our leisure would not let us hear,

Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray.

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

King. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,

If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;

Or worthily, as a good subject and true

On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sit him on that argu-

ment,—

On some apparent danger seen in him, [ment,—

Aim'd at thy highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear

The accusar, and the accused, freely speak:—

[Exeunt some Attendants.

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with Bolingbroke and Norfolk.

Boling. Many years of happy days befal

My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Now. Each day still better other's happiness;

Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,

Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;

Namely, to appeal each other of high treason;

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object

Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, (heaven be the record to my speech!) In the devotion of a subject's love,

Tendering the precious safety of my prince,

And free from other misbegotten hate,

Come I appellant to this princely presence.—

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I tunes to thee,

And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,

My body shall make good upon this earth,

Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Then art a traitor and a miscreant;

Too good to be so, and too bad to live;

Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,

The unrighteous seem the clouds that in it fly.

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,

With a foul traitor's name stuff my throat;

And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,

What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

Now. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:

The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this,

Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,

To be bush'd, and with italise at all to say:

First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me

From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;

Which else would post, until it had return'd

These terms of treason doubled down his threat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,

And let him be no kinsman to my liege,

I do defy him, and spit at him;

Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:

Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;

And meet him were I tied to run a-foot.
ACT I.—SCENE I.

Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Wherever England doomed him to his foot.

Mean time, let this defend my loyalty.—

For Gloster's death, I speak.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, here I throw my

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king; [gag

And lay aside my high blood's royalty,

Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:

That guilty drest hath left thee so much strength,

As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoope,

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.

Now, I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,

Which gently lay'd 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

It must be great, that can inherit him [charge!

So much as of a thought of ill in him. [true;

Boling. Our master shall prove it,

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,

In name of lendings for thy highness's soldiers;

The which he hath detain'd for woful 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 week 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 further 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,

Slue'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,

Thou shalt do it, or my life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!

Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Now. O let my sovereign turn away his face,

And bid his ears a little while be deaf,

Till I have told this slander of his blood,

How God, and good men, hate so foul a har.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:

Were he my brother, say, my kingdom's heir,

(As he is but my father's brother's son,)Now by my scepter's awe 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.

Now. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart.

Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,

Disborn's I duty to his highness' soldiers:

The other part reserv'd I by consent;

For that my sovereign liege was so my debt,

Upon remainder of a dear 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 my 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 in ambush for your life,

As those that doth mangle a distressed 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 recreant and most degenerate traitor:

Which in myself I boldly will defend;

And interchangeably hurl down my gage

Upon this overweening traitor's foot,

To prove myself a loyal gentleman

Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:

In haste whereof, most heartily I pray

Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;

Let's purge this choler without letting blood;

This we prescribe, though no physician;

Deep malice makes too deep incision:

Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;

Our doctors say, this is no month to bleed,—

Good uncle, let this end where it begun;

We'll put the duke of Norfolk to 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

Nor. Myself I throw, dreadful sovereign, at thy foot:

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:

The one my duty owes; but my fair name,

(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,) To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;

Fiercely 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 tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change their spots: take but my

And I resign my gage. My dear lord keeper, [shame,

My heart's truest, most princely, and most noble

[shame, Is—spotless reputation; that awa

Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten-times-bar'd-up chest Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;

Take honour from me, and both grow to the

Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try:

In that I live, and for that will I die. [begin

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul sin! Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight? Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height Before this outcast's dastard! Ere my tongue Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong, Or sound so base a parade, my teeth shall fear The slavish motive of rencanting fear; And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace, Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face. [Exit GAUNT.

K. Rich. We were not bound to sue, but to command: Which since we do, what do to make you friends, Be ready, as your lives shall answer.

At Coventry, upon saint Lambert's day; There shall your swords and lances arbitrate The swelling difference of your settled hate; Since we cannot alone you, we shall see

Justice design the victor's chivalry.—
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms.  [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster’s Palace.

Enter Gaunt, and Duchess of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloucester’s blood
Both more solite me, than your exclamations.
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But such correction I must have in this cause,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain not vengeance on offenders’ heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward’s seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature’s course,
Some of those branches by the destines 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 poisonous insect in it.
Is buck’d down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy’s hand, and murder’s bloody axe,
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion’d thee,
Made him a man; and though thou hvst, and breath’st,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father’s death,
In that thou seekest thy wretched brother’s life,
Who was the model of thy father’s life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair;
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter’d;
Thou shew’st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern manner how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say! to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is—to venge my Gloucester’s death.

Gaunt. Heaven’s is the quarrel; for heaven’s sub-
His deputy anointed in his sight, [stirrue.
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 heaven, the widow’s champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go’st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband’s wrongs on Hereford’s spear,
That it may eatier 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 courier’s back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A baffly re vestibule to my cousin Hereford!

Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother’s wife,
With her companion grief must end her life.
Gaunt. Farewell, sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;

Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
With all good speed to Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,
Unpeopled offices, unstricken stones?
And what cheer there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where:
Deseolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
The last loose leaf of thee takes my weeping eye, [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Gosford Green, near Coventry.

Arms set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c. attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal and Aumerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm’d?
Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.
Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant’s trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar’d and
For nothing but his majesty’s approach.  [stay

Flourish of trumpets. Enter King Richard, who takes his seat on his throne; Gaunt, and several Noble-
men, 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 yeoman champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him to the justiciary of his cause.

Mar. In God’s name, and the king’s, say who thou
And why thou com’st, thus knightly clad in arms:
Against what man thou com’st, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oaths;
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Nor-
Who kither come engaged by my oath,
[fol.
(Which, heaven 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 my 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!

[He takes his seat.

Trumpeter sounds. Enter Bolingbroke, in armour; preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yeoman knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plaited in indignities of war,
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.  [hither,

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com’st thou
Before King Richard, in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what’s thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!  [Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby. Am I not here, who stand to defend in arms?
To prove, by heaven’s grace, and my body’s valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he’s a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appoint’d to direct those fair designs.
ACT I—SCENE III.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand, and bow my knee before his majesty: [hand, Lord Marshal, 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. [kneel. Mar. The appellant in all duties greet your highness. And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave. K. Rich. We will descend, and told him in our arms. Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right, 

So be thy fortune in this royal fight! Farewell, my blood; which did to thou shed, Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead. Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear For me, if I be god'd with Mowbray's spear; As confident, as is the falcon's flight Against a bird, do I with Mowbray right. My loving lord, [to Lord Marshal.] I take my leave of You, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle:— [you; Not sick, although I have to do with death; But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath. Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet: O thou, the earthly author of my blood,— [To Gaunt. Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate, Rich with a two-fold vigour lift me up To realise the poetry 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 'haviour of his son.

Our. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosper. Be swift like lightning in the exultation; [perious! And let thy blows, doubly redoubled, Fall like amazing thunder on the casque Of thy adverse pernicious enemy: Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live. Boling. Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive. [He takes his seat. Nor. [Rising.] However heaven, 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 True golden unconstr'd equality. Now may my dancing soul do celebrate This feast of battle with mine adversary — This mighty liege,—and my companion peers,— Take from my mouth the wish of happy years: As gentle and as jovial, as to jest, Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast. K. Rich. Farewell, my lord; securely I copy Virtue with valour couched in thine eye, Order the trial, marshal, and begin. 

[The King and the Lords return to their seats. Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby, Receive thy lance; and God defend the right! Boling. [Rising.] Strong as a tower of hope, I cry aloud,— Amen. Mar. Go hear this lance to an Officer, to Thomas, a Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby, Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself, On pain to be found false and recreant, To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray, A traitor to his God, his king, and him, And dares him to set forward to the fight. 2 Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of On pain to be found false and recreant, [Norfolk, Both to defend himself, and to approve Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby, To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal; Courageously, and with a free desire, Attending but the signal to begin. 

Mar. Sound trumpets; and set forward, combatants. [A charge soundeth. Stay, the king hath thrown his warlike down. [spear, K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their And both return back to their chairs again:— Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets sound, While we return these dukes what we decrease.— [A long flourish. Draw near. [To the Combatants. And list what with our council we have done. For that our kingdom's earth should not be soild 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 hate engag'd, set you on To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep; Which so rous'd up with boisterous untamed drums, With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful Bray, And grating shock of wondrous iron arms. Might shatter forth our quiet conscience bright fair peace, And make us wake even in our common blood— Therefore, we banish you our territories:— You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death, Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields, Shall not return our fair dominions, But tread the stranger paths of banishment. [be. Boling. Your will be done: this must my comfort 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 sky-slow hours shall not determine The dateless limit of thy dear exile; — The hopeless word of—never to return Breatheth against thee, upon pain of life. Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege, And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth: A dearer merit, not so deep a maim. As to be cast forth in the common air, Have I reserved at your own right hand. The language I have learn'd these forty years, My native English, now I must forego: And now my tongue's use is to me no more, Than an unstrung viol, or a harp; Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up, Or, being open, put into his hands That know's no touch to tune the harmony, Within my mouth you have engag'd my tongue, Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips; And dull, unfailing, bare ignorance Is made my gainer 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. Retain again, and take an oath with thee. Lay on thy royal sword to his hand; Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven, (Our part therein we banish with ourselves,) To keep the oath that we administer:— You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)
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And, for my heart disclaimed that my tongue should so profane the word, that taught me craft;
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seemed but a burden on my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have length'd me 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 his doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kin shall come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Husby, Bagot, here, and Green,
Observe'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;
Wowing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient underhearing of his fortune.
As 'twere, 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 reverson his,
And as our kin shall come to see his friends.
Green. Well, he's gone; and with him go these
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;
Expedient manage must be made, my liege;
Ere further leisure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
And with a little army, in the which
For want of means cannot strange our friends,
And liberal largess,—are grown somewhat light,
We are enforce'd to farm our royal realms;
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 Busby.

Busby, what news?
Busby. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;
Sudden taken; and hath sent post-haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.
K. Rich. Where lies he?
Busby. At Ely-house.
K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The listing of his coffers shall make costs
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!

[Exeunt.

ACT II.


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 untaught youth. [Last York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear. [breath;
Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more

That they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before;
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past;
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

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 does always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still our tardy aship nation
Lims after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then, too lowly of counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard?
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lackest, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For what fires soon burn out and are physics
Small show'rless long last, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder.
Light vanity, instatate coromant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scept'r'd isle,
This royal band 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 wanton mischief of the 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 that old crom's ransom, bless'd Madoc son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leav'd out (I die pronouncing it,) Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself;
O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King Richard and Queen: Aumerle, Busby, Green, Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'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 wond'rd
Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your
K. Rich. What says he now? [majesty
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 ripest fruit first falls, as is said; his
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 only they, hath privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables.
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 prevails of poor Bolingbroke.
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war, was never hon rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than he, that was more princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But, when he crown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.
K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?
York. 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 seize you into lands,
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 him
His charters, and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not myself, for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!) If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys general to sue,
His letters, and deny his old lord's hommage,
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
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands. [hands
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
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house, [straight;
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, always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish.
[Enter King, Queen, Bushy, Aumerle, Green, and Bagot.
North. Well, Northumberland, the duke of Lancaster is dead.
Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.
Will. Barely in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with
Erst be disburden'd with a liberal tongue, [silence.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him never
Speak more,
That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm?
Will. Tends that thou 'ltst speak, to the duke of
If it be so, out with it boldly, man; [Hereford?
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good, to pity him,
But the grief and tidings of his present fortune.
North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs
In him a royal prince, and many more [are borne,
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 lives, our children, and our heirs.
Ross. The commons hath he pill'd of grievous
And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd [taxes,
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Will. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blunders, benevolences, and I wot not what;
But what, o'God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars have not wasted it, for war'st be
But basely yielded upon compromise [hath not,
That which his ancestors achieved with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.
Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
Will. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken
North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdensome taxation notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer:
And unavoid'd is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.
North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of
I spy life peering: but I dare not say [death,
How near the tides of our comfort is. [ours.
Will. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts: therefore, be bold:
North. Then thus I— I have from Portle Blanc, a
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence [say
That Harry Hereford, Reingold lord Cobham, [The son of Richard earl of Arundel.]
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramstou.
Sir John Norberry, sir Robert Waterton, and Frances
Quoict,—
All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight thousand ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making better with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavey yoke,
Imp our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broken pawn the blenished crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's girt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go. [fear.
Ross. To horse! to horse! urge doubts to them that
Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be
there. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Palace.
[Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.
Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.
Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save 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 trembles at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.
Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty sha:
Whichever grief itself, but are not so: [dows,
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of griefs, more than himself, to wait;
Which, if you do not, look'd upon as it is,
Though it be not; and so your thoughts,
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-graciou.s queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not more;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye, [not seen:
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.
Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: How'er it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heavy sad,
As—though, in thinking, on o'God I think.——
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.
Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known;
what I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.
[Enter Green.
Green. God save your majesty!—and well met,
genlemen,
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 c'reve haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?
Enter York.

York. Here comes the duke of York.

Green. With signs of war about his aged neck; Or, if all careful business are his looks! —

Uncle, For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts: Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth, Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief. Your husband he is gone to save far off, Whilst others come to make him lose at home: Here I must to understand his mind; Who, weak with age, cannot support myself: — Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made; Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came. York. He was! — Why, so! — go all which way it The nobles they are fled, the commons cold, [will!] — And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side. —

Sirrah, Get thee to Flashy, to my sister Gloster; Bid her send me presently a thousand pound; Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship: To-day, as I came by, I called there; — But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave? —

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died. York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes Comes rushing on this wealful land at once! I know not what to do: — I would to God, (So my untruth had not prov'd him kind) The king had cut off my head with my brother's. —

What, are there no posts despatch'd for Ireland? —

How shall we do for money for these wars? —

Come, sister,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me.—

Go, fellow, [to the Servant] get thee home, provide And bring away the armour that is there.—[Ex. Serv.

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know How, or which way, to order these affairs, Thus disorderly thrust into my hands, Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen: —

Thus is my sovereign whom both my oath And duty bids defend; the other again, Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd; Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right. Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll Dispose of you: — Go, muster up your men, And meet me presently at Berkley-castle. I should to Flashy too —

But time will not permit.—All is uneven, And every thing is left at six and seven. —

[Exeunt York and Queen.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland, But none returns. For us to levy power, Proportional to the enemy, Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love, Is near the hate of those love not the king. Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their Lies in their purses; and whose empty them, [love By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate. Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally con-demnd.'

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we, Because we ever have been near the king. Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol The earl of Wiltshire is already there. —

Castle; Bushy. Thither will I with you: for little office The hateful commons will perform for us; Except, like curs, to tear us all to pieces. —

Will you go along with us? —

All. No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty. Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain, We three here part, that never shall meet again. Bushy. That's as York thrives to best back Bol-lingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry; Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly. Bushy. Farewell at once; for ever, for all, and ever. Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. —

SCENE III.—The wilds in Glos-tershire.

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 Glos-tershire. These high wild hills, and rough unequal ways, Draw out our nibles, and make them wearisome: And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar, Making the hard way sweet and delectable. But, I think you, what a weary way From Ravensespur to Cotswold, will be found In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company; Which, I protest, hath very much begg'd! The tediousness and process of my travel: But theirs is sweeter'd with the hope to have The present benefit which I possess: —

And hope to joy, is little less in joy, Than hope enjoy'd: — by this the weary lords Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done By sight of what I have, your noble company. Boling. Of much less value is my company, Than your good words. But who comes here? —

Enter Harry Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—

Harry, how fares your uncle? [health of you.

Per. I had thought, my lord, to have learnt'd his North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Per. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court, Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together. Per. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg, To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover What power the duke of York had levied there; Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Per. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot, Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge, I never in my life did that name in England, [dike.

North. Then learn to know him now: this is the Per. My gracious lord, I tender you my service, Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
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 stirs Keeps good old York there, with his men of war! Per. There stands the castle, by you tuff of trees. Many 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 estimation.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby, Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wet your love-pursuit.

A banish'd traitor; all my treasure 
Sues Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord. Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it, Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor, Whose goods you have added thirty years: Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess. Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is— to Lancaster; And I am come to seek that name in England: And must find that title in your tongue, Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my mean-
To raze one title of your honour out. [tag, To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,) From the most gracious regent of this land, The duke of York: to know, what pricks you on To take advantage of the absent time, And fright our native peace with self-born 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!
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
Whilst you have fed upon my seignories,
Dispark’d my parks, and fell’d my forest woods;
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Raz’d out my impress, leaving me no sign—
Save men’s opinions, and my living blood,—
To shew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death:—see them deliver’d over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell
Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our
And plague injustice with the pains of hell. [souls,
Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them despatch’d.

[Enter NOUMTH, and others, with Prisoners.
Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;
For heaven’s sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver’d.
York. A gentleman of mine I have despatch’d
With letters of your love to her at large.
Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.

[Exeunt.}

SCENE III.—The Coast of Wales.  A Castle in View,  
Flourish: Drums & Trumpets.  Enter KING RICHARD,  
BISHOP OF CARLESTE, AMABLE, and Soldiers.
K. Rich. Baclongusky castle call you this at hand?  
Aun. Yea, my lord. How long have you discourse 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 bound 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, great I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
 Feed not thy sovereign’s foe, my gentle earth,  
Nor with thy sweet comforts his rav’rous 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,  
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;  
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
Throw death upon thy sovereign’s enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjunction, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, are her native king;
Shall falter under foul rebellions arms; [you king,  
Bishop. Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made  
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all;  
The means that heaven yields must be embrac’d,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would  
And we will not, heaven’s offer we refuse;  
The pretend’d means of all.  
Aun. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;  
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.
K. Rich. Discomfortable consil! 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, blindly 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 all demon-sins,
The crack 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 revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand ring with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons with sit covering in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough reade sea
Can wash the balm from an annotated 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?
Sall. 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'erethrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state:
For all the Welshmen, bearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd and fled. [pale?
K. Rich. Call not my name: a man looks on grace so
K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For then 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 sluggard majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name forty 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 heath and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.
K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd.
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst untold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is, to be rid of care?
Strokes 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.
Yet, with such a highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity,
Like an unreasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolved 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 hairy scalps
Against thy majesty: boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
 Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatiguel ye against thy state;
Yea, distast-women manage rusty hills
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 surrender, on whose head shall the earth.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke,
Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed,
my lord. [demption!
K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without re-
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snares, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Jewels, each one thing worse than the other,
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 surest and most deadly hate:—
Again uncease their souls, their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: whom whom you curse,
Have felt the stroke of death's devouring wound.
And lie full low, gradv'd in the hollow ground.
[dead! Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire,
Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?
K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak.
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrows on the heads of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposited 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 all in turn, as paper and cover lines.
For heaven'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 antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with soft and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impenetrable, and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bored through his castle wall, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistaken me all this while:
I live with broad like face, in want, taste grief,
Need friends:—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?
Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wait their present
But presently prevent the ways to wait. [woes,
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in, your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself,
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb. [broke, I come]
K. Rich. Thou child'st me well. — Proud Boling-
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
Thisague-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.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say,
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken—
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Uphis party.

K. Rich. Then hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
To Aumerle.

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.

Get to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
A king, whose slave, shall kingly owe 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 batteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence:— Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.

SCENE III.—Wales. Before Flint Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, Bolingbroke and Forces; York, Northumberland, and others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair, and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseech the lord Northumberland,
To say—king Richard;—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle; further than you should,
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should.
Lest you mistake:—The heavens are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it; uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.——But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Well, Harry:—what, will not thus castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is man'd my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royalty! Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord, It doth contain a king; but Richard lies
Within the limits of you lyme 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. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord. [To North."
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of praise
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver,
Harry Bolingbroke
On both his knees, doth kiss king Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person; lither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd, And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:—
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

[North. advances to the castle, with a trumpet.
Let's march with that noise threatening drum,
That from the castle's totter'd battlements,
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy 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 parte sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls KING RICHARD, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.

York. 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.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty; Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [stood
To Northumberland.

Because we thought ourselfsthy 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 scepter,
Unless, he do proflane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And are more barren, and bereft of friends;—
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is onstirring in his clouds, on our behalf
Arms of pestilence: and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,) That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil ears
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 thy royal grand sire's bones;
And by the royalties of both thy bloods,
Cushioned with darts springing from other consecrated head;
And by the buried band of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hitherto hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement from his owncreate heads;
To which, by the murderer's banquet,
His glittering arms he will command to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thou the king resolv'se
No noble cousin is right well-conceived [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 bearing kind commends.—
We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not, [To Aum.
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair!
Shall we still 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
That laid the sentence of dreadful banishment [mine,
On you proud man, should take it off again With sense of sooth? O, this is great As is my grief, or less than my name! that Or that I could forget what I have been! Or not remember what I must be now! Swell'st thon, proud heart! I'll give thee scope to beat,
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 sub-
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd? [mit? 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 furbelow's, for a dish of wood;
My scepter, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where common subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:

For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cousin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?

To our decks!—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted as 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 say's king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says,—ay
North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you: may 't please you to come down;
K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistening Phæ- 
Wanting the manage of untruly jades. [Ton, 
[North. retires to Bolingbroke.

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down! Down, court! down
king! For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should
Wing. [Exeunt, from above.

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King Richard, and his Attendants below.
Boling. Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his majesty.—

My gracious lord,—

[Knelling.
K. Rich. Fair cousin, you delase 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, [touching his own head.] although
your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love. [have,
K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well deserve to That know the strongest and surest way to get—
Uncle, give me your hand: may, dry your eyes:
Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. —Then I must not say, no. [Flourish. 

SCENE IV.

Langley.—The Duke of York's Garden.
Enter the Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this gar-
et? To drive away the heavy thought of care? [den? 
1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think,
The world is full of ruins, and that my fortune 
Right 'gainst the bias.

1 Lady. — Madam, we will 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. For what 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; [weep.
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou
1 Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me
And never borrow any tear of thee.
[good,
For stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pi's,
They'll talk of state: for every one doth so
Against a change: Woe is forewarn with woe.

1 Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dashing apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their size
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportage to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be pruned; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
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,
Sewing, as in a model, our farm estate?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?
1 Gard. Hold thy peace:
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seemed in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
2 Serv. What, are they dead?
1 Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath set seid't the wasteful king.—Oh! what pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we the garden! When the boughs may live;
With too much riches it confounded itself:
He had done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their trusts of duty. All superfluous branches
We've pluck'd away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite throwen down.
1 Serv. What, think you then, the king shall be de-
posed of?
1 Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.
Queen. O, I am press'd to death,
Through want of speaking!—Thou, old Adam's-like
[Coming from her concealment.
Set to dress this garden, how dares
Thy harsh rude tongue sound this unplesasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
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,
Canst thou by these ill-tidings? speak, thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this 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 the courtiers, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so:
I speak no more than every one doth know.
Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy emissage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would, the plats thou graft'st, may never grow.
[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.
1 Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—[worse,
Here did she fall a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, some herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall. The Lords
spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords
temporal on the left; the Commons below.

Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northum-
berland, Percy, Fitzwilliam, another Lord, Bishop
of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and At-
tendants. Officers behind with Bagot.

Boling. Call forth Bagot:—

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.
Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.
Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.
Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, say'st thou, brother's head?
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
In this your cousin's death. [Am.

Princes, and noble lords,
ACT IV.—SCENE I.

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 soil'd With the attainer of his stand'rous lies.—

There is my gage, the manual seal of death, That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest, And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false, Is thy heart-blood, though being all too base To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If thou hast not, thy honour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shews me where thou stand'st, I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it, That thou wast cause of noble Glover's death.

If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart, Where it was forg'd, with my rapier's point.

Aum. I saw him die; and I gave thee a recompence to 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 extreme point!

Of mortal breathing; there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I throw at all.

I have a thousand spirits in one breast, To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The time thou liest, Aumerle, and you did talk.
Fitz. My lord, 'tis true: yea, we were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy! That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword, That vengeance and revenge, Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's soul.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness, And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies, And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith, To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world, Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men To execute the noble duke at Calais.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage, Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be, And though mine enemy, restor'd again.
To all his land and seignories; when he's return'd, Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall never be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesus Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens
And, toold with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Car. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the
Of good old Abraham—Lords appellant's,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the succession of thy kingly ha't; and:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best seeming me to speak:
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobles 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 subjece
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are not to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:

And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls offend.

The very man that should be his friend shew so base, so black, so obscene, a deed! I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stir'd up by heaven 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蔓,neer 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 sculls.
O, if you rear this house against this house, It will be the mosteful division prove,
That ever full upon this cursed earth:

Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest children's children, cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you arg'd, sir; and for your
Of capital treason we arrest you here:—

[Exeunt the lords, and the other public characters.]

York. I will be his conduct. [Exit.

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:—

2A
Little are we beholden to your love, (To Carlisle. And little looked for at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, with King Richard, and Officers bearing the crown, &c. K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king, Before I have shook off the regal thoughts Wherewith I reign'd! I hardly yet have learn'd To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee: Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me To this submission. Yet I well remember The favors of these men: Were they not mine? Did they not sometime cry, all for the King? So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve, [none. Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, God save the king!—Will no man say, amen? Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen. God save the king! although I be not he; And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me. To do what service am I sent for hither? York. To do that office of thine own good will, Which tired majesty did make thee offer,— The resignation of thy state and crown To Henry Bolingbroke. [the crown; K. Rich. Give me the crown;—Here, cousin, seize Here, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine. Now is this golden crown like a deep well, That owes two bucket's of water to 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 griefs, 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 use all my state, and all my crown; But not my griefs; still am I king of those, (crown. Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares. My care is—loss of care, by old care done; [down. Your care is,—gain of care, by new care won; The cares I give, I have, though given away; The crown I set down, 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 unwise 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 duteous oaths, 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 gloom and sorrow, that are come to thee! Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd; And thou with all pleas'd, that last all ache'd! Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit, And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit! God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says, And send him many years of sunshine days! What more remaineth? [Drown. North. No more, but that you read [Offering a paper. These accusations, and these grievous crimes, Committed by your person and your followers Against the state and profit of this land; That, by confessing them, the souls of men May deem that you are worthy depos'd. K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out My weav'd-up follies? 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 would'st, There should'st thou find one heinous article,— Containing the deposing of a king, And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,— Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven, Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me, Whilst that my wretchedness doth bate myself,— Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands. Since should'st thou find me guilty yet you Pilates Have here deliver'd me to your sword and cross, And water cannot wash away your sin. North. My lord, despacht; 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 of traitors here. Nay, if 'tis mine eyes upon myself, I find myself a traitor with the rest: For I have given here my soul's consent, To undeck the pompos body of a king; Make glory base; and sovereignty a slave; Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant. [man North. My lord,— [Exit an Attendant. K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou hast, insulting Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,— No, not that name was given me at the font, — But 'tis usurp'd;—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! Great king, —great king, (and yet not greatly good,) An if my word be stereing yet in England, Let it command a mirror hither straight; That it may show me what a face I have, Since it is bankrupt of his majesty. Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass [Exit an Attendant. North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come. [Exit. K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to 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 that glass, and therein will I read. No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck So many blows upon this face of mine, And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass, Like to my followers in prosperity, Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face, That every day was so confident and high? Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face, That, like the sun, did make beholders wink? Was this the face, that faced so many follies, And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke? A brittle glory shineth in this face: As brittle as the glory is the face; [Drown 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 —
KING RICHARD II

KING RICHARD Weep thou for me in France
Act IV. Sc. 1
ACT V.—SCENE I.  
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'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 tortur'd 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 be gone, and trouble you no more.  
Shall I obtain it?  
Boling.  
Your Name it, fair cousin.  
K. Rich. Fair cousin? Why, 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?  
Boling. You shall.  
K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.  
Boling. Whither?  
[Exeunt.]

ACT V.  
SCENE I.—London. A street leading to the Tower.  
Enter QUEEN and Ladies.  
Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way  
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,  
To whose firm bosom my condemned lord  
Is doom'd 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 andguards.  
But soft, but see, or rather do not see.  
My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—  
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;  
Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,  
And not king Richard; thou most beautiful inn,  
Why should hard fav'rd grief bid lodg'd in thee,  
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?  
K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,  
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,  
To think our former state a happy dream;  
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are  
Shews us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,  
To grim necessity; and he and I  
Will keep a league till death. The 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 striken down.  
Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind  
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath 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  
I had been still a happy king of men.  
[beasts,  
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 them the lamentable fall of me,  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.  
For why? to senseless beasts to speak, and move  
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,  
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:  
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,  
For the deposing of a rightful king.  

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.  
North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;  
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—  
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;  
With all swift speed you must away to France.  
K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewith  
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—  
The time shall not be many hours of age  
More than it is, to cool sin, gathering head,  
Shall break into corruption; thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,  
It is too little, helping him to all;  
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way  
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way  
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.  
The love of wicked friends converts to fear:  
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,  
To worthy danger, and deserved death.  
North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.  
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.  
K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd!—had 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;  
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—  
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,  
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;  
My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,  
She came adorned lither like sweet May,  
Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of 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 she goes, the better 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, be ne'er the near.  
Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans  
A 2
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being

And piece the way out with a heavy heart. [short,]

Come, come, in woeing sorrow, let's be brief,

Since we're dead, it is there much length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and doubly part;

Thus give me mine, and thus I take thy heart. [They kiss.]

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [Kiss again.]

So now, I have mine own again, begone,

Through thy love, my Warwick may strive to kill.

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 his 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 misgov'rn'd hands, from windows' tops,

Threw dust and rubbish o'er the 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 all the casements darted their desiring eyes

Upon his visage; and that all the walls,

With painted imagery, had said at once.—

Jesus preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!

Whiles he, from one side to the other tripping,

Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,

Bespake them thus.—I thank you, countrymen:

And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. This poor Richard where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,

After a well-grac'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 Richard; no man cried, God save him;

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:

But death was thrown upon his sacred head;

Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—

His face still combusting with tears and smiles,

The badges of his grief and patience.—

That had not God, for some strong purpose, steed'd

The hearts of men, they must perfere have melted,

And barbarism itself have pitied him.

But leaves 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.

Enter Aumerle.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

Aumerle. That was; but that is lost, for being Richard's friend,

And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:

I am in parliament pledge for his truth,

And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Duch. Welcome, my son: Who are the violets now,

That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:

God knows, I had as little be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well, in this new spring of time,

Lest you be crop'd before you come to prime. [umps?

What news from Oxford! I hold those justs and trial.

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 beare?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing. [son?

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it:—l

I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Duch. 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, that he is enter'd into

For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—

Boy, let me see the writing. [t

[Snatches it, and reads.

Treason! foul treason!—will you forgive slave!—

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. He! who is within there? [Enter a Servant.

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 soul,

I will appease the villain. [Exit Servant.

Duch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace.—What is the matter, son?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more

Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer?

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art

amaz'd:

Hence, villain: never more come in my sight.—

[To the Servant.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. This fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them have tag'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;

We'll keep him here: What then is that to him?

York. Away.

Duch. Good Lord! I were two times my son

I would appease him.

Duch. Hadst thou gross'd for him,

As I have done, thou'lt 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 out of that mind:

He is as like thee as a man may be,
ACT V.—SCENE III.

Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman. \[Exit.\]
Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horse;
Spar, post; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I’lt be long before; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Belingbroke have pardon’d thee: Away;
Begone. \[Exeunt.\]

SCENE III.—Windor. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Bolingbroke, as King: Percy, and other Lords.
Boling. Can no man tell of my untruthy son?
’Tis six full 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 staid 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 told at Oxford.
I know the word that 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 sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.
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.—
[Exeunt Percy and Lords.
What is the matter with our cousin now?
Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[Knelt.
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 but the first, how heinous is 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. I have thy desire. \[AUMERLE looks the door.\]
York. \[Within.\] My liege, beware; look to thyself;
There hast a traitor in thy presence here.
Boling. Villain, I’ll make thee safe. \[Drawing.\]
Aum. Thy strange and heavy ban,
Thou hast no cause to fear.
York. \[Within.\] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face? \[king.\]
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[BoSCOMB opens the door. \[Enter YORK.\]
Boling. What is the matter, uncle? I speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me shew.
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. Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor’s bosom, king;
 Fear, and not love, begat his villany:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou see’st, imaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through thready passages,
Hath held his current, and deified himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.
York. So shall my virtue be his vice’s bawd:
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers’ gold.
Mine honor, when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham’d life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill’st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man’s put to death.

Duch. \[Within.\] What ho, my liege! for God’s sake let me in.
Boling. What shrill-voic’d suppliant makes this
Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; ’tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs, that never begg’d before.
Boling. Our scene is alter’d,—from a serious thing,
And now chang’d to The Beggar and the King.—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know, she’s come to pray for your soul.
York. If thou dost pardon, whatsoever pray
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester’d joint cut off, the rest resists sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dukess.
Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man,
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make
Shall thy old dogs once more a traitor rear? \[here.\]
Duch. Sweet York, very patient: Iear me, gentle liege.
[Knelt.
Boling. Rise up, good aunt.
Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother’s prayers I bend my knee.
[Knelt.
York. Against them both, my true joints bended be.
[Knelt.
Duch. Ill may’st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast;
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up;
But pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.
KING RICHARD II.

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, pardonning,
Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Abbot, Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That setst 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 pitious 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, then.
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 do I sick for fear: speak it again:
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon strain;
But makes one pardon strong.
Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Duch. A god on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,—and the
All the rest of the consorted crew,—[salute,
Destruction straight shall dog thee at the heel.
—Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where’er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray’d, and prove you true.
Duch. Come, my old son; I pray God make thee new.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter 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.
Exton. Have I no friend? quoth he: spake it
And urg’d it twice together; did he not? [twice,
Serv. He did.
Exton. And speaking it, he wistfully look’d on me;
As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let’s go;
I am the king’s friend, and will rid his foe.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it:—Yet I’ll hammer it out.
My brain I’ll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two begot
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humour, 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 comet
To thread the pattern of a needle’s eye.

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak naves
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 I think’d again: and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unking’d by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing:—But, whate’er 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?
[Music.
Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet music is,
When men are 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 servile clock:
My times, my minutes, on my hours:
How many times,
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke’s proud joy.
While I stand fouling here, his Jack o’ the clock.
This music mads me, let it sound no more;
For, though it holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For ‘tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and howcomest thou hither,
Whereon man never comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou went king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometime master’s face.
O, how it yern’d my heart, when I beheld
In this hard world, my ragged prison walls,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have dress’d!
K. Rich. Ride he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle
How went he under him?
[friend,
Groom. So prudently, as if he disdain’d the ground.
K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand; [back,
ACT V.—SCENE VI.

This hand hath made him proud with clapping him. / Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down? / (Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck / Of that proud man, that did usurp his back? / Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee, / Since thou, created to be aw'd by man, / Was born to bear? I was not made a horse; / And yet I bear a burden like an ass, / Suffer-gall'd, and tir'd by jaunecing Bolingbroke. Enter Keeper, with a dish. / Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay. / [To the Groom. / K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thouwert away. / Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. / [Exit. / Keep. My lord, wilt please you to fall to? / K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do. / Keep. My lord, I dare not; sir Perci of Exton, / Lately came from the king, commands the contrary. / K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and / Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [thee! / [Beats the Keeper. / Keep. Help, help, help! / Enter Exton, and Servants, armed. / K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault? / Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument. / [Snatching a weapon, and killing one. / Go thou, and fill another room in hell. / [Exeunt Exton and Servants. / [killed another, then Exton strikes him down. / That hand shall burn in never-sleeping fire, / That stagers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand / Hath with the king's blood staid the king's own land. / Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high; / Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die, / [Dies. / Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood; / Beth 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. / This dead king to the living king I'll bear; — / Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Windsor. A Room 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 Glosister; / But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not. / [Enter NORTHUMBERLAND. / Welcome, my lord! What is the news? / 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 worthy will add right worthy gains. / Enter FITZWATER. / Fitz. My Lord, I have from Oxford sent to London / The heads of Brocas, and sir Bennet Scely; / Two of the dangerous consorted traitors, / That sought at Oxford thy由于 overthrow. / Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot; / Right noble is thy merit, well I wet. / 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; / But here is Carlisle living, to abide / Thy kindest doom, and sentence of his pride. / Boling. Carlisle, this is 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 Bourdeaux, by me lither brought. / Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast / A deed of slander, with thy fatal haud, / Wrought Upon my head, and all this famous land. / [Die. / 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 princey favour: / With Cain go wander through the shade of night, / And never shew 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 what I do lament, / And put on sullen black, inconstant; / I'll make a voyage to the Holy land, / To wash this blood off from my guilty hand: — / March sadly after; grace my mournings here, / In weeping after this untimely bier. / [Exeunt. / *}

* This play is extracted from the "Chronicle of Holinshed," in which many passages may be found which Shakespeare has, with very little alteration, transplanted into his scenes; particularly in a speech of the bishop of Carlisle, in detence of King Richard's intolerable right, and immunity from human production. Johnson, who, in his "Caroline and Scauran," has inserted many speeches from the Roman historians, was perhaps indebted to that practice by the example of Shakespeare, who had consecrated some time to copy more trouble writers. But Shakespeare had more of his own than Johnson; and, if he sometimes was willing to spare his labour, shewed, by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleness rather than necessity. This play is one of those which Shakespeare has apparently revisited; but as success in works of invention is not always proportioned to labour, it is not surprising that, with the happy force of some of his tragedies, nor can be said much to affect the passions or enlarge the understanding.—JohNSON. The notion that Shakespeare revised this play, though it has long prevailed, appears to me extremely doubtful; or, to speak more plainly, I do not believe it.—NAIoner.
FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

This exquisite play was entered at Stationers’ Hall, Feb. 25, 1597; and was printed in quarto the following year. The transactions contained in it are comprised within the period of about ten months. The action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl of Douglas, at Holmedon (or Holincote-hall), which battle was fought on Holy-day (the 1th of September), 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July (the eve of saint Mary Magdalen, in the year 1403.

"Shakespeare has," says Dr. Johnson, "apparently designed a regular connexion of these dramatic histories, from Richard the Second, to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy Land, which he resumes in the first speech of this play. The complaint made by King Henry in the last act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the broils which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, Prince of Wales, | sons to the King.
Prince John of Lancaster, | friends to the King.
Earl of Westmoreland, |
Sir Walter Blunt, |
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester.
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son.
Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March.
Schooja, Archibishop of York.
Sir Michael, a friend of the Archibishop.
Archibald, Earl of Douglas.
Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon.
Sir John Falstaff.
Pains.
Gasshill.
Peto.
Bardolph.
Lady Percy, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.
Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.
Mrs. Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

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 trifled peace to pant, And breathe short-winded accents of new broils To be commende’d in sounds afar remote. 
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil Shall daub their lips with her own children’s blood; No more shall trenching war channel her fields, Nor bruise her flowers with the armed hoofs Of hostile pace: 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—beseeching 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 mothers’ womb To chase these pagans, in those holy fields, Over whose acres walk’d those blessed feet, Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were mail’d For our advantage, on the bitter cross. But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old, And boastless ’tis to tell you,—we will go; Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me hear Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland, What yesternight our council did decree, In forwarding this dear expedition. West. My liege, this haste was hot in question, And many limits of the charge set down But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came A squad of Angles, with heavy news; Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer, Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight Against the irregular and wild Glendower, Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken, And a thousand of his people butchered: Upon those dead corpse there was such misuse, As brings un—happy and shameless transformation. By those Welshmen done, as may not be, Without much shame, re—told or spoken of. K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil Brake off our business for the Holy land. West. This, match’d with other, did, my gracious For more uneven and unwelcome news [lord; Came from the north, and thus it did import. On Holy—day old, the gallant Hotspur there, Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald, That ever—valiant and approved Scot, At Holmedon met, Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour; As by discharge of their artillery, And shape of likelihood, the news was told; For he that brought them, in the very heat, And pride of their contention did take horse, Uncertain of the issue any way. K. Hen. Here is a dear and true—industrious friend, Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse, Steadil 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 the earl of Fife, and eldest son To beaten Douglas; and the earls of Athol, Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil? A gallant prize! ha, cousin, is it not? West. In faith, it is a conquest for a prince to boast of. K. Hen. Yes, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me envy that my lord Northumberland [me see] should be the father of so blest a son: A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue; Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant; Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride: Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him, See not and dishonour stain the brow Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd, That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd That cradle-clothes our children where they lay, And call'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 Eife. West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester, Malevolent to you in all aspects! Which makes him husky, and bristles up The crest of youth against your dignity. K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this: And, for this cause, a while we must neglect Our holy purpose to Jerusalem. Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords: Do not reserve yourself with speech to gain; 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 Room 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 wert truly to know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time? Being a young lad, and with speed to us, days of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot witch in flame colour'd taffeta: I see no reason, why thou shouldest be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phoebus,—be, that wandering knight so fair. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)—

P. Hen. What! none? Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter. P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly. Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with cryings and springing in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder: and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench? P. Hen. As the honesty of Hybla, my old lady of the castle. Fal. As, for instance, is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durability? P. Hen. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quirps, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin? P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern? Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part? Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit to procure it. Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus lobbed as it is, with the rusty eurl of old father antient the law! Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. I will, by the Lord. Fal. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord, I'll be a brave P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits? Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a hagg'd bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen. What? dost thou say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal.—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, and I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; and I do not, call me villain, and haif thee.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in 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 Godshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good-morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says mon- sieur Remorse! What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar?

Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him an old 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 coveting the devil's cap.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow mor- ning, by four o'clock, early at Godshill: 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: Godshill lies to-night in Tocester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hears me, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?


Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou canst not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shilling.

P. Hen. Well, then, once to my days I'll be a mad cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and be the ears of profiling, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell All-hallow summer! [Exit Falstaff.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Godshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fall: and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other ap- pointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for a monce, to imark our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper; how thirty, at least, he fought with; what words, what blows, what ex- tremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit Poins.] P. Hen. I know you all, and will abide uphold

The un yok'd humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents,
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I ever promised,
By much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall shew 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;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.]
North. Nay, 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:
Neither envy, therefore, or suspicion
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,
Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pounce box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 'tway again;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there.
Took it in snuff;—and still he smil'd and talk'd.
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untangled knives, una monerly,
To bring a soberly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady-like nonsense
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
Many prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered 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 thing on earth
Was parcelliz'd, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous salt-peetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guus,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, have my report
Correct for the infinite accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.
Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever 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 willfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason! and indulgence, fears,
When they have lost and forfetted themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.
Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war;—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy 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
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood; [drink,
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 bare 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 believe, Percy, thou dost believe
He never did encounter with Glendower; [him,
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer,
Send me your presents with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your son:—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.
[Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and Train.
Hot. And if the devil come again near for them,
I will not send them;—I will still after straight,
And tell him so;—for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.
North. What, drunk with choleric? stay, and pause
Here comes your uncle.
[Aside;
Re-enter Worcester.
Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
Zonnds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my blood drop by drop 't the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high 't the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cankered Mortimer.
North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
MAD.
[Worcester.
War. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?
Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even till he name of Mortimer.
War. I cannot blame him: Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?
North. He was; I heard the proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

[Food.
War. And for whose death, we in the world's wide
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.
Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
North. He did; myself did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains star'd.
But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown Upon the head of this forgetful man; And, for his sake, wear the detested blot Of wondrous subornation,—shall it be, That you a world of curses undergro Be the agents, or base second means, The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?— O, pardon me, that I descend so low, To shew the line, and the predication, Wherein you range under this subtle king— Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days, Or shall I chronicle in time to come, That men of your nobility and power, Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,— As both of you, God pardon it! have done, To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose, And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke? And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken, That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off By fairer hands, for whom these shameful ends? No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves Into the good thoughts of the world again: Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt, Of this proud king; who studies, day and night, To answer all the debt he owes to you, Even with the bloody payment of your deaths, Therefore, I say,—

War. Peace, cousin, say no more; And now I will unclasp a secret look, And to your quick-conceiving discontents I'll read you matter deep and dangerous; As full of peril, and adventurous spirit, As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud, Or to unfairest 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 corrival, all her dignities, But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship! War. He apprehends a world of figures here, But not the form of what he should attend— Good cousin, give me audience for a while. Hot. I cry you mercy. War. Those same noble Scots, That are your prisoners,— Hot. I'll keep them all; By heaven, 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. War. You start away, And lend no ear unto my purposes.— Those prisoners you shall keep That I have brought up, whil's I will; that's flat:— He said, he would not ransom Mortimer; Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer; But I will find him when he lies asleep, And in his car I'll holla—Mortimer! Nay, I'll have a starving shall be taught to speak Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him, To keep his anger still in motion.

War. Hear you,

Consin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy, Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke And that same sword and buckler prince of Wales, But that I think his father loves him not, And would be glad he met with some mischance, I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale. War. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you, When you are better temper'd to attend. North. Why, what a wisp-stung and impatient fool Art thou, to break into this man's mood? Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own? Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scour'd with rods, Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke. In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?— A plague upon it!—it is in Gloucestershire;— There was the mad-cap duke his uncle kept; His uncle York—where I first bow'd my knee Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke, When you and he came back from Ravenspur. North. At Berkley castle. Hot. You say true:— Why, what a candy deed of courtesy That young greyhound then did proffer me! Look,—when his infant fortune came to age, And, gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,— O, the devil take such concerters!—God forgive me— Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done. War. Nay, if you have not, to 't again; We'll stay your leisure. Hot. I have done, I faith. War. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners Deliver them up without their ransome straight, And make the Douglas' son your only mean For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers reasons, Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd, Will easily be granted. You, my lord,—

To Northumberland. Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd, Shall secretly into the bosom creep Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd, The archbishop. Hot. Of York, is 't not? War. True; who bears hard His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop. I shall not this in estimation As what I think might be, but what I know Is ruminated, plotted, and set down; And only stays but to behold the face Of that occasion that shall bring it on. Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well. North. Before the game's a foot, then still let it 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 ourselves unsatisfied, Till he hath found a time to pay us home. And see already, how he doth begin To make us strangers to his looks of love. Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him. War. Cousin, farewell,—No further go in this. Than I by letters shall direct your course. When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly- )
I'll steal to Clarendon, 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 with much uncertainty. [trust. North. Farwell, good brother: we shall thrive, 1 Hot. Uncle, adieu.—O, let the hours be short, Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport! [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester. An In Yard. 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' wam is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler! Out. [Within.] Anon, anon. 1 Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, best Cut's saddle, put a few focks in the point; the poor jade is wrong in the withers out of all cress.

Enter another Carrier. 2 Car. Peace and beans are as dund hore as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bogs: this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died. 1 Car. Poor fellow! 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 fess: I am stung like a teac'h. 1 Car. Like a teac'h? 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 n'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fess like a loach. 1 Car. What, ostler! come away, and be hanged, come away.

2 Car. I have a garmmon of bacon, and two rases of ginger, to be deliver'd as far as Charing-cross. 1 Car. Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starved. —What, ostler! —A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head! canst not bear! An'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. —Come, and be hanged:—Hast no faith in thee? 

Enter Gaswell. Gasw. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock? 1 Car. I think it be two o'clock. Gasw. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, I faith. Gasw. I pr'ythee, lend me thine. 2 Car. Ay, when? cannot tell? —Lend me thy lantern, quoth a!—marry, I'll see thee hanged first. Gasw. SIRRah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London? 2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. —Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [Exit Carewriers. Gasw. What, ho! chamberlain! Cham. [Within.] At hand, quoth pick-purse. Gasw. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.
the rascal have not given me medijcines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else, I have drunk medicines. — Poins! — Hal! — a plague upon you both! If I be taken, I'll strive, ere I'll rob not further. An 'twere 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 threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted villains will know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [They whistle.] Whoa! — 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 car 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 again, for all the coin in thy father's exchanger. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thouliest, thou art not colted, thou art uncouled.

Fal. I 'pryethee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your usher?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in the town by-the-apparent garret; if I be taken, I'll fetch for this. An I have but baldcuts made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter Gascoigne.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our settler: I know his voice.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye: on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Fal. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Zounds. Would 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.

Point. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[Exeunt P. Henry and Poins.

Fal. Now, my masters, this happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesus bless us!

Trav. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whose an caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; loose them.

1 True. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbelhiss knaves: Are ye undone? No, ye fat chaffs; I would your store were here! Out, you are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, t'faith.

[Exeunt Fal. &c. driving the Travellers out.

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money.

[Rushing out upon them.

Poins. Villains.

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving their booty behind them.

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear. So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer. Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, and lards the lean earth as he walks along; Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue rear'd!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Horsen, reading a letter.

—but, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;—Why, that's certain, 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have hanged; the truth; your blood, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain 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 fat, fat rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commendeth the plot, and the general course of the action. Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower! Is there not besides, the Douglases! Have I love, if their letters 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 im- fidel! Hal! if you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divest myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honestable an action! Hang him! Let him tell the king: We are prepared; I will set for- ward to-night.
Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And start so often when thou sitst alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musings, and curs'd melancholy!
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of irn' wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, Courage—to the field! And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies, and retirets; of treachces, tents,
Of palfiades, frontiers, parapets;
Of basliaks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransome, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep.
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are
Some harry business hath my lord in hand, [these
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is my lord, an hour ago. [sighreif—
Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the
Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.
Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?
Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will lack him straight: O esperance!—
Bid Butler lead him forth to the park. [Exit Servant.

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. My horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasle hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are toss'd with. In faith, I'll know your business, Harry, that I will,
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title; and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprise: But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you parasite, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.
O faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away, you tripper!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is an world,
To play with mamants, and to tilt with lips;
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate! what would'st thou have
with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nor tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horse-back, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman; and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate;
Whither I go, thether shall you go too;
To day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Eastcheap.—A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room,
And lead 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 humidity. Sirrah, I am sworn
brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all
by their christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis.
They take it already upon their salvation, that, though
I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy;
and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff,
or aCornishman, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and when
I am king of England, I shall command all the good
lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, dying
scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they
cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am
so good a proficient 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 pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now
into my hand by an under-skinker; one that never
spake other English in his life, than—Eight shillings
and sixpence; for I am free to tell thee: with this shrill
addition,—Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard
in the Half-moon, or so. But, Ned, to drive away
the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand
in some by-room, while I question my pumy drawer,
to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never
leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be
nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a
precedent.

Poins. Francis! Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! Francis! [Exit Poins.

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the
pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

PoiNs. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by 'tis bad, a long lease for the
Enter Falstaff, Gardshield, Bardolph, and Peto.

Pinto. 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, — or I lead this life long, I'II sell nestheustocks, 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.]

Pinto. Didst thou never see Titus kiss a dish of butter? pitiful hearted Titus, that melted at the sweet tale of the son! if thou didst, then behold that comportment of thine.

Fal. You rogue, there is lime in this sack too: There is nothing but rougery 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, 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.

Pinto. How now, woodsack? what matter you?

Fal. A king's soul! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of faith, and drive all thy subordinates and thy whitecoat, and thy thimble of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales? Pinto. Why, you whorason round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Pinto there?

Pinto. Zounds, ye fat panche, an ye call me coward, I'll strike thee down.

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 do not drink the cup.

Pinto. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drank'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I.

[He drinks.]

Pinto. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have taken the brand pound this morning. Pinto. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four us.

Pinto. 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 'scap'd 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, esse omnium. 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.

Pinto. Speak, sir; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,
Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—
Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house;—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimble, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-call. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame!
Pains. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now 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 titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.
Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. 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 boodleman 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.

P. Hen. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?
P. Hostess. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit P. Hen. Now, sirs; by'ld lady, you fought fair:—so did I, and I'll thank you, Bardolph; you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fye!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.
P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?
Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to 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 blasphemed to hear his monstrous devices.
P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?
P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?
P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.
KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

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 wast thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy 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 bastard, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liege-man upon the cross of a Welsh hook. —What, a plaque, call you him? —

Points, O, Glendover.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that spirtually Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o'horsecake, and Jeddart.

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.

Fal. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running.

Fal. O'horsecake, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instnect.

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 heard is turned white with the news; thou mayst land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maineheads as they buy hobs-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? art thou being heir apparent, couldst the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fed Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? dost not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whitt i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

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 rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. —Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility. Host. This is excellent sport, i' faith. [sighs.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are Host. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these ha- lotry players, as I ever 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, as thou wilt, thou hast but trodden on the faster it grows, yet yowth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hugging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. It 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 cherisher, and eat black-berries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son 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 the better, the more they do drink of the news, and think what I do speak to them; but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in wees 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 you my majesty?

Fal. A good 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 luckily given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known from the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak: there is virtue in that Falstaff: his keepth faith, 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 my thumbs, like a ribbed buckle, or a poultier's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am, and here I stand.

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. 'Blood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swear 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 companionship. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dresses, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manncgtree ox with the welding in his belly, that revenged vice, that grey iniquity, that father Ruffian, that vanity in years! Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a 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.
KING HENRY IV.

FALSTAFF—This chair shall be my state.

Part First. Act II. Sc. 4.
P. Hen. I know, thou dost.
Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence,) a whom- master, 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 bost that I know, is damned: if to be fat, he to be hated, then Pharaoh’s lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Points: 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.]

[Enter Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.]

Re-enter Bardolph, turning.
Barb. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous oaths, 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, hastily.
Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—
Fal. Height, height! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: What’s the matter? Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?
Fal. Dost thou hear, lad! never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without insta-

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras:—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their daze is out, and therefore I’ll hide me.

[Exit all but the Prince and Poins.]

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.
Cor. As fat as butter.
P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here; For I myself at this time have employ’d him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg’d withal: And so let me entreat you leave the house. Sher. Will I, my lord. There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.
P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb’d these men, He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.
Sher. Good night, my noble lord.
P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; Is it not?
Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o’clock.

[Enter Sheriff and Carrier.]

P. Hen. This oilyascal is known as well as Paul’s. Go, call him forth.
Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and sporting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets. [Poins searches.] What hast thou found?
Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.
P. Hen. Let’s see what they be: read them.
Poins. Item. A capon, 2s. 6d.
Item. Sauce, 4d.
Item. Sack, two gallons, 5s. 6d.
Item. Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.
Item. Bread, a halfpenny.
P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of the frame and hugest 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 him; compare thee with advantage. Be not idle times in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

BANGOR.—A Room in the Archdeacon’s House.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope.
Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,—

Will you sit down?—
And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon’t! I have forgot the map.

Gle. No, here it is.
Sith, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur; For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Both spoke in our behalf. Now, in the shape of a rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.
Hot. And you in hell, as often as he bears Owen Glendower spake of.

Gle. I cannot blame him: at my nativity, The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, Of burning cressets; and, at my birth, The frame and huge foundation of the earth Shok’d like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done At the same season, if your mother’s cat had But kitted, though yourself had ne’er been born. Gle. I say, the earth did shoke when I was born.
Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind, If you suppose, as fearing you it shoke more. [Tremble.
Gle. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did Then the earth shook to see the heavens on And not in fear of your nativity. [fire, Daiseed nature oftentimes breaks forth In strange eruptions: off the teeming earth Is with a kind of cholic pinch’d and vex’d By the imprisoning of nervice wind. Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving Shakes the old baldine earth, and topples down Steeples, and moss-grown towers. At your birth, Our grandam earth, having this distemperature, In passion shook.

Gle. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
ACT III.—SCENE II.

Wife. In faith, my lord, you are too wonderful blame,
And since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite out of patience.

You must needs run a race, to reach that fault!
Though sometimes it does greatness, courage, speed.
Yet that's the hardest; and it renders you

And other times it does present harsh rage.

II. Mamma. Brave, majestic, opulent, and splendid;
The heart of a web, hanging a noblemen.
Lothert's men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides.

Bringing the time of communication. ['Speed

War. I am a schoolboy, good manners be mine,
Here come other waves, and let us take them leave.

Wife. The two hands are very close together.

Glaucus. Greenflower, the Ladies.

War. This is the deadly sense that anguish are—
My wife can speak no language but Welsh.

Glaucus. My daughter's words, she said, and part with
Shall be a sorrow too; she, to the words
Repeal it: long words—ah!—she, and I warrant,
Shall follow in your sweet speech. [Furly,

Greenflower says she speaks no language but Welsh,
And not of a word to me.

Glaucus. She's desperate here, a very sad soul would.
One no person can do good speech. [Journey.

[War. M. Greenflower.

War. M. Greenflower.

I understand the language, and their name,
And that a hasty conversation.
But it is the case, I am well, and the words
Wives Welsh as well as men is not your case,
Sung by a captain in a distant town.
While crossing, or even to the end.

War. Nay, you are well, for she shall make.

Glaucus. Oh, I am very much to blame.

War. She knows you.

I put my warrant over to you deliver,
And rest you in your house, for her beauty.

And she will say, sit, and put the trust,
And do your eyes as your own good day,

Glaucus. Singing of the beauty as they are in, and

War. And she well know it, and do the best.

Glaucus. Nay, she will make no mistake.

[War. M. Greenflower.

I come to the news.

[War. M. Greenflower.

Look, I come to the news.

[War. M. Greenflower.

You know my wife.

[War. M. Greenflower.

You know my wife.

[War. M. Greenflower.

Now I perceive, as I am now a Welsh
And is no matter, wish her such.

Furly. He is a good young man.

[War. I know, you believe everything but anomalous;
For you are altogether that are by your way.

I told you there, and a kind man you are.

But, I had rather bear a bowl of new broth,
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is rais'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does foreteign thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Oft, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in repeateless 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 Bestingbroke?
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Not seen, but felt; as well in my state,
Seldom, but sumpuous, showed like a feast;
And woo, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
Had his great name profan'd with their scars:
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every heedless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Eresco'd himself to popularity:
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They suffoc'd with honey; and began
To loathe the state of Authority:
So, and so of 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 blinded with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
With it shines itself in all eyes:
But rather drow'st, and hang their eye-bis down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
Being with his presence glutton'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 weary of thy common sight.
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

K. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
And thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now,
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to hont,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill hold with harness in the realm:
This head against the lord's saw jowis;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.

What never-dying honour hath be get
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursious, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majesty,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?
Fierce hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
Enlarg'd him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland.
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitalate against us, and are up.
But whither do I tell these newes to thine?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my nearest and dearest enemy?
Then that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dug his heels, and count'st by his frowns,
To show how much degenerate war-art.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it so;
And God forgive them, that have so much 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,
He bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And then my favour in a bloody mantle,
Which, wash'd away, shall scar our shame with it.
And that shall be the day, wher'ere 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,
To show how much degenerate war-art.
His prowess, and his triumph, in a bloody mantle,
Which, wash'd away, shall scar our shame with it.
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 save
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 charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter Blunt.

Now good, Blunt! thy looks are full of speed.
Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of,
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
The eleventh day of this month, at Shrewsbury
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offered to play in a state:

K. Hen. The sixteenth of Westmoreland set forth to day,
With him his son, lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set Forwar'd; on Thursday, we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
ACT III. — SCENE III.

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Shall march through Glossgiere, by which account, Our business valued, some twelve days hence Our general forces at Bridgnoth shall meet. Our hands are full of business: let's away; Odvantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Eastcheap. — A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern. Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not rate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skinkings about me like an old fayly's loose gown; I am with'der like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some iking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. As I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; dined, not above seven times a week: went to bed, 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. Come, then, I'll amend the face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our Admiral, thou bestrest the Lantern in the pooping,—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 momento mori. I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, by this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou canst not thy God—bull in thy heart to catch thee, thou didst not think thou hadst been a numen tainan, or a baal of wildfire, there is 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 light as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Euroype. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. Shrewd, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God's mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

Host. How now, dame Partlet the ben? 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: the tide 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 io, you are a wuss, go.

Host. Who, I! I defy thee; 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. Dowlas, 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, I 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 me a younget of me? shall I not take mine case 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-up; and, if he were here, I would engulge him like a dog, if he would say 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. The tour, two and three, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What savest thou, mistress Quickly? How doth 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 savest thou, Jack! 

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket-picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Will thou believe me, Hal! three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A truth, 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 four-mouthed man as he is; and said he would engulge you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune: nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox: and for womanhood, said Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you think, go. H'rt say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife, and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou!

Fal. What beast! why an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why! she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.
Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou know'st thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do I owe thee a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; then owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said, he would eng德尔 you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: Do you think, I'll fear thee as I do thy 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 all filled up with guts and mind: 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, memoranda of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy, to make thee long winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dust 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, and cherish thy guests: thou knowest I find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified. —Still! —Nay, pray thee, be gone. [Exit Hostess.] Now, Hal, to the news at court: For the robbery, lad; How is that answered?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: —The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer, the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two, and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well God he thanked for these rebels, they offered none but the virtuous; I land them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph. —

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster, My brother John; this to my lord of Westminster.

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse: for thou, and I, Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.

Jack,

Meet me to-morrow the Temple-hall: At two o'clock the afternoon: There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high; And either they, or we, must lower limb.

[Exit Prince, Poins, and Bardolph.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! —Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Horshun, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth, In this fine age, were not thought flattery, Such attention should the Douglas have, As not a soldier of this season’s stamp Should go so general current through the world. By heav'n, I cannot flatter; I declare The tongues of soothsayers; but a braver place In my heart’s love, hath no man than yourself: Nay, task me to the word: approve me, lord.

Dou. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground, But I will hear him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

What letters hast thou there? —I can but thank you. Mes. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself? Mes. He cannot come, my lord; he’s grievous sick.

Hot. Bounds! how has he the leisure to be sick, In such a justling time? Who leads his power? Under whose government come they along? Mes. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord. Wor. I pray thee, tell me, doth he keep his bed? Mes. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth; And at the time of my departure thence, He was so much fear’d by his physicians. [Exit Mes.] Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole, Ere he by sickness had been visited; His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! drop now! this sickness doth in—

The very life-blood of our enterprise: [Exit

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp. —

He writes me here,—that inward sickness— And that his friends by deposition could not So soon be draw’d; nor did he think it meet, To lay so dangerous and dear a trust On any soul renov’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? Wor. Your father’s sickness is a main to us. Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp’d off: —And yet, in faith, ’tis not; his present want Seems more than we shall find it.—Were it good, To set the exact weight of all our states All at one cast? to set so rich a main On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour? It were not good: for therein should we read The very bottom and the soul of hope; The very list, the very utmost bound Of all our fortunes.
Doug.  
'Thath, and so we should;  
Where now remains a sweet reversion:  
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what  
Is to come in:  
A comfort of retirement lives in this.  
Hot.  A rendezvous, home to fly unto,  
If that the devil and mischance look big  
Upon the maidenhead of our affaires.  
Ver.  But yet, I would your father had been here.  
The quality and hair of our attempt  
Brooks no division: It will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty, and more 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 arbitrement;  
And step a night-hold step from whence  
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.  
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,  
That shews the ignorant an kind of fear  
Before not dreamt of.  
Hot.  You strain too far.  
I, rather, of his absence make this use:—  
For all his Jove, and more great division,  
A larger dare to our great enterprise,  
Then 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 shall o'erturn it topoy-turny down.  
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.  
Doug.  As heart can think: there is not such a word  
Spoke in of Scotland, as this term of fear.  
Enter Sir Richard Vernon.  
Hot.  My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.  
Ver.  Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.  
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards, with him, prince John.  
Hot.  He's no harm: What more?  
Ver.  And further, I have learn'd,—  
The king himself in person is set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended secrecy.  
With strong and mighty preparation.  
Hot.  He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales.  
And his comrade, that daff'd the world aside,  
And bid it pass?  
Ver.  All furish'd, all in arms,  
All plan'd as lestridges, that with the wind  
Bated, like eagles having lately bath'd;  
Glittering in golden coats, like images  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And goshous as the sun at midsummer;  
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat.  
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a furt'ry Peacock.  
And watch 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 train,  
And to the fierce-eyed 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 reprimand is so nigh,  
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take 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.—  
Ver.  That Glendower were come!  
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.  
Ver.  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 make a muster speedily:  
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.  
Doug.  Talk not of dying; I am out of fear  
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.  
[Exeunt.  
SCENE II.—A public Road near Coventry.  
Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.  
Fal.  Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me  
a bottle of sack; our soldiers shall march through: we'll to Sutton-Colefield 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  
makes twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage.  
Did my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.  
Bard.  I will, captain: farewell.  
Fal.  If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am  
a much-guzet. I have misused the king's press  
damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press  
one none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been  
asked twice on the bars; 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 strick  
fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but  
such toasts 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, and townsmen, and gentlemen of rich  
companies, slaves as ragged as larrums 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 fac'd ancient: and  
such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have  
bought out their services, that you would think, that  
I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately  
come from swine keeping, from eating draft and huns.  
a mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had  
unloosed all the giblets, and pressed the dead bodies.  
No eye hath seen such scarred cows. I'll not march  
through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and  
the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they  
had gyves 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 the sleeves; and, and the shirt, too. The  
truth, stolen from my host at Saint Allan's, or the red-nose  
ino keeper of Dainty: But that's all one; they'll  
't find theirs enough on every hedge.
Enter Prince Henry and Westmoreland.

P. Hen. How now, blow'n Jack! how now quiet? 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. '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, tut! never 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 tuss: food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pot, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men. West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly. Fal. 'faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness,—I am sure they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers of the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king uncapped? 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 lighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon. Hot. We'll fight with him to-night. Wor. It may not be.


Dou. You do not counsel well; You speak it out of fear, and 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 so, I hold as little counsel with weak fear, As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:— Let it be seen to-narrow in the battle, Which of us fears.

Dou. Yea, or to-night. Ver. To-night, to-morrow, say I. Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading, 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 exult they is asleep, Their courage with hard labour tamed and dull, That not a horse is half the half himself. Hot. So are the horses of the enemy In general, journey-bated, and brought low; The better part of ours is full of rest. Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in. [The trumpet sounds a parley.
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;  
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out  
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.  

\[Blunt.\] Shall I return this answer to the king?  
\[Hot.\] Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.  
Go to the king; and let there be no laugh'd  
Some safety for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall mine uncle  
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.  

\[Blunt.\] I would, you would accept of grace and love.  
\[Hot.\] And, may be, so we shall.  

\[Blunt.\] Pray, heaven do!  

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.  
York.—A Room in the Archbishop's House.  
Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.  
Arch. He, good sir Michael; hear this sealed brief,  
With winged haste, to the lord mareschal;  
This to my cousin Scoop; and all the rest  
To whom they are directed: if you knew  
How much they do import, you would make haste.  

[To his lord.]  
I guess their terror.  
Arch. Like enough, you do.  
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truly given to understand,  
The king, with mighty and quick-rais'd power,  
Meets with lord Harry; and I fear, sir Michael,—  
What with the sickness of Northumberland.  
(Whose power was in the first proportion.)  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence, thence,  
(Who with them was a rated sionew too,  
And comes not in, dis-cruis'd by prophecyes,)—  
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak.  
To wage an instant trial with the king.  
Gent. Why, good my lord, you need not fear; there's  
And lord Mortimer.  
[Douglas,  
Arch. No, Mortimer's not there.  
[Perrey.  
Gent. But there is Mortlake, Vernon, lord Harry  
And there's my lord of Worcester, and a head  
Of Spanish arrack, noble gentlemen.  
Arch. And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn  
The special head of all the land together:—  
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;  
And many more cor-rivals, and dear men  
Of estimation and command in arms.  

[pos'd.]  
Gent. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well op.  
Arch. I hope no less, yet needful it's to fear;  
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed:  
For, if lord Percy throve not, ere the king  
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—  
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—  
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;  
Therefore, make haste: I must go write again  
To other friends; and so farewell.  

[Michael.  

ACT V.  

SCENE I.—The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.  
K. Hen. How bloody the sun begins to peer  
Above you busky hill the day looks pale  
At his distemperate.  
P. Hen. The southern wind  
Both play the trumpet to his purposes.  
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,  
Foretels a tempest, and a blustering day.  
K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize;  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—  

Trumpet. Enter Worcester and Vernon.  
Now, my lord of Worcester! 'tis not well,  
That you and I should meet upon such terms;  
As now we meet; you have deceived our trust;  
And made us dott our easy robes of peace.  
To crush our old limbs in gentle steel:  
That is not well, my lord, this is not well.  
What say you to't? will you again unknit  
This churlish knot of all abhorred war!  
And more than that, my lord.  
Where you did give a fair and natural light;  
Be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
A prodigy of fear, and a portent  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times!  
Vern. Hear me, my liege:  
For mine own part, I could be well content  
To appear in the Grendel's end of my life.  
With quiet hours: for, I do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.  
K. Hen. You have not sought it! how comest then?  
Eul. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.  
P. Hen. Peace, cheater, peace.  
Vern. Well, it pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks  
Of favour, from myself, to all the 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.  
That brought you home, and boldly did out bare  
The dangers of the time: You swore to us,  
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—  
That you did nothing purpose against the state;  
Nor claim no further than your new fall'n right,  
The seat of Gaunt, dishonour'd;  
To this we swore our oaths also,  
But, in short space, it rain'd down fortune showering on your head;  
And such a load of greatness fell on you,—  
What with our help; what with the absent king;  
What with the injuries of a wanton time;  
The seeming sufferings that you had borne;  
And the contagious winds, that held the king  
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,  
That all in England did repute him dead,—  
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,  
You took occasion to be quickly wed  
To grasp the general sway into your hand:  
Forget your oath to us at Doncaster;  
And, being fed by us, you need us no more.  
As that anguished gull, the eagle's bird,  
Useth the sparrows; did oppress our nest;  
Grew by our feeding so great a bulk,  
That even our love durst not come near your sight  
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing  
We were enforce'd, 'tis unsafe, sake, to fly  
Out of your sight, and raise my discontent head:  
Wherefor we stand approved by such means  
As you yourself have long'd against yourself;  
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
And violation of all faith and troth.
KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated, 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 discontents, Which gaped and rais'd the elbow, at the news Of hurlyburly innovation: And never yet did insurrection want Such water-colours, to impart his cause; Nor wooden beggars, starving for a time, Of pelimell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul Shall pay full dearly for this encounter, If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew, The prince of Wales doth join with all the world In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes,— This present enterprize set off his head,— I do not think a braver gentleman, More active-valiant, or more valiant-young, More daring, or more bold, is not alive, To brace 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 well, 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 [there, 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 wisely.

E'xecut Worcester and Vernon.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life: The Douglas and the Hotspur both together Are confederate against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge; For, or their answer, will we set on them: And God befriend us, as our cause is just! [Exeunt King, Bristol, and Pow'r Joun.

Fal. Hal, if thou see 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 wish'd I were bed-time, Hal, and all well. P. Hen. Why, thou artres God a death. [Exit. Fal. I wish'd I were bed-time, Hal, I would be res vacat to pay him before his death. 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 is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

SCENE II.—The Rebel Camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Ifor. O, no, my my vehemust not know, sir Richard, The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Ifor. Thee are we all undone It is not possible, it cannot be, The king should keep his word in loving us: He will suspect us still, and find a time To punish this offence in other faults: Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes: For treason is but trusted like the fox; Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and look'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 feel like oxen at a stall, The better cherished, 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 trust him on; And, his corruption being taken from us, We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all. Therefore, good cousin, let not I 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; and Officers and soldiers, behind.

Hot. By uncle is return'd:—Deliver up My lord of Westmorland.—Uncle, what news? Ifor. The king will bid you battle presently. Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmorland. Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so. Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [Ex. Ver. There is no seeming mercy in the king.热. But you beg any? God deliver you. Ifor. I told him gently of our grievances, Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,— By now foreseeing that he is forsworn: He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen: to arms! for I have thrown A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth, And Westmorland, 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 And, nephew, challenge'd you to single fight. [king, Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads; And that no man might draw short breath to-day, But I, and Harry Monmouth! 'Tell me, tell me, How shew'd his tasking? seem'd it in contemn? 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; Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue; Spoke your deservings like a chronicle; Made you ever better than his praise, By still disguising praise, valued with you: And, which became him like a prince indeed, He made a blushting cial of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As it he master'd they a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never 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, at liberty:—
But, be he as he will, yet once aye night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm.
That he shall shrink under my courtesy,—
And, fellows, soldiers, better consider what you have to do, [friends,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long;
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our conscience,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale;
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best; and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perious day.
Now,—Esperance!—Percy!—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time so do a courtesan.
[The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exit.]

ACT V.—SCENE IV.

A gallon knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Sensibly furnish'd like the king himself.
Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title: hast thou bought too dear?
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?
Hot. The king hath many marchings in his coats.
Doug. 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. Up, and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exit.

Other Alarums. Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot free at London,
I fear the shot here: here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou! Sir Walter Blunt;—
there's 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 my own
bowed.—I have led my ragamuffins where they are
peppered:—there's but 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 hoofs of vaunting enemies, [sword.
Whose deaths are unreveng'd! Pr'ythee, lend me thy
Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe
awhile.—Tark Gregory never did such deeds in arms,
as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have
made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
Lend me thy sword, I pr'ythee.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive,
thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will
sack a city. [The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.

P. Hen. What, is't a time to jest and dally now?
[Throws it at him, and exit.

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If
he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come
in his willingly, let him make a carbuncle of me.
I like not such a grinning humour as sir Walter hath:
Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour
comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [Exit.

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.
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 will lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord! I do not need your help.
And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this;
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on.

And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe too long:—Come, cousin
Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies: for God's sake come.

[Exit Prince John and Westmoreland.]
P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lan-. I did not think thee lord of such a spirit: —[easter, Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John; But now, I do respect thee as my soul. K. Hen. I saw him hold thee Perci at the point, With lustier maintenance than I did look for Of such an ungrown warrior. P. Hen. O, this boy, [Exeunt. AYeare. Enter Douglas.

Douglas. Another King! they grow like Hydras' I am the Douglas, fatal to all those [heads: That wear those colours on them.—What art thou, That counterfeiter'st the person of a king? K. Hen. The king himself, who, Douglas, griev's So many of his shadows thou hast met, [at heart, And not the very king. I have two boys, Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field: But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily, I will assay thee; so defend thyself. Douglas. I fear, thou art another counterfeit; And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king: But, seeing thou art sure on such a trust, art'ru' er thee, and thus I win thee. [They fight: the King being in danger, enter Prince Henry. P. Hen. Hold up th' head, vile Scot, or th' head art Never to hold it up again! the spirits [like Of 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. Cheers, my lord; How fares your grace? — Sir Nicholas Gawsewy hath for succour sent, And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight. K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile: Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion And shew'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life, In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me. P. Hen. O heaven! they did me too much injury, That ever said, I hearken'd for thy death, If it were so, I might have let alone The insulting hand of Douglas over you; Which would have been as speedy in thy end, As all the poison's wiles, that threatens thee, And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son. K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas Gawsewy. [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 relish of the name. I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy, To share with me in glory any more: Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere; Nor can one England brook a double reign, Of Harry Percy and the prince of Wales. Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come To end the one of us; And 'would to God, Thy name in arms were now as great as mine! P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee; And all the budding honours on thy crest I'll crop to make a garland for my head. Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [They fight. Enter Falstaff; 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; [flesh They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword But thought's the slave of life, and life, time's fool; And time, that takes survey of all the world, Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy, But that the 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-ween'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk! When that this body did contain a spirit, A kingdom for it was too small a bound; But now, two paces of the vilest earth Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. If thou wert sensible of courtesy, I should not make so dear a show of zeal: —— But, seeing, in the shape of some mangled face, And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself For doing these fair rites of tenderness. Alieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven! Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave, But not remember'd in thy epitaph!— [He sees Falstaff the ground. What! old acquaintance I could not all this flesh Keep in a little life! Poor Jack, farewell! I could have better spare'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 fray:— Embowell'd will I see thee by and by: Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit. Fal. [Rising slowly.] Embowell'd I 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 scot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie, I am no counterfeiter: To die is to be a counterfeiter; for he is but the counterfeit of a man; but the man is counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in which the better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead; low, if he should counterfeit too, and rise! I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeiter. 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, [stabbing him] with a new wound in thy thigh, come you along with me. [Takes Hotspur on his back. Re-enter Prince Henry and Prince John. P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou Thy maiden sword. [flesh'd P. John. But, soft! whom have we here? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead? P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and Upon the ground. —[bleeding Arise, Henry! or is it phantasy? That plays upon our eye-sight? 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:}
ACT V.—SCENE V.

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but if I be not Jack Falstaff then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [throwing the body down.] 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, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strongest tale that ever I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strongest 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.

[Exit retreating.]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours. Come, brother, let's 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, bearing off the 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 would'st thou turn our offers contrary?

Mische the tenor of thy kinsman's trust! Three knights upon our party slain to-day, A noble earl, and many a creature else, Had been alive this hour, If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne Betwixt our armies true intelligence. Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to; And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon Other offenders we will pause upon. [too:]

[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 bruised, That the pursuers took him. At my tent The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace, I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you This honourable bounty shall belong: Go to the Douglas, and deliver him Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:

His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day, Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds, Even in the bosom of our adversaries. [power.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland, Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed, To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop, Who, as we hear, are busily in arms: Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales, To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March. Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway, Meeting the check of such another day: And since this business so fair is done, Let us not leave till all our own be won. [Exit.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

The first edition of this play was the quart of 1600, in which year it was twice reprinted in the same form. As it is mentioned in Nares’ Wits’ Treasury, 1598, and contains an allusion to the murder of the sons of Anarach the Third by their brother Mahomet, which took place Feb. 1598: the tragedy must have been written in the intervening period. It was entered at Stationers’ Hall, August 23, 1600.

The transactions comprised in the history take up almost nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur’s being defeated and killed, 1403; and closes with the death of Henry the Fourth, and the coronation of Henry the Fifth, 1413-14.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V.

Thomas, Duke of Clarence.

Prince John of Lancaster, afterwards his son.


Earl of Warwick.

Earl of Westmoreland.

Gower, Harcourt.

Earl of Northumberland.

Sooke, Archbishop of York.

Lord Mowbray, Lord Hastings.

Lord Baldolph, Sir John Coleville.

Lord Chief Justice of the King’s Bench.

A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.

Travers and Morton, domestics of Northumberland.

Falstaff, Bardolph, Pistol, and Page.

Poins and Peto, attendants on Prince Henry.

Shallow and Silence, country justices.

Davy, servant to Shallow.

Mouldy, Shallow, Wart, Fleebe, and Bulclap.

Fang and Snake, sheriff’s officers.

Rumour. A Porter.

A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.

Lady Northumberland. Lady Percy.

Hostess Quickly. Doll Tear-sheet.

Lords and other Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE.—England.
INDUCTION.

Warkworth.—Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears: For which of you will stop The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks? I, from the orient to the drooping west, Making the wind my post-horse, still unbold The acts commenced on this ball of earth: Upon my tongue continual slanders ride; The, which in every language I pronounce, Stifling 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, swol'n with some other grief, Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war, And so much matter! Rumour is a pipe Blown with surmisings, jealousies, conjectures; And so of easy and so plain a stop, That the blunt monster with uncounted heads, The still-discordant waver ing multitude, Can play upon it. But what need I thus My well-known body to anatomize Among my household? Why is Rumour here? I run before king Harry's victory; Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury, Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops, Quenching the flame of bold rebellion Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I To speak so true? That my office is To noise ahead,—that Harry Monmouth fell Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword; And that the king before the Douglas' rage Stood his anointed head as low as death. This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns Between that royal field of Shrewsbury And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone, Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland, Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on, And not a man of them brings other news Than they have learn'd of me; From Rumour's tongues They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. [Exit.]  

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The same.

The Porter before the Gate; Enter LORd BARDOLPH.  
Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho!—Where is the Part, What shall I say you are? [Enter Harcourt.]  
Bard. To Harcourt, and to thy lordship's return, The lord Bardolph doth attend him here.  
Part. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard; Please it your honour, knock but at the gate, And he himself will answer.  

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here comes the earl.  
North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute Should be the father of some stratagem: [now The times are wild; contention, like a horse Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose, And bears down all before him.  
Bard. Noble earl, I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury. North. Good, an heaven will!  
Bard. As good as heart can wish:—

The king is almost wounded to the death; And, in the fortune of my lord your son, Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts, Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John, And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field; And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John, Is prisoner in your son: O, such a day, So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won, Came not, till now, to dignify the times, Since Cæsar's fortunes!  

How is this deriv'd?  

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury? Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from A gentleman well bred, and of good name. [thence; That freely render'd me these news for true.  

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I On Tuesday last to listen after news. [sent Bard. My lord, I over-ride him on the way; And he is furnish'd with no certainties, More than he haply may retail from me.  

Enter Travers.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?  
Trav. My lord, sir John Umfrevel turn'd me back With fearful tidings; and, being better hord, Out-rode me. After him, came, spurring hard, A gentleman almost forspent with speed, That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodyed horse: He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury. He told me, that rebellion had bad luck, And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold, Which he said, he gave his able horse the head, And, bending forward, struck his armed heels Against the panting sides of his poor jade Up to the rowel-head; and starting so, He seem'd in running to devour the way, Staving no longer question.  

North. Ha!—Again, said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold? Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion Had met ill luck!  
Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;— If my young lord your son have not the day, Upon mine honour, for a silken point I'll give my barony: never talk of it.  

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by Give them such instances of loss?  
Travers, Bard. Who, he?  
He was some hilding fellow that had stole The horse he rode on; and, upon my life, Spoke at a venture.  

Look, here comes more news.  

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf, Foretells the nature of a tragic volume: So looks the stormd, whereon the imperious flood Hath left a witness'd usurpation.——  
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?  
Mort. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord; Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask, To fright our party.  

How doth my son, and brother?  
Thou tremblest: and the whiteness in thy cheek Is auster than 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 train was burn'd But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue, And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
MORTON  Whose swift wrath beat down the never-daunted Percy to the earth.

Second Part. Act I. Sc. 1
ACT I.—SCENE I.

This thou would'st stay,—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,—
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 charted. Yet speak, Morton;
The tell them thy ear, his divination lies,
And I will take it for thee to make me gaided:
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 the heirs:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sio,
If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offended not, that reports his death:
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and this tongue
Sounds ever after as aullen bell,
Remember'd knowing 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 blood.
Read'ring faint quittance, weak'ning by each breath'd,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The temples of a curse, the neck of a crime.
From whence life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death (whose spirit bear a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruit'd once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Though once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dall and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy to Hotspur's force,
Lend to this weight such lighten'ss with their fear,
That arrows fled not nearer toward their aim,
That did our soldiers, aiming at their safety.
Fly from the field: then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gain vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,
Strange in fear, was took. all the sum.
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster.
And Westminster: this is the news at fall.
North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic: and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weak'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire,
Out of his keeper's arms: so now say limbs,
Weakened with grief, being now engag'd with grief,
Are.thrice themselves: hence therefore, thou nice
chutch;
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. Service at my lord: but, by God, I must have my dinner: the brain of this fool's-compounded ale, man, is not able to vent that many things that tends to laughter. But, sir, 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 overthrown 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 whoreson mandrake, thou art fit to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now; but I will set you 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 fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and let it not be said, 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 sixpence 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 my master then about the satyris for my shy hand and sleep?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours: he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the guttun: may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Aechitophel! a rascally yea-forsaith knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and that stand upon security!—The whoreson smalls and gattes 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 they must 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 got me the two and twenty shillings of satn, 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 streets, I was manned, hosed, and vived.

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?

Attent. Falstaff, ain't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Attent. 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 Looacaster.


Attent. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Attent. Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! 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.

Ch. Just. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man?

Attent. Setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Attent. 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. Three bee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me. If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged: You hunt-counter, hence! avvant!

Attent. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give you your lordship good time! I will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, 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, 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 your excellency; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled with.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the pain 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 I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in his belt, cannot live in less.
ACT I.—SCENE III.

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 slenderer.
Ch. Just. You have missed the youthful prince.
Fal. The young prince hath missed me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.
Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to call a new-healed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gods-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet over-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 wassal 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 gravy, gravy, gravy.
Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.
Fal. No, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times, that true value is turned bear-bead: Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertaining to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.
Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? Is your woid short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fye, fye, fye, sir John!
Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaying, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and be that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lions repent: marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth; but in new silk, and old sack.
Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!
Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.
Ch. Just. Well, the king hath sever'd you and prince Harry I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.
Fal. Yeas; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last for ever: But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.
Ch. Just. Well, be honest, he honest; And God bless your expedition!
Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?
Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses.
Page. Fare you well: Command me to my cousin Westmoreland.
[Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.
Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.—
A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so high a degree prevent my curses. —Boy!—
Page. Sir?
Fal. What money is in my purse?
Page. Seven greats and two-pence.
Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. —Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [Exit Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do bolt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. —
[Exit.

SCENE III.

York.—A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means; And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:— And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?—
Mowbray. I well allow the occasion of our arms; But gladly would be better satisfied, How, in our means, we should advance ourselves To look with forehead bold and big enough Upon the power and puissance of the king.
Hast. Our present muster grows upon the field 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.
Dard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth Whether our present five and twenty thousand [thus; May hold up head without Northumberland.
Hast. With him, we may.
Dard. 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-fac'd as this,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be?
And being now trimm'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 glutious bosom of the royal Richard?
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And bow'ls 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 thy goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st at now, O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seems best; things present, worst.
Momb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hust. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.
[Exeunt,

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

Enter Hostess; Fung, and his Boy, with her; and Snare following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?
Fung. It is entered.
Host. Where is your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?
Will a stand to 't?
Fung. Sirrah, where's Snare?
Host. O lord, ay: good master Snare.
Snare. Here, here.
Fung. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.
Snare. Seven, good master Snare; I have entered him and all
Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.
Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, a cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will fain like a bloody devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.
Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.
Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.
Fang. An I but list him once; an a come but within my vicre—
Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an inimitive thing upon my score:—Good master Fang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not scape. He comes continually to pie-corner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner at the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkenman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly exposed, I hope you will, let him be brought in to his an-swer. A hundred mark is a long loan for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been faff'd off, and faff'd off, and faff'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such a dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nese knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.
ACT II.—SCENE I.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?  
Fal. 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.  
Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou wilt thou? thou bastards rogue!—Murther, murder! O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-sucked rogue! thou art a honey-sweet, a man queller, and a woman queller.  
Fal. Keep than thou off, Bardolph.  
Fal. A rescue! a rescue!  
Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wot'st thou wot'st thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou, hemp-sessed.  
Fal. Away, you scullion! you rumpollion! you fustilarian! I'll tackle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.  
Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!  
Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me! —[ing here!  
Ch. Just. How now, Sir John? what, are you brawl thy place, your time, and business?  
You should have been well on your way to York.—Stand from him, fellow! Wherefore hang'st thou on him?  
Host. O, my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.  
Ch. Just. For what sum?  
Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, 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'll 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? Fye! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of excoriation? 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 went an honest man, thyself, and thine house, I would set thee upon a paraded-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 liking 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 thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, 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 dirk 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 more so to 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 lay thereof to me upon a bag of salt, 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 comendit brow, nor the thron of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consider-ation: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in a piece and person.  
Host. Ye, in troth, my lord.  
Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villain you have done with her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.  
Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this snare without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness; if a man will make courtly, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty re-remembered, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire to be among those 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 Gower.  
Ch. Just. Now, master Gower: What news?  
Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.  
Fal. As I am a gentleman:——  
Ch. Just. Nay, you said so before.  
Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of that sort here.  
Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.  
Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapsteries. Let it be ten pound if thou canst. Come, as it were not for thy honours, 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. Fray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty pounds, and I will be loath to pawo 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 pawo my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: You'll pay me altogether!  
Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [to BARDOLPH hook on, hook on.  
Fal. Will you have Doll Tear-sheets meet you at supper?  
Fal. No more words, let's have her.  
[Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, & Page.  
Ch. Just. I have heard better news.  
Fal. What's the news, my good lord?  
Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?  
Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.  
Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?  
Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?  
Gow. No, fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march'd up to the lord of Lancaster.  
Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.  
Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?  
Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently.
Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What’s the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right 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.—Another street.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. ’Tis faith it doeth me; though it discourseth the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilenly in me, to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so hollily 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 of peach-colour’d, and one of them? or bear 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 elb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that baw out the parts of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have 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, Poins? Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Why, 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.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think’st me as far in the devil’s book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obstinacy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow?

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man’s thought, and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man’s thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought, to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so slow, and so much engraven to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the word that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands: and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him apace.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Bard. ’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 now? What a maidenly am I at amours you become? Is it such a matter, to get a pottle-pot’s maidshead? Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I discerned 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 petitcoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy prorated?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away! Page. Away, sir, you ass. 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. [Gives him money.] Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from the caskers!—Well, there’s 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. I heard of your grace’s coming to town; there’s a letter for you.

Page. Delivered with good respect.—And how dath the marllemas, your master?

Bard. In bolely health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician, but that moves him not, though that be sick, itteth 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 writeth.

Page. [Reads.] John Falstaff, knight.—Every man must know that: as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, There 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. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:—

Poins. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting,—Why this is a certificate.
ACT II.—SCENE IV.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity: he sure means brevity in breath; short winded.

—I commend you to her; I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins: for he misuses thy favors so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repeat at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.

Thee, by you and so, (which is as much as to say, as thou wast him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned! must I marry your sister? Poins. May the witch have 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. Eppeswans, 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.

P. Hen. Even such kin, as the parish hoes are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy, — and Bardolph; — no word to your master, that I am yet come to town:

There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,— I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [Exit BARDOLPH and PAGE. —This Doll Tear-sheet should be some read.

Page. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How knew you Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descent! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice! a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly.

Follow me, Ned. [Exit.

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 headstrong'd to it than now:
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry
Throw 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,
Because 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, hymns of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him! O miracle of men!—hin did you leave,
(Second to none, unsecoed 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 defendable—so you left him;

Never, O never, do his glory the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him; let them alone;
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grant.

North. Beshrew your heart, Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient overlooks.

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 puissance 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 he to 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 tale swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back:—
I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Bear's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 Drawer. What the devil hast thou brought there?

2 Drawer. 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 had forgot that.
KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

1 Draw. Why then, cover, and set them down: And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; mistress Tear-sheet would fain have some music. Despatch:—The room where they sippets, is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Pains-anon; and they will put on two of ear jerkins, and aprons, and sir John must not know of it. Bar- dolph hath brought word. 

1 Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.

Enter Hostess and Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. I faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: 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? Doll. Better than I was. Here.

Host. Why that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

Enter Falstaff, singing.

Fal. When Arthur first in court—Empty the jor- dace.—And was a worthy king: [Exit Drawer.] How now, mistress Doll? Doll. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth. Fal. So is all her sect; so they be once in a calm, they are sick. Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me? Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll. Doll. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the court help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels. Fal. Your branches, peels, and overaches;—for to serve bravely, is to come batalting off, you know: To cut off the breech with his pike bent bravely, and to surgyery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely:

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy congery, hang yourself! Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, 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: [to Doll.] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hosehead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd 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.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the soul-mouth'd rogue in Eng- land.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggers: 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.

Fal. Dost thou hear; it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me; you ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tissick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me, — it was no longer ago than Wednesday last. — Neighbours Quickly, says he; — master Dumb, our minister, was by then; — Neigh- bor Quickly, says he, receive those that are evil; for, saith he, you are in an ill name:—now he said so, I can tell whereupon;—for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Receive, says he, no swaggering companions. — There comes none here; — you would bless you to hear what he said,—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. Dost thou hear:—there's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy grey- hound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. — Call him up, drawer.

Host. Chester, 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: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Baroloph, and Page.

Pist. '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 of- fend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.


Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy. Fal. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, and you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt slate juggling, you rogue, in the face when I pray you, sir.—What, 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.

Pist. Captain! thou abominable damned knave, art thou not ashamed to be called—captain? If cap- tains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon
mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupant; which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

**Bard.** Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

**Fal.** Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

**Pist.** Not I: tell thee what, corporal Bardolph:—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

**Page.** Pray thee, go down.

**Pist.** I'll see her damned first:—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebuses and tortures vile also. Hold book and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down factors! Have we not Hiren here!

**Host.** Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i'faith: I beceed you now, aggravate your choler.

**Pist.** These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack—And hollow papam'd jades of Asia, These, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, Compare with Caesars, and with Canibals, And Trojan Greeks! nay, rather damn them with King Cercebus; and let the welkin roar.

Shall we fall foul for toys?

**Host.** By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

**Bard.** Be good, gone ancient; this will grow to a brawl anon.

**Pist.** Die men, like dogs; give crown like pins; Have we not Hiren here?

**Host.** O' 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.

_Si fortuna me tormenta, sperata me contenta._

Fear we broadsides? no, let the feed give fire: Give me some sack:—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

**[Laying down his sword.]**

Come we to full points here; and are et cetera's nothing?

**Fal.** Pistol, I would be quiet.

**Pist.** Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: What! we have seen the seven stars.

**Doll.** Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fistian rascal.

**Pist.** Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

**Fal.** Cut him down, Bardolph, like a shove-great shilling: nay, if 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?—_[Switching up his sword._

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days! Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Unline the sisters three! Come, Atripos, I say! Host. Here's good stuff toward!

**Fal.** Give me my rapier, boy.

**Doll.** I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

**Fal.** Get you down stairs.

_Drawing, and driving Pistol out._

**Host.** Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forsware keeping house, afore I'll be in these terrors and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons._

**[Exeunt Pistol, and Bardolph.]**

**Doll.** I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whorsom 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!

**Doll.** Ah, you sweet little rogue, you. Alas, poor ape, how thou sweest! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whorsom chops:—Ah, rogue i'faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthes. Ah, villain!

**Fal.** A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

**Doll.** Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

**Enter Music.**

**Page.** The music is come, sir.

**Fal.** Let them play!—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

**Doll.** I, faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whorsom little tidy Bartholomew hoar-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 drawers.**

**Fal.** Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

**Doll.** 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.

**Doll.** They say, Poins has a good wit.

**Fal.** He a good wit? hang him, baboo! his wit is as thick as Tewsbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

**Doll.** Why does the prince love him so then?

**Fal.** Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quots well; and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds so bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind, and an able body, for which the prince his: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avadipsos.

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, if 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 almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lying in his master's old table; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

**Fal.** Thou dost give me flattering busses.

**Doll.** Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

**Fal.** I am old, I am old.

**Doll.** I love thee better than I love e'er a seamy young boy of them all.

**Fal.** What stuff wilt have a kittle of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'll forget me, when I am gone.
Doll. By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou savest so; prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return — Well, hearken to the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.


Fal. Hal! a bastard son of the king's! — And art not thou Pains his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou speakest 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 thee! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, — by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[Leaving his hand upon Doll.]

Doll. How! you fat fool, I see you. Pains. 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 vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentleman?

Host. 'Blessing o' your good heart, and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by God'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, ifal, on mine honour; no abuse. P. Hen. Not to disparage me; and call me — panter, and bread-chipper, and I know not what.

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Pains. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I disparaged 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, 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 the boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Pains. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph, irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but rust malt-worms. For the boy, — there is a good angel about him; but the devil outshouts 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 the which, I think, thou wilt have.

Host. All victuallers do so: What's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentleman,
ACT III.—SCENE II.

Seal up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains in cradle of the rude imperious surge; And in the visitation of the waves, Who take the ruffian billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hoaing them With deal'ting clamours in the slipper'y clouds, That with the hurly, death itself awakes? Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude: And, in the calmest and most stillst night, With all appliances and means to boot, Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down! Uncasvies 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, Has been 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 mediocrum. My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read the book And see the revolution of the times of fate; Make mountains level, and the continent (Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself Into the sea! and, other times to see The beeves read o'er the letters that I sent them.

War. Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances muck, And changes fill the cup of alteration With divers liquors! O! if this were seen, The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through, What perils past, what crosses to ensue,— Would shut the book, and sit him down and die. 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: For every sake, I cared of Richard, Gave him defence. But which of you was by. (You, cousin Nevill, as I may remember,) 'Tis War. When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears, Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,— Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy? Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which My cousin Holtyngbrooke ascends my throne: Though then, heaven 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,—was went on, Unravelling 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 deceas'd: The which observ'd, a man may prophecy, With a near aim, of the main chance of things As yet not come to life; which in their seeds, And weak beginnings, he Intreasserted. 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, if that seed, grow to a greater falseness; Which should not find a ground to root upon, Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities? Then let us meet them like necessities— And that same word even now cries out on us, They say, the bishop and Northumberland Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord; Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo, The numbers of the fear'd.—Please it your grace, To go to bed; upon my life, my lord, The powers that you already have sent forth, Shall bring this prize in very easily.

To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd A certain instance, that Glendower is dead. Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill; And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel: And, were these inward wars once out of hand, We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Peeble, Bell-calf, and Servants behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on: give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer by the road. And how doth my good cousin Silence? Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your belfellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen? Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called—lusty Shallow, then, cousin. Shal. By yea and nay, I called any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Dout of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cottswole man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-radas were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers!

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist sais, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.
Enter Bardolph, and one with him.

Sir. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of the county, and one of the king's justices of the peace.

What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commands him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good 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, it is: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes from accommod: 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. 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 look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow.—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well behoves you should be of the peace.

Sir. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fye! this is hot weather. — Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll! where's the roll!—Let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir;—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

Mould. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John? a good limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Mould. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time then worth used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, I'faith! things, that are moudly, lack use: Very singular good!—In faith, well said, sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Shal. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone; my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery. You need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Shal. Spent!

Fal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know you where you are?—For the other, sir John,—let me see,—Simon Shallow?

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under him: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shal. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shal. 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 much 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 muster-book.

Feer. Thomas Wart!

Fal. 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. Why thou art 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 Feeble?

Feer. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feer. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir john?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feer. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Feer. I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would, thou went a man's tailor; that thou might'rt mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Feer. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—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 prick'd?

Bull. O lord, sir! I am a diseased man.
Act III.—Scene II.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Ful. A whooping-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 more called than thy 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, in good 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 Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not leave me, 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 Nightwork by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's inn.

Sir. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that 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.

Bard. Good master corporal Bardolph, stand by my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns on you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief he'd 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 parts so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Mow. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand by my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth I care not;—a man can die but once;—We owe God a death,—I'll ne'er bear a base mind—'tis not my destiny, so; and, by my troth, sir, I had as lief he'd hanged, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, 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 parts so much:

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff, and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you—I have three pound to free Moudly and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Harry then,—Moudly, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shallow.

Fal. Moudly, and Bull-calf:—For you, Moudly, stay at home, still; 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 Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is; he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a powerer'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 men,—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So—very well—go to:—very good,—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.

Well said, Sir, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a medal 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 show,) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: rah, tah, tah, would 'a say; bounce, 'a would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow,—

God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both:—I thank you; I must do a mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the scab a medal for thee.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: perdurance, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [Exeunt Falstaff, Silence, and others. As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Tushbury street; and every third word a lie, dier paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked redish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife; he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: he was the very Cénaus of fame; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—maudrake: he came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sang those tunes to the over-starched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and aver—these were his fancies, or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire; and
talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to king; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name; for you might have trust'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hound was a mansion for him, a court; and now he hath and beaves. Well; I will be acquainted with him if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: If the young duke be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, but 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 called?

Aust. This Guiltree forest, an't please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords: and send discoverers forth, To know the numbers of our enemies.

Host. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done. My friends, and brethren in these great affairs, I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd New-dated letters from Northumberland; Their cold intent, temper and substance, thus:— Here doth he wish his person, with such powers As might hold sortance with his quality, The which he could not levy; whereupon He is retir'd, to rip his growing fortunes, To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers, That your attempts may overlive 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.

Host. Now, what news?

Mess. West. 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 us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowbr. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. 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 both my line and my right, Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage, And countenance'd by boys, and beggary; I say, if'd fam'd commotion so appear'd; In his true, native, and most proper shape, You, reverend father, and these noble lords,

had not been here to dress the ugly form Of base and bloody insurrection.

With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop, Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd; Whose heard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd; Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd; Whose white investments figure movements, 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 graves, your shed to blood, Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands, Briefly to this end:—We are all discons'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 a physician; Nor do I, as an enemy to peace, To troop in the throns of military men: But, rather, shew a while like fearful war, To diet rank minds, sick of happiness; And off our obstructors, which begin to stop Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly, I have in equal balance justly weigh'd [fer, What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer, And find our griefs heavier than our offences. We see, in which way the stream of time doth run, And are enfor'd from our most quiet sphere By the rough torrent of occasion; And have the summary of all our griefs, What we shall serve, to shew in articles; Which, long ere this, we offered to the king, And might by no snit gain our 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-seeming 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? What wrongs have you been galled by the king's enemy? What peer hath been suborn'd 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.

Mowbr. Why not to him, in part; and to us all, That feel the bruises of the days before; And suffer the condition of these times To lay a heavy and unequal hand Upon our honours?

West. O, my good lord Mowbray, Construe the times to their necessities, And you shall say, indeed, it is the time, And not the king, that doth you injure. Yet, for your part, it not appears to me, Either from the king, or in the present time, That you should have an inch of any ground To build a grief on: Were you not restored To fill the duke of Norfolk's seignories, Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's? Mowbr. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
ACT IV.—SCENE II.

That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me!
The king, that lov'd him, in the state stood then,
Was, then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he—
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing couriers darting of the spur,
Their armed staves to 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 stood
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke.
O, when the king did throw his wardour down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then throw he down himself; and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

War. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not
The earl of Hereford was reputed then: [what:
In England the most valiant gentleman;
Who knows, o whom fortune would then have smil'd?
But, if your father had been victor there,
He never had borne it out of Coventry:
For the whole of the country, his foes so entwined with his friends,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on.
And bless'd, and grace'd indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our principally.
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
The king, as he will, will give you what he will.
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 forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.
West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies:
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
The reason why, our hearts should be as good:
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.
Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.
West. That argues but the shame of your offence;
A rotten case abides no handling.
Hast. Hast 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. [schedule;
Arch. Then take, my lord of Westminster, this
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are issuinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present execution of our wills
To as, and to our purposes, consign'd:
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
Let this will I show the general. Please you lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace, which heaven so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.
Arch. My lord, we will do so. [Exit West.
Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom, tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that? if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action:
That were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.
Arch. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revises 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 so entwined with his friends,
That, plucking to uex an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes;
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was once to be so tendered.
Hast. Besides the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but oot hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore he assured, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.
Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.
West. The prince is here at hand: Pleadeth your lordship,
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?
Mowb. Your grace of York in God's name then set forward.
Arch. Before, and greet his grace—my lord, we come. [Entreat.

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter from one side, MOWBRAY, the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, and others; from the other side, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cou-
sin Mowbray:
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all—
My lord of York, it better shew'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would be abuse the countenance of the king,
Ahak, what mischiefs might he set abroad.
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God!
To us, the speaker in his parliament,
To us, the imag’d voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince’s name,
In deeds dishonourable! You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven, and him,
Have here up-swarm’d them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father’s peace:
But, if I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time miscar’d doth, in common sense,
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with scorn shov’d from the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm’d asleep,
With most of our most just and rightful desires:
And true obedience of this madness cur’d,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Momb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If this disorder’s, there shall second them:
And so, success of mischief shall be born;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too
To sound the bottom of the after-times. [shallow.
West. Pica-etch your grace, to answer them directly.
Hast. 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 toolavishly
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 power upon 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:
And thereupon, I drink unto your grace.

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 well please them; the thee, captain.

[Exit Officer.

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.
West. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew
I have bestow’d, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it:—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.
Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season:

For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against all chances, men are ever merry,
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, sir; since sudden sor-
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-

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. His is but waited 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 discharge too.—[Exit West.
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men.

We should have cop’d with.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismissed, let them march by.

[Exit Hastings.

P. John. I trust, my lords, we shall be to-night
Together.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

West. My lord, our army is dispatch’d already.
Like youthful steers unyok’d, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward 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.

West. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawa’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,—like 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;
Travison’s true bed, and yeilder up of breath.

[Exeunt.

SESCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Falstaff and Coleville, meeting.

Fal. What’s your name, sir? of what condition
are you; and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Cole-
ville of the pale.

Fal. Well then, Coleville is your name; a knight
is your degree; and your place, the pale: Cole-
ville shall still be your name; a traitor your degree;
and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough;
so shall you still be Coleville of the date.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, who’er I am. Do
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 Glosstershire: and, when you come to court,  
stand my good lord, 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,  
Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [Exit.  
Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better  
with your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young  
sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man can  
not make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he  
drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure  
boys come to any profit; for thin drink doth so  
overcool their blood, and making many fish-meats,  
that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness;  
and then, when they marry, they get wenchers: they  
are generally fools and cowards,—which some of us  
should be too, but for inflammation. A good sher-  
riss-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It  
ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish,  
and dull, and cruddy vapours which environ it: makes it  
apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery,  
and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the  
voice (the voice which is) my brain,) gives me an  
excellent wit. The second property of your excellent  
sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before  
cold and settled, left the white liver 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, in a man, gives warning to all the  
rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then  
the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, must  
me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and  
pulled up with this retinue, doth any 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 board of gold kept by  
the devil, it anon commences it, and serves in act  
and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is va-  
lient: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit  
of his father, he hath, like bean, steril, and bare land,  
manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent en-  
deavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile  
sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If  
I had a hand with the first common principle I  
would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin  
potations, and addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?  
Bard. The army is discharg'd all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glosstershire; 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 heaven doth give successful  
To this debate that bleadeth at our doors, [end  
We will our youth lend 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. [To Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother?]

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at
K. Hen. And how accompanied? [Windsor.]

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? [repose.]

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Cla-
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 brethren: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead.

Between his greatness and thy other brethren,—
Therefore, omit him not; blust not his love:
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As rains 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 incensed to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,) Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
Asaconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Clu. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
Thomas?

Clu. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? can'st thou tell that?

Clu. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fatted 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, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood is his counsellors,
When passions and rash manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards confounding peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the most incommoded word
Be looked upon, and learnt: which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no farther use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfection of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memory

Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mote the lives of others;
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her
In the dead career.—Who's there? Westmoreland?

Enter 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 a hand:
Mowbray, the bishop Scoope, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But peace puts forth her olive everywhere,
And the manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure, may your highness read;
With every course, in his particular.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the launch of winter sings

The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter Harcourt.

Harr. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, come, large, to large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news
make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and 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. [Skeous.]

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Clu. O my royal father! West. My sovereign lord, cheer you up yourself, look up!
My father's princely princes; you do know, these fits Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Clu. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs; The incessant care and labour of his mind Hath wrung the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they do observe Unfather'd hairs, and leathern birds of nature: The seasons change their manners, as the year Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Clu. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between.
And the old folk, time's dotting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speaker, lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apple will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

[They convey the King into an inner part of the room, and place him on a bed.

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.
Clu. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.
ACT IV.—SCENE IV.

Enter Prince Henry.
P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?
Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none
How doth the king?
[Aside.] P. Humph. Exceeding ill.
P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him, P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
P. Hen. If he be sick
With joy, he will recover without physic.
War. Not so much noise, my lords; —sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is dispose'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.

[Event all but P. 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 parts of slumber so enwreath'd
To make a watchful night — night-sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with honelly bigg'd round,
Snores out the watch of night. — O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. — By his gasp of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stint's not:
Did he suspect, that light and weightless dream
Perforce must move. — My gracious lord! my father! —
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigid hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is 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 it sits,—

[Putting it on his head.]

What heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
[strength]
This lineal honour from me: This from thee
Will I to thine leave, as 'tis left to me.
[Exit.]


Cla. Doth the king call? — [grace]
War. What would your majesty? I how fares your
K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords.
Cla. We left 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
He is not here.
[see him.]
War. This door is open; he is gone this way.
P. Humph. He came not through the chamber
where we stay'd.

[pillow.]

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my
War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
K. Hen. The prince hath 'tis en it hence: — go, seek
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
him out.
My sleep my death?
Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[Exit Warwick.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And help'st to end me. — See, sons, what things you are!
Hark! Hark! the true falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with
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 thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises;
Then, like the bee, toiling from every flower
The virtuous sweets;
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bee,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engagements to the ending father. —
Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath 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 life did manifest, thou dost not see.
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; let us use here as

[K. Hen. Thys wish was father, Harry, to that thought;
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thou hast the ripe O foot of crown?
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 by art thou dost beggar me,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it,
Thou bid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
That thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! cannot thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thyself,
And bind the merry bells ring to thee as far,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my ears,
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 oaths, 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 confuses, purge you of your scum:
Have you a roanish, 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 gilt;
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 fling his teeth in every breach;
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withstand thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?

2 D 2
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!
P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,

Kneeling.

The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spake, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And I'll that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
(Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth,) this prostrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die;
And never live to shew the 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 no case,
And thus upbraided it. The core on thee depending,
 Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in curat, is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renowned,
Hast eat thy bread 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 stain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of pride
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might 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!
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleasing so wisely in excess of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven 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 uphold
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding suppos'd 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 purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wert'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their strings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advance'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off: and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy holy minds
With foreign quarrels: that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may they 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 Lanc-
estar.

[father]
P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal
K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son
John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.

Where is any 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. Land be to God!—even there my life must
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
[and
I should not dwell out 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.

SCENE I.

Glosstershire.—A Hall in Shallow's House.

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say.
Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.
Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be ex-
cused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no
excess shall serve; you shall not be excused.—
Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.
Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy.—let me see, Davy; let
me see:—yec, 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 head land
with wheat?
Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William
cook.—Are there no young pigeons?
Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note,
for shoeing, and plough 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!  

Slat. He shall answer it: — Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.  

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?  

Slat. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A friend of the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and well backbit.  

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul lines.  


Slat. I beseech you, sir, to contemnance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perks of the hulk.  

Slat. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knife, on my knowledge. Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knife, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knife should have some contemnance at his friend’s request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knife is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knife against an honest man, I have not a very little credit with your worship. The knife is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be contemnance.  

Slat. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [Exit Davy.] Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.  

Dav. Sir John, I am glad to see your worship.  

Slat. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph: — and welcome, my tall fellow. [To the Page.] Come, sir John. [Exit Shallow.]  

Fal. I’ll follow you, good master Robert Shallow.  

Bardolph, look to your horses. [Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.] If I were saved 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 man’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 society, that they do not like to consent, hide so many wild-goose. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their masters: 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 intercalations. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest, with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders: O, you should see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.  

Slat. [Within.] Sir John!  

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow. [Exit Falstaff.]
As things acquainting and familiar to us; —
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

[To the Lord Chief Justice.
Our coronation done, we will accost,
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And (God consenting to my good intents,) No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say—
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Glostershire.—The Garden of Shallow's House.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard: where, in an
arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own
graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth;—
coming, cousin Silence,—and then to bed.
Fal. Fore God, you have here a goody dwelling,
and a rich.
Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beg-
gars all, sir John;—merry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy. Well said, Davy.
Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is
your serving man, and your huntsman.
Shal. A good dish of a good virus, a very good virus,
sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much
tack at supper:—A good varlet. Now sit
down, now sit down;—come, cousin.
Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing
And praise heaven for the merry year;
When pease is cheap, all females dear,
And lucky bulls run hither and thither.
So merrily,
And ever amongst 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; [seating Bardolph and the
Page at another table.] I'll be with you anon:—most
sweetest 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's aspect;— [Singing
For women are shrunk 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 if I? I have been merry twice and once
ever more.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leath-casts for you.
[Setting them before BARDOLPH.
Shal. Davy,—
Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.
[To BARDOLPH.]—A cup of wine, sir?
Sil. A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the lemon wine; [Singing
And a merry heart lives long a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.
Sil. And 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 wastet
any thing, and wilt not call, beware thy heart.
Welcome, my little tiny thief; [to the Page.] 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. Yes, sir, in a potte pot. 

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred. 

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir. 

Shal. Why, these spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [Knocking heard.] Look who's at door there: 

Ho! who knocks? 

[Exit Davy.] 

Fal. Why, now you have done me right. 

To Silence, who drinks a hamper. 

Sill. Do me right, [Singing. And dub me knight: 

Samingo. 

Is't not so? 

Fal. 'Tis so. 

Sil. Is 't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat. 

Re-enter Davy. 

Davy. An it 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? 

Pistol. God save you, sir John! 

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol? 

Pistol. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.—Sweat knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm. 

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be; but goodman Puff of Barson. 

Puff. Puff! 

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend, 

And heller-shelter 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. 

Pistol. 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, Sowerlet, and John. [Sings. 

Pistol. Shall daugh'g'rs ears confront the Helicon? 

And shall good news be baffled! 

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Faries' lap. 

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding 

Pistol. 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. 

Pistol. Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die. 

Shal. Under king Harry. 

Pistol. Harry the fourth? or fifth? 

Shal. Harry the fourth. 

Pistol. A foutra for thine office!—Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king; 

Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth: 

When Pistol lies, do thus; and ay me, like 

The bragging Spaniard. 

Fal. What! is the old king dead? 

Pistol. As nail in door; the things I speak, are just. 

Fal. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt to the

land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee 

with dignities. 

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood 

for my fortune. 

Pist. What? I do bring good news? 

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, 

my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am for- 

tune's Stewart. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night:—O, sweet Pistol:—Away, Bardolph. [Exit Bard.]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me: and, withal, de- 

vise 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 Eng- 

land are at my commandment. Happy are they which 

have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief 

justice. 

Pist. Let vultures vite seize on his lungs also 

Where is the life that late I led, say they; 

Why, here it is;—Welcome these pleasant days. 

[Exeunt.] 

SCENE IV.—London. A Street.

Enter Beadle, dragging in Hostess Quickly and 

Doll Tearsheet. 

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might 

die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou hast draw 

my shoulder out of joint. 

1 Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me: and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I 

warrant her; there hath been a man or two lately 

killed a about her. 

Doll! 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-faced villain. 

Host. O the Lord, that sir John were come! he 

would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I 

pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry! 

1 Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions 

again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you 

both to go with me; for the man is dead, that you 

and Pistol beat among you. 

Doll. I'll tell thee what, thou wish a man in a caper? 

I will have you as soundly forsworn for this, you blue- 

bottle rogue! you filthy famished corrector; if 

you be not forsworn, I will forswear half-kirtles. 

1 Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come. 

Host. O, that right should thus overcome might! 

Well; of snuff'ness comes ease. 

Doll. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice. 

Host. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound. 

Doll. Goodman death! Goodman bones! 

Host. Thou atony thou. 

Doll. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal! 

1 Bead. Very well. » [Exeunt.] 

SCENE V.—A publi Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes. 

1 Groom. More rushes, more rushes. 

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice. 

1 Groom. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the 

coronation: Despatch, despatch. [ExeuntGrooms 

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, 

and the Page. 

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow.

I will make the king do you grace: I will hear upon 

him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the counte-

nance that he will give me. 

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight. 

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if
1 had had time to have made new liverys, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you.

[To Shallow.] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. I doth so.

Ful. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Ful. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Ful. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Ful. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis semper idea, for absque habe nihil est: 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Ful. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, and make thy rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, is in base durance, and contagious prison; shall I thither.

By most mechanical and dirty hand:

Rouze up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's

For Doll is in; Pistoll speaks not but truth: [snake, snake.

Ful. I will deliver her. [Shouts within, and the trumpet sound.]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-changer sounds.

Enter the King and his Train, the Chief Justice among them.

Ful. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Ful. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Ful. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

Kast. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers; how canst thou wish thee on pain of death, and justice! 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 three wider than for other men:

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

Presume not, that I am the thing I was:

For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those who 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 have rais'd 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 child, my lord, to see perform'd the tenor of our word.

Set on. [Enter King and his Train.

Ful. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Ful. 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 give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Ful. 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.

Ful. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistoll;—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.

Ful. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak; I will hear you soon.

Take them away.


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 moderate to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my

Ch. Just. He hath. [lend.

P. John. I will lay odds;—that, ere this year expire,

We bear our civil swords, and native se.

As far as France: I heard a bird so sing;

Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.

Come, will you hence? [Exit.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

First, my fear; then, my court'sy: last, my speech.

My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, 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: hate 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 to it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France; where, for any
ACT V.—SCENE V.

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thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed by your high opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Desdemona, "O most base and impotent conclusion!" As this play was not to our knowledge, divided into acts by the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth; "In that Jerusalem shall Harry die." These scenes, which now make the fifth act of Henry the Fourth, might have been the first of Hen. Ali, the but the truth is that they do not unite very commodiously to either play. When these plays were represented, I believe they looked as they are now ended in the books; but Shakespeare seems to have designed that the whole series of action, from the beginning of Richard the Second, to the end of Henry the Fifth, should be considered by the reader as one work, upon one plot, only broken into parts by the necessity of exhibition.

None of Shakespeare's plays are more read than the First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth. Perhaps no author has ever, in two plays, afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the sligher occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiency probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with the utmost variety of discourse, and the profoundest skill in the nature of men.

The prince, who is the hero both of the comic and tragic part, is a young man of great abilities and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is disguised by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The triver is raised into a hero, and the heroic apothesizes in the trifer, the character is great, original, and just.

Percy is a rugged soldier, choler, and generous, and has only the soldier's virtues, generosity and courage. But Falstaff, unamiable, unamiable Falstaff, how shall I describe the other's companionship of sense and vice, of some which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice, which may be de- nounced, but hourly detected. Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a villain, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor, to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and magnificent, he satirizes in their absence those whom, he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the Duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus dispicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that desires him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety, by an unflagging power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambiguous kind, but consists in easy sallies and sallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is trained with no uncommon or extraordinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not at his heels. The prince is thus to be drawn from this representation, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that a fellow wit, nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they see Henry seduced by Falstaff.—JOHNSON.

KING HENRY V.

This play was entered on the Stationers' books, August 14, 1600, and printed in the same year. It was written after the Second Part of Henry IV., being promulgated in the epilogue to that play; and while the epilogue was extant in Ireland, as we learn from the chorus to the fifth act. Lord Exe went to Ireland, April 15, 1599, and returned to London on the 20th of September in the same year. So that this play must have been produced between April and September, 1599.

The transactions comprised in this Historical Play commence about the latter end of the first, and terminate in the eighth, year of this king's reign, when he married Katharine princess of France, and concludes the differences between England and that crown. —MALONE and THOROLD.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, 1 brothers to the King.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, 2

DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.

DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORLAND, and WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERL.,

LONG SCHOOP, Lord Chamberlain, 3 conspirators against the King.

SIR THOMAS GREY, 4

SIR THOMAS EDMINGHAM, GOWER, FLuellen, MACMORRIS, JAMY, officers in King Henry's army.

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, soldiers in the same.

NYM, BARDOULF, Pistol, formerly servants to Falstaff, now soldiers in the same.

BUN, servant to them.

A HERALD. Chorus.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, KING OF FRANCE.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, OULANs, and BOURBON. The Constable of France.

RAMBURES, and GRANDPREE, French lords.

GOVERNOR OF HAVRE.

NOVIOY, a French herald.

AMBASSADOR, but the King of England.

ISABEL, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

KATHERINE, daughter of Charles and Isabel.

ALICE, a lady attending on the Princess Katharine. QUICKLY, Pistol's wife, an hostess.

LORDS, LADIES, OFFICERS, French and English Soldiers, Messengers and Attendants.

The SCENE, at the beginning of the Play, lies in England; but afterwards wholly in France.

Enter Chorus.

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 these necessary times excite our carriage, like himself, Assume the port of Mars; and those the soldiers in the same. Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all, The flat unrais'd spirit, that hath dard, On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth So great an object: Can this cockpit hold The vasty fields of France? or may we cramp Within this wooden O, the very capacities, That did affright the air at Agincourt? O, pardon! since a crooked figure may Attest, in little place, a million: And let us, cyphers to this great accompt, On your imaginary forces work: Suppose, with 'n the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,  
Whose high uprear'd and abutting fronts  
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.  
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance:  
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
Printing their proud hoofs the receiving earth;  
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,  
Carry their better and more dignity;  
Turning the accomplishment of many years  
Into an hour-glass; For the which supply,  
Admit me chorus to this history:  
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,  
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

London.—An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and  
Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is arg'd,  
Which, in the eleventh year of the last king's reign  
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,  
But that the scembling and unquiet time  
Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?  
Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,  
We lose the better half of our possession:  
For all the temporal lands, which men devout  
By testament have given to the church,  
Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—  
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,  
Full fifteen ears, and fifteen hundred knights;  
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;  
And, to relief of laars, and weak age,  
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,  
A hundred alms houses, right well supplied;  
And to the coffers of the king beside,  
A thousand pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king's good will, 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,  
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.  
Never was such a sudden scholar made:  
Never came reformation in a flood,  
With such a heady current, searing faults;  
Nor ever Hydra headed wildness  
So soon did lose his head, and all at once,  
As this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,  
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish  
You would desire, the king were made a prelate:  
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study:  
List how his counsel is, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle render'd you in music:  
Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,

Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
And the mate wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences,  
So that the art and practic part of life  
Must be the mistress to this theoric;  
Which is a wonder, how his grace should giean.  
Since his addiction was to courses vain:  
His companies unlike'd, rude, and shallow;  
His hours fill'd up with riots, 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 obscurs'd his contemplation  
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,  
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
Unseen, yet creepish in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are eas'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,  
'Gud' by the commons? Doth his majesty  
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent;  
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,  
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us:  
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—  
Upon our spiritual conversation:  
And in regard of causes now in hand,  
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,  
As touching France,—to give a greater sum  
Than ever at one time the clergy yet  
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?  
Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;  
Save, that there was not time enough to hear  
(As I perceive'd his grace would fain have done,)  
The several, and unhidden passages,  
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms;  
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,  
Derv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?  
Cant. The French ambassador, upon that instant,  
Crv'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come,  
To give him hearing: Is it four o'clock?  
Ely. It is.  
Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;  
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,  
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. A Room of State in the same.

Enter King Henry, Gloston, Bedford, Exeter,  
Warwick, Westmoreland, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?  
Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

Wed. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?  
K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd,  
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,  
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and  
Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God and his angels, guard your sacred throne,  
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
Act I.—Scene ii.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed! And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, rest, or how your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscritable, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall invite us to:
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed:
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brute mortality.
Under this conjunction, speak, my lord:
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak in your conscience was'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

[pears.

Caest. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and you
These lords your council, and these ladies,
To this imperial throne:—There is no bar
To make against your highness claim to France,
But tis, which they produce from Pharamond,—

In terram Salicam nullius se succedant,
No woman shall succeed in Salique land:
Which Salique land the French unjustly gaze,
To keep the title and solemn of Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar,
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique lies 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 there this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sata,
Is at this day in Germany call'd—Meisen.
Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law
Well suits the chief, and all parts the same;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly appos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Bilchold, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—
To fixe his title with some show of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as heir to the lady Liargue,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To the temperate Clothair, and brother
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

Treat fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain:
By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great
Was re-united 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 imbibe their crooked titles
Usry'd from you and your progenitors.
[This claim?]

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience, make
Cont. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
When the sea dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unfold your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsires tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince;
Who on the French ground his flag did so loudly,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forge in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France;
And let the ancient language say,
All out of work, and cold for action!

Oly. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Eye, your brother kings and monarchs of the earth,
Do all expect that you should rose yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood. [and might;]
Wit. They know, your grace hath cause, and means,
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobler heart nor devised for better objects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies burning in
England, and lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cont. 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 arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cont. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pillager borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the courting snatchers
But fear the main intendment of the Scot.

only,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his warlike kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fullness of his force;
Galing the gleaned land with hot essays,
Girding with grievous siege, castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,  
Hath shook, and trembled at the ill-neighborhood.  
*Can't.* She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd,  
For hear her but examined by herself,—  
*My Liege:* 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 fame with prisoner kings;  
And make your chronicle as rich with praise,  
As is the oze and bottom of the sea  
With sunken wreck and sunless treasuries.  
*Rest.* 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 wouled Scot  
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;  
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,  
They shall have more than she can eat.  
*Ete.* It follows then, the cat must stay at home;  
Yet that is but a curs'd necessity;  
Since we have locks to safeguard necessary,  
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.  
Wile that the armed hand doth fight abroad,  
The advised head defends itself at home:  
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,  
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent;  
Congraining in a full and natural close,  
Like music.  
*Can't.* True: 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 act of order to a peopled kingdom;  
They have a king, and officers of sorts:  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;  
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;  
Which pilage they with merry march bring home  
To the first royal of their empire.  
Who, bust in his majesty, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold;  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;  
The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;  
The sad-ey'd justice, with his early hum,  
Delivering o'er to executives pale,  
The lazy yawning drone.  
I this infer,—  
That many things, having full reference  
To one concent, may work contrariously;  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Fly to one mark;  
As many several ways meet in one town;  
As many fresh streams run in one self sea;  
As many lines close in the dial's center;  
So many a thousand actions, once about,  
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 will find shall make all Gallia shake.  
If we, with thrice that power left at home,  
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,  
Let us be warned; and our nation lose  
The name of hardiness, and policy.  

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.  
Exit an Attendant.  
The King ascends his throne.  

Now are we well repos'd; and,—by God's help;  
And yours, the noble savers of our power,—  
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,  
Or break it all to pieces:  
Ruling, in large and ample empery,  
Of France, and all her almost kindling dukedoms.—  
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:  
Either our history shall, with 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 it please your majesty, to give us leave  
Freely to render what we have in charge;  
Or shall we sparingly shew 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, king Edward the 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 ought in France,  
That can be with a nimble gaitio won;  
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:  
He therefore sends you, master for your spirit,  
This tain of treasure; and, in lieu of this,  
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,  
Hear no more of us. This the Dauphin speaks.  
*Hen.* What treasure, uncle?  
Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.  
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 rockets 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 chaces. And we understand him well,  
Now he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
Not measuring what use we made of them.  
We never val'd this poor seat of England;  
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself  
To barbarous license; As 'tis 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 shew your soil of greatness,  
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:  
For that I have laid by my majesty,  
And plodded like a man for working days  
But I will rise there with so full a glory,  
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.  
And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his  
Hath torn'd his balls to gout-stones; and his soul  
Shall stand sure charged for the wasteful vengeance  
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows  
Shall 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.  

[lin.]

KING HENRY V.
KING HENRY V.

PISTOL.  Fish for thee, Iceland dog!

Act II. Sc. 1.
But this lies all within the will of God.
To whom I do appeal; And in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause,
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit.
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[Exeunt Ambassadors.

Ere. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[Descends from his throne.

Therefore, my lords, omit so happy hour,
That we may, in our further consultation:
For we have now no thought in us but France;
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
And by his grace the Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armours, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercurius,
For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coroets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of most dreadful preparation,
Seek in their fear—this grace of kings must die,
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath this found out
A nest of hollow bowmen, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,—
One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,
Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland.—
Have, for the gift of France, (O guilt, indeed!)—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
(If hell and treason hold their promises.)
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digest
The abuse of distance, while we force a play.
The sun is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
I now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

[Exit.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

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 dare 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
the humour of it.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends;
and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France;
let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's
the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer,
I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the na-
ri nous 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
mare, yet she will plod. These 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 fike, call'st thou me—host?—
Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot
lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen,
that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but
it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight.

Nym draws his sword.] O well-a-day, Lady, if he
be not drawn now! O Lord! here's corporal Nym's
—now shall we have willful adultery and murder com-
mitted.

Pist. Fish!—

Quick. Fish for thee, Iceland dog! thou pricked-
eared cur of Iceland.

Quick. Good corporal Nym, shew the valour of
a man, and put up thy 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, to thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retract the solus in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbazon: you cannot conjure me.
I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; If
you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with
my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk
off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as
I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O bragging vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exale.

[Exeunt. Pistol and Nym draw.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that
strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hills, as
I am a soldier.

[Pist.}
KING HENRY V.

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fast, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it. [again.
Pist. Coupe le gorge, that's the word?—I thee defy
O hound of Criece, think'st thou my spouse to get? No; to the spiral go,
And from the powdering tub of infamous
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she: and—Pauses, there's enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pun: faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.
Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days; the king has killed his heart.

Good husband, come home presently. [Exit Mrs. Quickly and Boy.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods or river, and friends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting.

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.
Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall composed; Push home. Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust I'll kill him: by this sword, I will. [course.
Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their
Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be
friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shall thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—
Is not this just?—for I shall suffer be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?
Pist. In cash most justly paid.
Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly
to sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shatted of a burning quotidiant terian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, then hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and cares.
Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Southampton. A Council Chamber.

Enter Exeter, Berford, and Westmorland.

Bed. Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors. They shall be apprehended by and by, [fors. Wer. How smooth and even do they hear themselves! If as allegiance in their bosom sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.
Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath clod'd and grec'd with princely fa,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell;
Yours,—His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpet sounds. 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 Ma-

And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the powers we hear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of France;
Doing the execution, and the act.
For which we have in head assembled them?
Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best
K. Hen. I doubt not that since we are well persuaded,
We can 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 fear'd, and lov'd
Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.
Great. And many, that were your father's enemies,
Have steept'd their galls in honey; and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankful-
And shall forget the office of our hand, [cess;
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit.
According to the weight and worthiness,
Scroop. So cease shall with steel'd steins 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 rall'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on.
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.
Great. He comes, that's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.
K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. Sir, you shew 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 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Ampcrar before us?—We'll yet enlarg'e that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear
And tender preservation of our person,—
Care; Would have him Scroop of Masham— and, sir knight,
And now to our French
Who are the late commissioners?
Cam. 1, one, my lord;
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And me, my royal sovereign. [yours:—
K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge there
Thou hast, lord Scroop of Masham,—and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same yours—
Read them: and know, I know your worthiness.
My lord of Westmorland,—and uncle Exeter. —
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentle
What seem you in those papers, that you lose [men?
So much complication?—look ye, how they change!
ACT II.—SCENE III.

London.—Mrs. Quickly’s House in Eastcheap.

Enter PISTOL, Mrs. QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH, and Boy.

Quick. Prythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—Bardolph, behold—thee, Nym, rouseth vaunting veins; Roy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead, and we must yearn therefore. Bard. “Would I were with him, wheresoe’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 such sport, and sent away, an it had been any christom child; ‘a part ed just between twelve and one, o’cn turning o’ the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers’ ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and

Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there, that hath so cowarded and shied your blood out of appearance? I do confess my fault; and do submit to your highness’ mercy.

Grey. Sceopt. To which we all appeal. K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick in us but late, By your own counsel is suppressed and kill’d: You must not shun, for shame, to talk of mercy; For your own reasons turn into your bosoms, As dogs upon their masters, worrying them— See you, my princes, and my noble peers, [here,— These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge You know, how apt our loves was to accord To furnish him with all our entertainments 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, Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn. But O What shall I say to thee, lord Sceopt; thou cruel, Treasonous, false, and whoremonger! Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels, That knewst the very bottom of my soul, That almost might’st have coind me into gold, Would’st thou have practis’d on me for thy use? May it be possible, that foreign inns, Could out of thee extract one spark of evil, That might annoy my finger? tin so strange, That, though the truth of it stands off as gross As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it. Treason, and murder, ever kept together, As two yoke-devils sworn to either’s purpose, Working so grossly in a natural cause, That admiration did not whoop at them: But thou, gainst all proportion, didst bring in Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder: And whatsoever cunning fend it was, That wrought upon thee so preposterously, Hath got the voice in hell for excellence; And other devils, that suggest by reasons, Do both and bungle up damnation With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch’d from Gristling 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 daemon, that hath gull’d thee thus, Should with his lion gait walk the whole world, He might return tousty 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! Shew men dastardly! Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned? Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family? Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious? Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet? Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger; Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood; Garnish’d and deck’d in modest compliment; Not working with the eye, without the ear; And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither? So, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem: And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot, To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued, With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like. Another fall of man. These fair gates are open, Arrest them to the answer of the law:— And God accept them of their practices!
'a babbled of green fields. 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: the foot so forward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone. 

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack. 

Quick. Ay, that 'a did. 

Bard. And of women. 

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not. 

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate. 

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas 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-fire? 

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintained that fire: that's all the riches 'tis got in his service. 

Nym. Shall we shog off? 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, Pitch and pay; Trust none: For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes, And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck; Therefore, esteem be thy counsellor. Go, clear thy chrysalis.—Yoke fellows in arms, Let us to France! like horse-bleeches, my boys: To sack, to suck, the very blood to suck! 

Boy. And that is but unhonorable food, they say. 

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march. 

Bard. Farewell, hostess. 

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but I will. 

Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command. 

Quick. Farewell; adieu. 

[Exeunt. 

SCENE IV. 

France.—A Room in the French King's Palace. 

Enter the French King attended; the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, and others. 

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power And more than carefully it us concernes, [upon us; To answer royalty in our defences. Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Btagnie, Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,— And you, prince Dauphin,—with all sweet despatch, To line, and new repair, our tows of war, With men of courage, and with means defensat: For England his approaches makes as fierce, As waters to the sucking of a gulf. 

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. 

Duc. Most my most redoubted father, I must most meet you arm us against the foe: For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom, [tion.] (Though war, nor no know no quarrel, were in ques- 

But that defences, masters, 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 Englaad Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance: For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd, Her people bears but a faint heart. 

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 fore-spent Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus, Covering discretion with a coat of folly; As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots That shall first spring, and be most delicate. 

Duc. 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 fitt'd; 

Which, of a weak and meagrely projection, Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scutching 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 Besh'd upon us; And he is bred out of that bloody strain, That haunted us in our familiar paths: Witness our too much memorable shame, When Cressey battle fatall'y was struck, And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales, Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain stand-Up in the air, crow'd with the golden sun,— [ing, Saw his heroic seed, and smil'd to see him Mangle the work of nature, and deface The patterns that by God and by French fathers Have 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 Henry king of England Do crave admittance to your majesty. 

F. King. We'll give them present audience. 

Go, and bring them. [Exit Mess. and certain Lords. You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends. 

Duc. Turn head, and stop pursuitt; 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 England? 

Ese. From him; and thus he greets your majesty. He wills you, in the name of God Almighty, That you digest yourself, and lay apart So far from yourself, as the gilding, In the borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven, By law of nature, and of nations, 'long To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown, And all wide stretched honours that pertain,
ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus with imagin’d wing our swift scene flies;
In motion of no less celerity

Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well appointed king at Hampton pier
Embrace his loyalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fasting,
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hamp tire tackle, ship-boy climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus’d! behold the threatened sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furious sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the inconstant waves dancing:
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur.

Follow, follow! Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,
Guarded with grandfathers, babies, and old women.
Either past, or not arrived to, pith and puissance:
For who in time, whose chin is but enrich’d
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cul’d and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?

Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Behold the ordinance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on g invisible Harfleur.
Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harfleur:—that the king doth offer him
Katherine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With his stock now the devilish cannon touches,
[Alarum; and cannons go off.
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [Exit.

SCENE I.—The same. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BERFORD,
GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
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-favour’d rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o’erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a gallant rock
O’erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swift’d with the wild and wasteful ocean,
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breast, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is yet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath’d their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest
That those, whom you call’d fathers, did beget you!
Be cop to men of grosser blood, [full
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeo-
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here,
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For this is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game’s afoot;

E. 2
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge, 
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George! 
[Exit. \_Harmon. and chambers go off. 

SCENE II. —The same. 

\_Forces pass over: then enter Nym, Bardolph, 
Pistol, and Boy. 

\_Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach! 
\_Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knacks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives; the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain song of it. 
\_Tabard. 
\_Pist. The plain song is most just; for humours do 
Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die; 
And sword and shield, 
In bloody field, 
Doth win immortal fame. 

\_Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! 
\_I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety. 
\_Pist. And I: 
If wishes would prevail with me, 
My purpose should not fail with me, 
But thither would I hie. 

\_Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing 
on bough. 

\_Enter Fluellen. 

\_Flu. Got's plough! —Up to the preaches, you 
\_rascals! will you not up to the preaches! 
\_[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. [\_Exeunt Nym, Pistos, \_Bardolph, 
\_followed by Fluellen. 

\_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, these such antics do not amount 
to a man. For Bardolph, —he is white-liver'd, and 
red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a factes 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 thereo 
\_re he seems to say his prayers, lest 'a should be 
thought a coward; but his few bad words are match'd 
with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's 
head but his own; and that was against a post, when 
\_he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it, 
\_-purchase. Bardolph steale a late-case; bore it 
twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfe-pence. 
\_Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in fighting; and 
in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew, by that piece 
of service, the men would carry coals. They would 
\_-have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves 
or their handkerchiefs; which makes much against 
\_my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, 
to put into mine: for it is plain pocketing up of 
\_wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better 
\_service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, 
\_and therefore I must cast it up. [\_Exit Boy. 

\_Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following. 

\_Gew. 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 
conceivableness of it is not sufficient: for, look you, 
you and I (you may discuss unto the duke, look you,) is light himself four yards under the counter- 
mines; by Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if 
\_there is not better directions. 

\_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. 

\_I say, I think Captain Macmorris, is it not? 
\_Gow. I think, it be. 

\_Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld: I will 
\_verify as much in his part: he has no more di 
\_rections in the true disciplines of the wars, you look, 
of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog. 

\_Enter Macmorris and Jamy, at a distance. 

\_Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, capa 
tain Jamy, with him. 

\_Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous furious gen 
\_tleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and 
\_knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular 
\_knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will 
maintain his argument as well as any military man 
in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of 
\_the Romans. 

\_Jamy. I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen. 
\_Flu. God-den to your worship, gud captain Jamy. 

\_Gow. How now, captain Macmorris? have you quit 
\_the mines! have the pioneers given o'er? 
\_Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish 
give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, 
\_I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill 
done; it ish give over: I would have blew up the 
town, so Chrishe save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill 
done, tish ill done! by my hand, tish ill done! 

\_Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseche you now, will 
you Avoutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with 
you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines 
of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, 
\_look you, and friendly communication; partly, to 
satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, 
you look, of my mind, as touching the direction of 
\_the military discipline; that is the point. 

\_Jamy. It shall be very gud, gud faith, gud captains 
bath: and I shall quit you with gud lewe, as I may 
pick occasion; that shall I marry. 

\_Flu. It shall be to discourse, so Chrishe save me, 
\_the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and 
\_the king, and the dukess; it is no time to discourse. 
\_The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to 
\_the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrishe, do nothing; 
'tis shame for us all: so God sa'me, 'tis shame to 
\_stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is 
\_throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there is 
\_no time for discourse, so Chrishe sa'me, la. 

\_Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take 
themselves to slumber, aile do gade service, or aile 
lige i'the ground for it; ay, or go to death; 
\_and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sa'l surely do, 
that is the bruff and the long: Mary, I wald full fain 
\_heard some question 'ween you 'waye. 

\_Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think you, under your 
\_conclusion, there be not many of your nation— 

\_Mac. Of my nation? What ish my nation? I ish a 
villain, and a bastard, and a knife, and a rascal: 
\_What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation? 

\_Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise 
than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure, I 
\_shall think you do not use me with that affability as 
in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being 
as gott a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

Flourish. The King, &c. enter the town.

SCENE IV.—Roiien. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Katharine and Alice.

Alice. Alice, tu as esté en Angletèrre, et tu parles bien le language.
Alice. Un peu, madame.
Alice. Je te prête, m'enseignes; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelles vous la main, en Anglais?
Alice. La main? elle est appelée, de hand.
Alice. De hand. Et le doigt?
Alice. Les doigts? ma jou, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je peus, qu'ils sont appelé de fngres; euy, de fngres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fngres. Je pense, que je suis le bon avocat. J'y jugé deux mots d'Anglais ci-jà.
Alice. Les ongles? les appelles, de nails.
Kath. De nails. Ecoutes; dites moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fngres, de nails.
Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglais.
Kath. Dites moy en Anglais, le bras.
Alice. De arm, madame.
Kath. Et le coude.
Alice. De elbow, madame.
Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fait la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès a present.
Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.
Kath. Excuses moy, Alice; ecoutes; De hand, de fngre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De billow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu j'y m'en oublié; De elbow.

Comment appelles-vous le col?
Alice. De neck, madame.
Kath. De neck: et le menton?
Alice. De chin.
Alice. Ouy. Sauf votre hounorer: en verité, vous pronounces monton, au lieu que les natifs d'Angleterre.
Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu; et eu peu de temps.
Alice. N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enseigné?
Kath. Non, je reciteray a vous promptement. De hand, de fngre, ne mails.
Alice. De nails, madame.
Kath. De nails, de armé, de bilbow.
Alice. Sauf votre hounorer, de elbow.
Kath. Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de neck, et de sin: Comment appelles-vous les pieds et la robe?
Alice. De foot, madame; et de coo.
Kath. De foot, et de coo? O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de mon mout, corruptibles, gros les entes?
Alice. Nous donnons des mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et de coo, mout-moins. Je reciteray une autre fois ma long ensemble: De hand, de fngre, de nails, de armé, de elbow, de neck, de sin, de foot, de coo.
Alice. Courvayez, madame!
Kath. C'est aussi pour une fois; allons nous a 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 pass'd the river Some Can. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
KING HENRY V.

Let us not live in France; let us quit all, and give our vineyards to barbarous people.

_Dan._ O _Dien vicant!_ shall a few sprays of us,—

The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spat up suddenly into the clouds,
And overlooked their grafters?

_Bour._ Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman
Mort de ma vie! if they march along [bastards!]
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

_Con._ _Dien de hartoilles?_ what have they this
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull? [mettle!]
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for surrein'd jade, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for the honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping snakes
Upon your house's thatch, while a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields?
Poor—we may call them, in their native lords.

_Dan._ 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 youths,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

_Bour._ They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,
And teach fawors high, and swift curantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways. [hence]

_Fr. King._ Wherein Montjoy, the herald! speed him,
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance—
Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,
More sharper than your swords, lie to the field:
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alencon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgaudy;
Jacques Châtillon, Ramberes, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Reussi, and Faunenberg,
Foix, Lezale, Bouchiquet, and Châlons;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With penons painted in the blood of Harleian:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys: whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his whim 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 Mont;
And let him say to England, that we send [joy;
To know what willing ransom he will give—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

_Dan._ Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

_Ar. 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. [Ex._

SCENE VI.—_The English Camp in Picardy._

_Enter GOWER and FLOUHEN._

_Gov._ How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

_Flu._ I assure you, there is very excellent service committed at the bridge.

_Gov._ Is the duke of Exeter safe?

_Flu._ The duke of Exeter is as magnificent 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 powers: he is not, (God be praised and blessed!) any hurt in the 'ord; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ensign there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant as King Henry, and he forms an no estimation in the 'ord: but I did see him do gallant service.

_Gov._ What do you call him?

_Flu._ He is called—ancient Pistol.

_Gov._ I know him not.

_Enter Pistol._

_Flu._ Do you not know him? Here comes 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,
Of buxom valor, hath,—by cruel fortune,—
And for Fortune's furiousickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

_Flu._ By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted pink, with a mullion before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plied: And she is painted also with a wheel; to signify to you, which is the moral of the day, that she is turning, and immutable, and variations, and mutabilities: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth, the poet is make a most excellent description of fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

_Pist._ Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on
For he hath stol'n a piz, and hanged must 'be; [him; A dammed death! Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate;
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For piz of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With pencil of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

_Flu._ Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

_Pist._ Why thou rejoece therefore?

_Flu._ Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoece at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

_Pist._ Die and be damn'd; and figo for thy friendship.

_Flu._ It is well.

_Pist._ The fig of Spain. [Exit Pistol._

_Flu._ Very good.

_Gov._ Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now: a bawd; a cutpurse, and a person of some sort of courage.

_Gov._ Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names; and they will learn you by rote, where services were
ACT III.—SCENE VII.

Marry, and can will better who do but tie pure but bestride I thought, him, and he and most am the effusion have faint see like I show you condemnation kneeling through the proportion know the lost, therefore, must washed what shot, which at to Calais Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth, (Though 'tis 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.—I set, forgive me, God, That I do brag thus!—this your air of France Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent. Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am; My ransome, 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. Go bid the master well add the news: If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood Discourse: and so, Montjoy, fare you well. The sun of all our answer is but this: We would not seek a battle, as we are: Nor as we are, we say, we will not shun it; So tell your master.

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, Dauphin, and others.

Con. Thou hast the best armur of the world.— Would it were day? Ort. You have an excellent armur; but let my horse have his due. Con. It is the best horse of Europe. Ort. Will it never be morning? Daup. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armur,— Ort. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Daup. What a long night is this! — I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pavers. Ca, ha! He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval voltant, the Pegassus, puit a les marines de feu. When I bestride him, I am a hundred; 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. Ort. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Daup. 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 past to its 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.

Daup. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces bonmage.
Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no 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: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on: and for the world (familiar to us, and known) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once wrote a sonnet in his praise, and begun thus: Wonder of nature—.

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begins to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser: for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. We well: which is the prescript praise and perdition of a good and particular mistress.

Con. What joy! the other day, methought, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a Kerne of Ireland, your French horse 's off, and in your straight 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 bogs; 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 sow to my mistress.

Dau. Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la trève tavit au bourdon: thoukest 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 constant, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stents, or stuns 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; and 'were none honour, some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who was that one that were of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would, I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself. [Exit.

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to Morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will hate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with— There is flat- tery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with— A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by much more—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.— Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Mess. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to go wroth with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge?

Con. If the English had any apprehension they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant fela, 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 these wars with their wits: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: Come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten,

We shall have each an hundred Englishmen. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time, When creeping morning, and the poring dark, Fills the wide vessel of the universe. From camp to camp, through the foul wound of night The hum of either army still sounds, That the fox's sentinel almost receive The secret whispers of each other's watch: Fire answers fire, and through their pale flames Eve leaves these with her other's umlaced face: Steel threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the teats, The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Do your dreadful note of preparation.
The country clocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.

Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confidential and over-lusty French.
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gated night,
Who, like a fool and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away.

The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful eyes

Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing buck-heavy cheek, and war-worn coat,
Presented 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 a note
How dread an army hath surrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watch'd night:
But freshely looks, and over-bears attend,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before.
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thewing cold fear. Then 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 toils,
Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous.
The name of Agincourt: Yet, sit and see;
Minding true things, bywhat their mockeries be. [Exit.

SCENE I.—The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

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 observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirs,
Which is both healthful, and good huskaboyd:
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 charlizeif turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say—now be 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 quicke'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though definet and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lead me thy clack, sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Command me to the princes in our camp;

Do my good morrow to them; and anon,
De-sire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege. [Exit Gloster.

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 vii il?,

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; Art thou an officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trailest thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Thou then are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fate;
Of parents good, of list most valiant;
I kiss his thrifty shoe, and from my heartstrings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry le Rou.

Pist. Le Rou! a Cornish name; art thou of Cornish

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Knowest thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leck about his pate,
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap
That day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The pike 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, secretly.

Gowe. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Chem Christ, speak lower.

Gow. It is the greatest admiration in the universal orb,
When the true and auentent prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, or pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a pratting coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a pratting coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beware you, that you will

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter Bates, Court, and 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.
KING HENRY V.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?


Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wear'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king? K. Hen. No; nor it is not met 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 shews 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 fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the 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, 'twould be 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; and we should seek after: for we know not enough, if we know we are the king's subjects, if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such 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 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 disobey, were against all proportion of subordination.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully misuse upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him there: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, betrays it, be assailed by robbers, and die in many treacherous 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 appropriation of swords, can try it out with all unsyttled soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of purjy, some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if they have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-break of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or, not dying, the time was totally 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 is upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. 'Mass, you'll pay him then? That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch: you may as well go about to turn the sun to fat as to displease him in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after: he's a foolish saying.

Bates. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live. K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dar'st 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 dar'st as well be hanged. K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends; you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough; if you could tell how to reckon your. K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French. For every twenty French soldiers, to one, they will beat us; for they bear them crowns to one, 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 live our lives, our souls.
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the king;—we must bear all.
Our hand's in us! twin-born with greatness.
Subjected to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own waving!
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?
Of ceremony, shew me but thy worth?
What is the soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Whence 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 dreamer,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'long the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the title of pomp
That bears upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid io bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
Who, with a body hild, and vacant mind,
Gives him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phobus, 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:
A state for ceremony, such a tetch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had 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 lours the peasant best advantages.

Enter Eriningham.

Efr. 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.

Efr. I shall do't, my lord. [Exit.
K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them with no fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
Richard's body have interred now;
And on it have bestowed more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wishing hands held up
Towards heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chapellaries, 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. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The French Camp.

Enter Dauphin, Orleans, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.
Dau. Montes à cheval:—My horse! auoit la guay! Orl. O brave spirit! [Hail.
Dau. Vio!—les eeuu et la terre
Orl. Rien puis? lair 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 dout them with superfuous courage: Ha!—

Ran. What, will you have them weep our horses'
How shall we then behold their natural tears! [Blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.
Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold you poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shades and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarcely enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtal 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'turn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfuous lasses, and our peasants,—
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
About our squares of battle,—enough
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-sonance, and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandsire.

Grandsire. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France,
You island carrious, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our pale shades them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
Their horsecmen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torches-staves in their hand: and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;
The gum down-rooping from their pale-dead eyes;
And in their pale bull months the ensable
Lion soul with chewed 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. Indeed.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for Dou. Shall we go send their dinners, and fresh suits, And give their fasting horses provender, And other fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard; On, to the field:
I will the banner from a trumpet take, And use it for my haste, Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The English Camp.

Enter the English Host; Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Salisbury, and Westmoreland.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is gone to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God he wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyful, — my dear lord Glorster,— and my good lord Exeter,— And my kind kinsman,—warriors, all adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day;

And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of

For thou art fram'd of the first truth of valor.

[Exit Salisbury.

Bed. He is as full of valor, as of kindness;

Princefully in both.

West. O that we now had here

Enter King Henry.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he, that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland!—No, my fair cousin:

If we are marked to die, we are enough

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 yeants me not, if men my garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires:

But if it be a sin to covet honour,

I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith, my enz, 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 compy put into his purse;

We would not die in that man's company,

That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:

He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is came,

And roose him at the name of Crispian.

He, that shall live this day, and see old age,

We yearly on the vigils feast his friends,

And say—tis-morrow is saint Crispian:

Then will he straump his sleeve, and show his scars,

And say, these wounds I had on Crispian's day.

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 Glorster.—

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:

This story shall the good man teach his son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,

From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remembered:

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,

For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,

Shall be my brother; he he 'er so vile,

This day shall gentile his condition:

And gentlemen in England, now a bed,

Shall think themselves accuss'd, they were not here,

And hold their manhoods cheap. Hiere any speaks,

That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

[Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:

The French are bravely in their battles set,

And will with all 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,

Sal. Lord, is our will, my liege, would you and I alone,

Without more help, might fight this battle out?

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand;

Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—

You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,

If for thy ransome thou wilt now compound,

Before thy most assured overthrow:

For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,

Thou needs must be engulfed.

Incess, in mercy, the constable desires thee—thou wilt mind

Thy followers of repentance; that their souls

May make a peaceable and a sweet retire

From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor

Must lie and foster. [bodies

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back;

Did the ambassador to thee send me his boys.

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?

The man, that once did sell the lion's skin

While the beast lived, was kill'd with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,

Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,

Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:

And those that leave their valiant bones in France,

Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,

They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,

And draw their honours seeking up to heaven;

Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,

The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.

Mark then a bounding valour in our English;

That, being dead, like to the ballot's grazing,

Break out into a second course of mischief,

Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak prou'dly.—Tell the Constable,

We are but warriors for the working-day:

Our gyness, and our gills, are all besmirch'd

With rainy marching in the painful field;

There's not a piece of feather but our host.

(But I hope, we shall not fly.)

And time hath worn us into slavery:

But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim

And my poor soldiers tell me,—yet ere night
ACT IV.—SCENE VI.

They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
(As, if God please, they shall,) my ransome then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransome, gentle herald;
They shall have none. I swear, but these my joints:
Which if they have as I will leave 'em to thou,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.
Mont. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shall hear herald any more.
[Exit.]
K. Hen. I fear, thou'll once more come again for
ransome.

Enter the Duke of York.
York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.
[March away.—
K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers,
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Field of Battle.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter French Soldier,
Pistol, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.
Fr. Sol. Je pence, que vous estes le gentilhomme de
bonne qualité.
Pist. Quality, call you me? — Construe me, art
thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.
Fr. Sol. O seigneur Dieu! Pist. O, signeur Dew should be a gentleman —
Perpend my words, O signeur Dew, and mark —
O signeur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signeur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransome.
Fr. Sol. O, prenez misericorde! avez pitié de moi!
Pist. Moi? O seigneur Dieu!
Fr. Sol. Perdu, cur, et pauvre homme! Je vous offre
une main pour vous sauver, I will have forty
hos; For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.
Fr. Sol. Est il impossible d'echapper la force de tou
bras? Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offerer of thy bras! Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moy?
Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.
Boy. Escoutez; Comment estes vous appelé?
Fr. Sol. Monseur le Fer.
Pist. He says, his name is—master Fer.
Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and ferr him, and
ferret him —discuss the same in French unto him.
Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret,
and firk.
Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.
Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?
Boy. Je me commande de vous dire que vous fazes
vous prét; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette
heure de couper votre gorge.
Pist. Ouy, couper garge, par ma foi, pesant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.
Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, mé
pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne union; gar-
dez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cent ecus.
Pist. What are his words?
Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gen-
tleman of a good house; and, for his ransome, he will
give you two hundred crowns.
Pist. Tell him — my fury shall abate, and I
The envoys will take.
Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son juramento, de
vendre aucun prisonnier; neantomais, pour les escus
que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la
liberté, le franchissement.
Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remor-
ciems: et je m'estime heurteux que je suis tombe entre
eux mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valant,
et tres distingué seigneur d'Angletre.
Pist. Expound unto me, boy.
Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand
thanks: and he esteems himself happy that he hath
fallen into the hands of (as he thinks) the most brave,
valorous, and thrice-worthy seigneur of England.
Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew.
Follow me, cur.
[Exit Pist.]
Boy. Suissez vous le grand capitaine. [Exit Fr. Sol.
I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty
a heart: but the saying is true, — the empty vessel
makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had
ten times more valour than this roaring devil 's the old
play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden
dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would
this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I
must stay with the lacies, with the luggage of our
camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if
he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys.
[Exeunt.]
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)

The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,

Comes to him, where in gore he lay dead, and

And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,

That bloodily did yawn upon his face:

And cries aloud,—Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, they fly a-brazen;

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 gripe, 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

With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—[Aiorum.

But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—

The French have re-ford'd their scatter'd men;—Then every soldier kill his prisoners; —

Give the word through. 

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Field.

Aiorum. Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggartes; 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered, in the 'orld: 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 caus'd every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king! 

Flu. Ay, he's thesame at Monmouth, captain Gower. What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born. 

Gow. Alexander the great. 

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnificent, are all one reckoning, save the phrase is a little variations. 

Gow. I think Alexander the great was born in Macedonia; his father was called—Philip of Macedonia, as I take it. 

Flu. I think it is in Macedonia, where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedonia and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedonia; 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, 'tis so like 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 cholera, and his moods, and his displesures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales 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 tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it. Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipses, and knaveryes, and mocks: I am forget his name. 

Gow. Sir John Falstaff. 

Flu. That is he; I can tell you, there is good men born at Monmouth. 

Gow. Here comes his majesty. 

Aiorum. Enter King Henry with a part of the English Forces; Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, and other. 

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France Unto this instant. —Take a trumpet, herald; 

Ride thou unto the horsemen oon you hill: 

If they will fight with us, bid them come down. Or voult 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 sliings: 

Besides, we 'll eat the throes 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, myliege. 

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be. 

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? 

knowest thou not, 

That I have find these bones of mine for ransom? 

Com'st thou again for ransom? 

Mont. No, great king 

I come to thee for charitable licence, 

That we may wander o'er this bloody field, To look our dead, and then to bury them; To sort our nobles from our common men; To cut our prisoners (wouned and the like) 

Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercery blood; 

(Do so our vulgar drench their peasan limbs 

In blood of princes;) and their wounded steeds 

Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage, 

Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters, 

Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king, 

To view the field in safety, and dispose 

Of their dead bodies. 

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald, 

I know not, if the day be ours, or no; 

For yet a many of your horsemen peer, And gallop o'er the field. 

Mont. The day is yours. 

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for 

What is this castle will'd, that stands hard by! [It is— Mont. They call it,—Agincourt. 

K. Hen. Then call we this,—the field of Agincourt, 

Fought on the day of Crispio Crispianus. 

Flu. Your grand father of famous memory, and't please your majesty, and your great uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prize battle here in France. 

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen. 

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did gout service in a garden where lecks did grow, wearing lecks in

KING HENRY V.
ACT IV.—SCENE VIII.

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother follow Fluellen closely at the heels: [Gloster, the glove, which I have given him for a favour, May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear; It is the soldier's: 1, by hargain, should Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick: If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,) For I do know Fluellen valiant, And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder, And quickly will return an injury: Follow, and see there he no harm between them.— Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—Before King Henry's Partition.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain. Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come space to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove? Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glace. Will. I know this; and thus I challenge ever. [Strikes him.]

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England. Gow. How now, sir? you villain? Will. Do you think I'll be forewarned? 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's a friend to the duke Aleton's.

Enter Warwick and Gloster. War. How now, how now! what's the matter? Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty. Enter King Henry and Exeter. K. Hen. How now! what's the matter? Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Aleton.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is: I hope, your majesty is not so much enflamed with testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Aleton, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now. K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms. Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld. K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction? Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.
KING HENRY V.

William. 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 made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me. [crowns,]

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with 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 crown:— 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 serve God, and keep you out of prawns, and prables, 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 passiful? your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it. Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald; are the dead number'd? Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French. [Delivers a paper.]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken uncle? Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king; John duke of Bourbon, and the lord Bouicquart; Of other lords, and barons, knights, and squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men. [French, K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand That in the field lie slain of princes, in this number, And nobles bearing banners, there he dead One hundred twenty-six: added to these, Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dub'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; Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France; The master of the cross-bows, lord Rumbarres; Great master of France, the brave sir Guiscard Dauphin; John duke of Alencon; Antony duke of Brabant, The brother to the duke of Burgundy; And Edward duke of Bar; of lusty earls, Grandpré, and Roussy, Fanconberg, and Foix, Beaumont, and Marie, Vaudemont, and Lestrade. Here was a royal fellowship of death!— Where is the number of our English dead? [Enter Herald with another paper.]

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk, Sir Richard Katly, Davy Gam, esquire: None else of name; and of all other men, But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here, And not to us, but to thy arm alone, Aseribe we all.—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 the other? Take it, God, For it is only thine! Exe. K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village: And be it death proclaimed through our host, To boast of this, or take that praise from God, Which is his duly.

Flu. Is it not lawful, and please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledge. They 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 enuclest in clay, We'll then to Calais; and to England then, Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [Kneels.]

ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story, That I may prompt them: and of such as have, I humbly pray them to admit the excuse Of time, of numbers, and due course of things, Which cannot in their huge and proper life Be once presented. Now we bear the king Toward Calais: grant him there; there 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 outvoice the deep-mouth'd Which, like a mighty whirlfere the king, [sea, Seems to prepare his way: so let him land; And, so cleanly, see him set on to London. So swift a pace hath thought, that even now You may imagine him upon Blackheath: Where that his lords desire him, to have borne His bruised helmet, and his bended sword, Before him, through the city: lie forbids 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 workhouse of thought, How London doth pour out her citizens! The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,— Like to the senators of the antique Rome, With the plebeians swarming at their heels,— Go forth, and fetch their counterfeiter Caesar in: And on a lover but by the loving likelihoods. Were now the general of our gracious empress (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 chanced, Till Harry's back-return again to France; There must we bring him; and myself have play'd The interim, by remembering you—tis past. Thereon break abridgment; and your eyes advance After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.—France. 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, lowry, bragging knave, Pistol,—which you are yourself, and all
the 'old, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now of no merits,—he is come to me, and brings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek; it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions 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.

Enter Pistol.

Gen. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks. — Got piess you, ancient Pistol? you scrawry, lowly knave, Got piess you!

Pist. I ari thou Bedlam! dost thou thirst, base To have me fold up Parca's fatal web? [Trojan, Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. l see peech ye heartly, scrawry, 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 good, scald knife, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say true very, scald knife, when Got's will is, I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [Striking him again. You called me mele, 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.

Gen. Enough, captain; you have astonished him.

Flu. You, thou leek, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days: Fite, I pray you, it is good for your green wound, and your ploddy coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By the leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eke I swear.—

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knife, heartily. Nay, if thou eat the skin is good bockLEK for thy proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—I 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 goat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodcutter, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and I have seen you gleeking and gallling at this gentleman 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. Fare ye well. [Exit.

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now? News have I, that my Nell is dead! The spital Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, baw'd will I turn,

And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:

And patches will I get unto these scars,

And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Troves in Champagne. An Apartment in the French King's Palace.

Enter at one door, King Henry, Bedford, Gloucester, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabe1, the Princess Katharine, Lords, Ladies, Sir 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. Ye happy be the immediate Engiards, 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 baseliks: The venom of such looks, we fairly hope, Have lost their raze, and the French quality,

Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear. Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you. Bar. My duty to you both, on equal love, f'ourd Great kings of France and England! That I have la-

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours, To bring your most illustrious 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 concegret; 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, plenties, and joyful births, Should not, in this best garden of the world, Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage? Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd; And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps, Corrupting in its own fertility:—

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even pleased,—
Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnation, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Both root upon: while that the couler rusts,
That should decaract your alacrimacy.

The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful ducks, rough thistles, keckseys, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallsows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their nature, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To see and hear, and study, and learn,
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.
Come in. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects.
You have, enschedull'd briefly, in your hands.
Bar. The king hath heard them; to the which, as
There is no answer made.
Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.
Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
O'erglan'd the articles; pleaseeth 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,
Partly to accept, and peremptory answer.
K. Hen. Brother, we shall. —Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,
—Warwick,—and Huntingdon,—go with the king:
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdom best
 Shall see advantageous for our dignity,
Any thing In, or out of, our demands;
And our fellowship, and togetherness. —Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?
Q. Isab. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Happily, a woman's voice may do some good.
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stand on.
K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with
She is our capiskd demand, compat'd
Within the fore rank of our articles.
Q. Isab. She hath good leave.
[Ex. alt. but Hen. Kath., & 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.
K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue.
Do you like me, Kate?
Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is.—like me.
K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.
Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à tes ames?
Alice. Oui, vraiyent, (sauf votre grace) ainsi dit-il.
K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.
Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont piques des trompertes.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?
Alice. Oui; que de langues de femmes is full of deceits: dait is de princes.
K. Hen. The princess is the better English-woman.
M. Kate, my young is fit for my understanding:
I am glad, thou canst speak no better English;
for, if thou couldst, thou would'st find me such a plain king, that thou would'st think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mimic it in love, but directly to say—I love thee; then, if you urge me farther than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out those peevish looks, and answer thee, and make so clap hands and a bargain: How say you, lady? Kath. Saus voye honuer, me understand well.
K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or
to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me:
for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and
for the other, I have no strength in measures, yet a reason
some measure in strength. If I could win a lady at least, or, by wrestling into my saddle with my
armour on my back, under the correction of bragging
be it spoken. I should quickly leap into a wife. Or,
if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her
favourites, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a
jack-an-apes, never off: but, before God, I cannot
look greedy, nor gasp out my eloquence, or have
no running in protestation; only downright, and
which I never use till urged, and never break for urg-
ing. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate,
whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks
in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let
thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier:
If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to
thy freedom, and thy death, is true right-faithful
love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while
thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and
uncoined constancy; for he perfuce must do thee right,
because he hath not the gift to woo in other places:
for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme
themselves into ladies' favours,—they do always rea-
some themselves out again. What! a speaker is but
a braver soldier. —I must have a word of truth, and
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 moon; or, rather, the sun,
and not the moon; for it shines bright, and ever changes,
but keeps its course truly. If thou would have such
a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier; take
a soldier, take a king: And what says thou then to
my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.
Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?
K. Hen. No; it is not possible, you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, I would no woman or young woman with a village of it: I will have all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.
Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.
K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which,
I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-mar-
rried wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook
off. —I am the French love, and I am the French man of France, et quand vous
avez le possession de moi, (let me see, what then? Saint
Dennis be my speed!) doux vosste est France, et vous estois
mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer
the kingdom, at to speak so much more French I shall
never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.
Kath. Saus voye honuer, le François que vous parlez, est meilleu que l'Anglais lequel je parle.
ACT V.—SCENE II. 449

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, must truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of 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 merily: the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tell methou shalt.) I get thee with scampling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good and wise breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know what.

K. Hen. No; tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour to make French part of such a boy; and, for your English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor.

How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres cher et divine desse?

Kath. Your majesty's now French enough to deceive de most sage damoiselle that is of France.

K. Hen. Now would I have my fable French! By mine honour I dare not, thou loveth me; yet my blood begrias to flatter me; that thou dost, notwithstanding the proud and uncomporting effect of my visage.

Now beswears my father's ambition! be not shoking 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 win women, I fright them. But in faith, Kate, the elder 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, wilt thou have me? Put off thy mind's misgustes; 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 alode—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 had 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. Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de your mon pere.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foy, je ne vous point que vous allavez votre grandeur, en laissant en ma main d'une autre indigne serviette; ex-clusivement vous supplez, mon tres puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames, et damoiselles, pour être bistres devant leur nopes, il n'est pas le costume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what love say's she?

Alice. Dat it is not de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is, baiser, en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre bettre que mon.

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Ouy, egrement.

K. Hen. O Kate, ma nice customs curts'ly 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 fault-finders; 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 mongrels. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, Burgundy, Bedford, Gloucester, Exeter, Wiltshire, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English!

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not smooth: so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rose o'er with the virgo erinon of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? I 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 to winking.

Bur. I will work 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 locking on.

K. Hen. This moral tires me over time, and a hot summer; and so I will catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yet, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid: for they are all girlied with maiden walls, that war hath never 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 shew me the way to my will.

Fr. A. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. I'lt so, my lords of England!

West. The king hath granted every article.
his daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all, According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—Notre tres chere plus Henry rve d'Angleterre, heretier de France; and thus in Latin,—Procarissimus filius nostri Henricus, rex Anglie, et heres 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 line be work with the rest. And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood Issue to me: that the containing kingdoms raise up 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 said bosoms, that never war advance Ilis bleeding sword ’twixt England and fair France. All. Amen! [Exe.

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me wit That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [Flourish. Q. Isab. God, the best maker of all marriages, Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one! As man and wife, being two, are one in love.

This play has many scenes of high dignity, and many of easy merriment. The character of the king is well supported, except in his captivity, where he has neither the vivacity of Tal, nor the grandeur of Henry. The humour of Tisad is very happily continued: his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the English stage. The lines given to the chorus have many admirers; but the character, that he then a little may be praised, and much must be forgiven; nor can it be easily discovered why the intelligence given by the chorus is more necessary in this play than in any others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptiness and narrowness of the last act, which a very little diligence might have easily avoided—JOHNSON.

Of the general conduct of this play it may be remarked, that the interest turns altogether upon the circumstances which accompany a single battle; consequently, the poet has put forth all his strength in colouring and contrasting the situation of the two armies; and admirably has he succeeded in this attempt, by opposing the full assurance of victory on the part of the French, their boastful clamour and importunate levity, to the conscious despair, and the saintly valor of the English, that he weaves the state of the combat with an almost breathless anxiety—DR. DRAKE.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Of this play there is no edition extant previous to the folio, 1631. It is a miserable production; and Shakespeare distinctly proved, in his immediate and elaborate Essay on the three parts of King Henry VI., that it has been unjustly ascribed to the hand of Shakespeare.

In the second and third parts of King Henry VI. the pen of our great poet is easily distinguished; but in the present play there is not a single passage marked with the characters of his genius. "It may be asked," says Malone, "if the drama was not written by Shakespeare, why did Heminge and Condell print it with the rest of his works? The only way I can account for their having done so, is by supposing, that they immortalised the memory of this talent, by a design was necessary to understanding the two pieces that follow it; or, that Shak- speare, for the advantage of his own theatre, having written a few lines in the first part of King Henry VI. after his own second and third parts had been played, they conceived this a sufficient warrant for attributing it, along with the rest, to him, in the general collection of his works." The historical transactions contained in this play, take in the compass of about thirty years.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Sixth.
Duke of Gloster, uncle to the King, and Protector. Duke of Buckingham, uncle to the King, and regent of France. [The King.

Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, great uncle to Henry Beaufort, great uncle to the King, bishop of Winchester, and afterwards cardinal.


Lord Talbot; afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.

John Talbot, his son.

Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.

Mayor of London. Mortimer’s Keeper, and a Lawyer.

Sir John Fastolpe. Sir William Lucy.

Sir William Glandridge, Sir Thomas Gargrave,

WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.

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 Alençon, and titular King of Naples.

Duke of Burgundy, Duke of Alencos.

Bastard of Orleans. Governor of Paris.

Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his son.

General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter.

An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, daughter to Reignier; afterwards mar- Countess of Auvergne. [ried to King Henry.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Friends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Wards of the Tower, Heraldes, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several attendants both on the English & French.

SCENE,—partly in England, and partly in France.
ACT I.—SCENE I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead march. Corpse of King Henry the Fifth discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Duke of Bedford, the Bishop of Winchester, the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, &c.

Bed. Hang be the heavens with black, yield day to Comets, importing change of times and states, [night! Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky; And with them scourge the hot 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, fierce heat against their faces. What should I say! his deeds exceed all speech: He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not in Henry is dead, and never shall revive: [blood! Upon a wooden coffin we attend; And death's diabolical honour.

We wait with our stately presence to glorify, Like captives bound to a triumphant char. What! shall we curse the planets of mishap, That plotted thus our glory's overthrow? Or shall we think the subtle-witted French Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him, By magic verses have contriv'd his end? He saw himself a king of the King of kings. Unto the French the dreadful judgment day So dreadful will not be, as was his sight. The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought: The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen His thread of life had not so soon decay'd? [pray'd, None do you like but an effeminate prince. Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector; And lookest to command the prince, and realm. Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe, More than God, or religious churchmen, may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lovest the flesh; An army you have, and a church thou go'st; Except it be to pray against thy foes. [peace! Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in Let's to the altar.—Heralds, wait on us:— Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms; Since arms avow not now that Henry's dead.— Fosterity, await for wretched years, When at their mothers' moist eyes babies shall suck; Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears, And none but women left to wail the dead. Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke; Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils! Combat with adverse planets in the heavens! A far more glorious star thy soul will make, Than Julius Caesar, or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all! Sad tidings bring I to you out of France, Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture: Guenee, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, Passi, Givars, Poictiers, are all quite lost. [corse! Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's

Speak safely: 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. Fie! How were they lost? what treachery was us'd? Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money. Among the soldiers this is mattered, 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 king ring 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-begot; Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms; Of England's coat one half is cut away. Fie! Were our tears wanting to this funeral, These tidings would call forth your flowing tides.

Bed. The general of France:— Give me my steeded eait, I'll fight for France.— Away with these disgraceful waiting robes! Wounds I will bend the French, instead of eyes, To wipe their interminable miseries. Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mis France is revoluted from the English quite; [chance Except some petty towns of no import: The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims; The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd; Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part; The duke of Alençon fitted to his side. Exe. Thus the Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him! O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:— Belford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my readiness? An army have I musterd in my thoughts, Wherewith already France is over-run. Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious lords,—to add to your lamentations Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,— I must inform you of a dismal sight. Betryst the stont lord Talbot and the French. Wh'm. What! wherein Talbot overcame! is't so? 3 Mess. No; wherein lord Talbot was overthrown: The circumstance I'll tell you more at large. The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord, Retiring from the siege of Orleans, Having scarce six thousand in his troop, By three and twenty thousand of the French Was round encompassed and set upon: No leisure had he to enrank his men: He wanted pikes to set before his archers; Instead whereof, sharp stakes, plick'd out of hedges They pitched in the ground confusedly, To keep the horsemen off from breaking in. More than three hours the fight continued; Where valiant Talbot, above human thought, Enfeated wunders with his sword and lance. Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him, Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew; The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms; All the whole army stood agaz'd on him: His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit, A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out again, And rush'd into the battle. Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up.
If sir John Falstaffe had not play'd the coward; 
He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind, 
With purpose to relieve and follow them,) 
Cowardly fled, not having strick 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 case. 
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid, 
Unto his dastard foe men is betray'd. 

3 Mess. O, no, he lives; but is took prisoner, 
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford; 
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise. 

Bed. His ransome 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 I will; 
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make, 
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal: 
Ten thousand soldiers with me will I take, 
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake. 

3 Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieged; 
The English army is grown weak and faint: 
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply, 
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, 
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude. 

Fie. Remember, lords, your oathes 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 leave, 
To shew you what I purpose in my preparation. [Exit. 

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can, 
To view the artillery and munition; 
And then I will proclaim young Henry King. [Exit. 

Lae. To Eltham will I, where the young king is, 
Being ordain'd his special governor; 
And for his safety there I'll keep a close. [Exit. 

Fie. 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 send, 
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. 

[Exit. Scene closes.

SCENE II.—France. Before Orleans.

Enter Charles, with his Forces; Alençon, 
Reignier, and others. 

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens, 
So in the earth, to this day is not known: 
Late did he shine upon the English side; 
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles. 

What towns of any moment, but we have? 
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans; 
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts, 
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month. 

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull- 
Either they must be dieted like mules. [beees: 
And have their provender tyed to their mounis, 
Or pitious they will look, like drowned mice. 

Reign. Let's raise the siege: Why live we idly here? 
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear; 
Remaineth alone, but mad brain'd Salisbury; 
And he may well in fretting spend his gall, 
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war. 

Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them, 
Now for the honour of the fairlorn French:—

Him I forgive my death, that killeth me, 
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [Exit. 

Alarums: Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter Charles, Alençon, 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. 

Reign. 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. Fauxis, a countryman of ours, records, 
England all Olivers and Rowlands and— 
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! 

Lanc.- raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose 
They had such courage and audacity? [slaves, 
Char. Let's leave this town, for the hair-brain'd 
And public-foe men will endeavor them to be more eager: 
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth 
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege. 

Reign. I think, by some odd gimmals, or device, 
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on; 
Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do. 
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone. 

Alen. Be it so. 

Enter the Bastard of Orleans. 

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him. 
Char. Bastard of Orleans, thee welcome to us. 
Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer ap- 
pear pall.; 
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence? 
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand: 
A holy maid hither with me I bring, 
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven, 
Orrain'd is to raise this tellious siege, 
And drive the English forth the bounds of France. 
The spirit of death prophesie she the death, 
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome: 
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry. 
Speak, shall I call her to? I believe my words, 
For they are certain and unifiable. [her skill, 
Char. Go, call her in: [Exit Bast. But, first, to try 
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:—
Question her proudly, let thy looks the stern:— 
By this means skill I sound what skill she hath. 

[Retires. 

Enter la Pucelle, Bastard of Orleans, and others. 

Reign. 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, there's nothing bid from me: 
In private will I talk with thee apart;— 
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile. 

Reign. She takes upon her bravely at first dash. 
Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter, 
My art attrain'd in any kind of art, 
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd 
To shine on my contemplable estate: 
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs, 
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks, 
God's mother deigned to appear to me: 
And, in a vision full of majesty, 
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:  
Her aid she promises, and assur'd success:  
To complete glory she reveal'd herself;  
And, whereas I was black and swart before,  
With these clear rays which shew the fitness 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 buckler with me:  
And, if thou vauntshist, thy words are true;  
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.  
Pur. I am prepar'd: here is my keck-elig'd sword,  
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;  
The which, at Tournai, in Saint Katharine's church—  
Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.  
[yard.  
Char. Then come O'God's name, I fear no woman.  
Pur. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.  
[Thy fight.  
Char. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,  
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.  
Pur. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.  
Char. Who'er helps thee, 'tis he that must help  
Impatiently! 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;  
'Tis the French Dauphin meaneth to thee thus.  
Pur. 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 thrall.  
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.  
ALEN. Doubtless, he shirveth this woman to her smock;  
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.  
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?  
ALEN. He may mean more than we poor men do know.  
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.  
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?  
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?  
Pur. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!  
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.  
Char. What she says, I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.  
Pur. Assign'd I am to be the English scourge.  
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:  
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,  
Since I have entered into these wars.  
Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.  
With Henry's death, the English circle ends;  
Dispersed are the glories it included.  
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,  
Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.  
Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?  
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.  
HELEN, the mother of great Constantine.  
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.  
Brightness of Caesar, fall'n on earth on earth,  
How may I reverence worship thee enough?  
ALEN. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.  
Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours.  
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortals'd.

Char. Presently we'll try.—Come, let's away about it:  
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.  
[Exit.

SCENE III.—London.  Hill before the Tower.

Enter, at the gates, the Duke of Gloucester, with his  
Serving-men, in blue coats.

GLO. I am come to survey the Tower this day:  
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.  
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?  
Open the gates: Gloucester it is that calls.  
[Serv. knock.  
1 Ward. [Within.] Who is there that knocks so im-  
1 Serv. 1t is the noble duke of Gloucester. [seriously?  
2 Ward. [Within.] Who'er he be, you may not be  
let in.  
1 Serv. Answer you so the lord protector, villains?  
2 Ward. [Within.] The Lord protect him! so we as-  
We do no otherwise than we are will'd. [servant:]  
GLO. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but mine?  
There's none protector of the realm, but I.—  
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize;  
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?  

Servants rush at the Tower gates.  Enter to the gates,伍德维尔勋爵, the Lieutenant.

WOOD. [Within.] What noise is this; what traitors  
have we here!  

GLO. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?  
Open the gates: here's Gloucester, that would enter.  
WOOD. [Within.] I have patience, noble duke; I may  
Open the gates; to whom the Lord wills to enter.  
[best even.  
From him I have express commandments,  
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.  
WOOD. 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:  
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter Winchester, attended by a Train of Servants in tawny coats.

WIN. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?  

GLO. Fiend's priest, dost thou command me to be shut  
WIN. I do, thou most usurping prector, [out!  
And not protector of the king or realm.  
WOOD. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;  
Thou, that contriv'st to murder our dead lord;  
Thou, that giv'st worth insolencies to sin:  
I'll canus 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,  
WIN. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:  
The scarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth  
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.  
WIN. Do what thou dar'st; I heard thee to thy face.  
GLO. What am I dar'd, and bearded to my face!  
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;  
Blue-coats to tawny-coats.  
Priest, beware thy beard;  
GLO. and his men attack the Bishop.  
I mean to tag 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. Do what thou dar'st answer this before the pope.  
GLO. Winchester goose, I cry—a rope! a rope!  
Now beat them hence, Why do you let them stay?—
How went thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.
Tut. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santraillies;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a lesser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barr'd me.
Which I, disclaiming, scorn'd and crav'd death
Rather than I would be so pil'd estranc'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O! the trencherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sol. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.
Tut. With scots, and scars, and contumelious
In open market-place produc'd they me,
Smuts.
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 bloody countenance made others fly;
Our 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 I did find, it was the most delight then.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Gainsdale,
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.
Gur. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.
Glus. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
Tut. For ought I see, this city must be furnish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.
[Shot from the walls of Salisbury and Sir Tau.
Gargrave fall.
Sol. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!
Gur. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeeful man!
Tut. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak [us—
How far thou, mirror of all martial men!
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woeeful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'camed;
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did never leave striking in the field.
Yet liv'st thou Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hand!—
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him,
Sol. E'er we cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, winces.
He hekcons with his hand, and smiles on me;
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head: The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,— A holy prophetess, new rise up,— Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[SALISBURY grows.]

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth grow! It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you: Pucelle or puzzle, 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 these bastard Frenchmen dare. [Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.

SCENE V.—The same. Before one of the Gates.

Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursues the Dauphin, and driveth him in; then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then enters TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force? Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them! A woman, clad in armour, chargeth them.

Enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes:—I'll have a bout with thee; Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee; Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch, And straightforward give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only 1 that must disgrace thee. [They fight.

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail? My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage, And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder, But I will chastise this high minded trumpeter. Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come: I must go victual Orleans withforth. 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. They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs; Now, like to whoels, we crying run away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter, on the walls, Pucelle, Charles, Reignier, Alançon, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls: Rescued is Orleans from the English wolves:— Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word. Char. Divinest creature, bright Astra's daughter, How shall I honour thee for this success? Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens, That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.— France triumph in thy glorious prophetess!— Recover'd is the town of Orleans: More blessed hap did ne'er behold our state. [town? Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires, And feast and banquet in the open streets, To celebrate the joy that God hath given us. Alan. 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 pyramid to her I'll rear. Than Rhodope's, or Memphis,' ever was: In memory of her, when she is dead, Her ashes, in an urn more precious Than the rich jewel'd cofier of Darius, Transported shall be at high festivals Before the kings and queens of France. No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry, But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint. Come in; and let us banquet royally, After this golden day of victory. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter to the gates, a French Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant: If any noise, or soldier you perceive, Near to the walls, like Adonis' garden; Let us have knowledge at the court of guard. 1 Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [Exit Sergeant.] Thus are poor servitors (When others sleep upon their quiet beds,) Constrained to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEFROYD, BURGUNDY, and Forces, with scaling ladders; their drums beating a devil march.

Tal. Lord regent,—and doubted Burgundy,— By whose approach, the regions of Artois, Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,— This happy night the Frenchmen are seen. Having all my carousal and banquetted: Embrace we then this opportunity; As fitting best to quittance their deceit, Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery. Bee! Coward of France!—how much he wrongs Despairing of his own men's fortitude, [his fame, To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans, In spite of us, or ought that we could do. O, would I were to die with Salisbury! The shame hereof will make me hide my head! [Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt Tal. and his Forces, &c.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

ACT II.
Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?
Tal. A maid, they say.
Bur. Pray God, she prove not masquerine ere long; If underneath the standard of the French, She carry armour, as she hath begun. [spirits:
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with God is our fortress; in whose conquering name, Let us resolve to scale their flotant bulwarks.
Bur. 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 fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bur. Agreed; I'll to you corner.
Bur. And to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his
Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right [grave.—
Of English Henry, shall this night appear How much in duty I am bound to both.

[The English scale the walls, crying St. George! a Talbot! and all enter by the Town.

Sent. [Within.] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!
The French troop over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, Bastard, Alençon, Reignier, half ready, and half unready.
Alen. How now, my lords? what, all unready so?
Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scape so well.
Reign. Twas time, I trow, to awake and leave our beds, Hearing alarmus at our chamber doors.
Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms, Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous, or desperate than this.
Bast. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
Reign. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.
Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel, how he sped.

Enter Charles and La Pucelle.
Post. Tis! holy Joan was his defensive guard.
Char. Is this thy coming, thou deceitful dame? Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend? At all times will you have my power alike? Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me? Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.
Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept, As that whereof I had the government,
Would not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reign. And so was mine, my lord.
Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night, Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
Abnnt relieving of the sentinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?
Puc. Question, my lords, no farther 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 endanger them.

Alarum. Enter an English soldier, crying a Talbot! a Talbot! They fly, leaving their clothes behind.
Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name.

Exit.

SCENE II.—Orleans. Within the Town.
Enter Talbot, Bedford, Brenonry, a Captain, and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pity might occur over the dead.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.
Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him.
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be inter'd;
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engravi'd the sack of Orleans;
The mourners mark of his mortal death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace;
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his false confederates.
Bed. Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rage so sudden from their several beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.
Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,) Am sure, I scant the Dauphin, and his trul'l;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live together day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mest. All hail, my lords! which of this princely Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
[train
So much applauded through the realm of France?
Bur. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?
Mest. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, good lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast, she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.
Bur. I am even so. I say, then, I see, our wars
Will turn into a peaceful concile sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.
Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will.
And I have heard it said.—Unbidden guests
Are often wellcome when they are gone.
Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
ACT II.—SCENE IV.

Come hither, captain. [Whispers.]—You perceive my mind. 
Capt. I do, my lord, and mean according [Exs.

SCENE III.—Avengue. 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. 
Port. 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 Thomyris 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 then censure of these rare reports. 

Enter Messenger and Talbot. 

Mess. Madam, 
According as your ladyship desireth, 
By message crav'd, so is loud 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 babies! 
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 weak and wretched shred 
Should strike such terror to his enemies. 

Tal. Madam, I have been too bold to trouble you: 
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure, 
I'll sort some other time to visit you. [Exeunt. 

Count. What means he know?—Geskim him, whether 
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? 
Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord; 
And for that cause I train'd thee to my home. 
Long time thy shadow hath been thrust 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 haft by tyranny these many years, 
Wasted our country, slain our citizens, 
And sent our sons and husbands captive. 

Tal. Ha, ha, ha! [to moon 
Count. Longest thou, wretched! thy mirth shall turn 
Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so glad, 
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow, 
Whereon to practise your severity. 

Count. Why, art not thou the man? 
Tal. I am indeed. 

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 pick, 
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it. 

Count. This is a raging merchant for the nonce; 
He will be here, and yet he is not here: 

How can these contradictions agree? 

Tal. That will I shew you presently. 

He winds a Horn. Drum heard; then 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 yokest your rebellious necks; 
Razeth 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 bruited, 
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape. 
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath; 
For I am sorry, that with reverence 
I did not entertain thee as thou art. 

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady, nor misconstrue 
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake 
The outward composition of his body. 
What you have done, hath not offended me. 
No other satisfaction do I crave, 
But only (with your patience,) that we may 
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have; 
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well. 

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured 
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. The Temple Garden. 

Enter the Earl of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwic; Richard Plantagenet, Vepbos, and another Lawyer. 

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this 
Dare no man answer in a case of truth? [silence 
Suf. Within the temple hall we were too loud; 
The garden here is more convenient. 
Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain the truth; 
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error! 

Suf. 'Tis 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. [us. 
Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between 
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 matter of 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 apparell'd, 
So clear, so shining, and so evident, 
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye. 
Plan. Since you are so glib, and so leath to 
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts; [speak, 
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 briar pluck a white rose with me. 
Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no blatter, 
But dare maintain the prettiest truth, 
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me. 
War, I love no colours; and, without all colour 
Of base insinuating flattery, 
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet. 

Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset; 
And say withal, I think be held the right.
KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

V. [King. Stay, lords, and gentlemen, and pluck none.]

Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are crop'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.

V. 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;
Lost, bleeding, you do pluck a white rose red,

And fall on my side so against your will.

V. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,

Opinion shall be sear'd to my hurt,

And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, well, come on; Who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you hold, was wrong in you. [To Som.]

Som. Whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Pon. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,

Shall die your white rose in a bloody hand.

Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing [roses];
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,

'Tis not for fear; but anger,—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;

And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharply piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats thy falsehood.

Som. The canker, and the rose,

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 fashion, peevish boy.

Saj. Turn not thy scowls this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him

and thee.

Saj. Wherein is part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la Poole!

We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

W. 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 endless yeomen from so deep a root!

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,

Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words

On any plot of ground in Christ-church:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason execr'd in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Condemne'd and banish'd in thy own country?
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;
Condemne'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. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:

And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;

For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,

As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,

Or flourish to the height of my degree.

And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Som. Have with thee, Poole. Farewell, ambitions Richard. [Exit.

Plan. How I am braved, and must perform en-

duce it!

V. War. This blot, that they object against your house,

Shall, god and grace, out-die the next parliament.
Ca'll'd for the trace of Winchester and Glouster.

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 wear this rose:

And hear I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,

Grown to this factions, in the Temple garden,

Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and endless night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

V. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, he are four to dinner: I dare say,

This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter Mortimer, brought in by a boat Keeping.

Mort. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let me to Mortimer house, where I am expos'd.

Even like a man new hale'd from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonmen:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,

Argue the end of Edward Mortimer.

These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,—

Wax dim, as drawing to an exigent:
Weak shoulders unwilling to bear burdens griev;

And pitiful arms, like to a wither'd vine

That drops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet,—whose strengthless stay is numb,

Unable to support this lump of clay,—

Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As writting I no other comfort have,—

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

I keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come.

We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;

And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mort. 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 blossom sprung from monarchical bower I had;—
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,

Depriva'd of honour and inheritance;

But now, the arbiter of despairs,

Just deal'd, kind urban of men's miseries,

With sweet enlargement dutifully meet me:

I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,

That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

1 Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mort. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignorably us'd;

Your nephew, late-despis'd Richard, comes.

Mort. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
ACT III.—SCENE I.

(Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloucester, Warwick, Somerset, and Suffolk ; the Bishop of Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, and others.)

GLOSTER. Gloucester offers to put up a bid : Winchester matches it, and turns it.

WINCHESTER. Come! with deep premeditated lines, With written pamphlets studiously devised.

HUMPHREY. Humphrey of Gloucester ! if you cannot accuse,
Or aught intend it to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly:
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst not obstruct.

GLOSTER. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.

THOMAS. Think not, although in writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the manner of my pen:
No, prelate : such is thy amorous wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissensious pangs,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace:
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseeches
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, What's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower !
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

WINCHESTER. Gloucester, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing, what I shall propose,
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, How am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissention, Who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be prospected
No, my good lords, it is not of my device.
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
Or make my ill the advantage of my good.

Winchester retires: the scene is cleared.
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 impious in another’s throne?
Glo. Am I not the protector, saucy priest?
Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?
Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronize his theft.
Win. Unreverent Gloster!
Glo. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. This Rome shall remedy.
War. Roam thither then.
Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch’d so near.
War. State holy, or unbidden, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Win. No, Plantagenet, I see, not tell his tongue;
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. [Aside.
K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal;
I would prevail if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh what a scandal is it to our crown,
That such two noble peers as ye, should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissonance is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—
[A noise within; Down with the tawny coats!
War. What tumult’s this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop’s men.
[Enter Mayor of London, attended.
May. O, my good lords, — and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us! The shop and the close of Gloster’s men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon.
Have fill’d their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another’s pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock’d out:
Our windows are brok’n down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell’d to shut our shops.
Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of Gloster and Winchester, with bloody potes.
K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaught’ring 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 poevish broil,
And set this unaccustom’d 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 his majesty:
And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgrac’d by an inborn mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter’d by thy foes.
2 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead! [Skirmish again.
Glo. Stay, stay, I say! —
And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.
K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul! —
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
Murders and tears, and will not act a talent? —
Who should be pitiful, if you be not? —
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils? —
War. My lord protector’s yield; —yield. Winches-
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 subdue, or I will never yield.
Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stroop;
Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Beloved, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath prov’d so saucy, and so contented.
As by his smooth’d brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragic?
Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
K. Hen. Fye, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you
That malice was a great and grievous sin: [preach,
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But have a chief offender in the same? —
War. Sweet king! — the bishop hath a kindly girl.—
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.
Glo. Aye; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
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, 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.
2 Serv. And so will I.
3 Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern af-
[Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c.
War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.
K. Hen. If it please you, lord of Warwick —for, sweet
As if your grace mark every circumstance; [prince,
You have great reason to do Richard right: —
Especially, for those occasions
At Eatham-place I told your majesty.
K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.
War. Let Richard be restored to his blood,
So shall his father’s wrongs be recompens’d.
Win. As will the rest, so will eth 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 ye spring by lineal descent.
Praise thy humble servant, vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.
K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my
And, in regnemon of that duty done. [foot]
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rise created princely duke of York.
Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty?
All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!
Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York! [Aside]
Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France.
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it desanirates his enemies.
K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
[goes]
Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.
[Exeunt all but Exeter.
Er. Aye, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissolution, grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As foster'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bores, and fiends, 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 month of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time.
[Exit.

SCENE II.—France. Before Rouen.

Enter La Pucelle disguised, and Soldiers dressed like Countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men,
That come to gather money for their groats
If we have entrance. (As, I hope, we shall.)
And that we find the stoutest watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.
1 Sold. Our sacks shall be a means to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen:
Therefore we'll knock.
[Knocks.
Guard. [Within.] Who's there?
Puc. Parissains, parvires gens de France:
Poor market folks, that come to sell their corn.
Guard. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.
[Opens the gates.
Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[La Pucelle, &c. enter the city.

Enter Charles, Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, and Forces.

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stragglers! And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.
Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she the spectacle
Where is the best and safest passage in?
Alon. By the trusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shews, 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 Talboites.

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!

Alon. Deter no more, Delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—The Dauphin!—presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [They enter.

Alarums. Enter Talbot and certain English.

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 escape'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 south, La Pucelle, Charles, Bastard, Alençon, and others.
Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye cote for bread?
I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of danel; Do you like the taste?
Bor. Scoffon, 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
And run a tilt at death within a chair? [Jance,
Tal. foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twist with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.— [peace;
[Exeunt Talbot, and the rest, consult together.
Char. God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
Tal. Dare ye, sir, come forth, with a spirit in the field?
Puc. Be like, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Tal. I speak not to that raving Hecate,
But unto thee Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alon. Signior, no.
[Exeunt, to the north.

Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France! Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Puc. Captains, away: let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.
God be wi'you, my lord! we came, sir, but to tell you
That we are here.

[Exeunt La Pucelle, &c. from the walls.
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by public wrongs, sustain'd in France),
Either to get the town again, or die:
And—Be sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Coeur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.
KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

Bar. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince, The valiant Duke of Bedford.—Come, by heaven, We will bestow you in some better place, Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dis honour me: Here I will sit before the walls of Rouen, And will be partner of your weal, or woe.
Bar. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read, That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick, Came to the field, and vanquished his foes: Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts, Because I ever found them as myself.
Tal. And unadorned spirit in a dying breast!— Then be it so—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!— And now no more ado, brave Burgundy, But gather we our forces out of hand, And set upon our opposing enemy.
[Exeunt Burgundy, Talbot, and Forces, bearing Bedford, and others.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe, and a Captain.
Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight; We are like to have the overthrow again.

Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the town, La Pucelle, Alencon, Charles, &c. and a great flying. Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please; For I have seen our enemies' overthrow. What is the trust or strength of foolish man? They, that of late were daring with their scots, Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves. [Dies, and is carried off in his chair.

Alarum: Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and others.
Tal. Last, and recover'd in a day again! This is a double honour, Burgundy! Yet, heavens have glory for this victory! Burg. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects Thy noble deeds, as valor's monument. [Now?
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle I think, her old familiar is asleep: [Gleeks! Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his What, all a mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief, That such a valiant company are fell. 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 Harry, with his nobles, lies. Bar. What will- Lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy. Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget The noble Duke of Bedford, late deceased, But see his exequies tenu'd in Rouen; A braver soldier never crouch'd-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, Alencon, La Pucelle, and Forces.
Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident, Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered: Care is no cure, but rather corrosive, For things that are not to be remedied. Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while, And like a peacock sweep along his head; We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train, If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but mad. Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto, And of thy cunning had no diffidence; One sudden fall shall never breed distrust.
But. Search out thy wit for seer policies. And we will make thee famous through the world. Alen. We'll set thy statute in some holy place, And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint; Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.
But. 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.
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 he extripated from our provinces. Alen. Forever should they be expuls'd from France, And not have title to an earldom here.
But. Your honours shall perceive how I will work, To lead the Talbot to his perished end. Drums heard! Har! by the sound of drum, you may perceive, Their powers are marching unto Parisward.

An English March. Enter and pass over at a distance, Talbot and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread; And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the Duke of Burgundy and Forces.
Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and lads; Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind. Summon a parley, we will talk with him. [A parley sounded.
Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy. Bar. Who caves a parley with the duke of Burgundy?
Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman. [Hence.
Bar. What say'st thou, Charles! for I am marching Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.
Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France: Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee. Bar. Speak on; but be not over-tertions. Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France, And see the cities and the towns defac'd By wasting ruin of the cruel foe! As looks the mother on her lowly babe, When death doth close his tender dying eyes, See, see, the pining malady of France; Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds, Which thynself hast given her woful breast! O, turn thy edged sword another way; Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help! One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom, Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore; Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears, And wash away thy country's stained spots. Either the thine lawfowl'd thee with her words, Or nature makes me suddenly relent.
Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on. Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny. [Thee, Who join'st thon with, but with a lordly nation, That will not trust thee, but for prétèt's sake! When Talbot hath set footing once in France, And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
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Who then, but English Henry, will be loud,
And thou be burst out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, — and mark but this, for proof; —
Was not the duke of Burgundy prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
In truth, thou light'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them to be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; then, thou wand'ring lord;
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
In truth, thou light'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them to be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; then, thou wand'ring lord;
And was he not in England prisoner?


Enter King Henry, Gloster, and other Lords, Vernon, Barnet, &c. To them Talbot, and some of his Officers.

Tal. My gracious prince, — and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign;
In sign whereof, this arm,—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lest fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.
K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That makes me long to hear your presence?
Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.
K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious
When I was young, (as yet I am not old,) [lord! I
do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been requir'd with so much as thanks
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[Enter K. Henry, Gloster, Talbot, & Nobles.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st? —
Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.
Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.
Ver. Hark ye: not so: in witness take ye that.
[Strikes him.
Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, whose doth draw a sword, 'tis present death;
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and may have liberty to argue this wrong:
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost,
Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. A Room of State.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Exeter, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Winchester, Warwick, Talbot, the Governor of Paris, and others.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.
Win. God save king Henry of that name the sixth!
Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—

[Governor kneels.

That you elect no other king but him:
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends;
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend
Majestie's practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

[Exit Glo.

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.
Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I, vowed, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To wear the garter from thy craven's leg.

[Plucking it off.

(Which I have done) because unworthy
Thou wast installd 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 squier, did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men,
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,-
Were there surprise'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judged great lords, if they were base amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no
Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill be seeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.
Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most 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. [dum.
K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hast's thy
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.

[Exit Fastolfe.

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.
Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd
his style? [Viewing the superscription
No more but, plain and bluntly,—To the king?
Hath he forgot, is he so sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here?—I love upon especial cause,—[Reads,
Medit'ng with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
For sake your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found a false assembling guile?
K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
Clo. He doth, my lord; and is become your 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
And give him chastisement for this abjuration:—
Thou, my lord, how say you? are you not content?
Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to fout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter VERON and BASSET.
Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
Bus. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!
York. This is my servant; Hear him, noble prince!
Som. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour him!
K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.
Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bus. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
Flint. I know, and then I'll answer you. [plain
Bus. Crossing the sea from Valenciennes into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks.
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Arg'd betwixt the dukes of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confusion of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intents,
Yet know, my lord, you have prov'd him by his hand,
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.
York. Will not this malice, Somerset, he left?
Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will
Though ever so cunningly you smother it. [out.
K. Hen. Good Lord! what malady rules in brain,
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause, [sick men
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel teacheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge: accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first,
Bus. Confirm it so, my liege honourable lord.
Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious praise!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords,—methinks, you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
And more, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny between yourselves;
Let me persuade you, take a better course.
Ver. It grieves his highness;—Good my lords; be friends.

[Exeunt K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be comba-
Henceforth, 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 wavering nation:
If they perceive dissention 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,
To be the Toy for a toy, a thing of no regard;
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this robe.

[Putting on a red robe.
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 enfranchise me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
And you, discreet nobles, how can you persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach?
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France.—
And 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 repose, will return to Calais;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alecton, and that traitorous rout.

[Flourish. Enter FORTNUM, K. HENRY, GLO. SOM.
WIN. Suf, and BASSET.
Win. War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Pretently, methought, did play the orator.
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
Jo that he wears the badge of Somerset.
Win. Yea! '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 VERON.
Exc. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
ACT IV.—SCENE IV.

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Than yet can be imagin'd or supposed. But howsoever, no simple man that sees This jarring discord of nobility, This swelling of each other in the court, This factious bandying of their favourites, But that it doth prestage some ill event. 'Tis much, when szepters are in children's hands: But more, when envy breeds unkind division; There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [Exit.

SCENE 11.—France. Before Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, with his forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter, Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General of the French Forces, and others.

English. John Talbot, captains, calls you forth, Servant in arms to harry king of England; And thus he would,—Open your city gates, Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours, And do him homage as obedient subjects, And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power: But, if you frown upon this proper d'peace, You tempt the fury of my three attendants, Lean and valiant, quartering steel, and burning fire; Who, in a moment, even with the earth Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers, If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death, Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge! The period of thy tyranny approacheth. On thou my cornet, tell this to the death: For, I protest, we are well forti'd And strong enough to issue out and fight: If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed, Stands with the sores of war to tangle thee: On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd, To wall thee from the liberty of flight; And no way canst thou turn thee for redress, But death dost 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 stand'st, a breathing valiant man, Lean from thy burden, and thy nimble spirit: This is the latest glory of thy prince, That I, thy enemy, due 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 short off. Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warbling bell, Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul; And mine may ring thy dire departure out. [Exeunt General, &c. from the walls.

Tal. He fables but, I hear the enemy:—Out, some light horsemen, and pursue their wings:—O, o'erignit and heedless discipline! How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale: A little herd of England's timorous deer, Muz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs! If we be English deer, be then in blood: Not rascal like, to fall down with a pinch: But rather moody-nad, and desperate stags, Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel, And make the cowards stand aloof at bay: Sell every man his life as dear as mine, And they shall find dear deers 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.

Yor. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again, That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin? Mes. 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 reports 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 leveld for this siege! Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid; And I am forced by a lowd command To stand my ground in Talbot's place: So should we save a valiant gentleman, By forreiting a traitor and a coward. Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep, That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep. 

Lucy. O, send some succour 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. Where's Talbot? 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 greet in the hour of death.— Lucy, farewell; no more my fortune can, But curse the cause I cannot aid the man. Maine, Ibics, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away, Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [Exit. Lucy. Thus while the vaults of sedition Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders, Sleeping neglect 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 Forces; an Officer of Talbot's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now. This expedition was by York, and Talbot, Too rashly plotted; all our general force Might with a sally of the very town Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot...
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour, 
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure: 
York set him on to fight, and die in shame, 
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name. 
Oft. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me 
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid. 

Enter Sir William Lucy. 

Som. How now, sir William? whither were you sent? 
Luc. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord 
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity, 
Cries out for noble York and Somerset; 
To beat assailing death from his weak legions, 
And whilsts the honourable captain there 
Drops bloody sweat from his war-weary limbs, 
And, in advantage hing'ring, looks for rescue, 
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour, 
Keep off about with worthless emulation. 
Let not your private discord keep away 
The levied succours that should lend him aid, 
Whiles he, renowned noble gentleman, 
Yields up his life unto a world of odds: 
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy, 
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about, 
And Talbot perisheth by your default. [aid. 

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him 
Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims; 
Swareing that you would help his levied host; 
Collected for this expedition. 

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the 
I-love him little duty, and less love; [horse 
And take foul scorn, to lawn on him by sending. 

Luc. The fraud of England, not the force of France, 
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot: 
Never to England shall he bear his head; 
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: heis ta'en, or slain: 
For fly he could not, if he would have fled; 
And fly would Talbot never, though he might. 

Som. He will not die, brave Talbot then ha'ie! 
Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in 
you. 

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The English Camp near Bourdeaux. 
Enter Talbot and Jones 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 malignant and ill-boding stars! — 
Now thou art come unto a feast of death, 
A terrible and unavowed danger! 
Therefore, dear boy, trust not on thy 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, 
Dishonour not her honourable name, 
To make a bastard, and a slave of me: 
The world will say,—He is not Talbot's blood, 
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood. 

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain. 

John. He, that flies so, will never 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 bow, 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 preserve' d with infamy. 

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb? 
John, I'll rather on my mother's bier. 

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 shame in me. 

Tal. Thou never hast renown, or canst not lose it. 
John. Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight abuse 
[stain. 

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that 
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? 

Tal. No more can I be sev'red from your side, 
Though your-elf yourself in twain divide: 
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I; 
For live I will not, if my father die. 

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son, 
Borne to eclipse thy life this afternoon. 
Come, side by side together live and die; 
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [Ex. 

SCENE VI.—A Field of Battle. 

Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is 
haem'd 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 his sword. 

When is John Talbot —pause, and take thy breath — 
I gave thee life, and rescu'd 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 determined time thou gav'st new date. 

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck 
It warmed the father's heart with proud desire [fire, 
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 Galia rescu'd thee. 
The redful 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, 
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base, 
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine, 
Meas 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 to the front with proud desire — fire, 
And the father's care; 
Art not thou weary, John? How didst 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 to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage.
ACT V.—SCENE I.

To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:- By me they nothing gain, as I'll stay, But the short and end of one day:— In thee my mother dies, our household's name, My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame; All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay; All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away. John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart, These words of yours draw loud from my heart: On that advantage, bought with such a shame, (To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,) Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly, The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die! And like me to the peasant boys of France; To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance! Surely, by all the glory you have won, An I live, 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. Taf. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete, Thou earus: thy life to me is sweet: If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side: And, commendable prov'd, let's ride in pride. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Another part of the same.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Talbot wounded, supported by a Servant.

Taf. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;— O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?— Triumphant death, smeard' with captivity! Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:— When he perceived me, shrink, and on my knee, His bloody sword he brandish'd over me, And, like a hungry lion, did commence Though deeds of rage, and stern impatience; But when my angry guardian stood aloof, Teasing my ruin, and assailing of none, Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart, Suddenly made him from my side to start Into the cluss'ring battle of the French: And in that sea of blood my boy did drench His overmounting spirit; and there died My Icarus, my blosson, in his pride. Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne! Taf. Thou antick death, which laugh'st us here to Anon, from thy insulting tyranny. [sco[rned, Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, Two Talbots, winged through the lifier sky, In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality.— O then whose wounds become hard-favoured death, Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath: Have 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 Talbot's grave. \[Diss.

Alarums: Excurgent Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALExON, BURGESS, Bastard, La Pucelle, and Forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in, We should have found a bloody day of this. But how the young whelp of Talbot's, raging wood, Did flesh his piny sword in Frenchmen's blood! Pucr. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said, Thou maistren youth, be sangu'nd by a maid:

But—with a proud, majestic high score,— He answered thus: Young Talbot was not born To be the pillion of a right gench: So rushing in the bowels of the French, He left me proudly, as unworthy fight. 

Char. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight: Sue, where he lies insur'd in the arms Of the most bloody butcher of his harms. But how them to press, hath the swords smothered 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 obtain'd the glory of the day. Char. On what submissive message art thou sent! Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French We English warriors not what it means; [word; I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'ne, And to survey the bodies of the dead. Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? bell our prison is, But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field, Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury? Created, for his rare success of arms, Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence; Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urrisfield; Lord Strange of Blackmore, lord Verdun of Alton, Lord Cromwellof Wingfield, lord Frawall of Shfield, The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge; Knight of the noble order of Saint George, Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden fleece; Great marshall to Henry the sixth, Of all his wars within the realm of France? Pucr. Here is a silly stately style indeed! The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath, Writes not so tedious a style as this.— Him, that thou magnifie'st with all these titles, Stinking, and fly-blow'n, lies here at our feet. Lucy. Is Talbot slain? the Frenchman's only scourge, Our kingdom's terribl' and black Nemesis? O, were these the boys who late 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 may bear them hence, And give them burial as becometh their worth. Pucr. 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; to 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 ashes shall be rear'd A phoenix that shall make all France afeard. Char. So we be rid of them, do with them what thou And now to Paris, in this conquering vein; [wilt. All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [Exeunt.

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?

2 G 2
KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

Glo. I have, my lord, and their intents is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellency,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion? Glo. Well, my good lord, and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And establish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural
That such 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 anity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Prolfers 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 Winch.

Thelmaster, in a Cardinal's habit.

Fac. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive, that will be verified,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophecy.
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, we are certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace.
Which, by my lord of Winchester may mean
Shall be transmit't presently to France.
Glo. And for the prof'er 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 dow'r.—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contrâxt,
Besides her this p'ny, [fie! from the Ashes of my age,
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded, [t'ion.
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness.
For bringing me in these grave negotiations.
Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.
Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee steep, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—France. Plain in Aunay.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alençon, La Pucelle, and Forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping
Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt. [Spirits:
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not lock your powers in dailiness.
Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Successe unto our valiant general,
And happinesse to his accomplices! [speak,
Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee,
Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one:
And means to give you battle presently.
Char. Somewhat too sudden, sir, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command me conquer, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; And France be fortunate!
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. Before Angiers.

Autors: Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquer, and the Frenchmen fly,—
Now help, ye charming spells, and peripats;
And ye that quench ambassadours' arks,
And give me signs of future accidents! [Thunder,
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance urges proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[They walk about, and speak not.
O, hold me not with silence over long!
Where I was wont to feel you with my blood,
I'll lap a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—
[They hang their heads.
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[They make their heads.
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat to you your trusted 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 hilt too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [Exit.

Autors. Enter French and English, fighting. La Pucelle and Your fight hand to hand. La Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damne of France, I think, I have you fast;
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your loycity.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace! See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.
Puc. Chang'd to a woman shape she can't not be;
York. O, Charles the Dauphin's a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
KING EDMUND VI.

BUFFOKE O fairest beauty, do not fear.
First Port. Act V. Sc. 3.
ACT V.—SCENE III.

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! [tongue. York. Fell, banning lies! enchantress, hold thy Puc. I pray thee, give me leave to curse a while. York. Curse, miscreant, whate' eon comes to the stake. [Exit. LADY MARGARET, the French King, and others. Enter Suffolk, leading in Lady Margaret. Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [Aside. O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly; For I will touch thee but with reverent hands, And lay them gently on thy tender side. I kiss these fingers [kissing her hand.] for eternal peace: Who art thou, say? that, I may know thee. Mar. Margaret is 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 soon as say. [She turns away as going. O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass; My hand would free her, but my heart says—no. As plays the sun upon the glassy streams, Twinkling another counterfeited beam, So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes. Fair maid, wilt thou woo me? I dare not speak: I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind: Fye, De Do Poole! disabled not thyself; Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner? Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight? Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such, Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough. Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,— What ransom must I pay before I pass? For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner. 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 wond.
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [Aside. Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no? Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife; Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [Aside. Mar. I were best 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. 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. Mar. Peace establish'd 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. [Aside. Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure? Suf. It shall be so, disdain they never so much; Henry is lawful, if our grace shall yield. Madam, I have a secret to reveal. [Knight. Mar. What though I be enthralled? he seems a And will not any way dishonour me. [Aside. Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say. Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French; And then I need not crave his courtesy. [Aside. Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause. Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ever now. [Aside. Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so? Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but quiet for quo. Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose Your bondage happy, to be made a queen? Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile, Than is a slave in base servility; For princes should be free. And so shall you, If happy England's royal king be free. Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me? Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen; To put a golden scepter in thy hand, And set a precious crown upon thy head, If thou wilt condescend to be— What? Mar. His love. Suf. 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 parton in the choice myself. How say thou, madam? are you not content? Mar. An if my father please, I am content. 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. A PARLEY sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the walls. Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner Reig. To whom? To me. Mar. 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. Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks. Suf. That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign. Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend, To give thee answer to thy just demand. [Exit, from the walls. Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.
Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below. Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories; Command in Anjou what your honour please. Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child, Fit to be made companion with a king: What answer makes your grace unto my suit? Reig. Since thou dost design to woo her little worth To be the princely bird 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 ransome, I deliver her; And those two counties, I will undertake, To be the princely bird of such a lord; Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name, As deputy unto that gracious king, Give thee her hand, for sign of plight'd faith. Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks, Because this is in traffic of a king:
KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [Aside.]
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to solemnize '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

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [Going.
Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Mar.
No princely commendations to my king? [garet;
Mar. Such commendations as become a mad
Virgin, and his servant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted 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.
[Exit Reignier and Margaret.
Suf. O, what thought thou of thyself?—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;
Mad, natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas.
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [Exit.}


Enter York, Warwick, and others.
York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, guarded, and a Shepherd.
Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart out—
Have I sought every country far and near, [right!
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee! [Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
I have no fathers, nor any to inherit.
Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not
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. Fye, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle Joan.
Puc. Peasant, avanti!—You have suborn'd this
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth. [man,
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
There were so many, whom she seduced to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoup? Now cursed be the times
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I was 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 liv'd too long
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have con-
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain, [denn'd;
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;
Her sons—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, misconceiv'd! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy.
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.
York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution. [War.
War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enough;
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That thou mayst not wander in thine short life.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
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 forfend! the holy maid with child?
It was Adam and Eve that enjoyed my love.
York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, as if it had a thousand lives.
Puc. O, give me leave, I have desired 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 seduced,
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 vain.
Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my
May never glorious sun reflect his beams [curse:
Upon the company where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves! 
[Exit guarded.
York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal Beaufort, attended.
Cor. Lord regent, I do great your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, of the state of Christendom,
Moy'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And to have band the Sicilian and his train,
Approached 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 half the realm is overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery.
Our great progenitors had conquer'd?
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.
War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, attended: ALENCON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull 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 choler choked
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baseless enemies.
War. Count Charles, and all your family, discover'd thus:
That—in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of more compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become true hegenmen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroys under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he then be as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This offer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already, that I am posses'd
With more than half the Galian territories,
And therein reverence'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but victor of the whole?
Alas! the while I do not keep
That which I have, than, coveting 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 compromise,
Stands'thou alreadv upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plight thee with incessant war.

Reign. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
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
Char. It shall:

[Stand! Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.
York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellions to the crown of England,
Thou, or thy nobles, to the crown of England—
(Characters, and the rest, give tokens of jealousy.
So, now dismiss your array when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace.

SCENE V.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, in conference with Suffolk; Gloucester and Exeter following.

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, gracecd with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour in tempestuous gales
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. Tush! my good lord! this supernatural tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I such skill to invent them,) would
Would make a volume of enticing lines.
Abel to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I shew, of virtuous chase and intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is bethroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds;
A poor exclaiming daughter of the dust,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside his wealth doth warrant liberal dower;
While Reigner sooner will receive, than give.

Suf. A dower, my lord! I disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must he companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be prefer'd.
KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife!  
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,  
And is a pattern of celestial peace.  
Whom should we match, with Henry, being a king,  
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?  
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,  
Approves her fit for none, but for a king:  
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,  
(More than in women commonly is seen,)  
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;  
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,  
Is likely to beget more conquerors,  
If with a lady of so high resolve,  
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.  
Then yield, my lords, and here conclude with me,  
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.  
K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,  
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that  
My tender youth was never yet attaint  
With any passion of inflaming love,  
I cannot tell; but this, I am assurance'd,  
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,  
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,  
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.  
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;  
Agree to any covenants; and procure  
That lady Margaret do yourselves 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 resolve and ruminate my grief.  
[Exit.  
Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.  
[Exeunt 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 prosper better than the Trojan did.  
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;  
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.  
[Exit.

Of this play, whoever may have been the author, it is certain  
that it was once extremely popular. It is evidently alluded to  
by Nashe, in a tract entitled Piers Polyeclit's his Supplication,  
&c. 1592. Where he says, "How would it have moved brave  
Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that after he had lain  
two hundred years in his tomb, he should triumph again on the  
stage, and have his bones new embalmed with leaves of ten  
thousand spectator at least, at several times, who, in the tragical  
triumph that presents his person, imagine they behold him fresh  
bleeding,"

SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY VI.

This play, which was first printed in its present form in the folio  
of 1623, was founded on the old play of Marlowe's, called The  
First Part of the Contention between the two famous houses of  
York and Lancaster. In what year this new piece was  
produced, it is perhaps, now impossible to be discovered. It  
was published in 1591; but Shakespeare is supposed to have  
modified and improved the rude sketch of his predecessor  
two or three years earlier.

Mr. Malone has been at the trouble of carefully comparing the  
play of Marlowe with the drama which Shakespeare formed out  
of it; and distinguishing by different marks the alterations  
made by our great poet.  

The play opens with Henry's surmise, which was in the twenty-  
third year of his reign, A. D. 1443; and closes with the first  
battle fought at St. Alban's, and won by the York faction, in the  
three third year of his reign, A. D. 1455: so that it  
comprises the history and transactions of ten years.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster, his uncle.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, great  
uncle to the King.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.

EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK,  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,  
LODGE CLIFFORD,  
YOUNG CLIFFORD, his son,  
EARL OF SALISBURY,  
EARL OF WARWICK,  
LORD SCALES, governor of the Tower.

LORD SAY.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and his Brother.

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

A SEA-CAPTAIN, MASTER, and MASTER'S MATE, and  
WALTER WHITMORE.

TWO GENTLEMEN, prisoners with Suffolk.

A HERALD.

VAUX.

HUME and SOUTHWELL, two priests.

BOLINGBROKE, a conjoicer.

A SPIRIT RAISED BY HIM.

THOMAS HORNER, an armorier.

PERE, his man.

CLERK OF CHATHAM.

MAYOR OF SAINT ALBAN'S.

SIMPSON, an impostor.

TWO MURDERERS.

JACK CARE, a rebel.

GEORGE, JOHN, DICK; SMITH, the weaver;  
MICHAEL, &c. his followers.

ALEXANDER IDES, a Kentish Gentleman.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.

ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloster.

MARGARET JOURDAIN, a witch.

WIFE TO SIMPSON.

LOVVS, LADIES, AND ATTENDANTS: Pettitioners, Aldermen,  
A BOULE, Sherriff, and Officers; Citizens,  
Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE,—dispersely in various parts of England.
ACT I.—SCENE I.  

London. A Room of State in the Palace.  

Flourish of trumpets: then hush. Enter, on one side, King Henry, Duke of Gloucester, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort; on the other, Queen Margaret, led in by Suffolk; York, Somerset, Buckingham, and others following.  

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty I had in charge at my depart for France, as procurator to your excellence, to marry princess Margaret for your grace; so, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—in presence of the kings of these two Sicilies, the dukes of Orleans, Calabre, Brestagione, and Alencon, seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,—I have performed my task, and was espous'd: and humbly now upon my bended knee, in sight of England and her lordly peers, Delive up my title in the queen.  

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, For God ! his love and people, in the wars? Did he so often lodge in open field, In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat, To conquer France, his true inheritance? And did my brother Bedford toll his wits, To keep by policy what Henry got? Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham, Brave York; and faithful and victorious Warwick, Receive'd deep scars in France and Normandy? Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself, With all the learned council of the realm, Studied so long, sat in the council house, Early and late, debating to and fro How France and Frenchemen might be kept in awe? And hath his highness in his passion there— Which crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes— And shall these labours, and these honours, die? Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance, Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die? Or peers of England, shameful is this league! Fatal this marriage!—cancelling your fame: Plotting 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!  

Cur. 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 an impossible thing. Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roost, Hath given the duties of Anjou and Maine Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.  

Sal. Now, by the death of him that died for all, These counties were the keys of Normandy— But wherefore wears 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; These provinces these arms of mine did conquer: And are the cities, that I got with wounds, Deliver'd again with peaceful words?  

Mort. Die!  

Glo. York. For Suffolk's duke—may he be sufforate, That dim's 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 down, 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 staid in France, and starv'd in France, Before ——
KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot; It was the pleasure of my lord the king.
Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind; 'Tis not my speeches that you do dislike, But 'tis 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 buckering — Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone, I prophesied — France will be lost ere long. [Exit. Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage. 'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy: Nay, more, an enemy unto you all; And no great friend, I fear me, to the king. Consider, lords,—he is the next of blood, And hear 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 Betch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect. What though the common people favour him, Calling him—Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster; Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice — Jesu maintain your royal excellence! Why is God's good duke Humphrey? I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss, He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he be then protect our sovereign, He being of age to govern of himself?— Cousin of Somerset, join you with me, And all together—with the duke of Suffolk,— We'll quickly noise 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 Humphrey's And greatness of his place be grief to us, [pride, Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal; His insolence is more intolerable Than all the princes in the land beside: If Gloster be disposed, he'll be his protector.

Buck. Or then, or 1, Somerset, will be protector, Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal. [Exit BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him. While these do labour for their own preferment, Behaves it us to labour for the realm I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster Did bear him like a noble gentleman, Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal— More like a soldier, than a man o' the church, 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! Their deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping, Had 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 yet repeat for our sovereign, Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people.— Join the two, the public good doth The public good? In what we can, to bride, 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 lead the profit of the land. War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land, And common profit of his country: York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Up to the main! O father, Maine is lost; That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win, And would have kept, so long as breath did last: Main chance, father, you meant; but I mean Maine; Which I will win from France, or else be slain. [Exeunt WARRICK and SUFFOLK.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French; Paris is lost; the state of Normandy Stands on a tittle 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 dukes' fair daughter. I cannot blame them all; What is't to them? Tis thine they give away, and not their own. Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillow, And purchase friends, and give to cortezians, Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone: While as the silly owner of the goods Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands, And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof, While all is shar'd, and all is borne away: Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own. So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue, While his good lands are beguiled and sold. Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland, Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood, As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd, Unto the prince's heart of Calydon. Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French! Cold news for me; for I hail hope of France, Even as I have of fertile England's soil. Day will come, when York shall claim his own, And therefore I will take the Nevil's parts, And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey, And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown, For that's the golden mark I seek to hit: Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right, Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist, Whose church-like honours fit not for a crown. Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve— Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep, To pry into the secrets of the state; Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love, With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen, And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars: They will in loose aloft the milk-white mant, Whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed; And in my standard bear the arms of York, To grapple with the house of Lancaster; And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown, Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [Exit.

SCENE II.
The same.—A Room in the Duke of Gloster's House.

Enter GLOSTER and the DUCHESS.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripepened corn, Hanging the head at Ceres' plentiful load? Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows, As frowning at the favours of the world? Why are these eyes ever fixed to the milk-white mant, Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight? What sect thou there? king Henry's diadem, Enchas'd with all the honours of the world? If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face, Untily head be cure'd with the same. Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:— What, is't too short, then lengthen it with mine: And, having both together, hear'd it up,
ACT I.—SCENE III.

We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
And never more abuse our sight so long,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.
Glo. O Neil, sweet Neil, if thou dost love thy lord,
Dish 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 troublesome dream this night doth make me sad.
Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With the 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, it was by the cardinal;
And, on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.
Duch. Tis, this was nothing but an argument,
That I did to screen the stink of Goldsmith'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 are 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-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worrily pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble dow 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. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawke.
Glo. I go.—Cone, Neil, thou wilt ride with us?
Duch. Yes, good my lord, I'll follow presently.

[Exit Gloster and Messenger.

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks,
And smooth my way upon their heelless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! say, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!
Duch. What say'st thou, majesty? I am but grace.
Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's ad-
your grace's title shall be multiplied.
[vice, Duch.
Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet confron'd
With Margery Journaid, the cunning witch;
And Roger Holbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to meet me? [highness
Hume. This they have promised, — to shew your
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.
Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty case.

[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 no me under the duchess' grove,
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, A crafty knife does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both—a pair of crafty knives.
Well, so it stands; And thus, I fear at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck;
And her attain'ture will be Humphrey's fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.
[Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Peter, and others, with petitions.

1 Pet. My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesus bless him!

Enter Suffolk and Queen Margaret.

1 Pet. Here a comes, methinks, and the queen with him: 1 am the first, sure.

2 Pet. Come back fool! this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! would'st any thing with me?

1 Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [Reading the superscription.] To my lord protector—are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: What is that thing?

1 Pet. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed.—What's yours? — What's here! [Reads] Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melrose.—How's this? sir knave?

2 Pet. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

PETER. [Presenting his petition.] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, farsooth: my master said, That he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [Enter Servants.]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently: we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[Exit Servants, with Peter.
KING HENRY VI. —PART II.

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.

[Exeunt Petitioners.]

Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guse
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 stoil'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 Are-Maries 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 canon'd saints.
I would, the college of 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. [fort,
Q. Mar. Beside the haught protector, have we Beauty,
The impious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of these,
But can adorn 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;
Stewards 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 callat she is,
She vaunted 'most her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will fight to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords.
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York,—this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weep them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King Henry, York, and Somerset,
conversing with him; Duke and Duchess of Gloucester,
Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, Salisbury,
and Warwick.

K. Hen. Form 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.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitions Warwick, let thy better speak.
War. The 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.

Suf. 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. Ambitions Warwick, let thy better speak.
War. The 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.
ACT I.—SCENE IV.

Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [Exit Hume.] Mother Buckingham, be you prostrate, and kneel on the earth—John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess, above.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all.
To this peer; the sooner the better.
Boling. Pity me, good lady; wilt heards know their
delique, this; dark night, the silent of the night; times:
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 up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and hear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.
[Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and
make the circle; Bolingbroke, or Southwell,
reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens
terribly; then the Spirit riseth.]

Spir. Adsum.
M. Jard. Asmath.
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Then tremblest, and answer that I shall ask:
For, till you 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 be-
come?
[Reading out of a paper.
Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him unfold, and die a violent death?
[As the king's speech you all write the answer.
Boling. What fait awaits the duke of Suffolk?
Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.
Boling. What shall befal the duke of Somerset?
Spir. Let him slum castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Then where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
False send, avoid!
[Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.

Enter York and Buckingham, hastily, with their
Guards, and others.
York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
Bekdame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
What, madam, are you there? the king and common
Are deeply inducted for this piece of pains; [weal
My lord protector will, I doubt not,
See you well gendar'd for these good deserts.
Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke; that thence is where is no cause.
Buck. True, madam, none atall. What call you this thist
[Shewing her the papers.
Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
And kepsunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—
Stafford, take her to thee—
[Exit Duchess from above.
We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming.
All. Away! [Ex. Guards with Southwell, &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? the duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him sufficeth, and die a violent death.
Why, this is just.
Aia to, Eocida, Romanos siccores passa.
Well, to the rest:
Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.—
KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Saint Alban’s.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloster, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers howling.

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—
I know how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, as it like your majesty,
My lord protector’s hawks do tower so well;
They know, their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon’s pitch.

Glo. My lord, ‘tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought so much; he’d be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?
Went it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?

K. Hen. The treasure of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;

Fervent protector, dangerous peer,
That’s no less to the king and commonwealth!

Glo. What, cardinal, is thy priesthood grown potenter animis cælestibus inæ?
[rempitory?]

Chirchmen so hot! good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes Good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Car. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord;

An’t like your lordly lord-protectorship.


Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen. I 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 I were come to that!
[Aside to the Cardinal.]

Car. Marry, when thou darest.

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. Ay, where thou dost at’t-pee; and if thou dost,
This evening, on the east side of the grove.

K. Hen. How now, my lords?

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so soon,
We had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis’d? —the east side of the grove?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you.

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God’s mother, priest, I’ll share your crown
Or all my fence shall fail.

Car. Mediocre teipsum;

Protector, see to’t well, protect yourself.

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs,
How irksome is this music to my heart?—
 Lords.
When such strings jat, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter an Inhabitant of Saint Alban’s, crying, A Miracle.

Glo. What means this noise?

Car. What miracle dost thou proclaim?

Inhab. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban’s shrine,
Within this half hour, hath receiv’d his sight;
A man, that never saw in his life before.

Suf. K. Hen. Now, God be prais’d! that to believing
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban’s and his brethren;

And Simpson, borne between two persons in a chair;

his wife and a great multitude following.

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king,
His highness’ pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What hast thou been long blind, and now restor’d?

Simp. Born blind, an’t please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an’t like your worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have
Simp. A poor man’s child in the north, an’t like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul! God’s goodness hath been great
Let never day nor night unhallow’d pass,
To thee: But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, canst thou here by
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine? [chance.

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion: being call’d
A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep
By good Saint Alban; who said,—Simper, come,
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me! I can’t.

Wife. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Wife. A fall off of a tree.

Glo. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?—

Simp. O, born so, master.

Wife. How, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and boughthis climbing very dear.

Glo. Mass, thou lov’st plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir’d some damo
ACT II.—SCENE II.

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And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—

Let me see thine eyes:—wink now; now open them:—

In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and
Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master, red as blood. [of?

Glo. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour petis

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see. [of?

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day a many.

If I, Never before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his!

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Under Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunders, sit thou there, the lying'st

knife

In Christendom. If thou hast been born blind,

Thou might'st as well have known our names, as thus

To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly

To nominate them is impossible.—

My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;

And would ye not think that cunning to be great,

That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not

beadles in your town, and things called whips?

My lords, yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hitther straight.

[Exit an Attendant.

Glo. Now fetch me a stool lither by and by. [A

stood brough out.] Now, sirrah, if you mean to

save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool,

and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone;

You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.

Surrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same

stool.

Bend. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with

your docket quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able

to stand. [After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps

over the stool, and runs away: and the

people follow, andcry, A Miracle!

K. Hen. O God, see'st thou this, and hear'st so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knife; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market

town, till they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[Exit Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I; I

You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lowly bent,—

Under the countenance and confidentiality

Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,

The ringleader and head of all this rout,—

Have practis'd dangerously against your state,

Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:

Whom we have apprehended in the fact;

Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,

Demanding of king Henry's life and death,

And other of your highness' privy council,

As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hear.

[Aside to Gloster.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leaves to affect my heart!

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers:

And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,

Or to the meanest groom. [ones;

K. Hen. O God, what mischief work the wicked

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest.

And, look'st thou thyself be faultless, thou wilt 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 am I to hear what I have heard;

Noble she is; but if she have forgot

Honour, and virtue, and converse'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 pre-

vails. [Flourish. Exit.


Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and War-

Our simple supper ended, give me leave, [wick,

In this close walk, to satisfy myself,

In craving your opinion of my title,

Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at 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 Hasting; 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,

Sits on the realm; deposed 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 so traitorously;

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;

Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
Draped 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. [death
Due. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my
Glo, Eleanor, the law, thou seest, had judged thee;
I cannot justify them the law condemns.—
[Exeunt the DUCHES, 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;
Some for solace, and mine age require it.
K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey; duke of Gloster: ere thou
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
[g'o, Protector be: and God shall be my hope,
My start, my grid, and lantern to my feet;
And go in peace, Humphrey: no less before,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.
K. Hen. But I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and king Henry govern England's helm:
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.
Glo. My staff!—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign.
As ere thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farwell, 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 main; two pulls at once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This, that, and all the humours of the court,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.
Suf. Thus drops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest 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 the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.
K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things
Here let them end it, and God defend the right! [fit;
York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lord.
Enter, on one side, Hose'n and his neighbours, drinking
to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters
bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a
drum before him: at the other side, Peter, with a
drum and a similar staff; accompanied by prentices
drinking to him.
1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you
in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall
do well enough.
2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of chalice.
3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer
neighbour: drink, and fear not you may.
Hoc. Let it come, I trust, 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 Peter Tom, take all the money that I have.—
O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to
deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence
already.

Sit. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.

—Sirrah, what's thy name? Peter. Peter, forsooth.


—Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon
my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and my-
self an honest man: and touching the duke of York,
—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, as Bevis of Southampton,
fell upon Ascapart.

York. Despatch!—this knave's tongue begins to
Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants. [double.
[Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes down his
master.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[Dies. York. Take away his weapon: Fellow, thank God,
and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in
this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!
K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight:
For by his death, we do perceive his guilt: And
God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same. A Street.

—Enter Gloster and Servants, in mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a
And, after summer, evermore succeeds [cloud;
Darren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abounded, 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;
Unmeth may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread with them her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gaz'ing on thy face,
With envious looks still 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 prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her misceries.

Enter the Duchess of Gloster, in a white sheet, with
papers pinned 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. Ah, Gloster, teach me to let myself.

For, whilst I think I am the married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mall'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rattle, that rejoince
To see my tears, and hear my deep-felt groans
The ruthless thirt diont cut out my tender feet;
And, when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world;
Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day,
To think upon myump, shall be my hell.
Sometimes I'll say, Iam Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land;
Yet so he ruleth, 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 every trifling of what and who
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
For Suffolk,—be that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all kind'nes'hes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thon, until the first snow,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou almost 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 my seathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and cromless.
Would'st 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 parliament,
holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[Exit Herald.

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.
Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission
And sir John Stanley is appointed now

To take her with him to the isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your
Glo. Ensure her not the worse, in that I pray grace.
You use her well the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell.

Duch. What gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exeunt Gloster and Servants.

Duch. Art thou gone too? 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.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;
There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stav. Like to a goddess, and duke Humphrey's
According to that state you shall be used. [lady,  

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharge'd—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stav. Madam, your penance done, throw off this
And go we to attire you for our journey. [sheet,  

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. [Exit,  

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Abbey at Bury.

Enter to the Parliament, King Henry, Queen Mary,  
Garet, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York,  
Buckingham, and others.

K. Hen. I muse, my lord of Gloucester is not come:
'Tis not his part to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see it? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
What is the wind that bears him?—
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, pretermitting, 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 ador'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 shews an angry eye,
And passes 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 Englad.
First, note, that he is far you in descent;
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy,—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,—
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By charity hath he won the commons' hearts;
And, when he pleased to make commotion,
'Tis to be feared, they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverend care, I bear unto your lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say—I wrong'd the duke.
My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
Reprieve my allegation, 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 repeating of his high descent,
(As next the king, he was successive heir,)  
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason
The fox-larks not, when he would steal the lamb,
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsound'd yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! These are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once: The care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
The duch 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
affiance?
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 are the ravenous wolves.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?

Som. That 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,
As timely 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 ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious graze. [Exit.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspeckt 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 soldiers' pay;
By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.

Glo. I love you yet, but thought so! What are they, that think
I never rob'd the soldiers of their pay?

[It? Never 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 groat I boarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial!

O, may a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispersed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.
Cur. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!
York. In your protectorate, you did devise
Strange strictness for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.
Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was pro-

Glo. Far truer spoke 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.
Cur. 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;
This is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are garling who shall goa 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 ourself were here. [lameat
Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the par-

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with
Whose fires begin to flow within mine eyes; [grief,
My body round enwring 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 low report tells you can expect,
That these our great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subservion of thy harmless life!
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the cull,
And bounds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
O, gracious! Every step of theirs is dangerous!
So virtuous is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd here by rancour's hand;
Foul subordination is predominant,
And equity exil'd his highness' land.
I know, their counsels are to have my life;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
Pray, break 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.
Beaumont's red sparkling eyes blash his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
And, if this be the end of my tongue with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon my heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:—
And you my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
And, with your best endeavour, have stir'd up
My busiest liege 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;
Twill make all none, and twenty eagle read
When 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 traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
The ancient honour will be well affected,—
Who would not leap to beat a dog?
Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
With ignominious words, though clerical couched'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrob his state?
Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide,
Who being accused a crafty murderer, 
His guilt should be but idly posted over, 
Because his purpose is not executed.
Nor, 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, prov'd by reasons, to my liege,
And do not stand on quibbles, how to slay him:
Be it by guns, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So be he dead, for his death is foe;
Which makes him first, that first intends deceit.
Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoken, and seldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.
Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say, you consent, and secure well the deed,
And I will provide his executioner,
I tend to the safety of my liege.
Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Q. Mar. Then, I will stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
Car. A breach, that crevices a quick expeditious stop.
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my life betime,
Thau bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Shew me your scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserves' so whole, do seldom win.
Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still;—
Thy fortune, York, hath thou been regent there,
Might possibly have prov'd far worse than his,
York. What, worse than naught? 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 choice, from every county some, 
And try your lap 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:
York. My lord of Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. Lord Suffolk, within fourteen days 
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

York. Now, York, as never, steel thy fearful thoughts, 
And change a misdoct to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art 
Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:
Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man, 
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on:
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity. [thought.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Wrestes tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men.
I fear me, you but warm the starded snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd
You and your sharp weapons, a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell:
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-irred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduced a head-strong 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 kerns;
Winging so long, till that his gasp with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being resc'd, I have seen him
Caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy;
And undisclosed come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say,—I mu'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will,) 
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. 

SCENE II.—Bury. A Room in the Palace.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1 Mar. Hurry to my lord of Suffolk; let him know, 
We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
2 Mar. O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

1 Mar. Here comes my lord.
Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day.
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.

K. Hen. Lords, take your places; — And, pray you
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster, [all.
Than from true evidence, of good esteem.
He be approv'd in practice culpable,
Be God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a noblesman!
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!
K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret; these words con-
tent me much.—

Re enter Suffolk.

How now; why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.
Q. Mar. Marty, God forefend! Car. God's secret judgment: — I did dream to-night,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.
[The kings scarce.
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, one thine eyes!
Suf. He doth revive again; — Madam, be patient.
Suf. Not for myself; — Come! gracious Henry, come.
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 thy eye-balls murders tyrannous
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding: —
Yet do not go away — Come, haudish,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy:
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.
Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus? —
Although the duke was enemy to him.
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself, — for as he wroughest 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 shame and sorrow be, —
And princes courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy:
A to be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man! Q. Mar. Be voo for me, more wretched than he is,
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no leas-some leper, look on me.
What, art thou like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statue then, and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I, for this, my flight; — upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native elime!
What bodest this, but well-foreswearing 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 the gentle gusts,
And he there look'd from time to time with eyes;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Eolus would not be a murd'rer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting sea refused to drown me; [shore,
Knowing, that thou wouldst have me drown'd on
With bear's breath as well as with his kindness.
The splitting rocks cow'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than thou,
Might to 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 throw 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 bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Allion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy,)
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenç'd in burning Troy?
Am I notwitch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
For Hea'ry 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 their revenge.
Myself have calm'd their sanguine mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.
K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true,
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.
War. That I shall do, my liege: — Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

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! Fain would I go to chase his holy lips With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain Upon his face an ocean of salt tears; To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk, And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling; But all in vain are these mean obsequies; And, to survey his dead and earthly image, What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The folding doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and Gloucester is discovered dead in his bed: Warwick and others standing by it.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. This is to see how deep my grave is made: For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace; For 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 three-sailed duke.

Warwick. What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow? If war. See how the blood is settled in his face! Oft have I seen a timely-painted ghost. Of ashly semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless, Being all descended to the labouring heart; Who, in the conflict that it holds with death, Attracts the same for alliance 'gainst the enemy; Which with the heart there cools, and never returneth To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But, see, his face is black, and full of blood; His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd, Staring full ghastly like a strangled man: [gling] His hair uproar'd, his nostrils stretch'd with strug-

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd And tamed for life, and was by death subdued. Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking: His well-proportioned beard made rough and ragged, Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.

It cannot be, but he was murder'd here; The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to Myself and Dunstaff, had him in protection; [death And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers. If war. But both of you were v'rd Duke Humphrey's And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep: [fees; 'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend; And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belle, suspect the nobleman As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer, and bleeding fresh, And sees fast by a butcher with an axe, But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter? Who finds the partridge in the pittock's nest, But may imagine how the bird was dead, Although the kite soar with unbleeded beak? Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Suf. If I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men; But here's a vengeful sword rusted with ease, That shall be secured in his rancorous heart, That slanders me with murder's crimson budge:— Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire, That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[Exit Cardinal. Som. and others

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him.

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit, Nor cease to be an arrogant controller, Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say; For every word, you speak in his behalf, Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour! If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much, Thy mother took into her shameful bed Some stern uncto'red charl, and noble stock Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art, And never of the Nevil's noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee, And I should rob the deathsmen of his fee, Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames. And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild, I would not else murderously coward, on thy knee. Make thee beg pardon for thy pass'd speech, And say—It was thy mother that thou meant'st, That thou thyself wast born in bastardy: And after all this fearful homage done, Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell, Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men! Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shall thy blood, If from the face of thee thou dar'st go near me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence: Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee, And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[Exit Suffolk and Warwick.

K. Hen. What stronger breast-plate than a heart un- Thrice is hearm'd that hath his quarrel just? [tainted? And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. [A noise within.

Q. Mar. What noise is this? Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?— What, that tumultuous clamour have we here? Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Dury, Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick.

Suf. Why, how now, lords, your wrathful wea-

pens drawn Noise of a crowd within.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me, Unless false 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 pure instinct of love, and loyal duty— 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, Nor pain of your dislike, or pain of death; Yet notwithstanding such a strict edict, Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue, That slily glided towards your majesty,
QUEEN MARGARET: Give me thy hand.

Second Part. Act III. Sc. 4
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forb'd,
That they will guard you, whe're you will, or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenom'd 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 hands,
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 'll break in.

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I that revenge my love for so much care;
And had I not been caitiff'd by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state of Suffolk's means.
And therefore—by His majesty I swear,
Whose far un worthy deputy I am,—
He shall not breathe infection in the air
But three days longer, on the pain of death. [Exit.]

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!
K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But I must am, to shew him my love for
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom'd 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 malediction grow along with you!
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these executions,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. The secrets of his heart are hearted-wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies? them?
Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse
Would curse's kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fix'd teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her beathome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words:
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distraight;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their choicest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boiling screech-oaks make the concert full!
And so for terror in days, months, or aye! thyself;

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st
And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. Your bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where 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
That I may dew it with my mournful tears; [hand,
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;
That thou might'st think upon these from the soul,
Through whom a thousand sights are breath'd for the!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking upon a want.
I will repeat thee, or, be well assured,
Adventurers to be banish'd out of heaven,
And banish'd 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's image banish'd,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art, even so is banish'd,
I can no more—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast! what news. I

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty, [pr'ythee]
That Colden and Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness,
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 heart and charged soul;
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for.  

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exit VAUX.]

Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn't I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
Their's for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now, get thee hence; The king thou know'st, is com-
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead. [ing?
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 dung 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 my lips to stop my mouth;
So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,  
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.  
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;  
From thee to die, were torture more than death:  
O, let me stay, be fall what may befal!  
Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fellrous corrosive,  
It is applied to a deadly wound only give I thee:—  
To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;  
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,  
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.  
Suf. I go.  
Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.  
Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask  
That ever did contain a thing of worth.  
Even as a splitted bark, so snder we;  
This way fall I to death.  
Q. Mar. This way for me.  
[Exeunt, severally.}

SCENE III.

London.—Cardinal Beaufort's Bed-Chamber.

Enter King Henry, Salisbury, Warwick, & others.

The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.


[treasure.

Car. If thou be'test death, I'll give thee England's

Enough to purchase such another island,

So thou wilt let me live, and feed me pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,

When 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, where they will or no?—

O, torture me no more; I will confess.

Alive again? then shew 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.

Henry. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!  
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,

That lags 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.

Suf. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. I cannot so command, if God's good pleasure be!  
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—

He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!  
War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;  
And let us all to meditation.  
[Exeunt.}

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kent. The sea-shore near Dover.

Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, Walter Waller, and others; with them Suffolk, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, babbling, and remorseful day

Is crept into the bosom of the sea;  
And now loud-howling wolves azure the jades

That drag the tragic melancholy night;  
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings

Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws

Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;

For, whilst our pinion anchors in the Downs,

Here shall they make their ransome on the sand,

Or with their blood stain this discolor'd shore.—

Mark, this prisoner truly give I thee:—

And then that art his mate, make boot of this:—

The other [proposing to Suffolk,] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 Gent. What is my ransome, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mote. And so much shall you give, or else goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns, and bear the name and port of gentlemen?—

Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall;

The lives of those which we have lost in fight,

Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.

1 Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.  
2 Gent. I'll give it, sir, and write home for it straight.

White. I lost mine eye in laying the prize about,

And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die; [To Suff.  
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransome, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;  
Raise me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

White. And so am I; my name is—Walter Whitmore,—  
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affect

Suf. Thy name affrighted me, in whose sound is death.  
A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me—that by Walter I should die:  
Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;  
Thy name is—Gauttier, being rightly sounded.

White. Gauttier, or Walter, which it is, I care not;

Ne'er yet did base dishonour blare our name,

But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;  
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,

Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,

And I proclaim a coward through the world.

[Lauds held on Suffolk.

Suf. Stay, Whitmore: for thy song is as a prince,

The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.  
White. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!  
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;  
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?  
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.  
Suf. Observe and lowly swear, king Henry's blood,

The honorable blood of Lancaster,

Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.  
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup!  
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth nude,

And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

How often hast thou waited at my cap,

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 aborative 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 rictous tongue.

White. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn saint?  
Cap. First let me your words stab him, as he hath me.  
Suf. Base slave! thy words be blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side

Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou darst not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole?
Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure, one of them depart—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.

Re-enter Whitmore, with Suffolk's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it.
[Exit.

1 Geo. 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 lath: 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 map upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen cause up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handycrafts-men.

John. The nobility think scurvy 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 vocation: which is as much to say, as,—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham;—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver.

Geo. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick the butcher, Smith the weaver, and others in great number.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

[Cade. — for our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes, Command said silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

[Cade. — My mother a Plantagenet.—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife.

[Cade. — My wife descended of the Lucy's,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many faces.

[Cade. — Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes buck's here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and
there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt? the hand for stealing of sheep. 

Cade. De brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny leaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have two hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my pallet go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I think you, good people—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in livery, that they may agree, 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 of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man! Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accounts.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain

Smith. If 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.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters—

'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[Exeunt some with the Clerk.]

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: He that encounters 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; Rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and William his brother, with drum and Forces.

Staf. Rebellious hounds, the fifth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down, Home to your cottages, forsake this grooms—

The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: Therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not: It is to you, good people, that I speak, O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a platerer: And thou thyself, a smearman, Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry this: Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, Married the duke of Clarence's daughter;—Did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her, he had two children at one birth W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis 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, 'tis too true: therefore he shall be king And one shall be a chimney in his father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you eredit this base drudge's words, That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught me.

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 doredom of Maine. And good reason, for the livery is England maimed, and fan 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 enuch: and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. 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. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not pre-assail them with the army of the king. [vail, Staf. Herald, away; and, throughout every town, Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That these, which fly before the battle ends, May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—

And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[Exeunt the two Stafford, and Forces.]

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.— No shame show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty. We will not leave one lord, one gentleman—

Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are 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. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another Part of Blackheath.

Aubrum. The two parties enter and fight, and both the Staffordps are slain.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher, of Ashford?
Dick. Here, sir.
Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavest thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house; therefore thus will I reward thee,—The Lont shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.
Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory I will bear; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse's heels, till I do come to London; where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.
Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.
Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, reading a supplication: the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Say, with him; at a distance, Queen Margaret, mourning over Suffolk's head.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard,—that grief softens the And makes it fearful and degenerate; the mind; 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 of what I should embrace? Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' speeches?
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 should cut them short, Will parley with Jack Cade their general.— But stay, I'll read it over once again.
Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely Ru'd, like a wandering planet, over me? [Face 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 my hope, thy highness shall have his. K. Hen. How now, madam! Still Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death? I fear, my love, if that I had been dead, Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me. Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord! Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer. Descended from the duke of Clarence' house; And calls your grace usurper, openly, And vows to crown himself in Westminster. His army is a ragged multitude Of kinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death Hath given them heart and courage to proceed; All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.
K. Hen. O graceless me! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth, 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 Kenelworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger; The sight of me is odious in their eyes; And therefore in this city will I stay, And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge; the Fly and farseake their houses; [citizens The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join to the traitors: and this jointly swear, To spoil the city, and your royal court. Buck. Then finger 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, thy lord! [to Lord Say.] I trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betrayed.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocency, And therefore am I bold and resolute. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—The same. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, and others, 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.

Scales. Such wishes I can scarce comply with. 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 thither I will send you Matthew Gough. Fight for your king, your country, and your lives; And so farewell, for I must hence again. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—The same. Cannon-street.

Enter Jack Cade, and his Followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, till the city's cost, the passing conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [They kill him. Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.
KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

SCENE VII.—The same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, Caius and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by Matthew Gough. They fight; the Citizens are routed, and Matthew Gough is slain.

Cade. So, sirs: Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

[Aside. Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

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 sitting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

[Aside. Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the townes in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteen, and one shooting to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.

Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monstrous Basimeu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee, by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besem 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 built a house 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 on 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 know of Kent.

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis bona terra, magna gens. Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you Kent, in the commentaries Caesar writ,

[will. Is term'd the civil'it place of all this isle: Sweet in the country, because full of riches; The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;

Which makes me hope you are not void of pity. I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy:

Yet, to recover them, would lose my life. Justice with favour have I always done;

Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never. When have I aught exacted at your hands?

Bent to maintain the king, the realm, and you, Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

Because my book pretend'd me to the king; And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God, 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. Tout! 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, [folks? Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Let judging to determine poor men's causes Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hemon candle then, and the pap of a 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 amongst a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein I have offended most! Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak? Are my cheests 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-sheeding. This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts. O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I'll bide 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 prentice. He that shall bring in 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 God should be so olerude as yourselves, [prayers, 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.

[Execut 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 can have of their 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.
here is no staying.—In despot 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.

Enter. 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.

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean;
To reconcile you all unto the king.

Follow, some of them.

Enter, King Henry, Queen Margaret, and
Seymore, on the terrace of the Castle.

K. Hen. Was ever a 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. Heath! and glad tidings, to your majesty! K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade sur-
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong? [priz'd]

Enter, below, a great number of Cade's Followers,
with halter's about their necks.

Cliff. He's bed, my lord, and all his powers do yield; and humble these, with halter's 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 shew'd how well you love your prince and coun-
Continue still in this so good a mind, [cry]
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 advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of Gallowsglasses, and stout Kernes,
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 mystate, 'twixt Cade and York
distress'd;
Like to a ship, that having 'scape'd a tempest,
Is straitway 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, go forth 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 them thither,
Until his army be dismissed from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.
Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

[Enter. K. Hen. Come, wife, let's and learn to govern bet-
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[Exeunt.}
SCENE X.—Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on ambition! fye on myself; that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I been in these woods; there I sit, and put out, for all the country is lay'd for me; but now I am so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on 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, in many a time, 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 serv'd 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 tormoiled in the court, And may enjoy such quiet walks as these? This small inheritance, my father left me, Conteneth me, and is worth a monarchy. I seek not to wax great by others' warranting; 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. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee a catkin like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part. Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoever thou be, I know thee not; Why then should I betray thee? Is't not enough to break into my garden, And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds, Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner, But thou wilt betray me with these sancy terms? Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and heard thee too. Look on me well; I have eat no meat these five days: yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God, I may never eat grass more. Iden. Nay, it shall never be said while England That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent, [stands, This shall be to come to mince men's bones. Oppose thy stoutest glasses 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 digged already in the earth. As for more words, whose greatness answers words, Let this my sword report what speech forbeares. Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burley-boned clown in chins of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees, thou mayest be turned to hob-nails. [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 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?—Swell, I will hang thee for this thy deed, [for? 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 embraze the honour that thy master got.

Iden. 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, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter York, attended, with drum and colours: his 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 sceptor, balance it. A sceptor shall it have, have I a soul, On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whoe have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me? The king hath sent him sure: I must dissemble. Buck. If, York, if thou meanest well, I great thee well. York. Haply Buckingham, I accept thy Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure? [greeting. 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,— Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, Should'st raise so great a power without his leave, Or dare to bring thy force so near the court, York. Searce can I speak, my choler is so great. O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with fiant, I am so angry at these abject terms; And now, like Ajax Telamonius, On sheep and oxen could I spend my fury! A side. 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, Selctions to his grace, and to the state.
Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part: if by 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, is pledges of my faith and love, I'll send them all as willing as I live; lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission: We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King Henry, attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, dost thou contend no harm to That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm? [us,

York. In all submission and humility, York doth present himself unto thy highness. [bring?

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence; and fight against the monstrous rebel, Cade, Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden, with Cade's head.

Iden. If on so rude, and of so mean condition, lay pass into the presence of a king,

K. Hen. The head of Cade!—Great God, how just

Iden. Present your grace a traitor's head, the head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. And I am sure I have a mind to know

Iden. What art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

K. Hen. Alexander Iden, that's my name; A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss Here were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down; [He kneels.] Rise up a knight, and let the world know he's for reward a thousand marks; [knight. And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty, And never live but true unto his liege! K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the 366, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.[queen; Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his feet boldly stand, and front him to his face. [head,

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 hast thou broken faith with me, Knowing how hardly I can break abuse? King did I call thee? no, thou art not king; Not fit to govern and rule multitudes, Which darst 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 engirt these brows of mine; Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear, Is able with the change to kill and cure. Here is a hand to hold a scepter up, And with the same to act contriving laws. Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more Of 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. Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of If they canbrook I bow a knee to man.— [these,

Sarah, call in my sons to be my bane, To save me from the traitor. [Exit an Attendant

I know, ere they will have me go to ward, They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come again, [Exit Buckingham.

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 bane; and base 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 bane. Cif. Health! and all happiness to my lord the king! [Kneels.

York. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with Nay, do not fright us with an army! [York: [Thee! We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again; For thy misconstruing, so we pardon thee.

Cif. 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 hu-

Make's him drench himself with blood and gruel. [kneels.

Cif. 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? Eng. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve. Rich. And if our words will not, then our weapons shall.

Cif. Why, what a breed of traitors have we here! York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so; I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.— Call hither to the stake my two brave bears, That, with the very shaking of their chains, They may astonish these fell lurking curs; Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drum. Enter Warwick and Salisbury, with Forces.

Cif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to And manacle the bear-ward in their chains, [death, If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur Run back and bite, because he was withheld; Who, being satisfied, would have gone his way, Hath clipp'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.

Cif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump, As mocked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall beat you thoroughly anon.

Cif. Take thee need, lest by thy beat you burn your- selves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hast thy knee forget To Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair, [how? 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 dishonourable 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 middle 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 rightfull 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 Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin; [oath? But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath. Who can be bound by any solemn vow To do a murder, to rob a man, To force a spotless virgin's chastity, To leave the orphan of his patrimony, To wrong the widow from her husband's right; And have no other reason for this wrong, But that he was bound by a solemn oath? Q. Mar. A sublie traitor need's no sophister. K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself. York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou I am resolv'd for death, or dignity. [hast, Clif. The first I warrant thee, it dreams prove true, York. If you were best to go to bed, and dream again, To keep thee from the tempest of the field, Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm, Than any thou canst conjure up to day; And that I'll write upon thy burgonet, Might I but know thee by thy household badge. War. Now, by my father's badge, old Neville's crest, The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff, This day I will wear aloft my burgonet, [As on a mountain-top the cedar shews, That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,) Even to affright thee with the view thereof. Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear, And tread it under foot with all contempt, Despight the bearward that protects the bear. York. And so to commends, victorious father, To quell the rebels, and their complices. Rich. Fye! charity, for shame! speak not in spite, For you shall sup with Jesus Christ to-night. [tell. Y. Clif. Foul stigmatical, that's more than thou canst Rich. It not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. [Loudly 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 house with calling thee to arms. Enter York.

How now, my noble lord? what all a-foot? York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed; But match to match I have encounter'd him, And made a prey for carrion kites and crows, Even of the 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 For I myself must hunt this deer to death. [chase, War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day, [fight'st. It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [Exit Warwick.

Clif. What seem'st 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 shouldst thou prove'st want praise and esteem, But that 'tis shewn 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. [They fight, and Clifford falls. Clif. La fin en revons les œuvres. [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 dedicate to war, Hath no self love; nor he, that loves himself, Hath not essentially, but by circumstance, The name of valor. O, let the vile world end, [Seeing his dead father And the promised 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 ordained, 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 rufian battle?—Even at this sight, My heart is turn'd to stone; and, while 'tis mine It shall be stony. York not our old men spares; No more will I their labors; tears virginal Shall be to me even as the dew to fire; And beauty, that the tyrant oft clasched, Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax. 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, then new ruin of old Clifford's house; [Tack up the body. As did Asceas old Anchises bear, So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders; But then Asceas bare a living load, Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, fighting, and Somerset is killed. Rich. So, lie thou there; For, underneath an heaviest power sign, The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset Hath made the wizard famous in his death.— Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still; Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. Enter Alarums: Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and others, retrieving. Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!
ACT V.—SCENE III.

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay. 
Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight, 
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence, 
To give the enemy way, and to secure 
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

If you be too'n, we then should see the bottom 
Of all our fortunes: but if we happily scape, 
Well we may, if not through your neglect. 
We shall to London get: you where you are lov'd, 
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made, 
May readily be stop'd.

Enter Young Clifford.

Y. Cliff. But that my heart's on future mischief, 
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly; [set, 
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit 
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.

Away, for your relief: and we will live 
To see their day, and them our fortune give; 
Away, my lord, away! 

EXECUT.

SCENE III.—Fields near Saint Albans.

Harum: Retreat. Flourish: then enter York, 
Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers, 
with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him; 
That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets 
Aged contumies and all brush of time; 
And, like a gallant in the brow 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 help him to his horse, 
Three times bestrud him, thrice I led him off, 
Persuaded him from any further 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: 
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled, 
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know, our safety is to follow them; 
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London, 
To call a present court of parliament. 
Let us pursue him, ere the works go forth: 
What says lord Warwick? shall we after them? 
War. After them! nay, before them, if we can. 
Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day: 
Saint Alban's 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! [EXECUT.

THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

This historical drama, like the preceding one, was not printed in its present form till it appeared in the folio edition of our author's works, in 1603. It was formed on a play by Marlowe, or by Marlowe, Peele, and Greene, called The True Tragedy of King Henry the Sixth; or, The Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaster, Shakespeare's version of this original play was made, according to Halone, in 1601. 

The play opens just after the first battle of Saint Alban's, [May 23, 1455.] wherein the York faction carried the day; and closes with the murder of King Henry V, and the birth of prince Edward, afterwards Edward V. [November 4, 1471.] So that this history takes in the space of fifteen years. 

This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former. 

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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.
George, afterwards Duke of Clarence.
Richard, afterwards Duke of Gloucester.
Duke of Norfolk.
Marquis of Montague.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Pembroke.
Lord Hastings.
Lord Stafford.

LORDS ON King Henry's side.

Lords John Mortimer, uncle to the Duke of York.
Sir Hugh Mortimer, uncle to the Duke of York.
Henry Earl of Richmond, a youth.
Lord Rivers, brother to Lady Grey.
Sir William Stanley.
Sir John Montgomery.
Sir John Somerville.
Tutor to Rutland.
Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.
Two Keepers. A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his Father.
A Father that has killed his Son.
Queen Margaret.
Lady Grey, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
Bona, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE.—During part of the third Act, in France during all the rest of the Play, in England.
ACT I.


War. I wonder, how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north, He sily stole away, and left his men: Whereat the great lord of Northumberland, Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat, Cheer'd up the dropping army; and himself, Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all a-breast, Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in, Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham, is either slain, or wounded dangerous: I left his beaver with a downright blow; That this is true, father, behold his blood. [Shewing his bloody sword.

Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood, Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

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.— What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset? Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt! Rich. This do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York, Before I see thee seated on that throne Which now the house of Lancaster usurps, I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close. This is the palace of the fearfull king, And this the regal seat: possess it, York; For it is thine, and not king Henry's heir's. York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will; For better we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; lie, that flies, shall die. York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords;— And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence: Unless he seek to thrust you out by force. [Exeunt. [They retire.

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parlia But little thinks, we shall be of her council: [ment, By words, or blows, here let us win our right. Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house. War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd, Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king; And beshrew Henry Godfrey, whose cowardice Hath made us by-words to our enemies. York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute; I mean to take possession of my right. War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best, The proudest he that holds up Lancaster, Dare stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bell, I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares!— Resolve thee, Richard, to claim the English crown. [War. 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 swy his father;— And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both 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 mourne it steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? Let's pluck him My heart made for anger burns, I cannot brook it, [down; K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland. Clif. Patience is for politoos, and 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? Ere. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly. K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's To make a shambles of the parliament-house! [heart, Cousin of Exeter, frown's, words, and threats, Shall be the war that Henry means to use,— [They advance to the Duke. Thou factions' duke of York, descend thy throne, And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet; I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine. [York. For shame, come down; he made thee duke York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was. Ere. 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; and that's 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 his father be king, And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain. War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget, That we are these, which chas'd you from the field, And slew your fathers, and with colours spread March'd through the city to the palace gates. North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief, And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it. West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons, Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives, Than drops of blood that are in my father's veins.

Cliff. It is no more: lest that, 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 shew our title to the crown? If not, our swords shall plead in the field. K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown? Thy father wast, 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 sold'nd 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 lose:— Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head. Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head. Mont. Good brother, [to York.] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms, Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus. Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly. York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first—hear him. And be you silent and attentive too. [lords.

For, he that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly

Wherein my grand sire, and my father, sat? [throno, No; first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours from hence 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. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the

York. 'twas by rebellion against his king, [crown. K. Hen. I know not what to say, my title's weak,

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

What then?—

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king:

For Richard, in the view of many lords,

Resigned the crown to Henry the Fourth;

Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

His rebellion against, being his sovereign,

And made him resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstraining,

Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown;

But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Exe. His title's 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 revolte from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st, not that, Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art descendent: 'tis not thy southern

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent.—[power

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—

Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Cliff. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,

Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive.

And I, the bell howl to hit that slain my father?

K. Hen. O Clifford, hear how my dead revived my heart.

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:

What matter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princeful duke of York; Or I will fill the house with arm'd men,

And d'ere the chair of state, where now he sits,

Write up his title with usurping blood.

He's stamp'd, and the Soldiers show themselves.

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word; Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,

Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Cliff. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?

War. What good is this to England, and himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Cliff. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us?

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Cliff. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news;

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king, To whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,

And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Cliff. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!

Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd!

[Exeunt North., Cliff. and West.]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not. Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter! War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But, be it as it may—I here entreat

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

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 myself.

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

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!

[Senet. The Lords come forward.

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

War. And I to my house, and keep my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[Exeunt York, and his Sons, Warwick, Nor- folk, Montague, Soldiers, & 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

I'll steal away. [her anger.


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 extremes?

Ah, wretched man! 'twould I had died a maid,

And never seen thee, never born thee son;

Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!

Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?

Had'st thou but lov'd him 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 nearest heart-blood there.

Rather than have made that savage wild heir,

And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:

If you be king, why should not I succeed? [son—

A. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet

The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforced me.

Q. Mar. Enforce'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;

And given unto the house of York such head,

As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

What is it, but to make thy sepulchre, And creep into it for before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;

Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas,

The duke is made protector of the realm;

And yet shall thou be safe? such safety finds

The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.

Hast thou been there, which am a silly woman, The soldiers should have took'rd me on their pikes

Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour.

And, seeing dost, I here divorce myself,

Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,

Until that act of parliament be repealed,

Whereby my son is disinherited.

214.
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's ready; come, we'll after them.
K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Thou hast spok's 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 linger thus.
[Exit 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!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;
Whose hungry spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast my crown, and, like an empty cale,
Tire on the flees of me, and of my soul?
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.
E. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.
[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in Sandal Castle, near
Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

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, now how, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.
York. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and
The crown of England, father, which is yours. [As
York. Mine, boy! not till king Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be—
York. I shall be, if Iclaim by open war. [swoon.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:—
Henry hath none, but did usurp the place;
Then, since he was 'twas he that made you 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 unto the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom theKentish men will willingly rise;
To them I trust: for they are soldiers.
Witty, courtous, 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?
Mon. The queen, with all the northern earls and
Intend her to besiege you in your castle.
[Edw. Lords, 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
York. What, with five thousand men? 
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; what should we fear?
[Exit Sir Hugh far off.
Edw. 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
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
[Great, Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why should I now have the like success?
[Enter Clifford and Soldiers.

Cliff. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.
Tut. And I, my lord, will hear him company.
Cliff. Soldiers, away with him.
Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.
[Exit, forced off by Soldiers.
Cliff. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.
Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes, to rend his limbs and stern,—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath.
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Cliff. In vain thou speakest, poor boy; my father's blood
[Enter.
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should
Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;  
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.  
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine  
Were not revenge sufficient for my quarrel,  
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,  
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,  
It could not make 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,—[Lifting up his hand.  
Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death,—  
To thee I pray;—Sweet Clifford, pity me!  
Clif. Such pity as my rapiers' point affords.  
Rut. I never did thee harm; Why wilt thou slay me?  
Clif. Thy father hath.  
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.  
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;  
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.  
[CLIFFORD STABS HIM.  
Rut. Dit faciunt, launis summam sit toto tuo! [Dies.  
Clif. Plantagenet! I come. Plantagenet!  
And this thy son's blood, cleaning 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 uncles both are slain in rescuing me:  
And all my followers to the eager foe  
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,  
Or lambs pursu'd by hungry starved wolves.  
My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them:  
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves  
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.  
Three times did Richard make a land for me;  
And thrice cried,—Courage, father, fight it out!  
And full as oft came Edward to my side  
With purple fanion, 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 hodge'd again; as if I had seen a swan  
With bootless labour swim against the tide,  
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.  
[A short alarum within.  
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do present;  
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 you, speechless fury to more rage;  
I own you butt, and I abide your shot.  
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.  
Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,  
With dowrayment payment, shew'd unto my father.  

Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,  
And made an evening at the noontide pricks.  
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 whate'er you can afflict me more.  
Why come you not! what great multitudes, and fear?  
Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly so further;  
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
Breathe out inventives 'gainst 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 blushing, view this face;  
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice  
Whose frowns a pray hath made thee faint and fly ere this.  
Clif. I will not bendy with thee word for word;  
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [Drares.  
Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,  
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:  
Wrath makes him deaf:—speak thou, Northumberland.  
North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much,  
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:  
What 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 now impudent to war.  
To fly, ye hands on York, who struggle.  
Clif. Ay, ay, so striveth the woodcock with the gin.  
North. So doth the covey struggle in the nest.  
[York is taken prisoner.  
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty:  
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.  
North. What would your grace have done unto him now?  
[Hand.  
Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,  
Come, make him stand upon this mulehill here;  
That rought at mountains with outstretched arms,  
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand,—  
What! was it you that would be England's king?  
Was it that revel'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-buck prodigy,  
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice,  
Was wont to cheer his dead in mourning,  
If this is your darling Rutland?  
Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood  
That valiant Clifford, with his rapiers' point,  
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:  
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,  
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.  
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,  
I should lament thy miserable state.  
I pr'ythee, grace, to make me merry, York;  
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance,  
What hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,  
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?  
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;  
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.  
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 the 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?
O, 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable!—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we burst, 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 troll,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou can'st, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not now it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified—
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
Tis beauty that doth oft make women proiic;
But God, he knows, thy share thereof is small;
Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at;
Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bist'st thou me rage? why then now hast thou wish
Would'st have me weep? why then now hast thou will?
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death.—
'Gainst thee, tell Clifford,—and thee, false Frenchwoman.
North. Beshrow 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 with
but you are more inhuman, more inexcusable,
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.—
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dress'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:
[He gives back the handkerchief.
And, if thou tell'st the heavy, heavy story,
Upon my soul, the washers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—

Hard hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my 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 gripes his soul.
Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland think but upon the wrong he did us all, [berland]
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[Stabbing him.
Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
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. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

Drums. Enter Edward, and Richard, with their Forces, marching.

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd; Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been taken, we should have heard the news:
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news:
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs:
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
In this, were his prize ever so enough to be his son.
See how the morning opens her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younger, prancing to his love!
Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?
Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
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 heaven figures some event.
Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never
I think, it cit's us, brother, to the field; [beard of.
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our need's:
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
What'er it be, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.
Rich. Nay, bear three daughters—by your leave! I
You love the breeder better than the male. [speak it, Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
ACT II.—SCENE I.

Mest. Ah, one that was a well-favoured looker on,
When as the orrible duke of York was slain,
Yet, princely father, and my loving lord.
Lulu. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.
Mest. 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 may yield to odds:
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
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 to his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A saucin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slai'd.
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 saw.

Edward. O Clifford! boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slai'd
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, woe's me! the day of his decease,
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge for me!
Rich. I, bear thy name, I'll whet thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.
Edward. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy descent by gaz'ing '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 Forces.
War. How now, fair lords? What fate? what news abroad?
Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our halfeul news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poinding 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.
Edward. O Warwick! Warwick! that Igladagenet
Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days ago I drownd these news in tears:
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king.
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd blocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Behold the king in triumph half as large as life.
For by my scout I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But this next was the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That rob'd my soldiers of their hated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour.
Who thunder'd 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 thresher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards;
But all in vain: they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So the king fled; the late king unto his prop to lean upon:
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slai'd
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee!
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For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.
KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day, [speak That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay. Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder wilt I lean; And when thou fall'st (as God forbid the hour!) Most Edward fall, yarrow, let them heave fore’foot in war. No longer earl of March, but duke of York; The next degree is, England's royal throne: For king of England shalt thou be proclaimed In every borough as we pass along; And he that throws not up his cap for joy, Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head. King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,— Stay we no longer dreaming of return, But sound the trumpets, and about our task. Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel, (As thou hast show'd it flinty by thy deeds,) I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine. Edw. Then strike up, drums,—God, and Saint George, for us! Enter a Messenger. War. How now? what news? Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me. The queen is coming with a present host; And craves your company for speedy counsel. War. Why, then it sorts, brave warriors: Let's away. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before York.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with Forces. Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy. [York. That sought to be encompass’d with your crown; Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord? K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their To see this sight, it irks my very soul.— [wreck — Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault, Not wittingly have I infring'd my vow. Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity 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 flick? 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 knitt'st 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, Dost yield consent to doth inherit him. Which argued thee a most unfailing love. Unreasonable creatures feed their young; And though man's face be fearful to their eyes, Yet, in protection of their tender ones, Who hath not seen them, (even with those wings Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight,) Make war with him, that would thus upbraide 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 grand sire got, My careless father, boldly 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 octor, Inference argu't, with elements 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 boarding went to hell? I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind; And I, my father, had left me no more! For all the rest is held at York's discretion. As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep, Than in possession any jot of pleasure. Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know, How it doth grieve me that thy head is here! [high, Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are And this soft courage makes your followers faint. You promised knighthood to our forward son; Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently. — Edward, kneel down. K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight; And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right. Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leaving, I'll draw it as apparent to the crown, And in that quarter use it to the death. Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince. Enter a Messenger. Mess. Royal commandes, be in readiness: For, with a band of thirty thousand men, Comes Warwick back'ing of the duke of York; And, in the towns, as they do much along, Procures his king, and many fly. Darraign your battle, for they are at hand. Clif. I would, your highness' welfare depart the field; The queen hath best success when you are absent. Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune. K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll North, Be it with resolution then to fight. [stay. Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords, And cheer up those who 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 And set thy diadem upon my head; [grace, Or hide the mortal fortune of the field? Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy! Becomes thee the to be thus bold in terms, Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king? Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee; I was adopted heir by his consent: Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear, You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,— Have drest him by his act of parliament, To blot out me, and put his own son in. 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. [not? Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd my brother Rutland, was it Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd. Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight. War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt then yield the crown! [dare you speak? Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! When you and I met at Saint Albans' last, Your legs did better service than your hands.}
Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll be longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Field of Battle between Totton and Saxton in Yorkshire.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forsworn with foil, as runsners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repay'd,
Have rob'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spine, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter Edward, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentele 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 lo's, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you, whether shall we fly?
Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thy—
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk;[self]
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
And, in the very pangs of death, he cry'd,—
Like to a dismal clangour heard from far,—
Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!
So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their felllocks 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,
Waiting our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by country playing actors?
Here on this field I saw God above,
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.—
Aye, and my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou sett'st up and plucker down of kings!
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
Now, broach'd, let us take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.
Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms: [Warwick,
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.
War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, fare—
Geo. Let us all together to our troops.[well
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars, that shall stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympic games:
This may plant courage in their qualifying breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.—
Fore slows no longer, make we hence amain. [Exeunt.
KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

SCENE IV.—The same. Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have single 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.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone: This is the hand, that stab'd thy father York; And this the hand, that slew thy brother Rutland; And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death, And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother To execute the like upon thyself; [there, 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, For 'tis the tide to come that wins the wind: Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea For'd to retire by fury of the wind: Sometime, 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 poise of this fell war.
Here on this moholl will I sit me down, To whom God will, there be the victory! For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too, Have bid me from the battle; swearing both, They prosper best of all when I am thence. Would I were dead! if God's good will were so: For what is in this world but grief and woe! O God! methinks it were a happy life, To be no better than a homely swain; To sit upon a 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 yeat; So many years ere I shall sheepe the fleece; So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years, Pass'd over to the end they were created, Would bring white hair's unto a quiet grave. Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely! Gives not the hawkborn bush a sweeter shade To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep, Than doth a rich embroider'd canop? To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery? O, yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth. And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely cards, His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle, His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade All which secure and sweetly he enjoys Is far beyond a prince's delicacies, His viands sparkling in a golden cup, His body couched in a curious bed, Whom care, mistrust, and treason wait on him. Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead body.

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no body. This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight, May be possessed with some store of crowns: And I, that haply take them from him now, May yet ere night yield both my life and them To some man else, as this dead man doth me,— Who's this?—O God! is it 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 record my life, Have by my hands of life bereav'd 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 fow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times! With many hours, and battles for the dearth, Poor harmless lambs abide their eminence,— Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear, And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war, Be blind with tears, and break o'errag'd with grief. Enter a Father, who has kill'd his Son, hearing the body in his arms.

Path. Thou that so stoutly hast resist'd 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 our feaman'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 my wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!— O, pity, God, this miserable age!— What stratagems, how fell, how butchery, Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural, This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!— O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon, And hath bereft thee of thy life too late. [grief K. Hen. With the love! grief more than common, O, 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 striving houses: The one, his purple blood right well resembles; The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present; Wither one rose, and let the other Wither! 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? Path. 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 woeful Misthink the king, and not be satisfied? [chances, Son. Was ever so son, so rul'd a father's heart? Path. Was ever father, so bemist 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. Path. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet. My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre; For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
ACT II.—SCENE VI.

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Sad 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 murdered where I should not kill. 

[Kill, with the body

SCENE VI.—The same.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.
Cliff. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies.
Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow!
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, giev'd many friends to thee; 
And, now I fall, thy tough comminxures 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 shines now but Henry's enemies?
O, Phoebus! haste thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth:
And Henry, hast thou swayed 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;
1, 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 leity?
Bootless are plaints, and careless are my wounds:
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight;
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For, at their hands, I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint;
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[He faints.

Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Montague, Warwick, & Soldiers.

Edward. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peacefull 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 feels with them?
[Exit. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[Clifford groans, and dies.

Edward. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy load?
Edward. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Rich. Revoke that dole of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who, not contented that he lopp'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.
[head.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof, let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edward. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That ever strove with thee to keep thee down:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Attendants bring the body forward.

War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edward. Clifford, repeat in bootless punctence.
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.
Edward. Thou pitt'dst Rutland, I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fenced you now?—
War. They mock thee, Clifford! I swear as thou wast bane,
Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes
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 rai'l at him,
[blood
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing Stife the villain, whose unstanch'd 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.
To 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 hands 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, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edward. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
And never will I undertake the thing,
[Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Richard. I will create thee duke of Gloster:
And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as myself,
Shall do, and undo, as he pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of
For Gloster's dukedom is too o'minous. [Gloster:
War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;
Richard, be duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [Exit.

ACT III.


Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

1 Keep. Under this thick-crown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come:
And in this covert we will 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 the cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.
2 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, disguised, with a prayer-book.
K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight. [love.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine:
The place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed,
No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,
No humble sitters press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself. [fee
1 Keep. Ay, here's a deer, whose skin's a keeper's
This is the grandam king; let's seize upon him.
K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adversities.
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.
2 Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
1 Keep. Forbear a while; we'll bear a little more.
K. Hen. My queen, and son, are gone to France
For aid:
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wise 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, while she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse.
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brilliant 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 depos'd;
He smiles and says—his Edward is install'd;
That she poor wretch, for great can speak no more:
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong.
Infereth arguments a mighty strength.
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and that poor soul,
Art thou forsaken, as thou wast forlorn.
2 Keep. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings
And queens? [born to:
K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was
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,
[trait,
2 Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with con-
Your crown content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us: for, as we think,
You are the king. King Edward hath depose'd:
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.
[feath
K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an
2 Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.
K. Hen. Where did you dwell, when I was king?
2 Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.
K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father, and my grandfather, were kings:
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths!
1 Keep. No:
For we are true subjects, but while you were king.
K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greatest gust:
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
My mild entreaties shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.
1 Keep. We are true subjects to the king, king Ed-
K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry, [ward.
If he were sent as king Edward is.
1 Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and in the
king's
To go with us unto the officers.
K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name
be obey'd:
And what God will, then let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exit.

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, and Lady Grey.
K. Edu. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,
His land then seized on by the compoimer;
Her suit is now, to reposess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.
Give our highness shall do well, to grant her suit;
It were dishonour, to deny it her.
K. Edu. It were less; but yet I'll make a pause.
Glo. Yet is it so?
I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive.
K. Edw. To tell you plain, I had rather be in prison.
L. Grey. My friends and burgesses.
K. Edw. Why, then shall not have this house?
L. Grey. Those in the wrong, these children might.
K. Edw. Hence your highness wrongs both whom.
B. Norton, lord, this marry meditation (and me).
K. Edw. Through the wrongs of this highness.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
K. Edw. He is the bluest woor in Christendom.
Glo. [Aside.] Her looks do argue her repulse with modesty.
K. Edw. Her words do shew her wit incomparable.
Glo. [Aside.] All her perfections challenge sovereignty.
K. Edw. 
L. Grey. One way, or other, she is for a king.
K. Edw. And she shall be my love, or else my queen.
L. Grey. Say, that king Edward take then for his queen?
K. Edw. I'll take her, and then done, my gracious
K. Edw. I am a subject fit to just withal.
K. Edw. But far unfit to be a sovereign.
Glo. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
K. Edw. I speak no more than what I soul intend.
L. Grey. And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
K. Edw. And that is more than I will yield unto it.
L. Grey. I know, I am too mean to be your queen.
K. Edw. And yet too good to be your concubine.
Glo. K. Edw. You ravish, widow; I did mean, my queen.
L. Grey. Twill grive your grace, my son should call you.
K. Edw. Father.
L. Grey. No more, than when thy daughters call thee
K. Edw. Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children:
L. Grey. And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor.
K. Edw. Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
K. Edw. To be the father unto many sons.
K. Edw. Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
K. Edw. The ghostly father now hath done his shift.
K. Edw. We can make a richer, 'twas for shift.
K. Edw. Brothers, you may what chat we two have had.
Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.
K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.
K. Edw. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
K. Edw. By so much is the wonder in extremities.
K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you
K. Edw. Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.
K. Edw. Enter a Nobleman.
Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
K. Edw. This, that he be convey'd unto the lower.
K. Edw. And go we, brothers, to the man that took him.
K. Edw. To question of his apprehension.
Nob. Widow, go you along; Lords, use her honourable

ACT III.—SCENE II.
Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

'Would he were want was, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,
(The lustful Edward's title buried.)

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose.
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 sunders him from thence, Saying—he'll Iade 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'erweenes too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure have the world afford'd?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!

Love, why forswore me in my mother's womb?
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
Shall I cut short frail nature with some brie
To sprinkle 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 part,
Like to a chaos, or an unluck'd bear-whelp,
That the reader no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be bel'd?
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, to account this world but hell,
Unto my mind that bears the will's 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 rents 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 how 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 artifical tears,
And frame my face to occasion,
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 shilly than Ulysses could,
And, like a Simon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the cameoon;
Change shapes, with Protes, for want advantages,
And set the mermaids Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
True! were it further off, I'll 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, her son,
and the Earl of Oxford.

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state.

Bona. And birth, that thou shouldn't stand, while Lewis doth

K. Lew. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod me thy title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this
deep despair?

Bona. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, he thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief,
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

K. Lew. What can those gracious words revivify my drooping
thoughts,
And give me to un-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 forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-annointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, the empty air prevails.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the
We whiletheking'smeans to break it off.

Bona. The more we stay, the stronger grows
our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Bona. But, impatient waste on true sorrow;
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick, attended.

K. Lew. What's he, that approacheth boldly to our
presence?

K. Lew. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings
thee to France?

K. Lew. Despise not our fair state. Queen Margaret rises.

K. Lew. 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 unfigned love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And, then, to crave a base of vanity:
And, lastly, to confirm that'minity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
Te 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 heelful ears, Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue. Q. Mar. King Lewis,—and lady Bona, hear me Before you answer Warwick. His demand [speak, Springs not from Edward's well-mean't 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 thy danger and dishonour: For though usurpers sway the rule a while, Yet heaven and earth are yet, 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.

Ofy. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gault, Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain; And John of Gault, 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 hasti, in this smooth discourse, Thou tellst not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten? Methink, 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.

Ofy. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy Wiston thou obey'dst thirty and six years. [siec, And not bewray thy treason with a blush? War. Can Oxford, that did ever fense the right, Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree? For shame, leave, Henry, and call Edward king. Ofy. 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 my great-grandfather, the Earl of Warwick. When nature brought him to the door of death? No, Warwick, no; while life upholdeth this arm, This arm upholdeth the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Leo. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxmore, at our request, to stand aside. [lord, While I use further conference with a blush.

Q. Mar. Heaven grant, that Warwick's words be With him not hit. [Retiring with the Prince and Oxford.

K. Leo. 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. Theroon I pawn my credit and mine honour. K. Leo. But is he gracious in the people's eye? War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate. K. Leo. Then further,—all dissembling set aside, Tell me for truth the measure of his love Unto our sister Bona. War. Such it seems, As may beseen a monarch like himself. Myself have ofen 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. Leo. 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. Leo. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be Edward's; And now forthwith shall articles be drawn Touching the joynoint that your king must make, Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:— Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness, That Bona shall be 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; And betwixt thee and Lewis was his dear friend. K. Leo. 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 ye shall do as I shall command you. War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his case, Where having nothing, nothing he can lose. And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,— You have a father able to maintain you; And bett'were, you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impatient and shameless Warwick, Proud setter up and puller-down of kings! [peace; I will not hence, till with my talk and ear 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.

[Are sounded within.

K. Leo. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee. Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are foryou; Sent from your brother, marquis Montague. These from our king unto your majesty. — And, madam, these for you; from whom, I know not. [To Margaret. They all read their letters. Ofy. If this be 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 I hope, all's for the best. [settled:

K. Leo. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen? [joys.

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent. K. Leo. What! has your king married the lady And now, to soothe your forgery and his, [Grey? Sends me a paper to persuade me patience? Is this the alliance that be seeks with France? Dare he presume to seors us in this manner? Q. Mar. I tolh 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, — even 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 unhit by his death; Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I importune him with the royal crown? Did I put Henry from his native right? And am I guardian of the last with shame? Shame on himself: for my desert he honours. And to redeem his honour lost for him. I here entreat him, and return to Henry: My noble queen, let former grudges pass. And henceforth I am thy true servitor. I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bosca, And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turned my hat. And I forgive and quite forget old faults. [to love] And joy that then became st Henry's friend. War. So much his friend, ay, his un葭igned friend. That, if King Lewis would be safe to furnish us With some few bands of chosen soldiers, I'll undertake to land them on our coast, And force the tyrant from his seat by war. 'Tis not his new-made bride shall 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 than honour, Or for them strength and safety of our country. War. Dear brother, how shall I revenge? But I'll not help this distressed queen! Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry Unless thou rescue him from foul despair? [live. Rous. My quartal and this English queen's are one. War. And mine, fair Lady Bosca, join with yours. K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Mars. Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd. [shortly. Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once. A. Lew. Then England's messenger, return in post: And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,— That Lewis of France is sending over masters, To reveal with him and his new bride: Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal. Rous. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower, I'll wear the willow garland for his sake. [shortly. Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid And I am ready to put armour on. [aside. War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong: And therefore I'll unclaw him, e'en be long. There's thy reward: be gone. [Exit Mess. A. Lew. But, Warwick, thou, and I, To ford, with five thousand men, Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle: And, as occasion serves, this noble queen And prince shall follow with a fresh supply. Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:—What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty? War. This shall assure my constant loyalty: That if our queen and this young prince agree, I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy, To him forswear in holy wedlock bands. Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your mor-son Edward, she is fair and virtuous. [tien: 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 And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral. [leived, Shall wait them over with our royal fleet.— I long, till Edward fall by war's insuffice. For mocking marriage with a dama of France. [Except 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 stake, but me: Then none but I should bear his jest to sorrow. I was the child that raised him to the crown. And I'll be sure of bringing him down again: Not with the help of my misety. But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit. 

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. [In side the Tower. 

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset, Montague, and others. 

Glo. Now, tell me, brother Clarence, what think you Of this new marriage with the late Queen? Hath net our brother made a worthy choice? Car. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France; How could he stay till Warwick made return? So, my lords, forbear, he must talk; here comes the king. 

Warwick. Enter King Edward, attended: Lady Grey, as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford; Hastings, and others. 

Glo. And his well-chosen bride. 
Car. I must to tell him plainly what I think. 
K. Edw. New brother of Clarence, how like you our choice, That you stand pensive, as half makeoutent? 
Car. 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 alone. 
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 Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well. [King. K. Edw. Yet, brother Richard, are you offended 
Car. No; God forbid that I should wish them sev'rd Whom God hath joined together; yet I have pity, To suffer them that yoke so well together. 
Car. Then this is my opinion,—that king Lewis Becomes your enemy for mocking him. About the marriage of the lady Boua. 
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 appl By such invention as I can devise! [peas'd, Mont. Yet to have joined with France in such al- ance. [wealth Would more have strength'd this our common- 'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-breede marriage Hmt. Why knows not Montague, that of itself, England is safe, if true within itself? [France Mont. Yes; but the safer, if it be back with Hmt. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France. 
Car. Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas, Which he hath given for fence impropicable, And with their helps only defend ourselves; In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies. [serves 
Car. For this one speech, lord Hastings, well de-
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? It was my will, and grant;
And, for this end, I shall stand by law.
Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales [well, 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 bestowed the heir
On them that were nought but poor and base,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In chusing for yourself, you shew'd your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.
K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.
Q. Eli. My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I am as noble, and my person as fair,
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 befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.
[Aside.
Enter a Messenger.
K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what
From France?
Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few
But such as I, without your special pardon, [words, Dare not relate.
Glo. Go to, Garto, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess me.
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?
Mess. At my depart, these were his very words;
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel with him and his new bride.
K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave as he belike he thinks me
But what said lady Bona to my marriage? [Henry,
Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disis,
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly, [lair; I'll wear the widow garland for his sake.
K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.
Mess. Tell him to say, the queen of France sends the mourning words are
And I am ready to put armour on. [done.
K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words;
Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll reconcile him, 'tis he long,
K. Edw. Ha! burst the traitor breath out so proud
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd: [words;
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,
[daughter
That young prince Edward marries Warwick's
Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
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 follow me and Warwick, follow me.
[Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.
Glo. Not I.
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown. [Aside.
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to War-
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen; [wick! And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war.
They are already, or quickly will be hand'd:
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[Exit Pembroke and Stafford.
But, ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—
Rest, or you take the oath of your duty,
Are near to Warwick, by blond, 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 cause in surmise;
Mont, So God help Montague, as he proves true! Hast, And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
K. Edw. Why so? then I am sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French and other Forces.
Har. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.
But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?—
Clar. Fear not that, my lord. [wic
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto War-
And welcome, Somerset;—I hold it unawardable,
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 leagued friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, Clarence; my daughter shall be thine,
And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encompass'd,
His soldiers marching in the town about,
And but attended by a single guard.
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure? Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomedes,
With slight and manhood stote to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from the near the Thracian fatal steeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unwares may heat down Edward's guard.
And seize himself: I say not,—slay him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

SCENE II.—Edward's Court near Warwick.

Enter Carmichael, to rejoin the King's court.

Carm. Count on my master, and mark me well.


Carm. Nay, sure, your Majesty does not know it yet.

Edw. Why not? I have made a solemn vow

never to see my master, or to think of him.

Carm. Tomorrow then, better, shall be the day.

Edw. But why not today? what netherman is that?

Carm. This will be my long search in your Majesty's friend.

Edw. The Duke of Exeter, the King's chamberlain.

Carm. But I command the King that

That has been of secret weight in his thoughts.

Edw. I know myself respected at the court.

Carm. This is the honour that befalls him most.

Edw. Aye, but give me warning, and quittance.

Carm. You have merit and advantage.

Edw. The King knows where great love is.

Carm. That he doth! unless one meekly and truly pass

answer, Aye, wherefore first guaranty we the royal part.

But it is defend his person from might here.


Carm. Ware, this is the test, and see, where stand his guests.

Edw. [to the messenger.] Say to my master, honour now or never!

Carm. I say now, my Edward, shall be won.

Edw. Does he go there?—

Carm. Yes, Sir, to then there.

Edw. [to the messenger.] Warwick, Warwick, and he know the Countess, Sir, moving—

nay, even Warwick, and the King pronouncing them.

The Countess and the young newspaper, re-enter.

Count. I am going to the King and countermine manner a young to-night and sleeping, I say. Now, what is that they say here?—

Edw. [to the messenger.] Let them go, here goes the Countess.

Carm. [to the Countess.] The next way, Warwick; when we parted I tell not me king.

Edw. Ay, but the case is altered:

that you singularly me in my endeavours.

Then I beggary you have long been known. And come now to credence, you dump of York.

This should you present in your kingdom.

That know none how to advantage.

Now how to comment with one face?

Now how to trust your others treachery.

And now how to stand for the people's weather.

Now how in this secret fromecess.

Emancipation, lest Edward, the other here too.

Edward, I have, in the secret of a mass inch.

That you present in my conscience.

Edward will always bear himself as long:

Though fortune's make overthrow my state,

My mind exceeds the composition, and value needs.

Then, for his hand, be Edward, England's king.

Latter life of my crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,

And be true king indeed. But, but, but the shadow—

My best of Somerset, as you require.

See that he become Edward, and become
drown my brother, and I have nothing more.

When I did have with Pembroke and his shadow,

Here you, and tell him. What answer

welsh, and the end from end of him—

Now, sit a while, and where good Devon.

Edw. This, men, suppose, that men must needs

it, how to possess both worse and worse. The

KING. Edward and me, Somerset with London.

What new coming, my lord, for us to be.

Pembroke will come to us, our soldiers.

Ay, and so the first thing that we have to do.

You see, true Henry from imprisonment.

And see him seated in the royal throne. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. a room in the palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.

Que. Mayhem, what manner you to this maiden change?

Riv. Dumb. What worst between the King and Edward?

Que. With what more base than we, to hear against War-

Riv. Que. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Que. Then is my sovereign safe?

Riv. Que. Am I, being where he is taken prisoner.

Riv. Que. As it of the knowledge of his guard,

Que. Or by the supposition of an unknown, and,

And, as I understand, to the throne of Ireland.

Riv. Que. Warwick's brother, by that to our foe.

Que. These news, I must confess, are full of grief.

Que. Riv. What manner madam, bear it as you may.

Que. Riv. Tell me, how have I been made thus wondrously gay.

Que. Riv. I, the rather wear them from despair.

Que. Riv. Warwick's assaying in my wound.

Que. Riv. That is it that makes me hourly passion.

Que. Riv. Wears with me, my countess's cross.

Que. Riv. ay, for this I drew in every hour.

Que. Riv. And keep the rising of blood-sucking sighs.

Que. Riv. Last with my sight or tears I found some

Que. Riv. And be informed, he comes towards London.

Que. Riv. To set the crown once more on Henry's head.

Que. Riv. Arouse them the rest. King Edward's friends must down.

Que. Riv. To prevent the tyrant's violence.

Que. Riv. To cause to forget that once he had broke faith.

Que. Riv. He comes towards the sanctuary.

Que. Riv. To save at least the hand of Edward's sight.

Que. Riv. That shall be safe secure from foe, and friend.

Que. Riv. Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly.

Que. Riv. Warwick takes us, we are sure to die. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Grisell. Hastings, Sir William Stanley, and others.


Leave off to wonder, my lord, I knew you better.

[They two the chamber(Returning of the park) with a box of Cables.]

You know, my lord, my brother.

Ger. [To the box] in the box where at his hands.

He had good wages and great liberty.

And often, but attended with well guarded.

Ger. [To the box] how to shame him to himself.

I have served him, by secret means.

That is, about this time, 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, lord 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.

[meaning.
Glo. Well guessed, believe me; for that was my
K. EDw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.
K. EDw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hag'd.
Glo. Come then, away; let's have no more ado.
K. EDw. Hoy, liberty!—shiel'd thee from War-
wick'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 Richmond, Oxford, Montague, Lieu-
tenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?
Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sove-
But, if an humble prayer may prevail, [reigns;
I then crave pardon of your majesty.
K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me.
Nay, be thou sure, 'twill well requite thy kindness,
For that made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Could never have: when, after many wondrous 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.

Clarc. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudged 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
That no dissension hinder government: [hears,
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?
Clarc. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.
War. Why then, though load, yet must I be con-
We'll take together, like a double shadow [tent;
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
For'with that Edward be pronounce'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clarc. 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,
He sent for, to return from France with speed:
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half despoil'd.

Clarc. 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, 'tis young Henry, earl of Richmond.
K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: If secret
powers
Lays his hand on his head.
Suggest him 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 scepter; 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 Gloster,
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.

[Exeunt King Henry, Warwick, Clarence,
Lieutenant, and Attendants.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;
And we shall have more wars, before't be long.
As Henry's late preaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond;
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to be made prisoner,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.
Of? 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Before York.

Enter KIng Edward, Gloster, Hastings, & Forces
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amend,
[the rest;
KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

And says—that once more I shall inter-change My name with thee; for Henry's regal grace Will save us: we pass'd, and made a circuit of the seas, And brought desolate hope from Hainacry. What, another meeting? we being thus arriv'd From Warwick, seem have before the gates of York. But that we enter, as into our kingdom: On. The gates made fast.—Brother. I like not this; For many men, that stamuble at the threshold, Are well for'tord—thatt danger must not affright—
A. I say. Truth, man. 242documents must not now affright—By far of those means we must enter in, fright us For nations must their friends repair to, them. Hau. My hope. I'll once more come to summon Enter the Mayor, the Council, and his kinsmen.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming, And by the gates for safety of ourselves; For we must needs all allegiance to Henry.

K. HEN. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king, Yet now, at the last, is duke of York. May. I know a good band, I know you for no less. K. HEN. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom. As being well content with that my dukedom: But, when the few hath once got in his note. He'll soon find needs make the book follow. Advice. Master mayor, who stand you in a doubt? Over the gates, we are king Henry's friends. May. Ay, say you so! the gates shall then be open'd. [Flourish from above.

May. A wise stout captain, and passaheld soon. Hau. The good and many names therein all were well, So were not many of him; but, being entered, I dined not, 1, but we shall soon perceive. Doth say, and all his brothers, unite reason. R. For the Mayor, and the Aldermen, below.

K. HEN. So, master mayor, these gates must not be But, in the night, or in the time of war. [Shut, What, fear not, man, but yield me up the keys! [Takes his keys.

For: Edward will defend the town, and thee, And all these friends that deign to follow me.

Enter. MONTAGUE, and forces, marching.

Gio. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery, Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived. [arms. A. LAW. Welcome, sir John! but why come you in Montague? To keep my Edward in his time of storm, As every loyal subject ought to do. K. HEN. Thank's, good sir. But now our take to the crown, and only claim Our dearest, till God please to send the rest. Over the town, till God please to send the rest. [Drum.strike up, and let us march away. [Drum beaten.

K. HEN. Nay, stay, sir John, awhile: and we'll de-
By whate'er means the crown may be recover'd, [by the time. What talk you of debating? in few words, If you will not here proclaim yourself our king, I'll have you to your fortune, and be gone. To keep them back that come to succour you: Why should we nit, if you pretend no title? Gio. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points? K. HEN. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim: Till then, his wisdom to conceal our meaning. [rule, Hau. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must So And fearless minds climb soonest into crowns. Broth. We will proclaim you out of hand: The brut is meek will bring you many friends.

K. HEN. Then best as you will, for thy right. And Henry but us up the slander.

May. By now we over sovereign speech like him, And now will I be Edward's champion. [Sce. Sound. Trumpet. Edward shall be here proclaimed.

Enter. sophomore, make then proclamation. [Gives him a banner. [Exit.

Sce. [Raina.] Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland. Say, And whose enginery King Edward's right, By this I challenge him to single combat.

Sce. Long live Edward the Fourth! A. Hen. Yes, Thanks brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all.

If fortune serve me, I'll require this kindness, Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York; And, when the morning shall raise his car Above the horizon. We'll go towards Warwick, and his mates: For well I wot, that Henry is no soldier, —Ah, truce and clarence!—now evill becesseth thee. To flatter Henry, and forsoke the brother! Yet, is so may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick. Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not the day. And, that once getten, doubt not of large pay.

SCENE VIII.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter K. HENRY, WARWICK, CHARLES, MONTAGUE, EXPECT, and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belisia, With lusty Germans, and blunt Hibernians, Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas, And with his troops doth march amain to London; And many toldly peopled lands to him. Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again. Char. A little fire is quickly kindled out. Which, being suffer'd, rives cannot quench. War In Warwickshire I have ten-hearted friends, Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war: These will I muster: and thus, son Clarence Shall stand, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent. The king and gentle to come with thee; —His brother Montague, in Buckingham, Northampton, and in Leicester, shalt stand, Menwell inclin'd to hear what thou command'st. And thou, brave Oxford, wondrously well belov'd. In Oxfordshire shalt muster the thy friends. —My sovereign, with the loving citizens, Like to his island, girt in with the ocean, Or modest: Duan, circled with her nymphs, Shall rest in London, till we come to thee. Eair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply. Farewell, my sovereign. [hope.

K. Hen. Farewell, my hoister, and my Troy's tier. Char. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand. K. Hen. We esteemed, Clarence, be thou fortunate. Montague, comfort my lord; and so take my leave. And thus (singing HENRY'S hand) I seal my truth, and bid adieu. K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague, And all at once, more a happy farewell. War. Farewell, sweet lords; let us meet at Coventry. Char. OXF. and MONT. Montague, and so. K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while. Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship? Methinks, the power that Edw. hath in field, Shall not be able to encounter mine. Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.
ACT V.—SCENE I.

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 Dunmore, marching hitherward.

War. Where is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 MESS. By this at Dainty, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

And, by thy guess, how high is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces, and do expect him here some two hours hence.

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? belike, unlook'd-for.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces, marching.

K. EDW. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mass the wall.

War. O, unbid spile! is sportful Edward come?

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee;—Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy, and he shall pardon thee these outrageous

Har. Nay, rather, will thou draw thy forces hence, confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?

Call Warwick—patron, and be propitious.

And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said—the Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give; I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother K. EDW. Why, then 'tis mine, if but Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight;

And, wealthing, Warwick takes his gift again; And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. EDW. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,— What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,

But, while he thought to steal the single ten, The king was sily linger'd from the deck!

You left your Henry at the bishop's palace, And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. EDW. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down:

Nay, when I strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, And with the other many a bloody hay.

Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. EDW. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;

This hand fast wound about thy coal-black hair, Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut off, Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,— Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comest!


[Oxford and his Forces enter the City.

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. EDW. So other times may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for, other, we are, Will issue out again, and bid us battle:

If not, the city, being but of small defence, We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, Lancaster, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the City.

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treat;

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear [son K. EDW. The harder match'd, the greater victory My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the City.

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 Of force enough to bid his brother battle; [along With whom an upright zeal to right prevails;

More than the nature of a brother's love:

Conte, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clir. Falling to Warwick, know you what this means? [Taking the red rose out of his cap
Look here, I throw my infant at thee:
I will not ruin my father's house.
Who gave his blood to hime the stones together.
And set up Lancaster. Why, then I love, Warwick.
That Clarenge 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 impati
Thou dost not, when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made.
Then, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe:
With resolution, wherefore or 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 to my blushing cheers.—
Pandion me, Edward, I will make amends.
And Richard, do not frown upon my faults.
For I will henceforth be no more constant.
K. Edu. Now welcome more, and ten times more
Thus if thou never hast deserv'd our hate. [beloved.
Glo. Welcome, good Clarenge; this is brother-like.
War. O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!
K. Edu. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town,
And fight?
Or shall we bear the stones about thine ears?
War. Alas, I am not coopt'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.
K. Edu. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and bears the way—
Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory. [March. Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Field of Battle near Barnet.
Alarms, and Excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing in Warwick wounded.
K. Edu. So, he thou there: die thou, and die our
For Warwick was a bag, that fear'd us all. —[feet.
Now, Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee.
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [Exit. Warwick.
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 shews,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews,
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-branched overpeck'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from Winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dim'd with death's black
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun, [veil.
To search the secret treasures of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were like'd oft to kingly squelches:
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smaer'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my mantors that I had,
Even now forsake me: and of all my lands,
The wrinkles add dust and earth to the strength.
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! were thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again:
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:
Even now we heard the news: Ah, could'st thou fly:
War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague.
If this be true, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou hest me: for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead. [last.
Now, Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his
And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick.
And said—Commend me to my real 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 grow.
O, farewell, Warwick!
War. Sweet rest to his soul!
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick beds
You all farwell, to meet again in heaven. [Duer.
Out Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[Exeunt, bearing off Warwick's body.

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.
F分支机构. Enter King Edward, in triumph; with
Clarence, Gloucester, and the rest.
K. Edu. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward
And we are grace'd with wreaths of victory, course.
But, in the midst of this bright shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easterly western bed:
I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen
Hath said'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast.
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
Car. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it caus'd
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.
Glo. The queen is vaid thirti thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, she will receive,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
K. Edu. We are advis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury;
We having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither 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.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewksbury.
March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.
Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wait
their loss,
But cheerily seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood;
Yet lives our pilot still: Is't not, that he
Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad,
With fearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, 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?
ACT V.—SCENE V.

And Montague, our topmast; What of him? Our slaughter'd friends the tassels; What of these? Why, is not Oxford here another anchor? And Somerset another goodly mast? The friends of France our crowns of tuckings! And, though unskilled, why not Ned and I For once allow'd the skilful pilots 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: Tread on the sand; why there you quickly sink: Pestrate the rock; the tide will wash you off, Or else you perish, that's a threefold death. This speak I, lords, to let you understand, In 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, 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit Should not be cowardly heard; or speak these words, Infuse his breast with magnanimity, And make him, naked, feel 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; Least, in our need, he might infect another, And make him of such, he himself. If any such be here, as God forbid! Let him depart before we need his help.

Off. Women and children of so high a courage! And warriors faint? why, 'twere perpetual shame!— O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather Doth live again in thee; Long may'st thou live, To bear his image and renew his glory! This speak I, lords, to let you understand, In case some one of you would fly from us, Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day, If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at. [Thanks.]

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, 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.

Off. 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. [Ness.]

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forward-Off. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

March. Enter, at a distance, King Edward, Clarence, Gloucester, and Forces.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood, Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength, Must by the rocks be heen up yet gro night. I need not add more fuel to your fire, For, well I wit, ye blaze to burn them out: Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords. Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say, My tears gain'say; for every word I speak, Ye see, I drink the bitter of mine eyes. 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, Gloucester, 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. Off. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words. Som. Nor I, but steep with patience to my fortune. Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troubled world, To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made,—that, who finds Shall have a high reward, and he his life? [Edward, Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him What! can so young a thorn begin to prick? [Speak. 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 not thy father's meanest: Resign thy chair, and, where I sit, stand, kneel thou, Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee, Which, traitor, thou'rt not have me answer to. Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd! Glo. That thou mightst still have worn the petticote, And never have stol'n the bream from Lancaster. Prince. Let Asop fable in a winter's night; His curtal biding must sort not with this place. Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word Q. Mar. Ay, thou want'st 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. [Tongue.

K. Edw. Prince, wilful boy, or I will clamp your Clar. Unload'd, thou art too malapert. Prince. I know my duty, you are all unthinking: lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George; And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all, I am your better, traitors as ye are; And thou usurp't my father's right and mine. K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this rather here. [Stabs him.

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [Stabs him.

Glo. And there's for twitching me with perjury. [Stabs him.

Clar. And so there's for twisting me with perjury.

Q. Mar. O, kill me too! [Offers to kill her.

Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—

They, that stab'd Caesar, shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man: this, in respect, a child;
And men 'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.

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 stir'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, hear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;

Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:

What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, doe it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good offence, doe; sweet Clarence, thou do it.

[do it]

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not.

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-fav'rd Richard! Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: Murder is thy arms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou 'er put't back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence;

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this price!

[Exit, led out hardly.

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 joy 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.

SCENE VI.—London. A Room in the Tower.

KING HENRY is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better: [rather:

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 he shall be once an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been twice in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush; And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye, [kill'd.

Where my young poor was lim'd, was caught, and

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.


Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;

The sun, that scar'd the wings of my sweet boy,
SCENE VII.—The same A Room in the Palace.

King Edward is discovered sitting on his throne; Queen Elizabeth with the infant Prince, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and others, near him.

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 duked of Somerset, threefold renown’d, For hardy and undoubted champions: Two Cliffsords, as the father and the son, And two Northenberlands: two braver men Ne’er spurr’d their coursers at the trumpet’s sound: With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Mont— That to their chains fetter’d the kingly lion, [tage, And made the forest tremble when they roar’d. Thus have we swept suspicion from our sent, And made our footstool of security.— Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:— Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself, Have in our armours watch’d the winter’s night; Went all a foot in summer’s scalding heat, That thou might’st repose upon the crown in peace; And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain. Glo. I’ll blast his harvest, if your head were laid; 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 thou shalt execute. [Aside. K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen, And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both. Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty, I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe. K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks. [sprang’st, Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit; To say the truth, so Judas kiss’d his master; And cried—all hail! when as he meant—] Aside. all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights, Having my country’s peace, and brothers’ loves. Clar. What will your grace have done with Mar- Reignier, her father, to the king of France [garot? Hath pawn’d the Sicils and Jerusalem And hither have they sent it for her ransome. K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France. And now what rests, but that we spend the time With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows, Such as bed the pleasures of the court?— Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy! For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [Exeunt.

Of the three parts of King Henry the Sixth, it is now agreed that the first part is entirely spurious, or at most does not contain one-eighth of lines written by the hand of Shakespeare; and that of the two last parts he was not the author, but merely the improver and enlarger. The total number of lines contained in these two parts, according to Malone, six thousand and forty-three; of which, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-one were written by Marlowe, or by Marlowe and his associates; two thousand three hundred and seventy-three were framed by Shakespeare, on the foundation laid by his predecessors: one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one were entirely his own composition.

Of the three plays, the first is indeed, as Mr. Morgan has lately described it, "a drum-and-trumpet thing," the second and third have some very beautiful passages. "They have non," says Dr. Johnson, "sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry and his queen, king Edward, the duke of Gloster, and the earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted,"
LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD III.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wise, Oct. 20, 1597, and published in quarto the same year. It appears to have been a popular tragedy so early as 1595, as we learn from a small volume of epigrams by John Weaver, in the collection of W. Combe, of Hanley. Of this volume, which was written in the year 1595, the twenty-second epigram is addressed to William Shakespeare, and in the poetical catalogue of his works enumerates Romeo and Richard.

The scene of the play is in England. The first scene begins with Margaret half-sister to Richard and the widow of Henry VI., who, according to the received account, was murdered on the 21st of May, 1471, and closes with the death of Richard at Bosworth-field, 22d of August, 1485.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V. 
George, Duke of Clarence. 
Richard, Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III.
A young Son of Clarence.
Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.

John Morton, Bishop of Ely.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Norfolk.
Earl of Surrey, his son.
Earl Rivers, brother to King Edward's Queen.
Marquis of Dorset and Lord Grey, her sons.
Earl of Oxford.
Lord Hastings.
Lord Stanley.
Lord Lovel.
Sir Thomas Vaughan.
Sir Richard Ratcliff.
Sir William Caystry.
Sir James Turkel.
Sir James Blount.
Sir Walter Herbert.
Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Christopher Urswick, a Priest.
Another Priest.
Lord Mayor of London.
Sheriff of Wiltshire.
Elizabeth, Queen of King Edward IV.
Margaret, widow of King Henry VI.
Duchess of York, mother to King Edward IV., Clarence, and Gloster.
Lady Anne, widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.
A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants: two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Serjeant, 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 sun of York;

And all the clouds, that low'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean busy'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarms chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive stints,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass:
1, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty;
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph, I,
that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by disseminating nature,
Deform'd, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfinish'd,
The dogs bark at me, as I halt by them.
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity;
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days,
Plots have I laid, indirect and dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other
And, if king Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
About a prophecy, which says,—that G
Of Edward's heirs, the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes—

Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new christen'd in the Tower.

But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know it?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I protest,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkest after prophecies, and dreams;
And from the cross-row placks the letter G,
And says—a wizard told him, that by G
ACT I.—SCENE II.

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His issue disinherited should be; And, for my name of George begins with G, It follows in his thought, that I am he: Those, as I learn, and such like, are these, Have now'd his highness to commit me now. Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rud'd by women: 'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower; My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she, That tempers him to this extremity. Was it not she, and that good man of worship, Antony Woodville, how this trudge betwixt 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 his queen. 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-born widow, and herself, Since that her brother and fair lady women, Are mighty gossips in this monarchy. Brak. I beseech your grace both to pardon me; His majesty hath strictly given in charge, That no man shall have private conference, Of what degree soever, with his brother. Glo. Even so! an please your worship, Brakenbury, You may partake in that good counsel; We speak no treason, man:—We say, the king Is wise, and virtuous; and his noble queen Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous: We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot, A cherry lip, A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue: And the queen's kindred are made 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, He that doth nought with her, excepting one, fellow, Were best to do it secretly, alone. Brak. What one, my lord? [me? Clar. You, my husband, known:—Would'st thou betray me? Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal, Forbear your conference with the noble duke, obey. Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey. Brother, farewell: I will unto the king; And whatso'ever 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 to brotherhood, Touches me deeper than you can imagine. Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well. Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long; I will deliver you, or else lie for you: Mean time, have patience. Clar. I must perform; farewell, [Exit CLARENCE, BRakenbury, and Guard. Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return, Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so, That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven, If heaven will take the present at our hands. But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings? Enter Hastings. Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord! Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain! Well are you welcome to this open air. How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment? Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must: But I shall live my lord, to give them thanks, That were the cause of my imprisonment. Glo. Not doubt, not doubt; and so shall Clarence too: For they, that were your enemies, are his, And have prevail'd as much on him, as you. Hast. More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd, While kites and buzzards prey at liberty. Glo. No news so bad abroad, as this at home: The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy, And his physicians fear him mightily. Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed. O, he hath kept an evil diet long, And over-much consumed his royal person; It's very grievous to be thought upon. What, is he in his bed? Hast. He is. Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you. [Exit HASTINGS. He cannot live, I hope; and must not die, Till George be pack'd with posterity up to heaven. I'll in, to urge his better usage more on Clarence, With all my strength and with all weighty arguments; And, if I fail not in my deep intent, Clarence hath not another day to live: Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy, And leave the world for me to bustle in! For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter: What, though I kill'd her husband, and her father! The readiest way to make the wench amend, Is—to become her husband, and her father: The which will I; not all so much for love, As for another secret close intent, By marrying her, which I must reach unto. But yet I run before my horse to market: Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives, and reigns; When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [Ex. SCENE II.—The same. Another Street. Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing balderheads, to guard it; and Lady Anne as mourner. Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,— If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,— Whilst I a while obsequiously lament The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster,— Poor key-cold figure of a holy king! Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster! Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood! Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost, To hear the lamentations of poor Anne, Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son, Stab'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! 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 he have child, abortive be it, Prodigious, and untimely brought to light, Whose ugly and unnatural aspect May fright the hopeful mother at the view; And that be heir to his unhappiness! If ever he have wife, let her be made
KING RICHARD III.

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 the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.

[The bearers take up the corpse, and advance.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disturbs
1 Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. [Ulammer'd dog!] I 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.—
Anon, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst 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
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell: [as not;
Fill'd it with curing cries, and deep exclaim'd.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Before this pattern of thy butcheries:
O, gentlemen, see! see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!
Blursh, blush, thos lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exalts this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood swells,
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural.
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

Glo. O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!

Anne. O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!

Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick; [dead
As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered.

Glo. Lady, you know not rules of charity.

Anne. Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fairer than heart can think thee, thou canst
Not excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not.

Anne. Why then, they are not dead?

Glo. Nay, they are dead, and devilish slave, by thee.

Anne. Glo, I did not kill your husband.

Glo. Why then, he is alive.

Anne. Gloy, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy soul's throat thou liest; queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous fauchion 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:
Dost thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye. [me too.

Anne. Doth grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant
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's in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that he help to send him thither.
For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unprofitable, else if you will hear me name
Anne. Some dungeon.

Anne. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. I'll rest beside the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so. — But, gentle lady Anne,—
To thee, when this keen encounter of our wits,
And fail somewhat into a slower method;—is not the cause of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameless as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Thy beauty was the cause of that effect;
Thy beauty, which didst haunt me in my sleep,
To reveng'd the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should read that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's
You should not lechimish it, if I stood by: [wreck,
As all the world is cheered by the sun.
So I by thy life, it is my day, my life.

Glo. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death

Anne. 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,
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, was that he?

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he? [at me?

Glo. Here: [She spits at him.] Why dost thou spit
Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Anne. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. These eyes, sweet lady, haveinfected mine.

Anne. Would they were bashful, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.

Anne. These eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops,—
These eyes, which never shed remorseful teard.

Anne. Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
ACT I.—SCENE III.

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made, When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him; Nor when thy warlike father, like a child, Told the sad story of thy 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 an humble tear; And what these sorrows could not thence exhale, Thy beauty bade, and made them blind with weeping. I knew thee then, nor enemy— But my tongue could never learn sweet soothing word; But now thy beauty is propis'd my tee, My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak. [She looks scornfully on him. Teach not thy lips such scorn; for it was made For kissing, lady, not for such contempt. If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive, Let! here I bend 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 it with wounded hand.

Nay, do not pause: for I did kill king Henry;— But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me. Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward:— [She offers again at his breast. But 'twas thy 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. 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 thee love, Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love; To both their deaths shalt thou be necessary. Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue. Anne. I fear me, both are false.


Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring. Anne. To take, is not to give. [She puts on the ring. Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger, Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart; Wear both of them, for both of them are thine. And if thoy poor devoted servant may But beg one favour at thy gracious hand, Thou shalt not confirm his happiness for ever. Anne. What is it? Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs To him that hath more cause to be a mourner, And presently repair to Crosby-place: Where—after I have solemnly inter'd, At Chertsey monast'ry, this noble king, And paid my last respects to 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 joy's me too, To see you are become so penitent,— Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me. Glo. I'll bid me farewell. Anne. Tis more than you deserve: But, since you teach me how to flatter you, Imagine I have said farewell already.

[Exit Lady Anne, Tresssel, and Berkley. Glo. Take up the corse, sirs.

Glo. No, to Whiteh. But, as touching this my coming. [Exit the rest, with the corse.

Was ever woman in this humour wou'd? Was ever woman in this humour wou'd? I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long. What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father, To take her in her heart's extremest hate; With cursers in her mouth, tears in her eyes, The bleeding witness of her hatred by: With God, her conscience, and these bars against me, And I no friends to back my suit withal, But the plain devil, and despising looks, And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing! Hai! Hath she forgot already that brave prince, Edward, her lord, whom I some three months since, Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury? A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,— Fram'd in the prodigality of nature, Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,— The spacious world cannot again afford: And will she yet abuse her eyes on me, That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet price, And made her widow to a woeful bed? On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety? On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus? My dukedom to a beggarly denier, I do mistake my person all this while: Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot, Myself to be a marvellous proper man. I'll be at charges for a looking-glass; And entertain a score or two of tailors, To study fashions to adorn my body: Since I am crept in favour with myself, I will maintain it with some little cost. But, first, I'll turn you' fellow in his grave; And then return hansom to this lowest shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass, That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt his majesty Will soon recover his 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. Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me? Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord. Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms. Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly To be your comforter, when he is gone. [son.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority Is put to the trust of the Richard Gulston. 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 miscarry.
Enter Buckingham and Stanley.

Glo. 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.

[Stanley

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of
To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Q. Eliz. How do you be sure? either believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;

Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! did you confer with
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.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well!—but that which never
I fear our happiness is at the height.

—Enter Gloster, 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 proud, and love them not?—by holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly.
That all his ears with such disscuous rumours. Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceiving, and cog,
Duck with French nods and ashy courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Canst a plain man live, and think no harm,
Durst this his simple truth be so abus'd?

By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks? [grace!

Glo. To whom in all this presence speaks your
Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.

When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?— Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! his royal grace.

Glo. Would my lord speak so, without wish!—Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while.
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the
The king, of his own royal disposition, [matter:
And not provok'd by any suitor eke;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews 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 may prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, brother Gloster, we know your meaning,
brother Gloster;

You eny my advancement, and my friends;
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of
Our brother is imprison'd by your means, [you:
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given to enoble those

That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him, that rais'd me to this careful
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd, [height
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspicions.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Q. Eliz. She may, my lord, for—
Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows not
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.

What may she not? she may,—ay, marry, may
Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she! marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripiling too!
I wis, your grandfather had a worse match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have long borne too
Your blunt upbraiding, and your bitter scoffs:—
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty.

Of those gross taunts I often have endured.
I dare not be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condicion:
To be so bated, scorn'd, and scorn'd at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

—Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me. [thee!

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well;
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewkesbury.
Glo. Erst, you were as green, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs,
A weedder out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or
Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factors 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 now, and what you are;
Withall, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A mur'drous villain, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesus pardon!—
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were fitt like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.
How doth the cat UEFA, & the dog UEFA, for shame and this
Then cackadramon! there thy kingdom is.

Q. Mar. Resistance, to those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pestil:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
ACT I.—SCENE III.

You should enjoy, were you this country's king; As little joy you may suppose in me, That I enjoy, being the queen's, is least. Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof! For I am she, and altogether joyless. I can no longer hold me patient.— [Advancing. Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out In sharing that which you have pill'd from me: Which of you trembles not, that looks on me! If not, that, I being quack'd as bow like subjects; Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels!— Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away! [sight? Glo. Fool 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 banish Than death can yield me here by my abode. [mean. A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me. And, thou a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance! This sorrow that I have, by right is yours; And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine. Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,— Which he too late incur'd, for his licence with paper, And with thy scions drawst'wrest from his eyes; And then, to dry them, gav'st the dote a clout, Steep'd in the saltless blood of pretty Rutland;— His curses, then from bitterness of soul Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee; And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed. Q. Liz. So just is God, to right himself from wicked. Dost thou, in thy most confident, Face, thy fairest puppy, with the beggar's reins? Can cursing pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?— Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick Austerities! Though not by war, by surfeit die thy king! As ours by murder, to make him a king! Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales, For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales, Die in his youth, by like untimely violence! Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen, Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self! Long may'st thou live, to wait thy children's loss; And see another, as I see thee now, Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stoll'd in mine! Long die thy happy days before thy death; And, after many length'd hours of grief, Die neither another, wife, nor England's queen!— Riv. And, Dor. we were stoll'd by. And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him, That none of you may live your natural age, But by some unlook'd accident cut off! [hag. Glo. Have done thy charm, thou bateful with'der Q. Mar. And beat me, out thee I stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me. If heaven have any grievous plague in store, Exceeding Rivers, I shall see thee die, and then hurl down their indigination. On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace! The worm of conscience still be-gaw thy Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou, And take deep traitors for thy friends. No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine. Unless it be while some tormenting dream Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils! Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog! Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity The slave of nature, and the son of hell! Thou slanderer of thy mother's heart!— Ah! thou loathed issue of thy father's loins! Thou rag of honour! thou detested—— Glo. Margaret. Q. Mar. Richard! Glo. Ha? Q. Mar. I cry thee mercy then; for I do think, That thou had'st 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. Liz. Thus have you breath'd thy curse against yourself. Q. Mar. That painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune! Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider, Whose deadly web ensnarest thee about? Fool, fool! thou wert'st a knife to kill thyself. The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me To help thee curse this poisonous bunch-bac'd toad. Hass. False-witted woman, end thy frantic curse; Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience. Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mow'd Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty. [duty. Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me 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 luminous. Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert: Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current: O, that your young nobility could judge, What 'were to lose it, and be miserable! They that stand high have many blasts to shake them; And, if they fail, they dash themselves to pieces. Glo. Good morrow, marry; hear it, learn it, marquis. Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me. Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high, Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top, And dailies with the wind, and scars the sun, Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade,— alas! alas! Witness my son, now in the shade of death: Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath Hath in eternal darkness folded up. Your airy buildeth in our airy's nest—— O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it; As it was won with blood, lost be it so! Back. 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 by you my hopes are butcher'd.— My charity is outrage, life my shame,— And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage! Back. Have done, have done. Q. Mar. And lightly Buckingham, I kiss thy hand, In sign of league and amity with thee: Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house! Thy garments are not spotted with our blood, Nor thou within the compass of my curse. Back. Nor no one here; for curses never pass The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog!
Look, when he faws, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth shall rackle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.
Q. Mar. What, does thou scorn me for my genteel
And sooth the devil that I warrant thee from? [counsel
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.

Ric. And so doth mine: I muse, why she's at liberty.
Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath 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 thickening of it.
Narry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!
Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.
Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [Aside.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords. [Exeunt
Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come;—Lords, will you go with
Riv. Madam, we will attend upon your grace.

[Exit all but Gloster.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the generous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—
I do beweepe 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 what:
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 villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates?
Are you now going to despatch this thing?

1 Mard. We are, my lord; and come to have the
That we may be admitted where he is. [warrant
Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sir, be sudden in the execution,
Withee obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 Mard. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears:
I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go, go, despatch

1 Mard. We will, my noble lord. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The same A Room in the Tower.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'were to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time. [tell me
Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you,
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 hatchies; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand and heavy times
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pass'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatchies,
Methought, that Gloster stumb'd; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain, it was to drow
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gann'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 those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,
That wood the skinny bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought, I had; and, indeed did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the ominous flood
Kept my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awak'd you not with this sure agony?
Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman, which poets write of, unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cry'd aloud,—What shape comes for perjury
Can this dark mockery afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring ring 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 side by Tenbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—
With that, methought, a legion of fiends
Environ'd me, and bow'd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
A trembling cries, that, with the very noise
1st murderer. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

Act 1, Sc. 4.
Act I.—Scene IV.

Broth. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you; I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—This same hard 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 aveng'd on my misdeeds, Yet execute thy wrath on me alone: O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!—I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay this word. My soul is heavy, and I fear would sleep. [rest.]

Broth. I will, my lord; God give your grace good [Clar. repents himself on a chair.]

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours. Makes the night morning, and the moon-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 differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.


Broth. Wherefore delivered to Brakenbury, who reads it. Broth. 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 of the meaning. Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep: I'll to the king; and signify to him, That thus I have resigned to your charge. 1 Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: Fare you well. [Exit 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. When he wakes! why, fool, 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 for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from which no warrant can defend me. 1 Murd. I thought, thou had'st been resolute. 2 Murd. So I am, to let him live. 1 Murd. I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so. 2 Murd. Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change: it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty. 1 Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now? 2 Murd. 'Tis, faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me. 1 Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed's done. 2 Murd. Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward. 1 Murd. Where's thy conscience now? 2 Murd. In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 Murd. So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out. 2 Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 Murd. What if it come to thee again? 2 Murd. I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing; it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it seems a man cannot swear, but it checks him: a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 Murd. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke. 2 Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh. 1 Murd. I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me. 2 Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work? 1 Murd. Take him over the costard with the hilt of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in this same closet. 2 Murd. O excellent device! and make a sop of him. 1 Murd. Soft! he wakes.

2 Murd. Strike. 1 Murd. No, we'll reason with him. Clarr. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine. 1 Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, ason. Clarr. In God's name, what art thou? 1 Murd. A man, as you are. Clarr. But not, as I am, royal. Clarr. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble. 1 Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.


Clarr. To murder me! Both Murd. Ay, ay. Clarr. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, And dare not show the hearts to do it. Wherein, my friends, have I offended you? 1 Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king. Clarr. I shall be reconcil'd to him again. 2 Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die. Clarr. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men, To slay the innocent? What is my offence? Where is the evidence that doth accuse me? What lawful quest have given their verdict up Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death? Before I be convict by course of law, To threaten me with death, is most unlawful. I charge you, as you hope to have redemption, By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins, That you depart, and lay no hands on me; The deed you undertake is damnable. 1 Murd. What we will do, we do upon command. 2 Murd. And he, that hath commanded, is our king. Clarr. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings Hath in the table of his law commanded, That those shall do no murder. With thou then Spurn at his edict, and fail not 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 For false forswearing, and for murder too: [thee,
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.
1 Mudr. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrippest the bowels of thy sovereign's son.
2 Mudr. Whom thou hast sworn to cherish and defend.
1 Mudr. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law
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;
In that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you, that he doth it publicly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.
1 Mudr. 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 Mudr. Thy brother's love, our undoing and thy fault,
Provoke as hither now to slaughter thee.
Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.
2 Mudr. You are deceived, your brother Gloster hates you.
Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear.
Go you to him from me.
Both Mudr. 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:
Did Gloster think on this, and he will weep.
1 Mudr. Ay, mill-stones: as he lessons'd us to weep.
Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.
1 Mudr. 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 charg'd me in his arms, and swore, with oaths,
That he would deliver me safe from them.
1 Mudr. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.
2 Mudr. Make peace with God, for you must die,
My lord.
Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God, by murdering me?—
Ah, sirs, consider, be, that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
2 Mudr. What shall we do?
Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
1 Mudr. Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.
Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
With all of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being peat from liberty, as I am now.
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—
Would not entreat for life?—
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,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A belliger prince what belliger places not?
2 Mudr. Look behind you, my lord
1 Mudr. Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
I'll drown you in the malmosy-butt within.
Exit, with the body.
2 Mudr. A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!
How fair, like Pilot, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder done!
Re-enter first Murderer.
1 Mudr. How now? what mean'st thou, that thou
help'st me not?
[been.
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you
2 Mudr. I would he knew, that I had saved his bro-
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;—
[ther?
For I repent me that the duke is slain.
Exit. 1 Mudr. So do not I; go, coward, as thou art,—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. 
Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Edward, (laid in sick,) Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's
You peers, continue this united league: [work:—
I every day expect an embassage
From my Befoomer to redeem me hence;
And now in 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
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love. [sake.
Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!
K. Edw. Take heed, you daily not before your king;
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.
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 in this:—
Now your son Dorset.—Buckingham, nor you:—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
Q. Eliz. There, Hastings:—I will never more re-
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine! [member
K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love
Lord marquis.
Don. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.
Hast. And so swear I. [Embraces Dorset.
K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal this thun
With thy embracements to my wife's allies, [league
And make me happy in your unity.
Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [to the Queen:] but with all duteous
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me [love
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.
Embraces Rivers, &c.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
ACT II.—SCENE II.

Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for him?
Who told me in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, "Dear brother, rise, and be a king?"
But told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen 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 carters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and deface
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 his poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. O,
Poor Clarence! [Enter King, Queen, Hastings,
Red, Dor, 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's death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [Exeunt]

SCENE II.—The same.

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 oft? and best your
And cry—O Clarence, my unhappiest son! breast,
Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orpheans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?
Duch. My pretty consin, you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As leath to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wait one that's lost.
Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
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
Inexorable and shallow innocents,
[They all start.
You do him injury, to scorn his counsel—this is.
K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows?
Q. Edw. 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
But his red colour hath forsaken his cheeks. 'Sence,
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead! the order was
To be, your son, none should be your father's heir; And that a winged Mercury did hear;
Some tardy cripple bore 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!
K. Edw. I pray thee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.
Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.
K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.
Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love!
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 secret, rude impatience? Q. ELIZ. To make an act of tragic violence: Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead. — Why grow the branches, when the root is gone? Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap? — If you will live, lament; if die, be brief; That our swift winged souls may catch the king's; Or, like obedient subjects, follow him To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow, As I had title in thy noble husband! I have bewept a worthy husband's death, And liv'd by looking on his images: But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death; And I for comfort have but one false glass, That grieveth me more than the shame in him. Thou art a widow; yet thou art a prince; And hast the comfort of thy children left thee; But death hath snatch'd my husband from my arms, And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands, Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I, (Thine being but a moiety of my grief, To weaken thy plaints and drown thy cries? Son, Ah, answer; you wept not for another's death, How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Duch. Our fatherless distress was left unmoind'd.

Your widow-colour likewise be unwet!

Q. ELIZ. Give me no help in lamentation, I am not barrer to bring forth laments: All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes, That I, being govern'd by the heavy moon, May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world! Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward! Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence.

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence! [gone.]

Q. ELIZ. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's Chil. What stay had we but Clarence and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I, but they? and they are Q. ELIZ. Was never widow, had so dear a loss. Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs: Their woes are parcel'd, mine are general. She for an Edward weeps, and so do I; I for a Clarence weep, and do not she: These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I: I for an Edward weep, so do not they: Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd, Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse, And I will pamper it with lamentations. [pleas'd,

Con. Comfort, dear mother: God is much dis-

That you take with unthankfulness doing;

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,

For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young prince your son; send straight for him,

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives;

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS RALCLIFF, and others.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause To wall! the dimming of our shining star; But none can cure their harms by wailing them. — Madam, my lady, I do cry you mercy, For I did see your grace. — Humbly on my knee I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy Love, charity, obedience, and true duty! [breaks,

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man! — That is the butt end of a mother's blessing; I marvel, that her grace did leave it out [Aside.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorlowing Thert hear this mutual heavy load of moan, [peers, Now cuech 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 swoln hearts, But lately splinted, 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 fetch'd Hither to London, to be crown'd our king. [ingham?

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buck-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 ungovern'd: Where every horse bears his commanding rein, And may direct his course as please himself, As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent, In my opinion, ought 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 he 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 post to Ludlow. — Nay — and you my mother, — will you go To give your consents in his weighty 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 kindness from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory, My oracle, my prophet — My dear cousin, I, as a child, will go by thy direction. Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. — The same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 Cit. Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast? 2 Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself: Hear you the news abroad? 1 Cit. Yes: that the king is dead. 2 Cit. Ill news, by'r lady: seldom comes the better: I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 Cit. Neighbours, God speed! 1 Cit. Give you good morrow, sir,
ACT III.—SCENE I.

3 Cit. Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?
2 Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!
3 Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
1 Cit. No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.
2 Cit. Tender to that land, that's govern'd by a child!
2 Cit. In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nounage, council under him;
And, in his full and ripen'd years, 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
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With political grave counsel: then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
[ther.
1 Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father and mo-
3 Cit. Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all.
For, from hence upon now, when men shall weep,
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, bought and proud:
And were they to be rule'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solve as before.
[well.
1 Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst: all will be
3 Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
coats;
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 death:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
2 Cit. Truly, my heart, in all this fear of man,
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
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm;
But let the wind all to God, Whither away?
2 Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.
3 Cit. And so was I; I'll bear you company.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—The same. 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-Strat
dAnd at Northampton they do rest to-night: [ford;
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 bear, no; they say, my son of York
Hath almost overtopp'd his father 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, methought my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow in space;
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.
Duch. 'Good faith,' 'good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing, when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely.
That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam,
Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crown, at two hours old;
Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth,
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Q. Eliz. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, her nurse. [born.
Duch. Her nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast
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?  
Mess. Such news, my lord,
As grieves me to unfold.
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 Poni-
With them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners. [fret,
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.
Q. Eliz. 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. Alas! I see the ruin of my house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
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;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
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 for blood, self 'gainst self—O, preposterous
And frantic courage, and thy damned spleen:
Or let me die, to lock on death no more!
Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctu-
Mudam, farewell. [fure.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.
Q. Eliz. You have no cause.
Arch. My gracious lady, go.  
[To the Queen.
And bid me 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!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same. A Street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, Gloster, Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.
Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:  
The weary way hath made you melancholy.  
Prince. No, uncle; but our crossons on the way  
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy;  
I want more uncles here to welcome me.  
Glo. Sweet prince, the untainc'd virtue of your years  
 Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit;  
No more can you distinguish of a man,  
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,  
Seldom, or never, jumpteth with the heart.  
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;  
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,  
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:  
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!  
Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they  
were none. [you.  
Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet  
Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.  
May. God bless your grace, with health and happy days!  
Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.  
[Exeunt Mayor, &c.  
I thought, my mother, and my brother York,  
Would long ere this have met us on the way:  
Fye, what a slug is Hastings? that he comes not  
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.  
Enter Hastings.  
Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating lord.  
[come?  
Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother  
Host. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,  
The queen your mother, and your brother York,  
Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince  
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,  
But by his mother was perforce withheld.  
Buck. Fye! what an indirect and-powish course  
Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace  
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York  
Unto his princely brother presently?  
If she deny,—Lord Hastings go with him,  
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.  
Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak cratury  
Cannot call to him the duke of York.  
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate  
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,  
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.  
Buck. You are too senseless-obsistate, my lord,  
Too ceremonious, and traditional:  
Weigh it bat with the grossness of this age,  
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.  
The benefit thereof is always granted  
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,  
And those who have the wit to claim the place:  
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;  
And 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?  
Host. I go, my lord.  
Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you  
may.  
[S精品 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?  
Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begins that place;  
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edific'd.  
Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported  
Successively from age to age, he built it?  
Buck. 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 'twere 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—  
What was his value did enrich his wit,  
His wit set down to make his value live:  
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;  
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—  
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.  
Buck. What, my gracious lord?  
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,  
I'll win our ancient right in France again,  
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.  
Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring.  
[Aside.  
Enter York, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.  
Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of  
York?  
Brother?  
Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving  
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 prouce 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 is he more beholden to you, than I.  
Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;  
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.  
York. I pray you, uncle, then, give me this dagger.  
Glo. My dagger, little cousin! with all my heart.  
Prince. A beggar, brother?  
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;  
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.  
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.  
York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?  
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.  
York. Then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;  
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, say.  
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. As a soldier.  
Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk:—  
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.  
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me;—  
Uncle, my brother 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 sharp-provided 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 gracious lord, why do you press me so far 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, sir, what should you fear? York. Marty, my uncle Clarence' 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 I unto the Tower. [Exeunt Prince, York, HASTINGS, Cardinal, and Attendants.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York Was not incensed by his subtle mother, To taunt and scorn you thus oppressiously? Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parious boy; Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable; He, the mother's, too, to go to the top to toe. Buck. Well, let them rest.—

Come hither, gentle Catesby; thou art sworn As deeply to effect what we intend, As closely to conceal what we impart: Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way; What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter To make William lord Hasting's thoughts confound, For the instalment of this noble duke In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince, That he will not be woo to aught against him. Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth. [Exit Cate. Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle Catesby, And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings, How he doth stand affected to our purpose; And summon him to-morrow to the Tower, To sit about the coronation. If thou dost find him tractable to us, Encourage him, and then unfold all our reasons: If he be led, i' the eye, cold, unwilling, Be thou so too; and so break off the talk, And give us notice of his inclination: For we to-morrow hold divided councils, Wherein thyself shalt highly be employed. Glo. Command me to lord William: tell him, Catesby, His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle; And bid my friend, for joy of this good news, Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more. [Exit Catesby. Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly. Cate. My lord's good lords both, with all the heed I can. Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep? Cate. You shall, my lord. Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both. [Exit Catesby. Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive Lord Hastings will not yield to our compacts? Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me [do— This manner of Holmwood, and all the moveables Wherein the king my brother was possess'd. Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness. Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards We may digest our compacts in some form. [Exeunt.


Enter HASTINGS. Host. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights? Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say. First, he commends him to your noble lordship. Host. And then,—

Mess. And then, he sends you word he dreamt To-night the boar had raised off his helm: Besides, he says, there are two councils held; And that may be determined at the one, Which may make you and him to rue at the other. Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,— If presently, you will take horses with him, And with all speed post with him toward the north, To shun the danger that his soul divoies. Host. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord: Bid him not fear the separated councils: His honour, and myself, are at the one; And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby; Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us, Wherein shall not have intelligence. Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance: And for his dreams—I wonder, he's so fond To trust the mockery of unquiet slumberers: To fly the boar, before the boar pursues, Were to incense the boar to follow us, And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase. Go, bid thy master rise and come to me; And we will both together to the Tower, Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly. Mess. I'll go my lord, and tell him what you say. [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 Cate. Ay, my good lord. [Crowns. Host. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoul Before I'll see the crown so foul mispia'd. [Ilers, 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 their have been still my adversaries: But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side, To bar my master's heirs in true descent, God knows, I will not do it, to the death. Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind! Host. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence. That they, who brought me in my master's hate, I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
KING RICHARD III.

I'll send some packing, that yet think but on't. 
Curt. This a vile thing to die, my gracious lord, 
When men are unprepared, and look not for it. 
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out 
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twixt do 
With some men else, who think themselves as safe 
As thou and I; who, when thou know'st me not, 
Travel to King Richard, and to Buckingham. 
Curt. The princes both make high account of you. 
For they account his head upon the bridge. [Aside. 
Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deserved it. 

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man? 
Fare you the boar, and go so unsupplied? 
Stan. My lord, good morrow: and good morrow, 
Catesby:-

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood 
I do not like these several councils, I. 
Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours; 
And never, in my life, I do protest. 
War. Some precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know your state secure, 
I would be so triumphant as I am? [London. 
Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from 
Were joyous: 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 sigh of misfortune I must doubt; 
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward! 
What, shall we toward the Tower: the day is spent. 
Hast. Come, come, have with you. - Wet you what, 
my lord? 
To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded. [Heads. 
Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their 
Than some, that have accord'd them, wear their hats. 
But come, my lord, let's away. 

Enter a Pursuivant. 

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow. 
[Exit STANLEY and CURTAIN. 

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee? 
Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask. 
Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now, 
Than when thou met'st me last, where we met: 
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 bend it, to your honour: good content! 
Hart. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me. 
[Throwing him his purse. 
Purs. I thank your honour. [Exit Pursuivant. 

Enter a Priest. 

Pr. Well met, my lord! I am glad to see your honour. 
Hast. I thank thee good: we join with all my heart, 
I am in your debt for your last exercise: 
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you. 

Enter BUCKINGHAM. 

Buck. What talking with a priest, lord chamberlain? 
Your friends at Pomfret they do seek the priest; 
Your honour takes no working work in hand. 
Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man, 
The men you talk of came into my mind. 
What do you go toward the Tower? 
Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there: 
I shall return before your lordship's grace. 
Hast. Nay, live enough, for I stay dinner there. 
Buck. And suppos'd, although I know not so. 

Enter, will you go? 
Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [Exit. 

SCENE III.—Pomfret. Before the castle. 

Enter RATCHIFF, with a guard, conducting RIVERS, 
GRAY, and VAUGHAN, to execution. 
Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners. 
Riv. Sir Richard Ratchiff, let me tell thee this, — 
To-day, shalt thou behold a subject die, 
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty. 
God keep the prince from all the pack of you! 
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers. 
Vow, You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter. 
Rat. Despatch; the limit of your lives is out. 
Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison, 
Fatal and ominous to noble peers! 
Within the guilty closure of thy walls, 
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death: 
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat, 
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink. 
Gray. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads, 
When she exclaimed on Hastings, you, and I, 
For standing by when Richard stab'd her son. 
Riv. Then curse'd the Hastings; then cursed the 
Buckingham, 
Then cursed the Richard. — O, remember, God, 
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us! 
And for my sister, and her princely sons,— 
Beati, and, dear God, with our true bloods, 
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spill'd! 
Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expir'd. 
Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaugan,—let us here 
barena: 
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [Exit. 


Buckingham, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the Bishop of 
ELY, CATESBY, LOWELL, 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 the royal day? 
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time? 
Stan. They are: and wants but nomination 
Riv. 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? [mind. 
Hast. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his 
Buck. We know each other's fates for our hearts,— 
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours; 
Nor I, of his, my lord, than you of mine: 
Lord Hastings, you, and I, are near in love. 
Hast. I thank thy grace, I know he loves me well: 
But, for his purpose in the coronation, 
I have not sounded him, nor be deliver'd 
His gracious pleasure any way therein: 
But you, my noble lord, may name the time; 
And in the grace's behalf I will give my voice, 
Which, I presume, we'll take in gentle part. 

Enter GEORGE. 

Glo. Is happy time here comes the duke himself. 
Ob. My noble lords, and counsels, all, good morrow; 
I have been long a wiser: but, I trust, 
My absence doth neglect no great design. 
What in my presence might have been concluded. 
Buck. Had you not some upon your eye, my lord, 
William lord Hasting's words pronounced your part, — 
I mean, your voice,— for crowning of the king. 
Ob. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder; 

Come,
ACT III.—SCENE V.

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—

"Hast. I thank your grace.

Glo. 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.

[Enter 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.

[Enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent

For these strawberries.

[Enter Gloster and Buckingham.

[Exit Ely.

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 noble presence

To deem the offenders: Whose'er they be,

I swear by heaven, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,

Look how I am bewitched: behold mine arm

Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous wench,

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 they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Talk'st thou on his fate?—I was a traitor.

Off with his head:—now, by saint Paul 1 swear,

I will not dine until I see the same.—

Lovell, and Catesby, look that it be done;

The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[Exit Council, with Glo. and Buck.

Hast. When was, for England!—What for me; for

I, too fond, might have prevented this;

Stanley did dream, the boar did raise his helm; but

I disdained it, and did scorn to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,

And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,

As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I want the priest that was sent to me:

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies,

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Caius. Despatch, my lord, the duke shall be at dinner.

Make a short shift; he longs to see your head. [ner:—

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 fair looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast:—

Ready, with every nod, to tumble down

Into the fatal bowls of the deceiver:

Low. Come, come, despatch;—'tis but to elound.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!—

I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee.

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—

Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head,

They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same. The Tower Walls.

Enter Gloster and Buckingham, in Military Armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—

And then again begin, and step again,

As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;

Speak, and look back, and pray on every side,

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks

Are at my service, like enforc'd 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 CaTTsBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.— Lord Glo. Look to the draw-bride there. [mayor.

Buck. [To Gloster,] Mark! I'll make a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL and Ratcliff, with HASTINGS' head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends: Ratcliff, and

Lovell. 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;

Make 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 suspicion.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert's shelter'd

That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor, [traitor

Would you imagine, or almost believe.

(Were't not, that by great preservation

We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor

This day had plotted, in the council house.

To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

Men! What! he heare?—

Glo. What! thank you we are Turks, or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death:

But that the extreme peril of the case,

The peace of England, and our persons' safety,

Enforced us to this execution!
May. Now, fair beseach ye! he deserv'd his death,
And your good graces both have well proceed,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. 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,
Somewhat against our meaning hath prevent'd:
Because, my lord, we would have had you hear
The traitor speak, and timeously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wait his death. [serve.
Man. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak: [serve
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 carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we do intende:
And so, my good lord mayor, we did farewell.
[Exit Lord Mayor.

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham,
The mayor towards Guildhall bides him with 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 term'd so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd up unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control, list'd to make his prey.

Nay, for a need, this 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 just computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot;
Which well i' the lineaments,
Because it was urg'd like to a noble duke's son:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere 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. [castle;

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards 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 [in Curt.] to friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[Exit the LOV. and CATESBY.

Now will I in, to take some privy converse
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—A Street.

Enter a Scrivener
Scriv. Here is the inditement 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 white!—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 bad dealing must be seen in thought.
[Exit.

SCENE VII.—The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

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.
[drum:

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's chil
Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France:
The 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 his resemblance, being not like the duke.

Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility:
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when mine oratory grew to an 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 breathless stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehend'd them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wifful silence:
His answer was—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
Then I was urg'd like to my talk again:—
Thus with the duke, thus with the duke infer'd:
But nothing spoken in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, God save king Richard!
And thus I took the vantage of these 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;
But his speech was urg'd, by mighty suit:
And look you, get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy de-cant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the mad'ns part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to see for myself or ordain;
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor
knocks.
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, myself, the mayor and aldermen, In deep designs, in matter of great moment, No less importing than our general good, Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [Exit.

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Ed-
He is not rolling on a lewd day-bed, [ward! But on his knees at meditation;
Not dialling with a grace of courtiers,
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 himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall never win him to it. [nay! Marry, God say, God defend this grace should say
Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes again;—

Re enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before;
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him;
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[Exit CATESBY.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, in a gallery above, between Two Bishops. Catesby returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two cler-
gymen!

Buck. To 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 oraments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology; I rather do beseech you pardon me, Who, earnest in the service of my God, Neglect 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 majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors, Your state of fortune, and your due of birth, The lineal glory of your royal house, To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whist, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts, (Which here we waken to our country's good,) The noble isle doth want her proper limbs; Her face fecund'd with sears of infancy, Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants, And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure we heartily solicit Your gracious self to take on you the charge And kingly government of this your land 
Not as protector, steward, substitute, Or lowly factor for another's gain: But as successively, from blood to blood, Your right of birth, your empery, your own. For this, consortcd with the citizens, Your very worshipful and loving friends, And by their vehement instigation, In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence, Or bitterly to speak in your reproof, Best fitteth my degree, or your condition: If, not to answer,—you might haply think, Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty, Which fondly you would here impose on me,
If to reprove you for this suit of yours. So season'd with your faithful love to me, Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends. Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first; And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,— Definitively, thus I answer you,
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 hold me from your greatness,— Being a barb to brook me no mighty seo— Than in my greatness covet to be lod, 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, if need were;) The royal tree hath left us royal fruit, Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time, Will well become the seat of majesty; And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me, The right and fortune of his happy stars,— Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace; But these respects thereof are nice and trivial, All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son; So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For first he was contract to lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow; And afterwards by substitute betroth'd To Bona, sister to the king of France. These both put by, a poor pretender, A care-craz'd mother to a many sons, A beauty-waning and distressed widow, Even in the afternoon of her best days, Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye, Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts To base declension, and loath'd bigamy;
KING RICHARD III.

By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
More mannerly could I expressulate,
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 proper'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Caro a linear true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

But. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proper'd love.

Carr. O make them joyful; grant their lawful suit.

God. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?

I am aunt for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss:
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

But. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to defoil the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart;
And gentle, kind, effemmeinate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates.
Yet know, who's 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:
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[Exit Buckingham and Citizens.

Carr. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their
If you deny them, all the land will rue it: [suit,

But. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [Exit Carr.

Avet against my conscience and my soul—

Re-enter Buckingham, and the rest.

Cousins of Buckingham,—and you sage, grave men,
Since you will bekele fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, she'll I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandaL, or foul-fac'd reproach,
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,
You shall more comply with me to become me
From all the impure blasts and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will
Carr. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

But. Then I salve you with this royal title,
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

Av. Amen.

But. To-morrow may it please you to be crowned!

Carr. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

But. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And to most joyfully, we take our leave.

Carr. Come, let us to our holy work again:

[To the Bishops.

Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends.

[Exit."

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, and MARCOU OF DORSET; on the other, ANNE, DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, bearing Lady Mary Mar-
ton, and CLARENCE, bearing a young daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet?

Lady D. Led in the hand of her kind aun: of Gloster?

Now, for my life, she's wand ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince—

Duch. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Que. As much to you, good sister! Whither

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To graduate the gentle princes there.

Que. Kind sister, thanks, we'll eat all together.

Enter Brakenbury.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How down the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them:
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Que. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Que. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!

Anne. Has he set bounds between their love and me?

Duch. I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Que. I, your father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt and I know, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril!

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[Exit Brakenbury.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverence look'd-on of two fair queens.
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster;

[To the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Que. Ah, out my face asunder!
That my heart's heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I sown with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despightful tidings! O unpleasant news!

Duch. Be it good cheer.—Mother, how fares your grace?

Que. O Dorset, speak not me, get thee gone
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, to thee, his thee, from this slaughter-house,
Loast thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the till of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother, wife nor England's crowned queen.

Stan. Full of wise counsel is this your counsel, madam:
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not too tardy by any wise delay.

Duch. O ill-disposing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice that hath hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murderous!

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—

Que. Yearly God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to steel me to the brain!

Anne. Upon my heart, be with doubly venous
And die, ere men can say,—God save the queen!

Que. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, with thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When be, that is my husband
Came to me, as I followed Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
Which issu'd from my mother's angel husband, [hands,
And that dead 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, accus'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And when, thou mad'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And death, I pray, to come on me so swiftly,
More sure and certain of the life of thee,
Then thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!
In, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grewly grow captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse;
Such ever since hath 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. Elizabeth. Poor heart, dear lady! I pity thee, complaining,
Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.
Dor. Farewell, then, thou woeful harlot of glory!
Anne. Ah, dear soul, that tak'st 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 An. Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

1 to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me.
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wrenched with a week of teen.
Q. Elizabeth. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the
Fifty, you ancient stones, those tender babes.
Tower. They envy him that'mor'd within your walls;
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [Exit."

SCENE II. — A Room of State in the Palace.
Flourish of trumpets. Richard, as King 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 ad
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—tree,
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live 'tis, and for ever let them last!
K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed:—
Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would speak.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renewed liege,
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward lives.
Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. O better consequence,
That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince:—
Cousin, thou wast not born 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
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die? [Receives
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear
Before I positively speak in this: [lord,
I will resolve your grace immediately. [Exit Buck,

Curtains. The king is angry; see, he grasps his esp. [Aside.
K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools. [Descends from his throne.
And unequal boys; none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes;—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumstpect.
Bo,—

Enter. My lord.
K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death? [gold
Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
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—Tyrel.
K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him
bither, boy. — [Exit Page.

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untried,
And stops he now for breath!—well, be it so.—

Enter Stanley.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?
Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the attempt before he abides.
K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence's daughter.

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how hasty dreams!—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
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with Tyrel.

Is thy name—Tyrel?

Tyrel. James Tyrel, and your most obedient subject.
K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyrel. Prove me, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyrel. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.
K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deepennepes,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon?
Tyrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyrel. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend this ear: [Whispers.
There is no more but sn.—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyrel. I will despatch it straight. [Exit.

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My lord. I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.
K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to
Buck. I hear the news, my lord. [Richmond.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well,
look to it.
SCENE III. — The same.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To this piece of ruthless butchery.
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting 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, girding one another
Within their abasest innocent lay:
Their lips were four red roses on a staff,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay:
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my mind:
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, 'ere 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 Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news? Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Reget your happiness, be happy then;
For it is done.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel
Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.
K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave.

[Exit.]

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penn'd up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond 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.

Cate. My lord,
K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in
So hastily? Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Rich-
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardyWelshmen,
In the field, and still his power increaseth.
K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leden servitor to dull delay;
Duly readst thou, and sauln-pac'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. [Exe.

SCENE IV. — The same. · Before the Palace.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten month of death.
Here in these confines silly have I lurk'd,
To watch the waring of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will move as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender bassel
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!
Q. Mar. Hover over her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant womb to aged night.

Buch. So many miseries, have craz'd my voice,
That my voice-warden tongue is still and mute,—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. Why, he didst quit Plantagenet;
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.
Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle
And throw me in the entral of the wolf? [Ambs. When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?
Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Buch. Deal life, blind sight, poor mortal-living

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life
Brief abstract and record of tedious days, [aufsp'd,
ACT IV.-SCENE IV.

Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth.

[Sitting down.

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;

[grave,

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?

[Sitting down by her.

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,

Give me the benefit of seniory,

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society. [Sitting down with them.

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him;

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him; [him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard.

kill'd him.

From forth the keneel of thy womb hath crept A child, whose death will out the death of all,

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 excellent grand tyrant of the earth,

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,

Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—

O them, just, and true disposers of this God,

How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur

Preys on the issue of his mother's body,

And makes her pew-fellow with others' mourn!

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 they match

not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that fudd'd my Edward;

And the beholders of this tragic play,

The adulteress 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 —

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,

That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy, the time would

That I should wish for thee to help me curse [come,

That bottled spider, that foul bouch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain florish of my

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'd a high, to be hurl'd down below: A mother only mock'd with two fair babies;

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 kill the scene.

Where is thy husband now! where be thy brothers?

Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?

Who sue's, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?

Where be the bending peas 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 joyfull mother, one that wails the name;

For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;

For queen, a very cuttie crown'd with care;

For one that scornd at me, now scornd 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 wheel'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time;

Having no more but thought of what thou wert,

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 weary shrouder.

And leave the burden of it all on thee. [change.

Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mis-

These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;

Compare the state of some with thine own;—

Think that thy babies were fairer than they were,

And he, that slew them, fouler than he is.

Bettering thy loss makes the bad-caster worse;

Revolving this will teach thee how to curse. [thine!

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken them with

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and

Q. Mar. Thy woes make them sharp, and

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words!

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,

Aire successors of instate joys,

Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope: though what they do impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-y'd: go with me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's smoother.

My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smoother'd.

[Drum, within.

I hear his drum,—be copious in exclains.

Enter King Richard, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,

By strangling thee in her accursed womb,

From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden

crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,

The 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

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

[Clarence.

Q. Eliz. Where is that gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. He flourish, trumpet's — strike alarms,

Let not the heavens bear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's announced: Strike, I say,—

[Flourish. Alarm's.

Either be patient, and entertain me fair,

Or with the clamorous report of war

Thou wilt draw my exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,

That cannot brook the accent of reproov.

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 haste.

Duchess. Art thou so haste? I have stand for thee,

God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duchess. No, by the holy rood, thou knewst it well.

Then canst thou on earth to make the earth my bell.

A precious burden was the birth to me.

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy.

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious;

Thy prime of manhood: daring, bold, and venturesome.

Thy are confound'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody.

More mild, but; yet more harmful, kind in war.

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grace'd me in thy company?

A. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour; that
call'd your grace.

To breakfast o'er, nor of my company,

If I be so gracious in your sight.

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam —

Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.


Duch. Hear me a word.

For farewell shall never speak to thee again.


Duch. Either then will die, by God's just ordinance.

Even from this way: thou turn a conspirer;

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,

And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore, base with thee my most heavy curse;

Which, in the day of battle, live thee more.

That with the complete armour that thou wear'st:

My prayers on the adverse party's sight:

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

And promise them success and victory.

Bloody than art, bloody will be thy end:

Sparest thyself, and death thy death attend.

Q. Eliz. Though more cause, yet much less

sinister to curse.

Abides in me; I say amen to her.

[Going]

A. Rich. Say, madam. I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. Have I no more sons of the royal blood;

For thee to murder: for my daughter, Richard.

They shall be praying none, weeping queens;

And therefore level not to lift their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd —

Elizabeth, Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;

Stander myself, as false to Edward's bed:

Throw over her the veil of infamy.

So she may live unscar'd of bleeding slaughter,

I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrought not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say — she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safely used her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, or their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, my lord, their lives had trends contrary,

K. Rich. All unavowed is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avowed grace makes destiny:

My babes were deserv'd to a fairy death;

If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

[Sunset]

Q. Eliz. You speak, as if that I had slain my con-

stant.

Q. Eliz. Consists, indeed, and by their unseen'd

Of comfort, king's beloved, fond men's life,

Whose his own sheower had't the tender:beats,

Thy hand, all indirectly, gave direction:

No doubt the understand'd kind was dull and blunt,

Till it was wrenched on thy stone-hard heart.

To revel in the entwines of my limbs.

But that still use of grief makes wish of fame,

My tongue should to the ears not cause my boys,

Tell that my nails were ache'd against my eyes,

And I, in such a desperate day of death,

Like a poor bark, off sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.


And dangerous success of bloody wars.

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Than ever you or yours by me were d'Held.

Q. Eliz. What grief is covered with the face of ton?

To discover, that can do me good! —

[Yes]

A. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune.

The high unpartial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;

Tell me, what fate, what dignity, what honour,

Canst thou deserve to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have: ay, and myself and all

Will I withdraw a child of thine;

So in the Lothe of thy angry soul

Thou drowns the sad remembrance of these wrongs.

Which, thou supposeth, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that thou may'st in the kind

Lay to the ears of thy kindness date.

[Yes]

Q. Eliz. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy

daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul

So, from thy soul's love, did'st thou love her brothers;

And from thy heart's love, do I thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning;

That I could learn of you,

As one being acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me!

K. Rich. Madam, do I love all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that drew her breach;

A pair of bleeding hearts: thereon engrave, "John, 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 with ald.

If thou dissemblance 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.

There is no other way:

Yet shall I do some couldst put on other shape;

And not be Richard that hast done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but have thee.

Having bought love with such a bloody spell.

K. Rich. Look, what does done cannot be now amended;
ACT IV.—SCENE IV.—

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, To quicken your increase, I will beget Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter. A grandam's name is little less in love. Than is the doating 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 End'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow. Your children were vexation to your youth, But mine shall be a comfort to your age. The loss, you have, is but—a son being king. And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen. I cannot make you what amends I would, Therefore accept such kindness as I can. Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul, Leads discontented steps in foreign soil, This fair alliance quickly shall call home To high promotions and great dignity: The king, that calls your beauteous daughter,—wife, Familiarly shall call thy Dorset,—brother; Again shall you be mother to a king, And all the ruins of distressful times Repair'd with double riches of content. What! 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 her life of her fruitful years with your experience; Prepare her ears to hear her lover's tale; Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame Of golden sw'eigniety; acquaint the princess With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys: And when this arm of mine hath chastis'd The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham, Bound with triumphant garniards will I come, And lead thy days to contented bed; To whom I will retail my conquest won; And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar. Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's bro— Would be her lord! or shall I say, her uncle? [ther Or, be he slew her brothers, and her uncles! Under whose title shall I woo for thee, That God, thelaw, my own interest, and her love, Can make seem pleasing to her tender years? K. Rich. Inter fair England's peace by this alliance. Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still last ing war. [treats. K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King Korin. 1st Treat. K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen. Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth. K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly. Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last? K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end. Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last? K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature lengthens Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it. K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low. Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sove reigny. K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her. Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told. K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving 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 notion that string, madam; that is past. Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-string's by. [treats. K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my 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 his holy honour; Thy garter, blenndi'd, pawn'd thy knightly virtue; Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd thy kingly glory; If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd, Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd. K. Rich. Now by the world,— Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs. K. Rich. My father's death,— Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd. K. Rich. Then, by myself. Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misus'd. K. Rich. Why then, by God. Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all. If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him, The unity, the king thy brother made, Had not been broken, nor my brother slain. If thou hadst 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 a prey for worms. What canst thou swear by now! K. Rich. By the time to come. Q. Eliz. Thst thou hast wronged in the time o'er For I myself have many tears to wash Myself, for time past, wrong'd by thee. The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd. Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age: The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd, Old barren plants, to wail it with their age. Swear now the time to come thou hast Mis-us'd ere used, by times ill-us'd o'er past. K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent! So thrive I in my dangerous attempt Of hostile arms! myself myself confound! Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours! Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night thy rest! Under many titles of sons, I have loved, To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love, Immortal dedication, holy thoughts, I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter! In her consists my happiness, and thine; Without her, follows to myself, and thee, Herself, the land, and many a christian soul, Death, the desolation, ruin, and decay; 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, and State of times, And be not peevish found 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 yourself's remembrance wrong your— Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children. [self. K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them: Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
KING RICHARD III.

Salves 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 very shortly, and you shall understand from me her mind. K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so fare well. [Kissing her. Exit Q. ELIZABETH.]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman! How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast Rides a puissant navy; to the shore Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends, Unarm'd, and unsuccess'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 inshore. [Norfolk:] K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he? Cate. Here, my good lord. K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke. Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste. K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither: Post to Salisbury; When thou com'st thither,—Dull, unmindful villain, [To CATESBY.] Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke? Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure What from your grace I shall deliver to him. [Sure, K. Rich.] K. Rich. Why, what would'st 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? [Hearing; Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the Nor none so bad, but well may be reported. K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad! What needst thou ramble so many miles about, When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way? Once more, what news? Stan. Richmond is on the seas. K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the season him! White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there! Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess. K. Rich. Well, as you guess! [To, Stan. Stir'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and More; He makes for England, here to claim the crown. K. Rich. Is the chair empty? Is the sword unsaw'd? Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd? What heir of York is there alive, but we? And who is England's king, but great York's heir? Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas? Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess. K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege, You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes. Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear. Stan. No, mighty liege, therefore mistrust me not. K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back? Where be thy tenants, and thy followers? Are they not now upon the western shore, Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships? Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north. K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the north, When they should serve their sovereign in the west? Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king: Pleadeth your majesty to give me leave, I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace, Where, and what time, your majesty shall please. K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Wilt thou not trust, you, sir. [Richmond; Stan. Most mighty sovereign, You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful; I never was, nor never will be false. [Behind K. Rich. Well, go, musten men. But, hear you, leave Your son, George Stanley; look your heart be firm, Or else his head's assurance is but frail. Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire, As I by friends am well-advertised, Sir Edward Courtney, and the naughty prelate, Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother, With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Is Knoct, my liege, the Guilford are in arms; And every hour more competitors. Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham— K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death! There, take thou that, till thou bring better news. 3 Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty, Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters, Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd; And he himself wander'd away alone, No man knows whither. K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy: There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine. Uncle any well-advised friend proclaim'd Reward to him that brings the traitor in? 3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset, 'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire, are in arms. But this good comfort bring I to your highness,— The Breugge 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, Hails'd said, and made his course again for Breugge. K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in If not to fight with foreign enemies, [Arms; Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken, That is the best news; That the earl of Richmond is with a mighty power landed at Milford, Is colder news, but yet they must be told: K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason A royal battle might be won and lost.— [Here, Some one take order, Buckingham be brought To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me. [Exeunt SCENE V.—A Room in Lord Stanley's House.

Enter STANLEY and Sir CHRISTOPHER UNSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me; That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,
ACT V.—SCENE III.

My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But what name, or where is rich Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Haford-west, in Wales.
Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
And Rice-ap-Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great fame and worth;
And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, he the to thy lord; commend me to him.
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [Gives papers to Sir Christopher. Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. An open Place.
Enter the Sheriff and Guard, with Buckingham, led to execution.
Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?
Sher. No, my good lord: therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey, Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice:
If that thy worldly discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
This is All Souls' day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's dooms—
This is the day, which, in king Edward's time, [day,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:—
This, this All Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-souer which I shall describ,
Hath turn'd my feigned 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 on their masters' bosoms:—
Thus Margaret was a prophetess.—
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[Exeunt Buckingham, &c.

SCENE II.—Plain near Tamworth.
Enter, with drum and colours, Richmond, Oxford, Sir James Blunt, Sir Walter Herbert, and others, with Forces, marching.
Rich. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Brats'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wine, and makes his tough
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the center of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we hear:
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 swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.
Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him. [fear.
Rich. 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 tents, even here in Bosworth
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad? [field.

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege,
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knockes; Hal must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night,
[Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.
But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that—
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
Nor. Sir, or no, two thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account;
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for some men of sound direction:—
Let's want 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 Lords.
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 token of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;—
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:—
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me:
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assured, I have not done.)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.
Richm. If without peril it be possible,
[him.
Sweet Blunt, make some good speed to speak with
And give him from me this most needful note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent.]

Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk,
Ratcliff, and Catesby.

K. Rich. What is it 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, bide thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the dark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

[Exit.]

K. Rich. Ratcliff,—

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.—But my lord?]
K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?
Ratcliff. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock shuts time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army cheering up the soldiers.
K. Rich. 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.—
So, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my lord.
K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent,
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[King Richard retires into his tent. Enter Ratcliff and Catesby.]

RICHMOND's tent opens, & discovers him & his Officers, &c.
Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Lest leader shudder passe me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[Exit Lords, &c. with STANLEY.]

O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye,
Put in their hands thy bruisning troves of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O. defend me still! [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 stabdist me in my prime of youth
At Tewkesbury; Despair therefore, and die!—

Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comfort thee.

The Ghost of King Hen'ry the Sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed 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,—

Virtuous and holy, he thou conqueror!

[To Richmond.]

Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,
Dost comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish!

The Ghost of Clarence rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[To King Richard.]

I, that was wak'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guiltie 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.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.

[To King Richard.]

That died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!
Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

[To King Richard.]

Vough. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—

[To King Richard.]

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, guilty awake,

[To King Richard.]

And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

[To Richmond.]

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!
The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

**Ghosts.** Dream on thy consorts smother'd in the Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard, [Tower, 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 bear's annoy! Live, and begot a happy race of kings! Edward's unhappy soul do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen Anne rises.

**Ghost.** Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy That never slept a quiet hour with thee, [wife, Now fills thy sleep with perturbations; To-morrow in the battle think on me, I and fall thy edgeless sword; 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 the tyranny: O, in the battle think on Buckingham, And die in terror of thy guiltiness! Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death; Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!— I died for hope, etc I could lend thee aid.

[To Richmond. But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd: God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side; And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.

**K. Rich.** Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,— Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.— O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me! The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight. Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh. What do I fear! myself! there's none else by: Richard loves Richard; that is, I am 1. Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am: Then fly,—What, from myself! Great reason! Why? Least I should lose myself. What! Myself on myself! I love myself. Wherefore? for I do 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 myself 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, perjury, in the high'st degree; Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st 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 will 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. Who's there?— Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock I 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 thinkesi thou, will our friends prove all true? Rat. No doubt, my lord. K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear. I fear,— Rat. Nay, good my lord, he be not afraid of shadows. K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard. Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers, Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond. It is not yet near day. Come, go with me; Under our tents I'll play the cazes dropper, To hear if any mean to shrink from me. [Exit King Richard and Ratcliff. Richmond waketh. Enter Oxford and others. Lords. Good morrow, Richmond. Richmond. Crymercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen, That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here. Lords. How have you slept, my lord? Richmond. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding That ever eater'd in a drowsy head, [dreams, Have I been. I have the very image of my lord, Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard mur- Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory! [der'd, 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. Richmond. 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-road'd bulwarks, stand before our faces: Richard except, those, whom we fight against, Had rather have we 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 slanders on those that go the means to help A base foul stone, made precious by the fall, [him, 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 soldians; 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 the rights, Advance your standards, draw your willing swords: For me, the rason of my bold attempt Shall be this cold corpse upon 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 and cheerfully, God, and Saint George! Richmond and victory! [Exit. Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Attendants, and Forces. K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?
KING RICHARD III.

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K. Rich. He said the truth: And what said Surrey then?

K. Rich. He said 'tis the right; and so, indeed, it is.

[Clock strikes.]

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—

Who saw the sun to-day?

K. Rich. Then he discains to shine; for, by the book, he should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—

Rateiff.

K. Rich. My lord?

The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and pour 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.

[horse;]

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—Caparison my Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And in the battle shall be ordered.

My forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we ourselves will follow
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 scroll.]

K. Rich. [Reads.] Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dighton thy master is bought and sold.
A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devil'd at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us tell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lecky peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloy'd country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and sour'd destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beautious wives,
They would restrain the one, distain 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 to grow?—

Let's whip these strangers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these ever-weeping rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rabs, had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes, nor our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bob'd, and trump'd,

And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Rashv our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[Drawn 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 shields!—

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head.
Nor. My lord, the enemy is passed the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bow,
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;—

[sum: Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!]

Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Norfolk, and Forces; to him Exeunt.

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Dare all opposite as every day:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the threat 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 Richards 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 exult, fighting. Retreat, and flourish. Then enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the crown, with dukes and Lawyers, and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be praised, victorious.

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead;
[friends;]

Sten. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit
Lo, here, this tall unwarped royal page,
(Gliss!)

Fortune hath preserved these temples of this bloody vesture
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 first, is young George Stanley living?

Sten. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town,
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Sten. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us,
And then, as we have taken the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose with the red:—

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon your enmity!—

What traitor hears me, and says ant,—amen?

England hath long been mad, and scar'd herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

This devil's been butcher'd to the sire;—
All this divided York and Lancaster.

Divided, in their dire division.—
ACT V.—SCENE IV.

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 he so,) Enrich the time to come with smooth-face'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate 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.

This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied; but some parts are trivial, others shocking, and some improbable.—Johnson

KING HENRY VIII.

This play was not published till it appeared in the collected edition of our author's works, in the year 1623. It was probably written in 1601 or 1602.

In June, 1601, this play was revived under the name of *All the True*, at the Globe theatre, when the prologue, which contains several manifest allusions to the new title, the epilogue, and the complimentary lines to King James, by Archbishop Cranmer's prophetic speech, were probably added. This representation was most unfortunate for the theatre; for, in discharging "certain canons at the King's entry to a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house," the theatre was set on fire and burnt to the ground.

This historical drama comprises a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry's reign, (1512) and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. Shakespeare has deviated from history in placing the death of Queen Katharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Katharine did not die till 1536.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**King Henry the Eighth.**

**Cardinal Wolsey.**

**Cardinal Camillus.**

**Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor, Charles V.**

**Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.**

**Duke of Norfolk.**

**Duke of Buckingham.**

**Duke of Suffolk.**

**Earl of Surrey.**

**Lord Chancellor.**

**Lord Chamberlain.**

**Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.**

**Bishop of Lincoln.**

**Lord Abergavenny.**

**Lord Sands.**

**Sir Henry Guildford.**

**Sir Thomas Lovell.**

**Sir Anthony Denny.**

**Sir Nicholas Vaux.**

**Secretaries to Wolsey.**

**Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.**

**Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.**

**Three other Gentlemen.**

**Doctor Butts, physician to the King.**

**Garter, King at Arms.**

**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, afterwards divorced.**

**Anne Bullen, her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.**

**An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.**

**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, guarded with yellow,
Will be decou'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 brung,
(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 you: 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 mornow, and well met. How have you Since last we saw in France?

[done,
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 Arde.

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 thousand'd ones could have  
weight'd  
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time,  
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,  
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married  
To one above itself. Each following day  
 Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the French,  
All clinquant, all in gold, like beathings gods,  
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they  
Made Britain, India a every man, that stood,  
Shone like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
As cherubins, all gait: the madams too,  
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them, that their very labour  
Was to them as a painting: Now this mask  
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night  
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,  
England and France, were now lost, now worst,  
As presence did present them; him in eye  
Still him in praise; and, being present both,  
'Twas said they saw but one; and no discernor  
Durst wag his tongue in eensure. When these suns  
(For so they phrase them,) by their heralds challenge'd  
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond thought's compass: that former fabulous  
Being now seen possible enough, got credit, [story,  
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 discover lose some life,  
Which action's self was tongue to tongue. All was royal;  
To the disposing of nought rebell'd,  
Order gave each thing view; the office did  
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. 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 free'd  
From his ambitious finger. What had he  
To do in these fierce vanities? I would upon  
That some a keech man with his very bulk  
Take up the rays o' the benefical 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 called upon  
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied  
To eminent assinants, 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 for him, which buys  
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell  
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye  
Fierce into that: but I can see his pride  
Peel through each part of him: Whence has he that?  
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;  
Or has given all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,  
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,  
Without the privy c' the king, to appoint  
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file  
Of all the meagre; 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 abond as formerly.

Buck. O, many  
Have broke their backs with lying manors on them  
For this great journey. What did this vanity,  
But minister communication  
A most poor issue?  
Nor. Grivellingly 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, but consulting, broke  
Into a general prophecy. That this tempest,  
Dashing the garment of this peace, abodeled  
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is builded out;  
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux:  
Is it therefore  
Aber. The ambassador is silence'd?

Nor. Marry, isn't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchase'd  
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business  
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,  
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together; to consider further, that  
What his high hatred would effect, wants not  
A minister in his power: You know his nature,  
That he's revengel; and I know, his sword  
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,  
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,  
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,  
That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, (the purse borne before him,) certain of the Guard, and Two Secretaries  
with paper. The Cardinal, in his passage fixed  
his eyes on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him,  
both full of 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.
ACT I.—SCENE II.

Wit. Well, we shall then know more; and Back—Shall lessen this big look. [inghara

Buck. This butcher's cut is venom-mouth'd, and I have not the power to muzzel him; therefore, best not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?

Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only, which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks matter against me; and his eye revil'd me, as his object abjet: at this instant he bores me with some trick: He's gone to the king; I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord, and let your reason with your choler question What 'tis 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 friends.

Buck. I'll to the king: and from a month of honnour quite cry down this Ipewich fellow's insolence; or proclaim, there's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd: heat a furnace for your foe so hot that it do singe yourself; we may outrun, by violent swiftness, that which we run at, and lose by over-running. Know you not, the fire, that mounts the liquer till it run o'er, to seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd: I say again, there is no English soul more stronger to direct you than yourself; and 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-pround fellow, (Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but from sincere motions,) by intelligence, and proofs as clear as foams in July, when we see each grain of gravel, I do know how to be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as an shore of rock. Attend: this holy fox, [strong Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous as he is subtle; and as prone to mischief, as able to perform it: his mind and place infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,) only to shew his pomp as well in France as here at home, suggests the king our master to this last costly treaty, the interview. That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass did break l the rinsing.

Nor. 'Fath, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning ear, the articles of the combination drew, [final

As himself pleased; and they were ratified, as he cried, 'Thus let be: to as this end, as give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal has done this, and 'tis 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 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came to whisper Wolsey makes visitation: his fears were, that the interview, betwixt

England and France, might, through their amity, breed him some prejudice: for from this league Pope'd harms that menace'd him: He privately deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,— Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made, and pay'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.

Br. 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. Le you, my lord, The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish under device and practice.

Br. I am sorry To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on. The business present: 'Tis his highness pleasure, you shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing, To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me, Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—O my lord Abergauny, fare you well.

Br. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king to Abergauny. Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know how he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said, The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure By me obey'd.

Br. Here is a warrant from The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court, one Gilbert Peck, his chancellor.—

Buck. So, so; These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I hope.

Br. A monk of the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Br. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal Hath shew'd him gold; my life is sparrow'd already; I am the shadow of poor Buckingham; Whose figure even this instant cloud's put on, By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Council-Chamber.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, Cardinal Wolsey, the Lords of the Council, Sir Thomas Lovell, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it, Thanks you for this great care: I stood 1 the level of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman is such a family in person.
I'll bestow one constant present.
And count by pounds the treasures of his masser
He shall again relate.

The king was in great fear. The lords of the council
And their second men. The council pass chamber
Under the king's sign, for right sake.

We must win him, young. Room for the Queen! Enter
The Queen, attended by the peers of the realm
And ladies out. The king sits down
And speaks to her, and she is pleased by him.

K. Hrk. Nay, we must longer speak! I am assured
An vows, and have place by us — that you
Never name to us: your have half our power, yet
The other money, one you can, is given;
Repeat your wish, and take it.

K. Anna. Thank your majesty.
That you would have yourself; and, in that love,
Not considered, shuave your honour, now,
The service of your office, is the point.

Of my persons.

K. Hrk. Lady nature, proceed.
K. Anna, I am resolved, not by a few.
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: as we have been commissioned
Sent down among those, whom have saved the heart
Of all our liberties — wherein, although.
My good lord cardinal. They went scrapeous
Most secret, on you. as putter-on.

Of these avations, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven should from evil) even he escapes not.
Language unmanly, etc., such which breaks
The sense of loyalty, and almost appears
In bad sedition.

Not almost appears.
Is bad appears: for upon these taxations,
The subjects able not to maintain.
The many to them tinged, have yet old
Theatres, carousals, holidays, epistles, who,
Lent nor other than, compelled by hunger.
And then other means, in desperate manner
During the event to the truth, are all in up roar,
And danger serves among these.

K. Hrk. Taxations!
Wherein? and what taxation? — My lord cardinal,
You that are blemish'd for it, clothe with us.
Know you of this taxation?

Wilt. Please your, sir,
I know but of a single part, in sight.
Permits to the state, and from but in that file
Where others tell I steps with me.

K. Hrk. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but, you know
Things that are known after, which are not wholesome
To those which would not, know these, and yet must
Therefore be their acquaintance.
These executions
Whereof my sovereign would have more, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devolv'd by you: or else you strike
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hrk. Still execution!
The cause of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this execution?

K. Anna. I am much too venturesome
In tempting of your patience: but am bolden'd
I offer your present pardon, the subject's grief
 Comes through commission, which wrousp'd from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay: and the presence for this
Is need'd, your wars in France: This makes bold
most

Tongues spit their damps out, and cold hearts freeze
Affection in them; their ears now.

Here where the people, and that it is come to pass,
That irascible obedience is a slave

To such uncensur'd will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no proper busines.

A. Sir. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wilt. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A sacred voice: and that not passed me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.

If I am traduced by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing—let me say,
This but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must pass through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
Of malicious consumers, which ever,
As names of such fishes, in a vessel follow
That is now trim'd; but need not further
Than simply longing. What we off do best,
By sick interpreters, once we work on:
Nay, or not all, what worst, as off,
Hearing a present quality, is scored up
For the best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our nation will be move'd or cap't at.
We should set root here where we set, or se:
State standing only.

A. Sir.

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 need our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each:
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, leap, bark, and part of the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus back'd,
The axe will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters; with
Free pardon to each man that has devised
The force of this commission: Pray, look to't.
I put it to your care.

A. Sir. To the Secretary.

Let there be letters went to every shire.
Of the king's grace and pardon. The great commons
Handily conceive of me: let it be not-d.
That, through our interference, this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall soon advise you
Further in the proceeding.

[Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

K. Anna. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

A. Sir. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learned, 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,
With 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 amongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monastical habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if bearded 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 lore-revised practices: whereas
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wel. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what
Most like a careful subject, have collected
You, out of the duke of Buckingham.
K. Hen. Speak freely.

Serv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would inflect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the scepter his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberav'ny; to whom by oath he made
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wel. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to his high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.
Q. Kath. My learned 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 ought?
Serv. I was sent from him. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.
K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?
Serv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.
K. Hen. How know'st thou this?
Serv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men hear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, Thou art the true, indeed; and that he doubted,
Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk: that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whereafter 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 dueance confidence
Thus puzzling cas'd.—Neither the king, nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) hall 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 o' the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your speech a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.
K. Hen. Let him on.
Go forward.
Serv. 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 dan-
grous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forc'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, Tush!

It ran do me no damage: adding further,
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, ah!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say fur-
Sure? I can, my liege.
[ther?
K. Hen. Proceed.

Serv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomner,
— I remember
Of such a tine:—Being my servant sworn,
The duke retain'd him his,—But on; What hence?
Serv. 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
The worship Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come into his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.
K. Hen. Why, now, madam, may his highness live in free-
dom:
And this man out of prison?
[don,
Q. Kath. God mend all!
K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee: What say'st?
Serv. After—the duke his father,—with the knife,—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another placed on his breast, compelling his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period.
To sheath 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's traitor to the height.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should
Men into such strange mysteries?
[iggledy Sands.

Lord. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very voices had been counsellors
To Popen, or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones;
one would take it,
That never saw them pace before the spavin,
A springhalt reign'd among them.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a paper cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out chivalry. How
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?
[now!

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our traveller's gowns,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray
our moniers
Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell.

The very thought of this fair company
Clap'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 fill a running banquet ere they rested.
I think, would better please them. By my lie,
They are a gentle society of fair ones.

Love, O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

I would, I were,
They should feel easy penance.

Lov. As easy as a damp-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please yousir! 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 them walking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. — By your leave, sweet
ladies: [Seats himself between Anne Bullem
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 haste none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [Kisses her.
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. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
[ lady, 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 beholden 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 checks, my lord; then shall we have them
Talk us to silence.

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, —
You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.
[Drum and trumpets within: Chamberlain discharged.

Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[Exit a Servant.

Wol. What warlike voice?

And to what end is this? — Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is't?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers; For so they seem; they have left their barge, and And thither make, as great ambassadors landed; From foreign states. 

Wol. Good lord chamberlain, [tongue gone; Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them, Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and tables removed.

You have now a broken banquet: but we'll mend it. A good digestion to you all: and, once more, I shower a welcome on you.—Welcome all.

Henbough. Enter the King, and twelve others, as maskers, habit'd like shepherds, with sixteen torch-bearers; ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd To tell your grace:—That, having heard by fame Of this so noble and so fair assembly This night to meet here, they could do no less, Out of the great respect they bear to beauty, But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct, Crave leave to view these ladies, and entertain An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain, [pay them They have done my poor house grace; for which I A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses Anne Bullen.


Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me: There should be one amongst them, by his person, More worthy this place than myself; to whom, If I but knew him, with my love and duty I would surrender it.

Cham. [Cham. goes to the company, and returns.

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess, There is, indeed; which they would have your grace Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—[Comes from his state. By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make My royal choice. K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal! [Unmasking. You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord: You are a churchman, or I'll tell you, cardinal, I should judge not unhappily. I am glad, Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain, Prythee, come hither: What fair lady is that? Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's daughter, the viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women. K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetly I were unworthy, to take you out, [heart, And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen, Let it go round. Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready I the privy chamber? Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. I fear, with dazing is a little heated. K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord, In the next chamber. [partner, K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet I must not yet forsake you:—Let's be merry;— Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure To lead them once again: and then let's dream Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it. [Exeunt, with trumpets.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. Whither away so fast?

2 Gent. O,—God save you! Even to the hall, to hear what shall become Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 Gent. Well, and I'll save you That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony Of bringing back the prisoner. 2 Gent. Were you there?

1 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I. 2 Gent. Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1 Gent. You may guess what. Let's see, then, has he found guilty?

2 Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it. 2 Gent. I am sorry for't.

1 Gent. So are a number more. 2 Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gent. 'Til 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 defend the law. The king's attorney, on the contrary, Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd To have brought, ridd ree, to his face: At which appear'd against him, his surveyor: Sir Gilbert, his chancellor; and John Court, 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 him, but, indeed, he could not. And so his peers, upon this evidence, Have found him guilty of high treason. Much He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all Was either pieted in him, or forgotten. 2 Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself? 1 Gent. When he was brought again to the bar,— His knell rang out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd With such an agony, he sweat extremely, And something spoke in chol'ry, ill, and nasty: 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. 1 Gent. He doe not, Sure, he does not, He never was so womanish; the cause He may a little grieve at.

2 Gent. Certainly, The cardinal is the end of this. 1 Gent. 'Tis likely,
KING HENRY VIII.

By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainer, Then deputy of Ireland; who removed, 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. At his return, No doubt, he will require it. This is noted, And generally; whoever the king favours, The cardinal instantly will find employment, And far enough from court too.

2 Gent. All the commons Hate him perniciously; and, o' my conscience, Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much They love and do; call him bounty. Buck. The mirror of all courtesy:—Tingham.

1 Gent. Stay there, sir, And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; hedges on each side; with him, Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common people.

2 Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people, You that thus far have come to pity me, Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me. I have this day receiv'd the traitor's judgment, And by that name must die; Yet, heaven be witness, And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me, Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful! The law I bear no malice for my death, It has done, upon the premises, but justice: But those, that sought it, I could wish more Christians: Be they what they will, I heartily forgive them: Yet, it is a mark they glory not in mischief, Nor build their evils on the graves of great men; For then my guiltless blood must cry against them. For further life in this world I ne'er hope, Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me, And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham, His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave Is to die bitter to him, only dying, Go with me, like good angels, to my end; And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me, Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice, And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o'God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity, If ever any malice in your heart Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly. 

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I ask free forgive you, As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;

There cannot be those numberless offences 'Gainst me, I can't 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 me, Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live Longer than I have time to tell his years! Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be! And, when old time shall lead him to his end, Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace; Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux, Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there, The duke is coming; see, the barge be ready; And fit it with such furniture, as suits The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas, Let it alone; my state now will but mock me, When I came hither, I was lord high constable, And duke of Buckingham: now, poor Edward Bohun: Yet I am richer than my base accusers, That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it; And with that blood will make them one day groan My noble father, Henry of Buckingham, {for't. Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard, Flying for succour to his servant Banister, Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, And without trial fell; God's peace be with him! Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying My father's loss, like a most royal prince, Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of mins, Made my name once more noble. Now his son, Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all That made me happy, at one stroke has taken For ever from the world. I had my trial, And, must needs say, a noble one: which makes me A little happier than my wretched father; Yet 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 truest握 their hand in your fortunes, fall away Like water from ye, never found again But where they mean to sink ye. All good people, Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell: And when you would say something that is sad, Speak how I fell,—I have done; and God forgive me!

[Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.

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 inking Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, Great is this.

1 Gent. Good angels keep it from us! Where may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gent. Let me have it; I do not talk much.

2 Gent. I am confident; You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear A buzzing, of a separation Between the king and Katherine?

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 alay those tongues That did dispurse it.

2 Gent. But that slander, sir, Is found a truth now: for it grows again Fresher than ere 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 did 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,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
My lord, you'll bear us company? [him:
Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where; besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him,
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.

NORFOLK opens a folding-door. 
The king is discovered, sitting, and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much addicted.
K. Hen. Who is there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.
Into my private meditations? [yourselves
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice never meant: our breach of duty, this way
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold, Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

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. [To Wolsey.

Wol. Sir, you cannot,
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go. 
[To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.
Nor. This priest has no pride in him! 
Not to speak of; I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue. [Aside.
Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.

[Exit CAMPEIUS. [Suf.
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 easy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confest, 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

[Exit CAMPEIUS. [Nor.
And thank the holy conclave for their loves; [for
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd
Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers:
You are so noble: To your highness' hand [loves,
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
KING HENRY VIII.

(Enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.)

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to You are the king's now.


[Aside.]

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor face 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!

Cam. That's christian care enough: for living murmurers, There's places of rebuke: He was a fool; For he would needs be virtuous: This good fellow, If I command him, follows my appointment; I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother, We live not to be grieved 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 if furnish'd.—O my lord, Would it not grieve an able man, to leave So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,— 0, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that pinneth:
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 now, after So many courses of the sun ethron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than 'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process, To give her the avantage! 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 quarrel fortune do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a suffrance, panging
As soul and body's suffering.

Old L. Als, poor lady!

She's a stranger now again.

Anne. Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lovely born,
And range with humble lovers in content,
Then 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. Beshrew me, I would,
And ventre maidenhead for 't; and so would you, For all this splice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart: which ever yet Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts (Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheerful 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 bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? I have you limbs To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a pound
I would not be a young count in your way, [little; For more than blushing comes to: if your back Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak Nor more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to 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! [sings Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly bless Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady, Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's To'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty. Commends his good opinion 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,
VAUCHSAFE to speak my thanks, and my obedience, As from a blushing handmaid to his highness; When health, and health, and royalty, I pray for. 

CHAUNCEY. 

Lady, I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit, The King hath of you—

K. HENRY. 

What's the need? He hath already publicly been read, And on all sides the authority allow'd; You may then spare that time. 

CH. 

Wol. 

Be't so.—Proceed. 


[Exeunt. 


[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes to the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks. 

Q. RATH. 

Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice, And to bestow your pity on me. for I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, Born out of your dominions; having here No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir, In what have I offended you? what cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, That thus you should proceed to put me off, And take your good graces from me? For, by the woman's witness, I have been to you a true and humble wife, At all times to your will conformable: Ever in fear to kindle your dislike, Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry, As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour, 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 discharge'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 to your soul's contempt Shut door upon me, and so give me up To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir, The king, your father, was reputed for A prince most prudent, of an excellent And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand, My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many A year before: It is not to be question'd That they had gather'd a wise council to them Of every realm, that did debate this business, Whoe'er doth 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 improve, if not, the name of God, Your pleasure be fulfill'd! 

WOL. 

You have here, lady, (And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men Of singular integrity and learning, Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless, That longer you desire the court; as well For your own quiet, as to rectify What is unsettled in the king. 

CANN. 

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.
Lwi...ctttxHiiitl. — Sir.

I am not so weepy, but thinking this the queen, for long I have dreamt she's certain. The daughter of a King, of my course of yours.

I burn with sparks of fire.

Be patient yet.

Ah! I wait, when you are at home, or before, On God will punish me. I do believe. Indeed by present circumstances that.

You are mine answer, and make me long.

You shall not be my judge, nor do you.

Have shown your cool prevails my hard and me. — When God's own queen — Otherwise, I say again.

I merely value you, from my soul.

Raffle you for my judge with, yet over worse. I hold my mangled not for, and cast them

At all a friend to truth.

Lord. — I confess.

You speak not like yourself; nor yet.

Have shown to make sure, and despatch the effects Of dispositions, and of wisdom.

Of woman's power, madam, you do me

I have no sender against you, not precise (wrong) For you, or any how far I have proceeded, or how far these shall be, waivered

A confusion from the opportunity.

You shall have consequences of harm. You charge not. That I have shown this could I do deny it. That the king is present, if it be known to him.

That I generally a deed, now may he wound, and we, my father's next, as such as you have done me wrong. But be the know. I am free of your report, he knows. I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him, here, he might be that.

He, who might be, and am come to

To remove these requests from you. The which before. His majesty shall speak to me, I do beseech.

I, madam, to unchain your speaking, and I say no more.

Of A. M.

My lord, my lord.

I am a simple woman, must two week. I mourned;

Suppose your cunning. You are weak and numberless. You are not man's property. Foreigner among your own. With meekness and a willing but your heart.

I am well, with propriety, and meekness.

You know, by sincerity, and meekness' favours. Come say, my lord, how shore; and now are mounted.

Where power are your remainder, and your words.

Domesticate to you, serve your will, as I please. Yourself procurement shall suffer, I must bad you.

You render more your person's honour, than

Your high profession; pride.

That again.

I believe you on my judge, and here.

Before you I, appeal into the hope.

To bring whose cause were here his boldness. And it, be told by him.

This queen is obstinate.

Seeds born to justice, age to assent, and

Dissemble to be tried by it, it's not well. She's going away.

A. M. Call her again.

Queen. Succeeding queen of England, come into the mind. Madam, you are call back. Your way.

You need you now it? stay you, keep

When you are the same, she only asked my help. They now past your experience — pray you, pass on.

I will not weary, nor, nor after more.

Put this business, my appearance make

In any of their power. [Queen between and other attendants.


That man little would, who shall report he has A better wife, but time in weight be trusted, For speaking false in that. Those art, alone. If you have spoken, of wrong you be, if wrong you be, of right, even false,

My kindness saint-like, wise and government —

Obeying in commanding — and that party

Sequester and means else, could they see thee out. I. The queen of earthly queens — she is noble born, And, like her time nobility, she has

Caressed herself towards me.

Most gracious me,

I, in humble manner, require your highness. That I shall please you to declare in bearing. Of all these ears, the where I am abode and bound. There must I be assured, although not there.

At once and fully satisfied, whether ever I

Done through this business to your highness; or lost any sample in your way, which might

In time to the question, I'll or ever

Have to you — but what thanks to God for such

A royal lady — spoke one the least words; might be to the presence of her present; state.

Or touch of her good persons? I. Hen.

My lord cardinal, I do excuse you; you upon mine honour.

Free you from. You are not so be taught.

That your majesty, I speak your discretion. Why they are so, but, lest the dangerous
ever. When shall be to do so; by some of these

The queen is put in danger. You are excused.

But will you be more judicious? you ever

Have would the sleeping of this business; never

Desire it to be smelt; but had you have d'off.

The passages made toward it — on my account.

I speak my good lord cardinal to this point, and

And just as late hours. New, what would you do.

— I will be bold, with time, and your attention .

Then mark the consequence. Thus licence — gave heard.

My conscience first received a tenderness.

That, courage, and press, on certain speeches unworth—

By the bishop of Bayonne, these French ambassadors.

Who be had been charter sent on the debating.

And, armed with arms; with a chest of the

Our daughter Mary. I the progress of this business, Ere a determinate resolution. de.

I mean, the bishop did require a response;

Whereupon we granting the king his lord advantage

Whether our discretion were regenerate.

Respecting this our marriage with the dowager.

Sometimes our brother's wife. This request shook

For bosom, of my conscience, toward me.

Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble.

The region of my breast, where there'd seek way,

That many must conspire this thing.

And press'd in warned this caution. First, mostought.

I speak, not in the smile of heaven, who had

Commanded nature, that my lady's worthy.

It is excellent. The marker shewn by the hand.

Do no more suffer of the kinsman, Than

The grave does to the dead, for her due issue Or deed where they were made, or shortly after.

This word had had them: because I took a thought.

This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom,

Well worthy the best crown, and the world, should be

Be gladdened in my by my. Then follows. that,

I was not the party which my reason stood on.

By this my issues fall; and that gave to me

Many a griefing thought. Then thinking in

The will set of my conscience, I did sorer
ACT III.—SCENE 1.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great car-

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 monks.

Enter Wolsey and Campell.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a house-

wife;

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,

Easv and base opinion set against them,

I know my life so even; If your business

Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,

Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est ergo et mentis integritas, regina ter-

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin; [Wol.

Lam not such a transplant since my coming,

As not to know the language I have lived 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 willing' st 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 taunt 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

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the

Queen's Apartment.

The Queen, and some of her Women, at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad

with troubles:

Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Ophera with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing;
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprang; as sun, and showers,
There has been 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.
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
Your hopes and friends are infinite. _Scares._

_Q. Kath._ In England, but little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
Than 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 affilictions,
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 protection;
He's loving, and most gracious; 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrace'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 comfort?
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 distortion;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

_Q. Kath._ Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits,)
Put my sick care 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, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

_Wol._ Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

_Q. Kath._ My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

'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 I heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady? I
Am the most unhappy woman living—

_Wol._ Poor wenchers, where are now your fortunes?

_Q. Kath._ To her Woe.

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.

If your grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady;
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them,
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

_Cam._ Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these, the women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, a 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 studies in your service.

_Q. Kath._ Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray for
If I have used myself unmanfully; _gives me_ You now, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

_Escunt._

_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._

_Non._ If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time. I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

_Sur._ I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

_Suf._ Which of the peers
Have uncontent'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

_Cham._ My lords, you speak your pleasures
What he deserves of you and me, I know,
KING HENRY VIII.

QUEEN KATHARINE  There is no judge, that no
ing can corrupt.
ACT III.—SCENE II.

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 his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, for that ever mars
The honesty of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true,
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded: wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye of the king, when one was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; For if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive,
My king is tangled in affection
to A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Nor. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work? [coasts.
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how be
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,

Nor. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. What? All men's,
That's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecogniz'd.—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 memorized.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!.

Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath taken 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 kind cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. The cardinal—

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind: a head
Was in his countenance! You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while,— [Exit Cromwell.
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The murchiness of Pembroke!
Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does what his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice! [daughter.
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie 'tis the bosom of
Our hard-raft'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawled into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 'twere something that would fret
The master-cord of his heart!

[Enter the King, reading a schedule; and Lovell.

Suf. The king, the king.
K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, I the name of thrift,
Does he take this together!—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd: And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
KING HENRY VIII.

Forsworn, 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.

It's Heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen.
If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,
His thoughts are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, and whispers Lovella, who goes to Wolsey.

Wol.
Heaven forgive me!

Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen.
Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were so running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband: and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol.
Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen.
You have said well.
Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well-saying.

K. Hen.
Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But 'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol.
What should this mean?
Sure, The Lord increase this business! [Aside.

K. Hen.
Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no.
What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes require; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours:—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fill'd with my abilities: Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that even more they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Hap'n'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but alienant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you:—my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till, the death of that winter, kill it.

K. Hen.
Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Thein illustrated; the honour of it
Does pay the act of it: as 't 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 '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 peril's did
About 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 un-broken yours.

K. Hen.
'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open.—Read o'er this;
[Giving him papers.
And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[Exit Kino, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey; the Nobles through after him, smiling, and whispering.

Wol.
What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this: how have I reasp'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if rain
Leapt 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 let my friends in a home. Of 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 night, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—To the Pope?
And let my friends in a home. Of negligence,
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.

Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor.
Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who com-
To render up the great seal presently
[mands you
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Rid.
Stay,
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?

If'd.
Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(1 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 féd 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,
ACT III.—SCENE II.

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal, you ask with such a violence, the king.
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life, and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patent: Now, who’ll take it?
Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself then.
Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burn’t that tongue, than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb’d this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)Weight’d not a hair of. 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 gavest him:
Your great goodness, out of holy pity, Absolv’d him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That 1, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my soul, I feel
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst
My sword & the life-blood of thee else.—My lords, can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely
To be thus judged by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And Bere us with his cap, like larks.
Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaming all the land’s wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
Guess, you want the base, against the king: your good—
Since you prove me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our desp’rd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life—1’ll startle you
Worse than the s attentive bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.
Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I’m bound in charity against it!
Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king’s hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You shou show a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objection: if I blush,
It is, to see a noblemen want manners.
Sur. I’d rather want those, than my head. Have
at you.
First, that, without the king’s assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate: by which power
You maint’d the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Nor. Then, that, in all you write to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, Ego et Rex meus
Was still inscrib’d: in which you brought the king
To be your servant.
Sur. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.
Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king’s will, or the state’s allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.
Sur. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus’d
Your holy hat to be stamp’d on the king’s coin.
Sur. Why not, that you have sent innumerable sub-
stances.
(0 what means got, I leave to your own conscience,) To
Tunish 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 my mantl mouth with.
Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 1st virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to seem him
So little of his great self.
Sur. Lord cardinal, the king’s further pleasure is.—
Because all those things, you have done late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a praemunire,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of your kingdom—Thus is my charge.
Nor. And so we’ll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving hack the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[Exeunt all but WOLSEY.
Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him: The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost; And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is at a ripening—Is his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have veter’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 for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye; I feel my heart new opened: 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, angrily.

Why, how now Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What mean'st thou, Gent.

I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden.

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven; of it.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right use
Of it. I hope, I leave: 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 orphan's tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
When the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd 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 usher 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 by 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. My lord, Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Dear 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 sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
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 fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all, I have.
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have 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 well.

[Exeunt]

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—A Street in Westminster.

Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. You are well met once again.

2 Gent. And so are you.

1 Gent. You come to take your stand here and be
The lady Anne pass from her coronation? [hold
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 'tis dear;
This, general joy.

2 Gent. 'Tis well: The citizens,
I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds;
As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 Gent. Never greater.

2 Gent. Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

1 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

2 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 chins
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal; you may read the rest.

1 Gent. Thank you, sir; had I not known those cus
I should have been beholden to your paper. [toms,
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

2 Gent. That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and revered fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which,
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:

And, to be short, for not appearance, and

568 KING HENRY VIII.
ACT IV.—SCENE II.

The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 Gent. Alas, good lady!—[Trumpets. The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

{The order of the procession.

A lively flourish of Trumpets: then, enter

1. Two Judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.
3. Choristers singing.
4. Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Garder, in his coat of arms, and, on his head, a gilt copper crown.
5. Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal 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 marshallship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.
8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.
9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

2 Gent. A royal train, believe me.—These I know; Who's that, that bears the scepter?
1 Gent. Marquis Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.
2 Gent. A bold brave gentleman: And that should
The duke of Suffolk.

1 Gent. 'Tis the same; high-steward.
2 Gent. And that my lord of Norfolk?
1 Gent. Yes.
2 Gent. Heaven bless thee! [Looking on the Queen.
Thai thou the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel; Our king has all the Indies in his arms, And more, and richer, when he strains that lady; I cannot blame his conscience.
1 Gent. They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all, I take it, she that carries up the train, [near her, 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, in-
And, sometimes, falling ones. [deed;
1 Gent. No more of that.

{Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?
3 Gent. Among the crowd! the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am staid
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.
5 Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her: while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks.
(Doubtless, I think,) flew up: and had their faces
Been Jooes, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, This is my wife; there; all were woken
So strangely in one piece.

2 Gent. But, 'pray, what followed? [Pages
5 Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest
Came to the altar: where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and prayed devoutly,
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people.
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal making 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 pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 Gent. Sir, you
Must no more call it York-place, that is past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.
3 Gent. I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?
3 Gent. Stokesley and Gardiner, the one, of Win-
(NEWLY preferr'd from the king's secretary,) c.chester,
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 is 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. [Eystent

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick; led between Griffith and Patience.

Griff. How does your grace?
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 an-
other, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on
their heads garlands of' bulls, and golden vizards on
their faces; branches of laurel, or palm, in their hands.
They first conge unto her, then dance; and at cer-
tain changes, the first two hold a square garland over
her head; at which, the other four make reverend court'sies; then the two, that held the garland, de-
liber the same to the other next two, who observe the
same order in their changes, and holding the garland
over her head: which done, they deliver the same
garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same
order; at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she
makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up
her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they
vanish, carrying the garland with them." The mu-
icue continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
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. No, madam. No! Saw ye not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me.
[Music ceases
Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on a sudden;
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold! Mark you her eyes?
Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.
Mess. Ain'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;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
ACT V.—SCENE I.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow Let me ne'er see again. [Ex. Griffith & Messenger.

Regent Griffith, with Capucius.

If my sight fail not, You should be lord ambassador from the emperor, My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord, The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you, What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady, First mine own service to your grace; the next, The in young age, and of a noble modest nature, Who graces much for your weakness, and by me Sends you his princely commendations, And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. Of 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 goes his highness?

Cap. Nadám, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish, When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter, I can'st you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam. [Giving it to Katharine.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willingly, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:— The deys of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!— Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding; (The is young, and of a noble modest nature; I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little, To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him, Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition Is, that his noble grace would have some pity Upon my wretched women, that so long, Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully: Of which there is not one, I dare avow. (And now I should not lie,) but will deserve, For virtue, and true beauty of the soul, For honesty, and decent carriage, A right good husband, let him be a noble; And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them. The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest, But poverty could never draw them from me;— That they may have their wages duly paid them, And something over to remember me by; If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life, And able means, we had not parted thus. These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord, By that you love the dearest in this world, As which there is not one, I dare avow. Shall these, and all your friends, and all your wishes, To me do 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 Of which this world: tell him, in death, I bless'd him, For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell, My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience, You must not leave me yet. I must to bed; Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench, Let me be us'd with honour; 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 do more.— [Exeunt, leaving 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.

Gard. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not time? It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities, Not for delights; times to repair our nature With comforting repose, and not for us [fans me! To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Tho-Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gard. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primo With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too, Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter? It seems, you are in haste; an if there be [ter? No great offence belongs to. 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

Methinks, I could

Gard. But, sir, sir,—

Methinks, I could

Lov. Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman Of mine own way; I know you wise, religions; And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,— 'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me, Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she, Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two

The most remarkable kingdom. As for Cromwell, Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir, Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments, With which the time will load him: The archbishop is the king's hand, and tongue; and who dare speak One syllable against him?

Gard. But, sir, sir,—

Lov. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,

There is that dare; and I myself have ventured To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day, Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have Incess'd the lords o' the council, that he is (As so I know he is, the king's hand, and tongue,) A most arch heretic, a pestilence That does infect the land: with which they mov'd, Have broken with the king; who hath so far Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,
KING HENRY VIII.

To-morrow morning to the council-board
To be continued. de's a rank weed, so Thomas,
And we must cut him out. From your affairs
I am sure you are long, good angel, Sir Thomas.
Law. Many good nights, my lord. Leave your seat.

Error to Gower the next Page.

I do not the King, and the

K. How. Chambers, I will play no more tonight.
M. Mewson, on it, you are too hard for me.
K. As I take. But his lord, Chambers.
M. Nor shall not, when my fancy I play—
Now, love, from the queen what is the news now.
I could not personally desire her to What you commanded me, but by the woman
I sent your message, which / she heard her name
It were extremely unpleasant, and dear to your kindness.
May hourly to pray for her.
K. Then. What say it cannot be To pray for her, what is she doing out
I. So said her woman, and of her appearance
Almost each day a dream.

A. Then.

A. God, God, and God. Safe Godly sent her at her request and
in gentle travail, in the kindling of Your goodness was ever mine.
K. Then. The midnight, Charles.
Peri, to bed; and in the course remember.
The rest upon your queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which concern
Will not be easily to:

K. Then. I wear your kindness.
A most sweet night, and my great kindness still.
Remember in my prayers.

A. Then, Charles, good night. — [Exit.

End of Act Fourth.

Scene i. To the new Church.

Dew. So I have thought it not the undertaking,
As our council commanded.

L. Lord, the Cambridge.

Dew. At my good lord.
K. Then. This time Where is the, Dewy,
Now he addresses your highness, pleasure.
A. Then. Bring him in to us.
[Exit Dewy.
K. Then. Does ever face that wishes the noble Prince?
I am truly some mother. — [Exit.

Error to Fanny, the Chamberl.

K. Then. Avoid the gallery. [LOWELL enters to say,
Fla' — I have said. — Be gay.

What.

[Exit. LOWELL and Fanny.

Coun. I am certain. — You know what he was.
To his respect above. Does not well.
Coun. How now, my dear? I desire to know
Where I can I sent you.
Coun. It is my duty.
You intend your highness pleasure.

Coun. You intend.

My good and famous friend of Cambridge.
Come, you and I must with a heart together.
I have news to tell you. Come come come give me your love.
As good and well I give word to make. Indeed.
And all the time to repeat when followed.
I have, the most unwillingly, of late
Heard many прекрас, I say my Lord.
Some time come of you when, being persuaded.
Some you are to us and our concern, that you shall
This morning come before us, where, I know.
You cannot with such devotion purge yourself,

But that, as he makes me those charges
Which will require your answer you must take.
Your reverence of it, I am well accustomed
To make in your house the play. For a mother of us,
Is we then proceed, or do witnesses
Will a come against you.

Coun. I stumble, think you my happiness,
I am right glad to cancel an exceptional occasion.
Your talk to be, we will have in my staff
And even such in manner. I know.
There's, some instances made revengeous banquets,
I do, my Lord.
A. Then. Standing, good Cambridge.
Dewy, and the majesty is viewed.
Is, my Lord. Give me to and stand up.
They not, let's walk. Now on my holy-sole.
I think some man are you? My Lord. If I look
You would not give me your statement that
I should have lien some pain to be brought,
You and your brethren; and to take you
As the instance further.

Coun.

Coun. The good I stand on us my trust, and honesty.
If I shall think, I, with some others,
Was only over my person, when I went not.
Saying of those virtues vacant. I need nothing
What can be said against me.

Coun. Know you not how
Your state sits in the world, where the whose world?
Your earnestness are many and not small; these practices
Must bear some proportion, is not over.
The passing and the death of the men on earth;
The hope of the veritable with it; A. what case
Might be, or might not, as our knowledge is concerned.
To swear against you, such things have been done.
You are wholly opposed, and with a malice of his greatness.
But you of better luck.
I mean, in pretty astonishment, that you whereby
Whose majesty you are, were here have I.
Upon this majesty e'en. Go on to, go.
To make a pretence for my enemy of danger.
And in your own destruction.

Coun. God, and your majesty.
Promise much convenience, or I am sure
The trump shall be for me.

Coun. I, so.

Be of good cheer;
They say no more present, when we are by to.
Keep comfort in us, and this sure we say
You do appear before them, if they shall chance.
In charging you with marks, to do you,
The best persuasions to the contrary.
I'm not to this, and with what woe.
Use the occasion shall instruct you our enemies
With reader you do remedy the wrong;
Deliver them, and your appeal to us.
These make before them. Look, the good man weeps.
He's honest, am now honourable. God, these mother?
I swear, by some unknown and, to head.
None power in my head.— Get a prize.
And do not dare but fall. — [Exit Chamberl.
He has His language in his head.

Scene ii. To the Lady.

Coun. [Within.] Come back. What mean you? —
Coun. I am now the the things that I wrong
With you, my chamberlaine, — Now, good angels
Fly to your own head, and make your person
Under their blessed wings.

A. Here.

Now by my books
I guess my message. Is the queen be very?
Say it! and of a joy.
ACT V.—SCENE II.

LADY.  Ay, ay, my liege; And of a lovely boy: The god of heaven Both now and ever bless thee, little girl, Promise boys hereafter. Sir, your queen Desires your visitation, and to be Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you, As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lowell,—

Enter LOWELL.

Low. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks, I'll to the queen. [Exit King.

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have An ordinary gown is for such payment. [more.

I will have more, or scold it out of him. Said I for this, this girl is like to him? I will have more, or else unsay; and now While it is hot, it'll put to the issue. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

Enter Chamber, Servants, Door-keeper, &c. attending.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me. man, To make great haste. All fast! what means this?—Hoa! Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord, But yet I cannot help you. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

BUTTS. This is a piece of malice. I am glad, I came this way so happily: The king Shall understand it presently. [Exit BUTTS.

Cran. [Aside.] 'Tis BUTTS, The king's physician; as he past along, How carelessly he cast his eyes upon me! Pray heaven, he sound not my disgraces! For certain, This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me. (God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,) To quench mine honour: they would shame to make Wait else at door, a fellow counsellor, [me Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a window above, the King and BUTTS.

Butts. I'll shew your grace the strangest sight,—

K. Hen. What's that, BUTTS? Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day. K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

BUTTS. There, my lord; The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury; Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants, Pages and footboys.

K. Hen. Ila! 'Tis he, indeed: Is this the honour they do one another? 'Tis well there's one above them yet. I had thought, They had parted so much honesty among them, (At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer A man of his place, and so near our favour, To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures, And at the door too, like a post with packets. By holy Mary, BUTTS, there's knavery: Let them alone, and draw the curtain close; We shall hear more anon. [Exeunt.

THE COUNCIL-CHA MBER.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, 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 and above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest set themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.

Cran. Speak to the business, master secretary: Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours, The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury. Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Yes. Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, of my noble lords!

Gar. Yes. D. Keep. My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures. Cran. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now. [CROMWELL approaches the council-table.

Cran. 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 or out of nature's trial; and capable Of our flesh, how are we subject: out of which frailty, And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us, Have misdeem'd yourself, and not a little, Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling The whole realm, by your teaching, and your council, (For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions, [lains, Divers and dangerous: which are heresies, And, most reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too, My noble lords: for those that trust wild horses, Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle; But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur Till they obey the manage. If we suffer [them, Out of our cautious, and childish pity, To one man's honour: this contagious sickness, Farewell, all physic: And what follows then? Commotions, uproars, with a general taint Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours, The upper Germany, can dearly witness, Yet fresh in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress Both in my life and office, I have had you, 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 stirs against, Both in his private conscience, and his place, Defacers of a public peace, than I do. Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart With less allegiance in it! Men, that make Empty, 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, they 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 great moment. We will be sure to meet with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure, And our consent, for better trial of you, [sure, 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,
KING HENRY VIII.

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 unloving: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Woe straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Las 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 glass 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 this 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. Then thus for you, my lord.—It stands
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith [agreed,
You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure,
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Chan. Is there no other way of mercy,
But what 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.

Enter Guard.

For me?

Gar. Must I go like a traitor thither?

Chan. I shall find you safe i'the Tower.

Gar. 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.

Surf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould 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. 'Tis 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,)
Of thee, which says thus, Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—
Come, lords, we trifle time away: I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more 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 gapig. [Larder.]

[Within.] Good master porter, I belong to the

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree slaves, 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 rade rascals? [siblo

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impos-

(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons.) To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep

On May-day morning; which will never be:

We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them

Port. I'll have them in; be you there. [siblo

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tidein?

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 Colbrand, to do you and my master before me: but, if I spared and that had a head to hit, either young or old, lie or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, 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 them down by the dozens! Is this Moorfields to mister in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fryr of fornication is at door! On my christian con-
science, there be no christening, but I cannot refuse; hence will be the father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be arazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now rega in's 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 porringer fell off her head, for kindsling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, cielo! when I might see from far some forty trenchescreers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on: I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defended them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to do my utmost he could not get but the work: The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-
house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadle, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fel-

There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these flows. Your faithfull 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' 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 them.

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

Chap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves,

And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when

Ye should do service, Hark, the trumpets sound;

They are 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 you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll

make your head ake.

Port. You'lt the camlet, get up o' the rail: I'll pick

you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Palace.

Enter trumpets, sounding; then Two Aldermen, Lord

Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk, with his marshal's staff; Duke of Suffolk, Two

Norfolk, with great standing-bows for the christening gifts; then Four Noblemen bearing great standing-bows for the christening gifts; then Four Noblemen bearing a
canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, god-
mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle,

&c. Train borne by a Lady: then follow the Man-

cinnors of Donset, the other godmother, and La-
thieves. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter

speaks.

Gast. 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. [Knocking.] And to your royal grace, and

the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:—

All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,

Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,

May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop,

What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord. [The King kisses the child.

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!

Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too pro-

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady.

[Digal.

When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir

For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter

Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
KING HENRY VIII.

This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!) Though in her cradle, yet now promises Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings, Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be But few now living can behold that goodness, A pattern to all princes living with her, And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue, Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces, That mould up such a mighty piece as this is, With all the virtues that attend the good, Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her, Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her: She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her: Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with In her days every man shall eat in safety [her: Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours: God shall be truly known; and those about her From her shall read the perfect ways of honour, And by those claim their greatness, not by blood. [Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, Her ashes new create another heir, As great in admiration as herself; So shall she leave her blessedness to one, (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of dark- Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour, [ness,) Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was, And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror, That were the servants to this chosen infant, Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him; Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, His honour, and the greatness of his name Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish, And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches To all the plains about him:—Our children's child—Shall see this, and bless heaven. [dren

The play of Henry the Eighth is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage by the splendour of its pagentry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for the great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The most sorrowful and various distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which may beчисуе новохоронное место в трагедии; но столь же отлично как и в изящный портрет Королевы Катарин. It has been sup- posed, that the epilogue and prologue, and a few incidental pas- sages, were added by Ben Jonson, on the revival of this play. 1613. This opinion was entertained by Stevens, Malone, Dr. Farmer, and Dr. Johnson, partly on the grounds of Shakespeare's absence from London, and partly on an imaginary detection of Jonson's style and manner. To demonstrate the vanity of all such actual speculations, it is now certain, that they were done probably from the pen of Shakespeare, who was still in London; and that, at all events, they could not have been written by Ben Jonson, for he was not even in England.

K. Hen. Thou speakst wonders. Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England, An aged princess; many days shall see her, And yet no day without a deed to crown it. Would I had known no more! but she must die, She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin, A most 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 pleas'd 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 your good brethren, I am much beholden; I have receiv'd much honour by your presence, And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way lords; Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye, She will be sick else. This day, no man think He has business at his house; for all shall stay, This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt. 

EPILOGUE.

Tis ten to one, this play can never please All that are here: Some come to take their ease, And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear, We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear They'll say its naught: others, to hear the city Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—that's witty! Which we have not done neither: that, I fear, All the expected good we are like to hear For this play at this time, is only in The merciful construction of good women; For such a one we shew'd 'em; if they smile, And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap, If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 1602-3, under the title of The Books of Troilus and Cressida; and was therefore probably written in 1602. It was not acted till 1669; when it was pressed by an advertisement of the editor, stating that "it had never been staged with the stage, never clasp-clawed with the palms of the vulgar." Yet, as the tragedy was entered in 1602-3, as acted by my lord Chamberlain's men; we must suppose that the editor's words do not mean that it had never been presented at all, but only at court, and not on the public stage.

There was a play upon this subject written by Dekker and Chettle, in 1593; the original story of Troilus and Cressida was the work of Lollius, a historian of Urbin, in Italy. It was, according to Dryden, written in Latin verse, and translated by Chancer. Shakespeare received the greater part of his materials from the Troy Books of Lydgate; and the romance of The Three Destinations of Troy.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, King of Troy.
Hector, Troilus, Paris, Deiphobus, Helenus, his sons.
ANAES and ATREUS, Trojan commanders.
CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.
PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.
MARDARELON, a bastard son of Priam.
AGAMEMNON, the Grecian general.
MENELAUS, his brother.
ACHILLES, Ajax, ULYSSES, Nestor, Diomedes, Patroclus, Grecian commanders.
THERSITES, a deferaun and surrouling 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.

PROLOGUE.

To Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their emblems 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 quarell
To Tenedos they come;

And the deep-drawing barks do there diggorge
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, Iliss, Chetas, Trojaan,
And Antenorides, with massey staples,
And corressive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy:

Now expectation, ticking skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on bazzard:—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor voice: but suited
To like conditions as our argument,—

To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and findings of those broils
Grown o'er 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.

SCENE 1.—Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter Troilus armed, and Pandarbus.

Tro. Call here my valet, 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 field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geoer ne'er be mended? [strength.

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
Field to their skill, and to their formess valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear.

Pan. Have I not married?

Tro. Ay, the grinding; but you must marry the
bolting.

Pan. Have I not married?

Tro. Ay, the bolting: but you must marry the
levening.

Tro. Still have I married.

Pan. Ay, to the levening: but here's yet in the
word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of
the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking:
ay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance
to burn your lips.

Pan. Patience herself, what goddesse e'er she be,
Dodh less than bird at sufficiency 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;

Lost Hector or my father should perceive me.

I have (as when the sun doth light a storm.)

Bury'd this sigh in wink of a smile:

But sorrow, that is coach'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than
Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparis
son 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 yesternight, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cas
andra's wit; but—

Tro. O, Pandarbus! I tell thee, Pandarbus,—

When I tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathom 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;
Handfast in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writting 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'st tell'st me.
As true thou'st 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. Truth, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is:
  If she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she
  be not, she has the mends in her own hands.
  Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?
  Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought
  on of her, and ill-thought en of you: gone between and
  between, but small thanks for my labour.
  Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?
  Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not
  so fair as Helen: as 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 in 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 Pandarus.
  An onarum.
  Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude
  sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too star'd a subject for my sword.
Is Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourselves, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarums. Enter Aneas.

Aen. How now, prince Troilus! wherefore not afraid?
  Tro. Because notthere; This woman's answer sorts,
  For womanish it is to be from thee.
  What news, Aneas, from the field to-day?
  Aen. That Paris is return'd home, and hurt.
  Tro. By whom, Aneas?
  Aen. Troilus, by Menelaus.
  Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scar;
  Paris is gird with Menelaus' horn.
  Aen. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day?
  Tro. Better at home, if 'would I might, were may.—
  But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?
  Aen. In all swift haste.
  Tro. Come, go we then together. [Exeunt.
ACT I.—SCENE II.

Cres. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Think, 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. The other's not come to 't; you shall tell me

another tale, when the 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. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself

swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour,

(for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 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, she loves what she does. She came to him

the other day in the compassed window,—and, you

know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring

his 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 lifter?

Pan. Why, to prove to you that Helen loves him;

—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven

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.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere 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 so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than

I esteem an addle egg.

Pan. If you love an addle egg as well as you love

an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she

tickled his chin!—Indeed, she has a marvellous white

hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair

on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is riper.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen He-
cuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a 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't had been a green hair, I should have

laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at

his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, Here's but one and fifty hairs on

your chin, and one of them is white.

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true: there is no question of that. One

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 it 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't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an'

'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a

nettle against May.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall

we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward

Hiium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, he'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.

Æneas passes over the Stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's 'Æneas; 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 good man enough: he's one

o'the soundest judgments in Troy, whoever, and a

proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll

shew you Troilus anon; if he be me, you shall see

him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that;

There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—There's

a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how

he looks! there's a countenance: Is not a brave man?
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is '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 laying on; tak' off who will, as they say; there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

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?

Helen's 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?

Troilus passes over.


Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him: note him:—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked 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.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolt! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die in the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look: the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a dryman, 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 sprite, and salt that season a man?—

Cres. Ay, a miniced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye,—for then the man's date is 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; my majesty, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past立项, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly spew with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unmans him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [Exit Boy.

I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Aileu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle.

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.

[Exit Pandarus.]

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice, He offers in another's enterprise:

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be; Yet hold I off. Women are angels, woeing: Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing: That she belov'd knews nought, that knows not this,— Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is: That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue; Therefore this maxim out of love I teach. 

Achievement is command; ungain'd, besides:— Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear, Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exit.

SCENE III.


Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, and others.

Agam. Princes, What grief hath set the juadice 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 vein of actions highest rear'd; As by the conflux of meetings, Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain Tortive and errant from his course of growth. Nor, princes, it is matter new to us, That we come short of our purpose so far, That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand; Yet every action that hath gone before, Whereof we have record, trial did draw Bliss and thwert, not answering the aim, And that unboiled figure of the thought That gave'st surprised shape. Why then, you princes, Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works; And think them shames, which are, indeed, noth But the protractive trials of great Jove, [else To find persistive constancy in men? The fineness of which metal is not found In fortune's love: for them, the bold and coward, The wise and fool, the artist and unskil The hard and soft, seem all affi'd and kin:— But, in the wind and tempest of her frown, Distinct, with a broad and powerful fan, Pufing at all, winnows the light away; And what hath mass, or matter, by itself Lies, in riches 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,
PANDARUS O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, my lord.

Act I. Sc. 2.
ACT I. - SCENE III.

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How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,
Booming between the two moist elements,
Like Perses' horse: Where then the stately boat
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness! either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Both valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd faint more annoyance by the brine,
This enterprise! faint when the westly wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, [rage.
And flies fled under shade, Why, then, the thing of cou-
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And, with an accent too'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Uliss. Agamemnon,—
That great commander, nervous and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and empire's spirit,
In whom the temper 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, batch'd in silver,
Should have a bond of sir (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides,) knit all the Greekish ears
That hear the tale, and the tang when left is clear both,
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agem. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less
That matter needless, of importless burden, [expect
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites open his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.
For Troy is ne't upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian touts do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected! Degree being vizarded,
The 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 custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd without rival.
Amidst the other; whose med'cinal 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 world? Where's any earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder of 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, scepters, 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 superfluity. The bounded
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right: or, rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jar justice resides.)
Should be right: or, rather, right and wrong.
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,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocated,
Follows the choking.
And this neglect of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Example of the first pace that is sick
Of his superiority, 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?

Uliss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forefront of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy dance,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a hiveloy day breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,) He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topleas deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his own string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
Twist his stretch'd footling 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 unsopor'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd
Would seem hyperboles. At this nasty stuff,
The large and mischiefs, like a beev'd dog,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—Excellent!—[To Agamemnon just.

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 good Achilles, still cries—Excellent:
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus, Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then, foresight, the faint defects of age
Must be the scope of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorge.
Shake in and out the rivet;—And at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, O!—enough, Patroclus;—
Or grant me rid’s of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Several and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for trace,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves!
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Yet, in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will’d; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as prond a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factions feast; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall comes sanders 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 preface, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When Eness 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 bathers 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 go to his execution.

Yet, let this be granted, and Achilles’ horse
Makes many Thetis’ sons.

Trumpet sounds.

AEGAM. What trumpet! look, Meneclans.

Enter ENEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Aegam. What would you fore our tent?

Men. Is this Great Agamennon’s tent, I pray?

Aegam. Even this.

Men. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Aegam. With surety stronger than Achilles’ arm
Fore all the Grecian heads, which with one voice
Call Agamennon head and general. 

ENEA. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from the eyes of other mortals?

Aegam. How? 

ENEA. Ay; I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
More as a morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phoebus:—
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamennon?

Aegam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

ENEA. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm’d,
As boding 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 ac-
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Eneas, [cord,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,

That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, tran-
scends.

Aegam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Eneas?

ENEA. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Aegam. What’s your affair, I pray you?

ENEA. Sir, pardon; ’tis for Agamennon’s ears.

Aegam. He bears oughtprivately, that comes from
Troy.

ENEA. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
In tune to speak.

Aegam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamennon’s sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

ENEA. Trumpet, blow loud.

Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

Trumpet sounds.

We have, great Agamennon, here in Troy
A prince call’d Hector, (Priam is his father,) Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords,
If these mists, these clouds, these heavy veils,
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 the thoughtless—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 compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy.

To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
When it comes, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he’ll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian danae are sun-burn’d, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Aegam. 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 heard in a gold beaver,
And to my vantage put this wither’d brawn;
And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world; his youth in flood,
I’ll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

ENEA. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. 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:
Youself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

ENEA. All but Ulysses and Nestor.
ACT II.—SCENE I.

Ulysses, Nestor,—

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,

But I'll press you up to voices; 

Yet go we under our opinion still

That we have better men. 

Well, hit or miss, 

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—

Ajax, employ'd, puckers down Achilles' plumes. 

Nest. Ulysses, 

Now I begin to relish thy advice; 

And I will give a taste of it forthwith 

To Agamemnon: go we to him straight. 

Two cures shall tame each other; Pride alone

Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [Ex.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Therites,—

Thers. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally!

Ajax. That's all very well, I'll agree; but—

Thers. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,—

Thers. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou hitch-well's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then,—[Strikes him] 

Thers. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak; I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Thers. I shall sooner raiL thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murraun o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation!

Thers. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Thers. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Thers. Then use that itch from head to foot.

Axij. And I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Thers. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Scyllerus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bastkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites! 

Thers. Thou shouldst strike least.

Ajax. Cobloaf! 

Thers. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.


Thers. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Thers. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: Thou scurrily valiant ass! thou art one to put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbary slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou! 

Ajax. Yen dog! 

Thers. You scurrily lord, His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends. 

If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off, 

We'll press him up to voices: the fail, 

And I will give a taste of it forthwith 

To Agamemnon: go we to him straight. 

Two cures shall tame each other; Pride alone

Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [Ex.
Ajax. You cur!

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, cemel; do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? whereto do you thus? How now, Theristes? 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 I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whossoever 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, what medicums of wit he utter's! his evasions have ears thus loud. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy his sparring for a penny, and his pia matter 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—

Ajax. Nay, good Ajax.

[Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.

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 damned eur! 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, Theristes.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go 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 suffrance, '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; 'a were as good crack a rusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Theristes?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mously ere your grandfathers had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Ye, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Theristes; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [Erit.

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our That Hector, by the first hour of the sun, [host;

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 Maketrim— I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell. Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise, He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—'I'll go learn more of it. [Eactnt.

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, travel, expense, Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this constant war,—

Shall be struck off.—Hector, what say you to't?

Hecr. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I, As far as toucheth my particular, yet, Drear Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels, More spunky to suck in the sense of fear.

More ready to cry out—'I know what follows? Than Hector is: 'Tis the wound of peace is surety,

Surety seeking; but modest doubt is call'd;

The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:

Since the first sword was drawn about this question, Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes, Hath been as dear as Helen, I mean of ours: If we have lost so many tenth's of ours:

To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us, Had it our name, the value of one ten; What merit's in that reason, which dedies The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fye, fye, 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 last proportion of his infinite?

And buckler a waist most fathomless, With spans and inches so diminutive As fears and reasons! fye, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharpart reasons, You are so empty of them. Should not our father Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons, Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest, You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your You know, an enemy intends you harm; [reasons: You know, a sword employ'd is perilous, And reason flies the object of all harm:

Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds A Grocan and his sword, if he do set A many wings of reason to his heels; And fly like children Mercury from Jove, Or like a star disord'—Nay, if we talk of reason, Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour Should have heart hearts, would they but fat their thoughts With this crann'mg reason; reason and respect Make livers pale, and lusthhood deceit.

Hect. Brother she is not worth what she doth cost The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued! [Hect. But value dwells not in particular will; It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the pricer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dothes, that is adhesive
To what infestiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. 'Tis a happy woman; and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by many eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: Hecules may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what is elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To sneke from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them: nor the remainder viands:
We do not throw in unrespective siere,
Because we wish to part. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desired:
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and fresh-
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants,
If you 'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry—Go, go.)
If he 'll confess, he hath a right home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—Inestimable!) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdom rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you 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.

‘Twixt what noise! what shriek is this?
Tro. 'Tis our mad sister. I do know her voice.
Cas. [Within.] Oh, Trojans! Hecet. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raging.
Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Hecet. Peace, peace, sister, peace.
Cas. Virgin and have, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
Soft infantry, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of more to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodwill Lydon 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.
Hecet. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
Of divination in our sister work
Strains
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that so 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 distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make us gracious. For my part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst
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 attack the gods; your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on to dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propagation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite! Yet, I protest,
Were I his country's subject, then, I say,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise.

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 raasack'd queen,
Disgrace to yeer great, worthy, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession whole,
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 betow'd, or death unform'd,
Were Helen is the subject; then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hecet. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd,—but superciliously; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege, do more conclude
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 must be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity.
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well order'd nation,
To curb these raging appetites that are
Most dissolute and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sperms's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong;
But makes it much more heinous.
Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spriety brethren, I propound to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance,
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch’d the life of our design:
Wear it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is in thame 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, cananize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis’d glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world’s revenue.

Hec. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Parmis.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertis’d, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp,—Before Achilles’ Tent.

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 raised at me: ’Sfoot. I’ll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I’ll see some issue of my spiteful executions. Then there’s Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Trojans be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls shall stand till they fall of themselves. 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 Caeceus; 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 be in circuit of honour for Trojans to deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massive irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placquet. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.


Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy dire sky to 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 lizards. 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. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? — Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what’s Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles; — Then tell me, Patroclus, what’s Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: Then tell me, I pray thee, what’s thyself?

Ther. Thy knowest, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. I’ll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus’ knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You raise me. Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done. Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles, Achilles to be a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool: and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover. — It sufficeth me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Achil. Patroclus, I’ll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. [Exit. 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 in several places. Now the dry seigio on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [Exit. Agam. Where is Achilles? Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos’d, my lord. Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here. He shent our messengers, and we lay by our apperceptions, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our desire, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [Exit. Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent; He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, ’tis pride: But why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[ Takes Agamemnon aside.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his foal from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composition, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The unity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily unite. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure  
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,  
To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other,  
But, pass 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 Outly our apprehensions.  
Moreacute he hath; and much the reason  
Why we ascribe 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 unwelcome 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 him.  
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on; [self  
Disguise the holy strength of their command,  
And undervise in an observing kind  
His humorous predominance; yea, watch  
His wanton lusts in his eyes, 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 too much,  
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine  
Not portable, lie under this report—  
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:  
A stirring dwarf we do allow you  
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.  

[Exit Ulysses.  

Ajer. What is he more than another?  
Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.  
Ajer. Is he so much! Do you not think, he thinks  
himself a better man than I am?  
Agam. No question.  
Ajer. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—  
he is?  
Agam. No, noble Ajax: you are as strong, as va- 
lant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and  
altogether more tractable.  
Ajer. Why should a man be proud? How doth  
pride grow? I know not what pride is.  
Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your  
virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up him-  
sclf: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his  
own chronicle: and whatever praises itself but in the  
deed, devours the deed in the praise.  
Ajer. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engen- 
dering of toads.  
Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange?  

[Aside.  

Re-enter Ulysses.  
Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.  
Agam. What's his excuse?  
Ulyss. He doth rely on none;  
But 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,  
Uttent his person, and share the air with us? [only,  
Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake  
He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;  
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride  
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth  
Holds in his blood such swoon and hot discourse,  
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,  
Kings and Achilles in confusion rages  
And hatters 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 consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,  
That bastis his arrogance with his own seam;  
And never suffers matter of the world  
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do resolve  
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worship'd  
Of that we hold an idol more than he?  
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord  
Must not so state his palm, nobly acquire d;  
Nor, by my will, subjugate his merit,  
As amply titled as Achilles is,  
By going to Achilles:  
That we do not outstrip his seat of 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 veil of him.  

Dia. And how his silence drips up this applauded!  

[Aside.  

Ajer. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash him  
Over the face.  
Agam. O, no, you shall not go.  
Ajer. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride.  
Let me go to him.  
Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel  
Ajer. A paltry, insolent fellow!  
Nest. How he describes  
Himself!  
Ajer. Can he not be sociable?  
Ulyss. The raven  
Chides blackness.  
Ajer. I will let his humours blood.  
Agam. He'll be a physician, that should be the pa- 
tient.  

[Aside.  

Ajer. An all men  
Were o'my mind,——  
Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.  
[Aside.  

Ajer. He should not bear it so,  
He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?  
Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.  
[Aside.  

Ulyss. He'd have ten shares.  
[Aside.  

Ajer. I'll 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. O noble general, do not do so.  
Dia. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.  
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.  
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;  
I will be silent.  
Nest. Wherefore should you so!  
He is not envious, as Achilles is.  
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.  
Ajer. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us  
I would, he were a Trojan!  
Nest.  

Were it in Ajax now——  
What a vice
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 do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do 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. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.


Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Pan. That's to't, indeed; sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a compliment to assaul upon him, for my business seeth.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter Parts 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 queen, here is good broken music.

Pan. You 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 bear you sung, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody, if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall not it, 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?

Pan. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Pan. I'll lay my life, with my dispose Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your dispose is sick.

Pan. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord, Why should you say—

Cressida! no, your poor dispose's sick.

Pan. 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.

[Exeunt.]
ACT III.—SCENE II. 539

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 bear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, 'twere now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love; this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid! Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, I'll faith.

Pan. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
Far, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
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, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nottling but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's afraid to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antonor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-night, but my Neil would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarbus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-night.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Command me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit.

A retreat sounded.

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woot you To help unravel our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Grecian sinews; you shall do more Than all the island kings, disarranged great Hector

Helen. Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris: Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Give us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. Pandarbus' Orchard.

Enter Pandarbus and a Servant meeting.

Par. 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 be comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Servant.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarbus: I talk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propost'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarbus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!—

Tro. Walk here! the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [Exit Pandarbus.

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet.

That it enchaunts my sense; What will it be,
When that the watry palatse tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar! death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'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 beaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarbus.

Pan. She makes her ready, she'll come straight you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite; I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en swallow.

[Exit. Pandarbus.

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 unaware's encounter,
The eye of majesty.

Enter Pandarbus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths 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 into the fields.—Why do you not speak to her!—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere 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 is the tercel, for all the ducks I the river: go, go, go.

Tro. You have herefet 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 of the parties interchangeably.—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [Exit Pandarbus.

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 abolition? What too curious drag espy my sweet lady in the fountain of our love!

Cres. More drags than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils 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 worst.
Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cid's pageant there is presented no monster.
Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?
Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings: when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed.
This is the moost rustiness in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.
Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?
Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.
Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?
Re-enter Pandarus.
Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?
Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.
Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him 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'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown.
Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.
Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?
Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that did—a—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much.
But I must master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blab'd! who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I wed 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 dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.
Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thereon.
Pan. Pretty, I faith.
Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me:
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss: I am ashamed;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.
Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?
of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.
Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor,
Ajax, Menelaus, and Calcites.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appar it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon’d Troy, let my possession,
Incurs’d a traitor’s name; exposs’d myself,
From certain and possess’d conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sçquêting from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little bánc.
Out of those many register’d in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf. [mand.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make de-
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 slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall boy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word,—if Hector will no-morrow
Be answer’d in his challenge; Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and ’tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands’t the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: ’Tis like, he’ll question me,
Why such unpleasing words are bent, why turn’d on him:
If so, I have disposal cimbale,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride: for suppil knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man’s feet.

Agam. We’ll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either gêet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look’d on. I will lead the way.

Achl. 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 quit with us?
Neat. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achl. No.

Agam. The better. [Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.

Achl. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

[Exeunt Menelaus.

Achl. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achl. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achl. Good morrow. Ajax.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [Exit Ajax.

Achl. What mean these fellows? Know they not
Achilles’ Pat’r. They pass strangely: they were us’d to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles,
To come as humbly, as they us’d to creep
To holy altars.

Achl. What, am I poor of late?
’Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin’d is,
He shall see anon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour: but honour for those honour
That are without him, as place, riches, favour
Prices of accident as oft as merit.
Which when he fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean’d on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But ’tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men’s looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I’ll interrupt his reading.—

How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis’ son?

Achl. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection,
As when his virtues shining upon others
Blest them, and they return that heat again
To the first giver.

Achl. This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others’ eyes; nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense,) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos’d
Salutes each other with each other’s form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell’d, and is married there
Where it may see itself; this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author’s drift:
Who, in his circumspection, expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much constituting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form’d in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, rever-
The voice again; or like a gate of steel [barres
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat, as that which rap’d in this;
And apprehended here immediately

The unknown Ajax.
Thou, is that a wonder? The Providence that's in a watchful state. Knows almost even grain of Plutus' gold; Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps; Keeps pace with thought and almost, like the gods Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles. There is a mystery with whom relation Must never meddle in the soul of state; Whose, hath an operation more divine, Than breath, or pen, can give expression to. All the commerce that you have with Troy, As perfectly ours, as yours, we hold; And after world! when Achilles, whom, To throw down Hector, than Polyxena. But it must grieve you: Thyrrobus now at home. When fame shall is of islands sound her trump. And all the Greekish girls shall trippling sing,— Great Hector's sister spin Achilles win; But our great Ajax bravely beat down him. Farewell, my lord! As your lover spoke The first choice of the see that you should break. [Ex. Part. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you: A woman impatient; and mankind grown Is not more leath'd than an effeminat man. In time of action, I stand commend'd for this; They think, my little stomach to the war, And your great love to me, restrains you thus: Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Capri Shall from your neck unloose the arrow's fold, And, like a dew-drop from the lady's mane, Be shook to air. Achilles! Shall Ajax fight with Hector! Priam, Ay: and, perhaps, receive much honour by this. I see, my reputation is at stake. [Exeunt. My name is shrewdly gird'd. farewell. 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, softly takes. Even then when we sit idly in the sun. Achilles! Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus: I'll send the feel to Ajax, and desire him To cancel the Trojan words 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 saved! Enter Thersites. There. A wonder! Achilles! What? There. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself. Ajax! How so? There. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; nor when his courage's bravest and most proud of his herculean condensation, that he ravishes, saving nothing. Achilles, How can that be? There. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a strife, and a stand: reminiscences, like an hostess, that hath no antithese but her brain to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould be so, and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if Hector break not his neck in the combat, he'll break it himself in vainglory. 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 is grown a very land fish, languageless, a monster. A playmate of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Thers. Who, I, why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not aswering; speaking is for beggars: he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make 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.

Thers. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles, —

Thers. Ha! —

Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent more —

Thers. Humph!—

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Thers. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Thers. Ha!

Patr. What say you 'tis?

Thers. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Thers. 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 las me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Thers. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Thers. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt hear a letter to him straight.

Thers. Let me hear 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.

[Exit Achil, and Patroclus.

Thers. 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.

ACT IV. —SCENE I. — Troy. — A Street.

Enter, at one side, Ajax, and a Servant with a torch; at the other, Paris, Diomed, Antenor, Diomede, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dio. 'Tis the lord. —

Par. Is the prince there in person?

Had I 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. —

Par. A valiant Greek, Ajax; 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.

Dio. 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.

Par. The one and other Diomed embraces. Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health. But when contention and occasion meet, By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life, With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Dio. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly With his face backward. —In humane gentleness, Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchise's 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. We sympathize. —Jove, let Eneas live, If to my sword his fate be not the glory, A thousand complete courses of the sun! But, in mine emulous honour, let him die, With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow! —

Ene. We know each other well.

Par. Do we do; and long to know each other worse.

Dio. This is the most grateful, gentle greeting, The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of. —

What business, lord, so early?

Ene. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'Twas to bring this To Calchas' house; and there to render him, [Greek For the Trojans. ]

Par. Troy! and the fair fair creature. —

Let's have your company; or, if you please, Haste there before us: I constantly do think, (Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,) My brother Troilus lodges there to-night; Rouse him, and give him note of our approach With the whole quality wherefore; I fear, We shall be much unwelcome. That I assure you;

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece, Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help.

Par. The bitter disposition of the time Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Ene. All will be well to-morrow; —

[Exit. Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; faith, tell me true, Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—] —

Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best, Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her (Not making any scruple of her solitude,) With such a hell of pain, and world of charge; And you as well to keep her, that defend her (Not palating the taste of her dishonour,) With such a costly loss of wealth and friends: He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up The leaves and dregs of a flat tamed piece; You, like a Lecher, out of whom wants lobs Are pleasd to breed out your inferior; Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more; But he as he, the 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 inheritors, A Trojan hath been slain; since she could speak, She hath not given so many good words breath, As for her Greeks and Trojauns suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do, Dispirit the thing that you desire to buy: But we in silence hold this virtue well,
We'll not commend what we intend to sell,
Here let us way. [Exeunt.]

**SCENE II.**

The same.—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
He shall unbolt the gates. [down;]

**Tro.** Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those 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 crow's,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

**Cres.** Night hath been too brief.

**Tro.** Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights
she stays,
As tidiously as hell; but flies the graps 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 tarried. Hark! there's
one up.

**Pan.** [Within.] What are all the doors open here?

**Tro.** It is your uncle.

*Enter Pandarus.*

**Cres.** A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,—

**Pan.** How now, how now? how go maidenheads?
—Here, you maid! where's your cousin, Cressid!

**Cres.** Go haug yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

**Pan.** To do what! to do what?—let him say what:
what have I brought you to do?

**Cres.** Come, come; beshrew your heart: you'll ne'er
Nor suffer others.

**Pan.** Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia!
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 knock'd
o'the head!—

Who's that at door! good uncle, go and see,—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You solici, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

**Tro.** Ha! ha!

**Cres.** Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such
ing—[Knocking;]
How earnestly they knock! pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.]

**Pan.** [Going to the door.] Who's there? what's the
matter? will you beat down the door? How now?
what's the matter?

*Enter Enneas.*

**En.** Good-morrow, lord, good-morrow.

**Pan.** Who's there? my lord. **En.** By my troth,
I knew you not: what news with you so early?

**En.** Is not prince Troilus here?

**Pan.** Here! what should he be here?

**En.** Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;

It doth import him much, to speak with me.

**Pan.** 15 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?

**En.** Who!—say, then:—
Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:
Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither:—

As Pandarus is going out, enter Troilus.

**Tro.** How now! what's the matter?

**En.** My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Diophilus,
The Grecian Diones, 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?

**En.** 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. **En.** We
Met by chance; you did not find me here.

**En.** Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [Ex. Trojan. **En.**

Is't possible! no sooner got, but lost!—
The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad.
A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

*Enter Cressida.*

**Cres.** How now! what is the matter? Who was

**Pan.** Ah, ah! [here?]

**Cres.** Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my
Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter? [laid gone

**Pan.** I 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 he 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
thine father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his
death: 'twill be his bane: he cannot hear it.

**Cres.** O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

**Pan.** Thou must.

**Cres.** I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Dq to this body what extremes you can:
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

[Pan. Do, do. [cheeks;

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised
Crack my clear voice with sobs. and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy. [Ex.

**SCENE III.** The same. Before Pandarus' House

*Enter Paris, Troilus, Enneas, Diophilus, Antenor, and Diomedes.*

**Par.** It is great morning; and the hour prefixed
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
ACT IV.—SCENE IV.

Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to, 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.  
[Exit.]  

SCENE IV.—The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.  
Enter Pandarus and Cressida.  
Pon. Be moderate, be moderate,  
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?  
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,  
And violenteth in a sense so strong  
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?  
If I could temperize with my affection,  
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
The like allayment could I give my grief:  
My love admits no qualifying dross:  
No more my grief, in such a precious loss,  
Enter Troilus.  
Pon. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah, sweet ducks!  
Cres. O Troilus! Troilus!  
[Embracing him.  
Pon. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too:—O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—  
—O heart, o heavy heart,  
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?  
where he answers again,  
Because thou cou'st not ease thy smart,  
By friendship, nor by speaking.  
There never was 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, lambs?  
Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so straited a purity,  
That the blest 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!  
Par. Nay, ay, ay, it is too plain a case.  
Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?  
Tro. A hateful truth.  
Cres.  
What, and from Troilus too?  
Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.  
Cres.  
Is it possible?  
Tro. And suddenly; whose injury of chance  
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by  
All time of pause, rudely beguines our lips  
of all joindure, forcibly prevents  
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows  
Even in the birth of 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 a loose adieu;  
And snares us with a single famish'd kiss,  
Durstated with the salt of broken tears.  
Æneas. [Within.] My lord! is the lady ready?  
Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Same say, the Genius so  
Cries, Come! to him that instantly must die.—  
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.  
Pon. Where are my tears! rain, to lay this wind,  
or my heart will be blown up by the root!  
[Exit Pandarus.  
Cres. I must then to the Greeks?  
Tro. No remedy.  
Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!  
When shall we see again?  
[Heart,—  
Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of  
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 segment 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;  
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature  
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;  
[Flowing,  
How novelty may move, and parts with person,  
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy  
(A 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 heed the high fav'rt, nor sweeten talk,  
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,  
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:  
But I can tell, that in each grace of these  
There lurks a still and dumb-discourseful devil,  
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.  
Cres. Do you think, I will?  
Tro. Nay.  
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.  
Æneas. [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! alas, it is my vice, my fault;  
While others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I with great truth catch mere 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 Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe  
As Priam is in Ilium.  

Diom. Fair lady Cressid, 2 P 2
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the real 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.

Diom. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privil'g'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour.

Tro. Come, to the post.—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 Troilus, Cressida, and Diomed.

[Trumpet heard.]

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Enters Hector.

Par. How have we spent this morning?
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.
Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with

Diom. Let us make ready straight.

Enters Diomed.

Diom. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacritity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry.

[Exeunt.]


Enter Ajax, armed: Adamasleon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaeus, Ulysses, Nestor, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage,
Our trumpets to the sound a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy spher'd basch cheek
Out-swell the colic of fatal Aëtion:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achill. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not you Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on his toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed with Cressida.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid? Divo. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courteously: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achill. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Parl. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gird his horns.

Parl. The first was Menelaeus' kiss;—this, mine:
Patroclus kiss'd you.

Men. O, this is trim!


Nest. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your leave

Cress. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Parl. Both take and give.

Cress. 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.

Cress. You're an odd man; give even or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cress. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are old, and he is even with you.

Men. You flipp'd me o' the head.

Cress. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nailing against May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you? [horn—

Cress. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cress. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word:—I'll bring you to your father.

[Diomed leads out Cressida.

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Eye, fy'e upon her! There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these eauconquaters, so glib of tongue,
That give a coating welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader: set them down
For slutish spoils of opportunity,
And dethroners of the game. [Trumpet within.

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, armed: Eneas, Troilus, and other

Trojans, with Attendants.

Eneas. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you purpose
A victor shall be known! will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other: or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bate ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Eneas. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achill. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal mistracing
The knight oppos'd.

Eneas. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achill. If not Achilles, nothing.

Eneas. Therefore Achilles: But, whence, know
In the extremity of great and little,

Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood.
ACT IV.—SCENE V.

In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.
 Achill, A maiden battle then!—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomed.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Eneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half slants their stiffe before their strokes begin.

[Ajax and Hector enter the lists.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Yet not mature, yet matchless: firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and needless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an imparl thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope; as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says—Eneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

To. Hector, thou sleep'st!

Awake thee! Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax! Diol. You must no more. [Trumpets cease.

Eue. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Diol. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more— Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou couldst say—This hand is Greekian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg,
All Greek, and this all Trojan; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds-in my father's by Jove multiportus,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee:
By hini that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and hear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
cries, This is he,) could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Eue. There is expectation here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embraces:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in enterprizes find success,
(As self? I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous covenant to our Grecian tents.

Diol. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarmed the valiant Hector.

Hect. 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 see with thee, and see your knights,
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me, by name:
But for Achilles, my own searching eye
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That could be rid of such an enemy;
But that ranks of Gome: understand more clear
What's past, and what remains; I'm strew'd with husks
And formless 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.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm thy princely brother's greet-

Brave of warlike brothers, welcome hither. [ing

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus,

Hect. O you, my lord! by Mars his gauntlet,
Mock not, that I fall the untrade oath: [thanks.
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' grace;
She's well, but bade me not come hither to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen
As hot as Perseus, spurr thy Phrygian steed, [thee,
Despising many forfcets and sublimenents,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lest Jupiter be gourmand, dealing life!
And have seen thee chase, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandire,
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.

Eue. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
Thou hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time.—
Most revered Nestor, I am glad to claspe thee.

Nest. I hold, my arms could match thee in com-
As they contended with thee in courtesy. [tuation,
Hect. I would they could.

Nest! Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands.
When we have her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I knew your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Grecian embassy.
Troilus. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue: My prophecy is but half his journey yet; For yonder walls, that partly front your town, Your towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds, Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you: There they stand yet; and modestly I think, The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all; And that old common arbitrator, time, Will one day end it.

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, thou!—

Now, Hector, I have fed nine eyes on thee: I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector, And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles? 

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fell.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time, As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb. Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er; But there's more in me, than thou understand'st. Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye? [body Achil. Tell me, if thou hast seen, in what part of his I shall 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!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man, To answer such a question: Stand again: Think'rt thou to catch my life so pleasantly, As to prenominiate in nice conjecture, Where thou wilt have me dead? 

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so, I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well; For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there; But, by the forge that stove Mars his helm, I'll send thee everywhere, yea, nay, and ever.— Thou wisest 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 thither: You may have every day enough of Hector. If you have stomach; the general state I fear, Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you to the field; We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector? Tomorrow, do me meet, fell as death; To-night, all friends.

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.— But loud the tabouries, let the trumpets blow, That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[Entreat all but Troilus and Ulysses. 

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you, In what place of the field doth Calchas keep? 

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus: There Diomed doth feast with him to-night; Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth, But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view On the fair Cressida.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much? After we part from Agamemnon's tent, To bring me thither?

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 boasting shew their scars, A mock in due. Will you walk out, my lord? She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth: But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. 

[Exeunt.

ACT V. 

SCENE I. 

The Grecian Camp.—Before Achilles' Tent. 

Enter Achilles and Patroclus. 

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Grecish 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. How now, thou core of envy? Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news? 

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seest, and idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee. 

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 masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the gout, gripings, r uptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel i'the back, jethargies, cold o' sileys, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthum, sciatics, lime-kills i'the palm, in curable bone-ach, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries! 

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus? 

Ther. Do I curse thee? 

Patr. Why, no, thou ruinous butt; you wheretoe indistinguishable cur, no. 

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sivile silk, thou green saracen flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-fies; diminutives of nature? 

Patr. Out, gull! 

Ther. Finch egg! 

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, fame: honour, or go, or stay; My major vow lies here, this I'll obey. 

Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus. [Exit Achilles and Patroclus.]
Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curator of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quills; but he has not so much brain as ear wax: And the godly transformation of Jupiter, there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckold: a thirsty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit lard with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the house of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-dey! spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomed, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Hec. No, not a whit.

Ulys. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all. [night.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hec. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks, general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hec. Good night, sweet Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.


Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now—Good night, great Hector.

Hec. Give me your hand.

Ulys. Follow his torch, he goes To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[Aside to Troilus.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hec. And so good night.

[Exit Diomed; Ulyss. and Tro. following.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[Exeunt Achil, Hector, Ajax, and Nest.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave: I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Drabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun burrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. Before Calchas' Tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Wha., are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [Within.] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [Within] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them Thersites.

Ulys. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Tro. Cressid, come forth to him!


Tro. Yea, so familiar! Ulys. She will sing any man at first sight. Thers. And any man may sing her, if he can take her eiffi; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?


Dio. Nay, but do then, and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulys. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly. Thers. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn. [me do!

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me? Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me mine oath; Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Ulys. Hold, patience! how now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed.—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more. Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulys. You are now'd, prince; let us depart. I pray Lost your displeasure should enlarge itself [you. To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous; The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulys. Now, good my lord, go off: You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay; 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?

Ulys. O wittier'd truth! Why, how now, lord? Cres. I will be patient.


Dio. In faith, I do not; come hither once again. Ulys. You shake, my lord, at something; will you You will break out.

Cres. [By Jove, She strokes his cheek! too]

Ulys. 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 Thers. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump,
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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and potatoe anger, tickles these together! Fry, lecher, fry!

Tro. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la: never trust me else.

Tro. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord; I will not be myself, nor have cognition Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty! Where's th' 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 it me again.

Tro. Whose was it?

Cres. No matter, now I have it again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens:—Well said, whetstone.

Tro. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Tro. Cres., O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge! Thy master now lies thinking in his bed Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove, And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me; He, that takes that, must take my heart withal. 

Tro. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed: faith you shall have something else.

Tro. I shall have this; Whose was it?

Cres. Tis no matter.

Tro. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Diomed. Whose was it?

Tro. By all Diana's waiting-women, yonder, And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Diomed. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;

And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Ther. Wert thou the devil, and wost it on thy horn, It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it will not keep my word. [Is not;

Tro. Why then, farewell;

Thou never shall mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word, But it straight starts you.

Tro. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you, pleases me best.

Tro. What shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—

Tro. Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Farewell till then.

Ther. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—

[Exit Diomedes.

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah! poor use! this fault to us I find, The error of our eye 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 reconation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did coajet, I call not lie in publishing a truth.

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

As esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;

As if those organs had deceptions functions,

Created only to calummate.

Was Cressid here!

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Ther. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Must sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negociation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord; Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage To stubborn critics; apt, without a theme, For propagation,—to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can sour four sisters of mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he stagger himself out on 's own eyes?

Tro. This she now, 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 was not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself!

Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt

Without perturbation, and less assume all reason

Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid!

Within my soul there doth commence 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 orice for a point, as subtle.

As is Arachne's broken web, to enter,

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gate;

Cressid is shine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;

The bonds of heaven are shipp'd, dissolv'd, and loosed,

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, ours of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd

With which which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divalged well

In characters as red as Mars his heart

Infam'd with Venus: never did young mao 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 compass'd by Vulcan's skill,

My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout.

Which shipmen do the hurricano call

Coursting'd in mass by the allmighty sun,

Shall dizzzy with more clamour Neptune's ear

In his descent, than shall my prompted sword

Falling Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concen'y

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false,

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself; Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ENEAES.

ENEAS. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord: Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy; Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

TRO. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord, adieu:—

Farewell, revoluted fair!—and, Diomed, Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head! Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

TRO. Accept distracted thanks. [Exeunt TROILUS, ENEAES, and ULYSSES.

THER. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would hodge, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this where: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lecbery, lecery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them. [Exit.

SCENE III.—TROY. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd, To stop his ears against such mangled talk? Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day. HECT. You train me to offend you, get you in: By all the everlasting gods, I'll go. AND. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the Hect. No more, I say. [Exit.

Enter CASSANDRA.

CAS. Where is my brother Hector? And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent. Consort with me in loud and dear petition, Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter. CAS. O, it is true.

HECT. Ho! bid my trumpet sound! CAS. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

HECT. Begone, I say; the gods have heard me swear. CAS. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows; They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd Than spotted livers in the sacrifice. And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, For we would give much, to use 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.

HECT. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, I am to-day I' the vein of chivalry: youth, Let grow thy sinews 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, You bid them rise and live.

HECT. O, 'tis fair play.

TRO. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector. HECT. How now! how now!

TRO. For the love of all the gods, Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother; 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. Fye, savage, fye!

TRO. Hector, then 'tis wars.

HECT. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day. TRO. Who should withhold me? Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars Beckoning with fiery trocheon my retire; Not Priamus, and Hecuba on knees, Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears; Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn, Oppo'd to hinder me, should stop my way, But by my turn.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

CAS. Lay hold upon him, Priam, bold him fast: He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay, Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, Fall all together.

PRI. Come, Hector, come, go back: Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother bath'd visions; Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself Am like a prophet suddenly enrap't, To tell thee—that this day is ominous: Therefore, come back.

HECT. Eneas is a-field; And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks, Even to the faith of valor, to appear This morning to them.

PRI. But thou shalt not go. HECT. I must not break my faith. You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir, Let me not shame respect; but give me leave To take that course by your consent and voice, Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

CAS. O Priam, yield not to him.

PRI. Do not, dear father.

HECT. Andromache, I am offended with you: Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit ANDROMACHE.

TRO. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl Makes all these bodements.

CAS. O farewell, dear Hector. Look, look, how thou diest! look, how thy eyes turn pale! Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents! Har! how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out! How poor Andromache shrills her dolorous forth! Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement, Like witless antics, one another meet; And all cry,—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector! TRO. Away! Away! CAS. Farewell.—Yet, soft,—Hector, I take my leave:

TRO. Thou dost thyself, and all our Troy deceive. [Exit. HECT. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclam: Go in, and cheer the town, we 'll forth, and fight; Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night. PRI. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee! [Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR. AIAURAS. TRO. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe, I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.
As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Panthous.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord! do you hear?
Tro. What now?
Pan. Here’s a letter from you' poor girl.
Tro. Let me read.
Pan. A whorson ptisic, a whorson rascally ptisie
so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl;
and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave
you one o’ these days: And I have a rhum in mine
eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless
a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on’t.
—What says she there?
Troc. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the
heart; [Tearing the letter.
The effect doth operate another way,—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds:
But edifies another with her deeds. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE IV.—Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Thersites.

Thers. Now they are clapper-clawing one another;
I’ll go look on. That disseminating abominable var-
et, Diomed, has got that same scrawny, self-loving
young knave’s sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I
would fain see them meet; that that same young
Trojan ass, that loves the whole there, might send
that Greekish wheemasterly villain, with the sleeve,
back to the disseminating luxurious drab, on a sleeve-
less errand. O the other side, The policy of those
crafty s’wearling rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten
dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,
is not proved worth a blackberry:—They set me
up in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that
dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur
Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm
to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim
barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.
Soft! here come sleeve, and ’t other.

Enter Diomedes, Troilus following.

Troc. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire—
Do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdraw me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!
Thers. Hold thy whole, Grecian!—now for thy
where, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!
[Enter TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.

Enter Hector.

Hec. What art thou, Greek, art thou for Hector’s
Art thou of blood, and honour? [match?
Thers. No, no: — I am a rascal; a scurvy raving
knave; a very filthy rogue.
Hec. Do I believe thee?—live.
[Exit.
Thers. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me;
But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me.
What’s become of the wenchling rogues? I think
they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at
that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I’ll
seek them.

SCENE V.—The same.

Enter Diomedes and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus’ horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressida:
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 beat down Menon: bastard Margaroleon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the passed hordes of the kings
Epipolus and Codius: Polixenes is slain;
Amphilacus, and Thos, deadly hurt;
Patroclus taken, or slain; and Palamedes
Sure hurt and bruist: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus’ body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hector’s in the field:
Now here he fights on Galate her horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls
Before the beelching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the straawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower’s swath:
Here, thou, 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 waning, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus’ wounds have rouse’d his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack’d and chipp’d, do come
To crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend, [him,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm’d, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution:
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus! [ Exit.
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector? Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where’s Hector? I will none but Hector. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where’s Troilus?
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my Ere that correction—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus?

Enter Troilus.

Troc. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
ACT V.—SCENE XI.

And pay thy life thou ow'est me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troy. Come both, you cowering Greeks; have at you both. [Exeunt fighting.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achill. Now do I see thee—Ha!—Have at thee, Hector. Pause, if thou wilt.

[Exeunt.

Hect. Fare thee well;—I would have been much more a fresher man, if I had expected thee—How now, my brother?

· Re-enter Troilus.

Tro. Ajax hath taken Æneas; Shall it be? No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven, He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too, Or bring him off—Fate, hear me what I say, I reck not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Hect. Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—

No! wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well; I'll crush it, and unlock the rivets all.

But I'll be master of it.—Wilt thou not, heast, abide? Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exeunt.

ACT VI.—The same.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achill. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons; Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel: Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath; And when I have the bloody Hector found, Empale him with your weapons round about; In fallest manner execute your arms.

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—

It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—The same.

Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting: then Thersites.


Enter Mardabelon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Thers. What art thou?


Thers. I am a bastard too: I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarel's most ominous to us; if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts Paris, Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Hector.

Hect. 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! [Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achill. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set; How ugly night comes breathing at his heels: Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun, To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarmed; forego this: vantage. Greek. Achill. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek. [Hector falls. So, lion, fall thou next; now, Troy, sink down; Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bones.—

On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain, Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[A retreat sounded.

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord. Achill. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the And, stickler-like, the armies separate. [earth, My half-suppr'd sword, that frankly would have fed, Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

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.

[Within. Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles. Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be; Great Hector was as good a man 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 Æneas and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field: Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troillus.

Troy. 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 shameful 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! [Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host. Troy. You understand me not, that tell me so: I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death; But dare all immanence, 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:
TIMON OF ATHENS.

There is a word will Phœbus turn to stone: 
Make weak and Notes of the mind and virtue, 
Colds maces of the youth; and all this word. 
Some put not of itself, but sense, away: 
Some put not of the notion, but of hope to help, 
Stay yet: You shall accomplish your task. 
Thus prov’dly sight upon your Phœbus plane, 
Let Than rise as early as he can, 
forward 
I through and through you! And then, graceaid, 
No space of earth shall under our two hats; 
I’l haunt these like a wander’d conscience, 
That would see good enough; as merry thoughts.— 
Put on a first march in safety;—with confidence: 
Hope of revenge shall be our reward now. 


Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, 

Poet. O fair day, sir. 

Pam. I am glad you are well, 

Poet. Have not you been long, How long you been 

Pam. It would cost me 5 pounds. 

Poet. Nay, my boy is. 

But what pone at really? 

Pam. Nay, I must be. 

Poet. That’s enough, sir; — as much as will bear, I hope, 

Pam. I have a jewell here. 

ACT II. SCENE I.—Athens. TIMON'S HALL.

Enter M.例子, the Chamberlain; the Council; and others.

M.例子. Are you ready? 

Enter M.例子, with the Council.

M.例子. Call up, 

Poet. I mean, sir; — as much as will bear, 

M.例子. I have a jewel here.
ACT I.--SCENE I.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.

All those which were left of Fortune, but late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stripp, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Sparns down her late beloved, 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. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnant than words. Yet you do well,
To shew lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, attended; the Servant of Ventures talking with him.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Venustius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need 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. Command me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being encir'cled, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the freeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, bear 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 man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no!—Lucilius! [Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy catty
Might frequently pay my horse. I am a man [tune,
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate does wax an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trancher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter 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 lend her at my dearest cost.
In qualities of that tribe. This man of thee
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid 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 counterpose,
And make him weigh with her.
Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me 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! [Ex. Luc. & Old Ath.
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. The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffic 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 further from me.
Pain. The gods preserve you!
Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand:
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
 Hath suffer'd under praise.
Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw 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 need the jewel by 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 will bear with your lordship.
Mer. He'll spare none. 
Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!
Aperm. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knives honest,
Tim. Why dost thou call them knives? thou know'st
Aperm. Are they not Athenians? [them not.
Tim. Yes, 
Aperm. Then I repent not.
Jew. You know me, Apemantus. 
Aperm. Thou knowest, I do; I call'd thee by thy
name.
Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.
Aperm. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like
Timon. 
Tim. Whither art going?
Aperm. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.
Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.
Aperm. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.
Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?
Aperm. The best, for the innocence.
ACT I. — SCENE II.

Aepm. The most accurs’d thou, that still omit’tst it.
2 Lord. Thou art going to lend Timon’s feast.
Aepm. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat
2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well. [fools.
Aepm. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.
2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?
Aepm. Should I have kept one to thyself, for I mean
to give thee none.
1 Lord. Hang thyself.
Aepm. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.
2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I’ll spann thee hence.
Aepm. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of an ass. [Exit.
1 Lord. He’s his opposite to humanity. Come, shall we
And taste lord Timon’s bounty? he outgoes [in,
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 finds 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. [Exit.

SCENE II.
The same. — A Room of State in Timon’s House.

Hautboy playing loud music. A great banquet served in; Flavius and others attending; then enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, and other Athenian Senators, with Ven- timius, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly.

Ves. Most honour’d Timon, ’t hath pleas’d the gods remember
My father’s age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help
I deriv’d liberty.
Tim. O, by no means, Honest Venitiad: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there’s none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our better play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them! Faults that are rich, are fair.
Ves. A noble spirit.
[They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.
Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis’d at first, to set a gloss
On fain’d deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recasting goodness, sorry ere ’tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [They sit.
1 Lord. My Lord, we always have confess’d it.
Aepm. Ho, ho, confess’d it? hang’d it, have you not?
Tim. O, Apemantus! — you are welcome.
Aepm. No.
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors. [there
Tim. Fye, thou art a churl; you have got a humour
Does not become a man, ’tis much to blame—
They say, my lords, that ira furore brevis est.
But yond’ man’s ever angry.
Go, let him have it by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Aepm. Let me stay at thine appur’l, Timon;
I come to observe; I give thee warning on’t.
Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athe- nian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no power; pr’ythee, let my meat make thee silent.
Aepm. I scorn thy meat; ’twould choke me, for I
should,
Ne’er flatter thee,—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me to see so many dip their meat
In one man’s blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There’s much example for ’t; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov’d.
If! 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.
Aepm. Flow this way! A brave fellow! — he keep his tides well.
Timon, These healths will make thee, and thy state look ill.
Here’s that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne’er left man? the more
This, and my food, are equals; there’s no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS’S 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! —
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[Eats and drinks.

Much good dished thy good heart, Apemantus! [now.
Tim. Captain Alecbiades, your heart’s in the field
Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.
Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies,
than a dinner of friends.
Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there’s no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.
Aepm. ’Would all those flatterers were thine ene- mies then; that then thou might’st kill ’em, and bid me eat.
1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would ooeze use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeal’s, 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 bad 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 never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne’er have use for them? and would most resemble sweet in- struments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to
themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: what and better or proper can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, even that by which we can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

_Apem._ Thou wepest to make them drink, Timon.

_Lord._ Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

_Apem._ Ho, he! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

_Lord._ I promise you, my lord, you own'd me much.

_Apem._ Much. [Tucket sounded.] 

Tim. What means that trumpet?—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 bounty taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To congratulate thy plentiful bosom: The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance.

Music, make their welcome.  

[Exit Cupid.  

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a masque of Ladies, as Amazons, with lute in their hands, dancing, and playing.

_Apem._ Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this They dance! they are mad women. [way! Like madness is the glory of this life, As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root. We make ourselves fools, to disport 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 spur to their graves of their friends' gift? I should bear, those, that dance before me now, Would one day stamp upon me: it has been done: Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adorning of Timon, and, to show their love, each single out an Amazon, and all dancer, men with women, a lofty seigneur or two to the hostlings, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair Set a fair fashion on our entertainment. [ladies, Which was not half so beautiful and kind; You have added worth unto's, and lively lustre, And entertain'd me with mine own device; I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

_Apem._ Faith, for the worst is silly; and would not hold taking, I doubt not.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet Attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves. 

_Ad Ad._ Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt Cupid, and Ladies

Tim. Flavius,—

_Flav._ My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

_Flav._ Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; [Aside. Else I should tell him.—Well,—I'll faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could. 'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind: That man might never 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 Newely alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

_Flav._ I beseech your honour, Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near; why then another time I'll hear thee:  

1 pr'ythee, let us be provided To shew them entertainment.

_Flav._ I scarce know how. [Aside.  

_Enter another Servant._

_Serv._ May it please your honour, the lord Lucius, Out of his free love, hath presented to you Four milk-white horses, trapped in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?  

3 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 receipt'd, Yet 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 shew him what a beggar his heart is, Deing 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 lands put to their books. Well, 'would I were gently put out of office, Before I were fore'd out! Happier is he that has no friend to feed, Than such as do even enemies exceed.

I fear inwardly for my lord. [Exit Tim. You do yourselves Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits: Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will re-

3 Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty! [Grave it. Tim. And now I remember me, my lord, you gave Good words the other day of a bay courser 1 rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it!

2 Lord. 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:
ACT II.—SCENE II.

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own; I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations So kind to heart, 'tis 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.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

Tim. We are so virtuously bound, Am I to you.

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.

SCENE II.—The same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. 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; nor resumes no care Of what is to continue; Never mind Was to be so unruly, to be so kind; What shall be done! He will not hear, till feel: I must be round with him, now he comes from hunt-Fye, fye, fye, fye! [Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.

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 coius 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, And able horses! No porter at his gate; But rather one that smiles, and still invites All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason Can find 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 Ti-Importune him for my monies; be not cas'd [mon; With slight denial; nor then silene'd, when—

Commend me to your master—and the cap Plays in the right hand thus:—but tell him, sirrah, My uses 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 toss'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, I do fear, When every feather sticks in his own wing, Lord Timon will be left a naked guil, Which flashes now a pheuex. Get you gone. Caph. I go, sir. Sen. I go, sir—take the bonds along with you, And have the dates in compt. Caph. Sen. I will, sir. Go. [Ex.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you,

[To Flavius.]

How goes the world, that I am thus encumber'd With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds, And the detention of long-since due debts, Against my honour? Please you, gentlemen, The time is unagreable to this business: Your importunity cease, till after dinner; That I may make his lordship understand Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. See them well entertained. [Exit Timon. Flavius.]

Enter Apemantus and a Fool.

Coph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Gist. Serv. A plague upon him, dog! Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apm. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apm. No; 'tis to thyself.—Come away.

[To the Fool.

Ibid. Serv. [To Var. Serv.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apm. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on Coph. Where's the fool now? [him yet.

Apm. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apm. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apm. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen? [mistress?]

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your Fool. She's 'e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Woud we could see you at Corinth.

Apm. Good! Gramercy.

[Enter Page.

Page. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apm. 'Would I had a red in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apm. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Page. There will little learning die then, thataday thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'll die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit Page.

Apm. Even so thou out-ran'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. Ay, 'twould they served us!

Apm. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hang-man served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his ser- vant: 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 merrily, 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 score 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 Apemantus. 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 Apemantus and Fool.

Fla. Try o you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this Had you not fully laid my state before me; [time, That I might so have rated my expense, As I had leave of means!

Fla. You would not hear me, At your own pleasures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to: Perciance, some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister, Tins to excuse yourself.

Fla. 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; Yet, '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 Promptured you, in the ebb of your estate, And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord, Though you hear now, (too late! ) yet now's a time, The greatest of your having lacks a half To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold

Fla. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone; And what remains will hardly stop the mouth Of present dues: the future comes apace: What shall defend the interim? and at length How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedaemon did my land extend.

Fla. 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.

Fla. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood Call me before the exactest auditors, And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me, When all our offices have been oppress'd With riotous feeders: when our vaults have wept With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with ministrancy; I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock, 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 engalitied! Who is not Timon's? What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon? [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 come'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further: No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart; Unwise, 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 arguments 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 found, 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, ho!—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Flam. My lord, my lord.

Tim. I will dispassage you severally. Go you, to Lord to lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his Honour to-day: You, to Sempronius; Command me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, That my occasions have found time to use them Toward a supply of money: let the request Be fifty talents.

Tim. As you have said my lord.

Flam. Lord Lucullus, and lord Lucullus! Humph! [Aside.]

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. I have been bold, (For that I knew it the most general way,) To them to use your signet, and your name; But they do shake their heads, and I am here No richer in return.

Tim. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice, That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot Do what they would: are sorry—you are honourable.

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but Some 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! I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; These old fellows Have their ingratitude in them hereditary: This blood is cack'd, it seldom flows; 'tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind; And nature, as it grows again toward earth, Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy. Go to Ventidius.—[To a Serv.]

Fla. Pr'ythee, [To Flavius.] be not sad, Thou art true, and honest; ingenuously I speak, No blame belongs to thee.—[To Serv.] Venetius 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 Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd With those five talents;—that had,—[To Flav.] give it to these fellows To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think, That Timo's fortune 'mong his friends can sink. Flav. I would, I could not think it; That thought is bounty's foe;

Flam. Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same. A Room in Lucullus's House.

Flaminius writing. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir. [Aside.] Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucull. [Aside.] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this bits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ever to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively 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.

Lucull. 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. Lucull. If it be so, nothing doubting, says he! alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here's the wine.

Lucull. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucull. I have observed thee always for a tow'rning 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 goes out.]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise: and thou knowest well enough, although thou compost to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three soli- daries for thee; good buy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

2QQ
Timon. Is't possible the world should so much differ; And we show that kind, that curst, that damned baseness, To him that worships thee.  

[Turning the money over.]

I know. Ha! now I see, then I am a fool, and it is for the master.  

[To Lucullus.]

I am. May these add to the number that may send Their other debtors to their damnum, These Thracian disease of a friended, and not himself.  

This man, this friend, has long and often been. It turns it less than two nights! O yet gods, I see my master's passion. This slave, To his honour, has my lord's meat in him; Why should it thrive, and turn to extremity, When he is made a poison O, may diseases only work upon you!  

And when he is sick to death, let not that part Of my lord paid for, be not your power, To expel sickness, but proving his hour.  

SCENE II. — The same. A public place.

Enter TIMON and Theseus.  

Theseus. Who, the lord Timon? he's my very good friend, and am honour'd greatly, generally, and all.  

Lucullus. We know him for no lesse, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing of my lord, and which I hear from common rumour, now lord Timon's men here are done and past, and his estate shews from him.  

Theseus. Yet no, we do not believe it, he cannot want for money.  

Lucullus. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents: no, no, he had extented, I think, what necessity belong'd to, and yet was denied.  

Theseus. How?  

Lucullus. I tell you, denied, my lord.  

Theseus. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't: Denied that honourable man! there was very little honours show'd in it. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindness 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 not have denied his occasion so many talents.  

Lucullus.  

Theseus. Seer, see, by good hap, you're my lord, I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord.  

[To Lucullus.]

Lucullus. Sir, you are kind, sir, fair that well: Command me to the honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.  

Theseus. Why it please your honour, my lord hath sent ——  

Lucullus. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord, he's ever seeing: How shall I thank him, thanks him? And what has he sent now?  

Theseus. He has only sent his present occasion now my lord, requesting your hospitality to supply his instant use with so many talents.  

Lucullus. I know, it is for my lord; but sorry with me: He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.  

Theseus. But in the mean time: he wants less, my lord.  

If his occasion were not virtuous,  

I should not urge it, had it so inoffensive.  

Lucullus. Must then speak seriously, servitus?  

Theseus. I'll put my soul in it, sir.  

Lucullus. What a wretched beast was I, to discourage my self against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable? how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a love of great deal of honour!—Sir, but I, how before the gods, I am not able to do; the more beast, I say: I was senting to use lord Timon myself, those good men's cause; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Command me humbly to his good lordship; and I, hope, his honour will concur the easiest of me, because I am a poor man by bond. — And tell him this from me, I count it in one of my greatest affections; say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good servitus, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?  

Servitus. Yes, sir, I shall.  

Theseus. Will you look out a good turn, servitus?  

Servitus. Time, as you said, Timon's shrill, indeed; and he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.  

[Exeunt Lucullus and Theseus.]

SCENE III. — The same. A Room in Timon's House.  

Enter SIMON and a Servant of Timon's.  

Servant. My lord; has he tried Lucullus?  

Simon. He must; he needs try 'em yet. Humph! He may have tried Lucullus, or Lucullus; And now Vertusitus is worthy too.  

Servant. My lord, whom he redeem'd from prowess: All these three owe their estates unto him.  

Simon. O my lord, They have all been touch'd, and found base metal: for They have all desert him.  

Servant. My lord, Have they deserv'd him? Has Vertusitus and Lucullus den'd him?  

Simon. Yes, and does he send to me? Three humble ——  

It shews but little love, or judgment in him.  

Servant. My lord, his last refuge! His friends, like physicians Thrive, give him over. Must I take the curse upon me?  

Simon. He has much exaggerate in't; I am angry at him. That may, has come his place I see no sense for; But his successes might have wounded me first.  

For, in my conscience I was the first man.
ACT III.—SCENE IV.

That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll require it last? No; So it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And I amongst the lords he thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I had 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 cue.

Enter Servilius.

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 too diligent.

Enter Flaminius.

Luc. Serv. Has not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Luc. Serv. By your leave, sir,

Flam. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flam. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then pretend you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their glutonous maws. You do yourselves but
To stir me up; let me pass quietly: [wrong,
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flam. If 'twill not serve,
'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know

Some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should much
Derive from it: for, take it on my soul,
My lord hence, would 'rously to discontent.
His comfortable temper has forsaketh him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not
And, if he be so far beyond his health,
[ Sick: Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods:

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir. [lord!
Flam. [Within.]

Servilius, help!—my lord! my

Enter Timon, in a rage; Flaminius following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my pas-
Have I been ever free, and must my house

[Page? Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.
Luc. Serv. Here's mine.
Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.
Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.
Phil. All our bills.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the
Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,— [girdle.
Tim. Cut my heart in sunder.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that—

What yours!—and yours?

1 Pat. Serv. My lord.
2 Var. Serv. My lord.—
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon
you!

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their
vapours 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 'en put my breath from me, the
Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—
Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.
Tim. So filly? Go, go! bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius: all: I'll
O'ers a meal more taste 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 not in thy care: go,
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same. The Senate House.

The Senate sitting. Enter Alcibiades, attended.

1 Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's
Blood; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcibi. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 Sen. Now, captain?

Alcibi. I am a humble suitour to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly,
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Thftt stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour In him, which buys out his fault.)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his fee:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valor; which, indeed,
Is valor misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outside; wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And never prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alcibi. My lord,—

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no value, but to bear.

Alcibi. My lords, then, under favour pardon me,
If I speak like a captor?
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threatening? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy! but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad! why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And th' ashes, no foester than the lion; the felon,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, 1 grant, is sin's extremest gout; but,
In defence, by mercy, 'tis must just.
To be in anger, is impotent;
Who but is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcibi. In vain? his service done
At Lacedemon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alcibi. Why, I say, my lords, he'd done fair service.
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 Sen. His has made too much plenty with 'em, he
Is a sworn rioter: he's a sin that often
Drown'd him, and takes his valour prisoner:
There were, no foesters, that were enough alone
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'Tis infid'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alcibi. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll paws my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns,
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Which, let the vates freely in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alcibi. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How?

Alcibi. Call me to your remembrances.

3 Sen. What?

Alcibi. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such concord grace.

My wounds ache at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our anger?
"Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

_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
theirs.

_Heb._ He shall be executed presently. [Execut 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 fees,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest: I myself,
Rich only in large hurts,—All those, for this!
Is this the bafism, that the usurping senate
Pours into captives' wounds? ha! banishment?
It comes not till; I hate not to be banished;
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.
This honour, with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—A magnificent Room in Timon's House.

_Music._ Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter
divers Lords, at several doors.

_1 Lord._ The good time of day to you, sir.

_2 Lord._ I also wish it to you. 'Tis 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
be made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

_3 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 infortunat
business, but he would not hear my excuse.
I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that
my provision was.

_1 Lord._ I am sick of that grief too, as I understand
how all things go.

_2 Lord._ Every man here's so. What would he have
borrowed of you?

_1 Lord._ A thousand pieces.

_2 Lord._ A thousand pieces?

_1 Lord._ What of you?

_3 Lord._ He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

_Enter Timon, and Attendants._

_Tim._ With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And
how fare you?

_1 Lord._ Ever at the best, bearing well of your lordship.

_2 Lord._ The swallow follows not summer more
willing, than we your lordship.

_Tim._ [Aside.] Nor more willingly leaves winter;
such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner
will not recoupese this long stay: feast your ears
with the music a while; if they will fare so harshly
on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

_1 Lord._ I hope it remains not unkindly with your
lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

_Tim._ O, sir, let it not trouble you.

_2 Lord._ My noble lord,—

_Tim._ Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[The banquet brought in.

_2 Lord._ My most honourable lord, I am even sick
of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent
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.

_2 Lord._ All covered dishes! 1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

_3 Lord._ Doubt not that, if money, and the season,
can yield it.

_1 Lord._ How do you? What's the news?

_3 Lord._ Alcibiades is banished: Hear you it?

_1 & 2 Lord._ Alcibiades 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 's the old man still.

_3 Lord._ Will 't hold, will 't hold?

_2 Lord._ Who doth in such time will—and so—

_3 Lord._ I do conceive.

_Tim._ Each man to his stool, with that spurs as he
would to the lip of his mistress: your diet 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 desires be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be belored, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is unis in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are 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._ You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last—

_Water._ Who stuck and spangled you with matters,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces.

[Throwing water in their faces.

_Your._ Reeking villany. Live boath'd, and long.
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears.

_You._ You fools in motion; treacher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slavours, vapours, and minute-jacks;
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust 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.—

_You._ But in infinite motion! Henceforth be no feast.
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

_Burn._ house: sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity. [Exit.

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

_1 Lord._ How now, my lords?

_2 Lord._ Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?
3 Lord. Fish. did you see my cap?
4 Lord. I have lost my gown.
3 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and sought but hu-

mour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, 
and now he has beat it out of my hat. - Did you see 
my jewel?
4 Lord. Did you see my cap?
2 Lord. Here 'tis.
4 Lord. Hero lies my gown.
1 Lord. Let's make no stay.
2 Lord. Lord Timon's mad.
3 Lord. I feel it upon my bones.
4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day 
stones. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.
Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall, 
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth, 
And hence not Athens! Matrons turn incourtant; 
Observance fall in children! slaves, and fools.
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench, 
And minister in their steads! to general fihls
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parent's 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 o' the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the fin'd crutch from the old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piteous and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, right-est, and neighborhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet 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;
The world against the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! tches, 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!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all),
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. [Exit.


Enter Flavus, with Two or Three Servants.
1 Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's our 
master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
1 Serv. Such a house broke!

So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him?
2 Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiar to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shun'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—Mere of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.
Flav. All broken implements of a rich' house.
3 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leal'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knoll unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each to fortune;
|Giving them money. Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Exeunt Servants.

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
With plenty to be left half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accur'd,
Rich, only to be wretched—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief affections. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll show me, and forgive him out; I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Woods.

Enter Timon.
Tim. O blessed bleeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twins'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Spare is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord:
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the browser's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, This man's a flatterer? if one be,
So are they all; for every grize of it
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden foot; All is oblique; There's nothing level in our cursed natures, I must call villany. Therefore, be abhor'd All feasts, societies, and throngs of men! His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdain'd; Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate With thy most operant poison: What is here? Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold! No gods, I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens! Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair; Wrong; right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why Will lug your priests and servants from your sides; Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:

This yellow slave Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd; Make the bear leprosy ador'd; place thieves, And give them title, knee, and approbation, With senators on the bench: this is it; That makes the wapp'd widow wed again: Save them from the spinal-house, and ulcerous sores Would cast the gorge at, this embalm's and spices To the April day again. Come, damned earth. Then common whereof mankind, that put'st odds Among the rout of nations, I will make thee Do thy right nature.—[March afar off.]—Ha! a drum!—Thou'rt quick.

But yet I'll lurry thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief, When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:— Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [Keeping some gold.

Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fifes, in warlike manner: Phrynia and Timandra.


Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy For shewing me again, the eyes of man! [heart, Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee, That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am misanthropos, and hate mankind. For why, I do wish thou wert a dog, That I might love thee sometimes.

I know thee well; But in thy fortunes am unluck'd and strange. Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know not desire to know. Follow thy drum; [thee, 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 churubin 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'rt a man!

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. I sigh, as thou now, held with a brace of harlots. Timon. This is the Athenian minnow, whom the world Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timon. Yes, Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust. Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-check'd youth To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Hang thee, monster! Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.— I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, The want whereof doth daily make revolt In my penurious hand; I have heard, and grief'd, How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth, 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. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost I had rather be alone. [Trouble? Alcib. Why, fare thee well:

Here's some gold for thee. Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,— Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens? Alcib. For Timon, and all thy cause. Tim. The gods confound the most of all thy conquests: Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd! 

Alcib. Why me, Timon? Tim. That, By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer My country.

Put up thy gold: Go on,—here's gold,—go on; Be as a planetary plague, when Love Will o'er some high-vict'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's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron; It is her habit only that is honest, Herself a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek Make soft, nor the merchant sword, for those milk-paps, That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes, Are not within the leaf of witty pay, Set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe, Whose hid smil'ded smiles from fools exhaust their mercy; Think it a bastard, whom the oracle Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut, And moisture it runs remorse: Swear against objects; Put armour on thine eyes, and on thine eyes; Whose proofs, nor yells of mothers, maid's, nor babes, Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding, Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers; Make large confusion: and, thy fury spent, Confound be thyself! Speak not, be gone. Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou Not all thy counsel. [givst me, Tim. Dowst thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee! Plur. & Timon. Give us some gold, good Timon; Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade, And to make thieves a law. Hold up, ye sluts, Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable.— Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear, Into strong shudders, and to heavenly aghes, The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths, I'll trust to your conditions: Be whores still; And be who's pious breath seeks to covert you,
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Be strong in where, allure him, burn him up; Let your close fire predominate his smoke, And be not outcoats: Yet may your pains, six months, Be quite contrary: And that the sharp rich thorns With burdens of the dead;—some that were hung'd, No matter:—wear them, betray with them: where Paint till a horse may mire upon your face: [still; A pox of wrinkles! 

Phr. & Timan. Well, more gold;—What then?— Believe 't, that we'll do any thing for gold. 

Tim. Consumptions sow In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shafts, And make men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice. That be may never more false title plead, Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hear the flam: That sends against the quality of heat, And not believes himself: down with the nose, Down with it flat: take the bridge quite away Of him, that his particular to foresee, [fans bald; Smells from the general weal: make curl'd pate ruf, And let the unscarr'd brigants of the war Derive some pain from you: Plague all; That your activity may defeat and quell The source of all temporal live in all the sprite:— Do you damn others, and let this damn you, And ditches grave you all! [bounteous Timon. 

Phr. & Timan. More counsel with more money, Tim. More where, more mischief first: I have given you earnest. [well, Timon; 

Alec. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell. If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again. Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more. Alec. I never did thee harm. 

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me. Alec. Call'st thou that harm? Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away, And take thy barges with thee. Alec. We but offend him. 

Strike. 

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness, Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou, 

[Digging. Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breath, Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle. Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is pull'd; Engines the black toad, and elder blue, The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm, With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven Whereon 1)yperion's quickening fire doth shine; Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate, From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root! Ensare thy fertile and concepions womb; Let it no more bring out ungrateful man; Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears; Teen with new monsters, whom thy upward face Hath to the marbled mansion all above Never presented?—O, a root;—Dear thanks! Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas; Whereof ingratitude man, with licensor droughts, And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind, That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague! plague! plague! 

Apem. I was directed hitter: 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! Apem. This is in thee a most heinous affect 

A most cunningly melancholy, sprung From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place? 

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care? Thy flatt'ners yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft; Hug their disca'd perfumes, and have forgot That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods, By putting on the cunning of a carper. Be thou a flatt'ner now, and seek to thrive By that which has undone thee; hie thy knave, And let his very breath, whom thou dost observe, Blow off thy cap: praise his most vicious strain, And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus: Thou gav'st thin ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome, To knives, and all approaches: 'Tis most just, That thou turn rascel; hadst thou wealth again. Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness. 

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself. Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thy A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st self; That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain, Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss't trees, That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels, And skip when thou point'st out? Will the chold brook, Caedid with ice, caedid thy morning taste, The fury o'er-night surfet! call the creatures,— Wherein naked nature live in all the sprite, Of weakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks, To the conflicting elements exposed, Answer mere nature.—bid them flatt're thee; O! thou shalt find— 

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart. 

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did. Tim. I hate thee worse. 

Apem. Why? 

Tim. Thou flatt'rer'st misery. Apem. I flatt'rer not; but say, thou art a cutiff. Tim. Why dost thou seek me out? 

Apem. To vex thee. 

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's. Dost please thyself in 't? 

Apem. Ay. 

Tim. What! a knave too? 

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst curier be again, Wert thou not heagger. Wiling misry 

Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before: The one is filling still, never complete; That other, at high wish, best: for wantless, Hath a distracted and most wretched being, Worse than the worst, content. 

Thou should'st 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 clasped; but bred a dog. Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded The sweet degrees that this brief world affords To such as may the passive drugs of it Freely cennand, thou wouldst have plund'g thyself In general riot; melted down thy youth In different beds of lust; and never learn'd The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd The sugar'd game before thee. But myself, Who had the world as my confectionary; The mouths of songs, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men At duty, more than I could frame employment; That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves Anon dry up, as very brief, whose th'colour, 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; Thyself did complete in sufferance, time men! Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate They never flatt'rer'd thee: What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To saucy she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hast not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

_Apem._ Art thou proud yet?
_Tim._ Ay, that I am not thee.

_Apem._ 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 Athenians were to this!
Thus would I eat it.

_Offering it something._

_Apem._ First mend my company, take away thyself.

_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.

_Apem._ What would'st thou have to Athens?

_Tim._ Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

_Apem._ Here is no use for gold.

_Tim._ The best, and truest:
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

_Apem._ Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

_Tim._ Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

_Apem._ Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
where I eat it.

_Tim._ 'Wold poison were obedient, and knew my
mind!'

_Apem._ Where would'st thou send it?

_Tim._ To sauce thy dishes.

_Apem._ The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast
in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too
much curiosity; in thy rags thou knewest none, but
art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for
thee, eat it.

_Tim._ Do what I hate, I feed not.

_Apem._ Dost hate a medlar?

_Tim._ Ay, though it look like thee.

_Apem._ An thou hadst hated medlars sooner, thou
should'st have loved thyself better now. What man
didst thou ever know untruth, that was belied after
his means?

_Tim._ Who, without those means thou talkest of,
didst thou ever know beloved?

_Apem._ Myself.

_Tim._ I understand thee; thou hadst some means
to keep a dog.

_Apem._ What things in the world canst thou nearest
come to thy flatterers?

_Tim._ Women nearest; but men, men are the thongs
of thee. What would'st thou do with the
world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

_Apem._ Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

_Tim._ Would'st thou have thyself fall in the con-
fusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

_Apem._ Ay, Timon.

_Tim._ A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee
to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would
beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would
eat thee: if thou wert the wolf, the lion would
suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by
the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would tor-
mend thou; and still thou livest but as a breakfast
to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness
would affect thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy
life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and
wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self
the quest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou
would'st be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse,
thou would'st be seized by the leopard; wert thou a
leopard, thou wert german to the lich, and the spots
of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety
were remotion; and thy defence, absence. What
beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a
beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest
not thy loss in transformation?

_Apem._ If thou could'st please me with speaking to
me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The com-
monwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

_Tim._ How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art
out of the city?

_Apem._ Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The
plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to
catch it, and give way: When I know not what else
to do, I'll see thee again.

_Tim._ When there is nothing living but thee, thou
shalt see me. Am I a beggar's dog, than Apemantus?

_Apem._ Thou art the cop of all the fools alive.

_Tim._ Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

_Apem._ A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

_Tim._ All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

_Apem._ There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

_Tim._ Well, I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.
_Apem._ I would, my tongue could rot them off!

_Tim._ Away thou issue of a mangy dog!

_Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

_Apem._ Would thou would'st burst!

_Tim._ Away.

_Tim._ Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee.

_Apem._ Beast!

_Tim._ Slave!

_Apem._ Toad!

_Tim._ Rogue, rogue, rogue!

_Apemantus retreats backward, as going.

I am sick of this false world; and it is too
louse mought But even the mere necessities upon it.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foams of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[Looking on the gold.

_Tim._ Twixt natural son and sire! thine bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young; fresh, lov'd, and delicate woorer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kind! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Thouk, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding oaths, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

_Apem._ Would 'twere so;—
But not till I am dead!—I'll say thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

_Tim._ Throng'd to?

_Apem._ Ay.

_Tim._ Thy back, I pr'ythee.

_Apem._ Live, and love thy misery;

_Tim._ Long live so, and so die!—I am quits.

[Exit Apemantus.
More things like men!—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 Thie. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender o'er of his remainder:

The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy thought.

2 Thie. 'Tis noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 Thie. 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 Thie. True: for he hears not about him, 'tis hid.

1 Thie. Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2 Thie. 'Tis his description.

3 Thie. He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons. [Want.]

We are not thieves, but men that much do Tim. Your greatest want, you want not wealth, the earth hath roots: Why should you want what the earth hath? Within this mile break forth a hundred springs: The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips; The bounteous homewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

1 Thie. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, as beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and you must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,

That you are thieves professed; that you work out, In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft To limited professions. Rascal thieves, Here's gold: go suck the subtle blood of the grape, Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth, And so 'scape hanging; trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;

Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,

Like workmen. I'll example you with thievry:

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction Robs the vast sea: the moon 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 copustule 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; Cut throats;

All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,

Break open shops: nothing can you steal,

But thieves do lose it: Steal not for this,

I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!

Amen.

TIMON retires to his cave.

Enter Thieves.

Flavius. O you gods!

Is von despis'd and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and falling? O monument

Of good and wonders 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 guile,

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 eyes: 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 forgotten me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;

Then, if thou grant'st thou art man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Then I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man

About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,

To serve in meet to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief;

For his undone lord, than mine eye sees you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer—

then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disdain'st

Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,

But thorough lust, and laughter. Petty's sleeping:

Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with

weeping!

Flav. I beg you to know me, good my lord,

To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now

So comfortable! It almost turns

My dangerous nature wild. Let me behold

Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—

Forgive my general, and exceptless rashness,

Perpetual-stabler gods! I do proclaim

One honest man, who mistake me not,—but one;

No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—

How far would I have hated all mankind,

And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,

I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;

For, by oppression and betraying me,

They hast 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,

It not a wearing kindness; and 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 where an estate is least.

That which I shew, heaven knows, is merely love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatch'd mind.

Care of your food and living: and, believe it,

My most honour'd lord,

The only benefit that wants to me,

Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange

For this one wish, That you had power and wealth

To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man,

Here, take:—the gods out of my mind;

Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:

But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from me;

Hate all, curse all: shew charity to none;

But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,

Ere thou reliefe the beggar: give to dogs
TIMON OF AThENS.

FLAVIUS. And whilst this poor wealth lasts.

Act IV. Sc. 3.
ACT V.—SCENE I.

What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them, 
Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods, 
And may diseases lick up their false bloods! 
And, as a vulture, fare, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, 
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou bat'st 
Curses, stay not; dy, whilst thou'rst bless'd and free: 
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee. [Exit severally.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same. Before Timon’s Cate.

Enter Poet and Painter; Timon, behind, unseen.

Poet. What is't to be thought of him? Does the rumour 
Hold true for him, that he is so full of gold?

Tim. Certain: Acheiobides reports it! Phrynia and 
Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor 
Straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he 
gave the poor a sum, so as to reward a mighty sun.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try 
for his friends.

Tim. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in 
Athens again, and flourish with the highest.
Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our love to him, 
in this supposed distress of his: it will shew honestly 
in us; and is very likely to lead our purposes with 
what they travel for, if it be a just and true report 
that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Tim. Nothing at this time but my visitation: 
only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an in- 
tent that's coming toward him.

Tim. Good as the best. Promising is the very air 
of the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: per- 
fomance is ever the durer for his act; and, but in 
the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying 
is quite out of use. To promise is most courteously 
and fashionably: performance is a kind of will, or testa- 
ment, which argues a great sickness in his judgment 
that makes it true.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a 
man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have pro- 
vided for him: it must be a personating of himself: 
a satire against the softness of prosperity: with a 
discovery of the infinite variabilities, that follow youth 
and osplendour.

Tim. Must thouneeds 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.

Tim. True.

Poet. When the day serves, before black-corner'd night, 
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light. 
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold, 
That is the worship'd in a baser temple, 
Than where swine feed!

Tiss thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam; 
Settled admired reverence in a slave: 
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye 
Be crown'd with plagues, and thee alone obey! 
'Fit I do meet them. [Advancing.

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir, 
Having of your open bounty tasted, 
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends 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'm rapt, and cannot cover 
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude 
With any size of words. 
Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 'tis the better: 
You, that are honest, by being what you are, 
Make them best seen, and known.

Tim. He, and myself, 
Have travel'd in the great shower of your gifts, 
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Poet. We are hither come to offer you our service. 
Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite 
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no. [you 
Both. What we can do, we'll do, to you service. 
Tim. You, my true honest men: You have heard that I 
have gold; 
I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest men. 
Tim. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore 
Came not my friend, nor I. 
Tim. Good honest men: Thoudraw'st a counterfeit 
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best; 
Counterfeit'st so most lively.

Tim. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction, 
[to the Poet.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth, 
That thou art even natural in thine art. 
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends, 
I must needs say, you have a little fault: 
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I, 
You take such 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 ne'er a one of you but trusts a knife, 
That mightily deceives you.

Both. 
Do we, my lord? 
Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him assemble, 
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him, 
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd, 
That he's a made-up villain.

Both. 
I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor 1.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold, 
Kill me these villains from your companies: 
Hang them, or stab them, drawn 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 in com- 
Each man apart, all single and alone, 
ye— 
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company: 
If where thou art, two villains shall not be.

Both. 
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 and driving them out.]

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Flavius and Two Senators.

Flavius. Timon, he 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 do not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fair hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flavius. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon.

Timon. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be
hang'd; for each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a caustic to the root of the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy Timon.—

Timon. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.
Timon. I thank them; and would send them back the
Cord, but catch it for them.

Flavius. 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 recom pense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the drain;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs.
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Timon. 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 bewitch these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours,) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a bear too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

Timon. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; Thus,—

1 If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then, let him know, and tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that,—I care not,
And let him tak't at worst: for their knives care not,
While you have threats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whistle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flavius. Stay not, all's in vain.

Timon. 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.
Timon. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

2 Sen. That's well spoke.

Timon. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
Through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great trium phers
In their applauding gates.

Timon. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again
Timon. 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.

Flavius. Trouble him no further, thus you shall still find him.

Timon. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let your 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 discontent is unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And shew 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 thy report.
ACT V.—SCENE V.

Mess.  I have spoke the least;  
Besides, his expedition promises  
Present approach.  

[Timon:  
2 Sen.  We stand much hazard, if they bring not  
Mess. I met a courier, or mine ancient friend;  
Whom, though disappointed in the part we were opp'd;  
Yet our old love made a particular force,  
And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding  
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,  
With letters of entreaty, which imported  
His fellowship & the cause against your city,  
In part for his sake mov'd.  

Enter Senators from Timon.  

3 Sen.  Here come our brothers.  
3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect;  
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scaring  
DOTH choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;  
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the soare.  [Exit.  

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 outstretch'd 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 aged interpreter, though young in days:  
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,  
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.  
[Exit.  

SCENE V.—Before the walls of Athens.  
Trumpets sound.  Enter Alcibiades and Forces.  
Alec. Sound to this coward and lascivious 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 traver'd arms, and breath'd  
Our sufferance 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 purdy insolence shall break his wind,  
With fear, and horrid flight.  

1 Sen.  Noble and young,  
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,  
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,  
We sent to thee; to give thy rage 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;  
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve  
The common stroke of war.  

1 Sen.  These walls of ours  
Were not erected by their hands, from whom  
You have deriv'd your griefs; nor are they such  
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should  
For private faults in them.  

2 Sen.  Nor are they living,  
Who were the motives that you first went out;  
Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess  
Hath broke their hearts.  March, noble lord,  
Into our city with thy banners spread:  
By destruction, and a tifted 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.  

1 Sen.  All have not offended;  
For those that were, it is not square, to take.  
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,  
Are not inherited. Thou, 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 the infected forth,  
But kill not all together.  

2 Sen.  What thou wills,  
Thou rather shall enforce it with thy smile,  
Than hew to't with thy sword.  

1 Sen.  Set but thy foot  
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;  
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
To see thou'lt enter friendly.  

2 Sen.  Throw thy glove;  
Or any token of thine honour else,  
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,  
And not as our confusión, all thy powers  
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we  
Have seal'd thy full desire.  

Alec.  They 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 atone your tears  
With my more noble meaning, not a man  
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream  
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,  
And shall be remedied, to your public laws,  
At heaviest answer.  

Both.  'Tis most nobly spoken.  
Alec. Descend, and keep your words.  

The Senators descend, and open the gates.  

Enter a Soldier.  

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;  
Entombed upon the very hem of the sea;  
And, on his grave-stone, this inscription; which  
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression  
Interprets for my poor ignorance.  

Alec. [Reads.] Here lies a wretched corse, of  
Wretched soul bereft:  
[Exit.  
Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked wretches!  
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:  
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass and stay not here  
These well express in thee thy latter spirits: Thy guilt.  
Though thou abhorrest us in our human grieves,  
Scorn'st our brain's flowing, and those our droplets which  
From nigard 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 stout war;  
Make Prescriber to other, as each other's leech.  
Teach Let our drums strike.  
[Exit.]  

This play of Timon is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is no such art as the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact, the catastrophe offers a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys history, but not friendship.—JOHNSON.
CORIOLANUS

This inimitable play was neither entered at Stationers' Hall, nor printed, till 1623. It was probably written in 1608, or 1609, and had been performed of long before the date of the dedication with the accession to the Roman Sacred of the year of Rome 1607, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. D. 266.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.
TITUS LARTIUS, against the Volscians.
COMINUS,
MENENIUS AGrippa, friend to Coriolanus.
SCENUS VELLATUS, tribunes of the people.
JUNIUS BRUTUS, Young Marcus, son to Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.
TULLIUS AEFIDIIUS, general of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Consoutrs with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Anitium.
Two Volscian Guards.
VOLUMIA, mother to Coriolanus.
VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.
VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.
Gentlemenman, attending Virgilia.
Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ediles, Lictrors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—partly in Rome; and partly in the territories of the Volscians and Antlives.

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 further, hear me speak.
Cit. Speak, speak. [Several speaking at once.] 1 Cit. You are all resolved rather to die, than to
Cit. Resolved, resolved.
1 Cit. First you know, Caius Marcus is chief ene-
Cit. We know't, we know't.
1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our
Cit. No more talking on't: let it be done: away, 
2 Cit. One word, good citizens.
2 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patri-
cians good: What authority surfeits on, would relieve
2 Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius
Cit. Against him first: he's a very dog to the com-

2 Cit. Consider you what services he has done for
Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him a good report for't, but 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 conscien't 'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.
2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you ac-
count a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.
1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accu-
sations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repe-
tition. [Shouts within.] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.
1 Cit. Come, come.
1 Cit. Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGrippa.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.
1 Cit. He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!
Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs! The matter? Speak, I pray you.
1 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend
to do, which now we'sh'll 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.
Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest
Will you undo yourselves? [neighbours]
1 Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.
2 Cit. Tell your suitors, ill tell you, friends, must charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your imposition: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where attends you; and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.
1 Cit. Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famine, and their store-
houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury,
to support usurers: replen daily any wholesome set
established against the rich; and provide more pierc-
ing 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
ACT I.—SCENE 1.

Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus’d of folly. I shall tell you
And do you tell the tale, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more.

1 Ct. Well, I’ll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to foal off our disgrace with a tale: but, an’t please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body’s members
Rebel’d against the belly; thus accus’d it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
’I the midst of the body, idle and inactive.
Still eurbounding the visard, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feed,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 Ct. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne’er came from the hags, but even thus,
(For look, you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tamtingly replied
The discontented members and various parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 Ct. Your belly’s answer: What?

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
The deep-throated, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. — What then?

Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then! what then?

1 Ct. Should by the coromant belly be restrain’d,
Who is the sink of the body, —

Men. — Well, what then?

1 Ct. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. — I will tell you;

If you’ll bestow a small (of what you have little.)
Patience, a while, you’ll hear the belly’s answers.

1 Ct. You are long about it.

Men. — I shall make me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his ascensrs, and thus answer’d;

True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and it is so;
Because I am the storehouse, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the heart, the seat of the brain:
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live; And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this is the belly), mark me,—

Men. — Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do both receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the brain. What say you to’t?

1 Ct. It was my answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal of the common; you shall find,
No public benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,

And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?—

1 Ct. If the great toe is your question, why,

Men. For that I bring one of the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go’st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead’s first, to win some vantage.—

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcus!

Enter Marcus Aurelius.

Mar. Thanks.—What’s the matter, you dissen-
tious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves seals?

1 Ct. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curst,
That like nor peace, nor war! the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lying, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Then is the end of fire upon the ground.
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence sublimes him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are [mess,
A sick man’s appetite, who desires most
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fasts of lead,
And hows down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust
With every minute you do change a mind: [ye!
And call him noble, that was now your hate.
Him vile, that was your garland. What’s the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senator, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What’s their seeking?
Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor’d.

Mar. Hang ’em! Say they? They’ll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What’s done! the Capitol: who’s like to rise,
Who their borders, and who declines: side factions, and
Give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking.
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, they’re grain
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth. [enough!
And let me use my sword, I’d make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter’d slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded:
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you.
What says the other troop? Mar. They are dissolved: Hang ’em!
They said, they were an-hungry: sight’d forth pro-
verbs:
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that the gods
Sent not
Corn for the rich men only:—With these shrills
They vented their complaints, which being answer’d,
And a petition granted them, a strange one:
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale, They threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns of the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?
In whom already he is so 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 fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then ery out of Marcus, O, if he
Hath borne the business!

Sen. Besides, if things go well
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcus, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcus,
Though Marcus earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcus shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sir. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru. Let's along. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Corioli.—The Senate-House.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, and certain Senators.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our councils,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to boilily not ere Rome
Had circumspection? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [Reads.
They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: The death is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcus your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most exultant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation.
Whether '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.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veild, till when
They need must shew themselves; which in the
hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius.
Take your commission: lie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only bitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcus chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

[Exit.

Farewell. [Exit.
SCENE III.

Rome.—An Apartment in Marcus' House.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freer rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embraces of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entertainments, a mother should not sell him 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 seeng 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 Marcus,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you. Vir. 'Tis seech you, give me leave to retire myself. Vol. Indeed, you shall not. Metheinks, I hear hither your husband's drum; See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair; As children from a bear, the Voiles shunning him: Metheinks, 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 weapons, forth he goes; Like to a harvest-man, that task's 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 gild his triumph: The breasts of Hecuba, When she did stoke Hector, look'd not lover Than Hector's forehead, when it spirt forth blood At Grecian swords' contending.—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.

Vol. My ladies both, good day to you. Vir. Sweet madam,—Vol. I am glad to see your ladyship. 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 the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Vol. 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; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas set, yet he did so set his teeth, and tear it: O, I warrant, how he manmackled it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Vir. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child. Vir. A crack, madam.

Vol. Come lay aside your stitches: I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon. Vir. Madam, I will not out of doors. Vol. Not out of doors! Vir. She shall, she shall. Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord returns from the wars. Vol. Fye, 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. Vol. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill lathca full of moths. Come; I would, your chambermaid let you your finger, that you might leave picking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Vol. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet. Vol. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Vir. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Larti,us, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing but prevailing, and to make it brief war. 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.

Vir. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then,—Fare you well, lady.—Prythee, Valeria, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not.

I wish you much mirth.

Vol. Well, then farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Before Corioli.

Enter, with drums and colours, Marcus, Titus Lartius, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have Lart. My horse to yours, no. [met. Mar. Lart. Agreed. Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy? Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet. Lart. So, the good horse is mine. Mar. I'll buy him of you. Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lead you from him, I will.

For half a hundred years,—Summon the town. Mar. How far off be these armies? Mess. Within this mile and a half. Mar. Then shall we hear their laram and they ours. Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work; That we with smoking swords may march from hence, To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast. 2 R 3
They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some 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

[Abramus afar off.]

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall bound us up: Our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, afar off;

[Other alarms.]

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it! The Voices enter, and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. — Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. — Come on, my
He that retires, I'll take him for a Voice, [fellows; And he shall feel mine edge.

Abramus, and excent Romans and Voices, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter Marcus.

Mar. All the prettage of the south light on you.
You shames of Rome! — you herd of — Boils and
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorred [plagues
Furtier than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; books 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 yon: look to't: Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Voices and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Voices retire into Corioli, and Marcus follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope: — Now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortunate 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. [Abramus continues.]

All. To the pot, I warrant him. Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcus?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow! Who, sensible, outdres his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Mar-
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art, [cias:
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in stakes; 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.

Re-enter Marcus, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 Sol. Look, sir. Lart. 'Tis Marcus: 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 marrain on't! I took this for silver.

[Abramus continues still afar off.]

Enter Marcus and Titus Lartius, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours,
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doz., doubtlets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: Down with them,—
And hark, what noise the general makes! — To him:—
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Fiercing 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 warned 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 opponents' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Thy friend no less Than those she placeth highest!—So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcus! — [Ex. Marcus. Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place; Call shitter 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, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sir,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interums, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends: — The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own; [ing,
That both our powers, with smiling frown's encounter-

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice! — Thy news? Miss. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcus battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speakest true, Methinks, thou speakest not well. How long ist
Miss. Above an hour, my lord. [since? 

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
ACT I.—SCENE IX.

And bring thy news so late?

[Enter Marcius.]

Who's thonder?

That doth appear as he were flay'd? O gods!

He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have

Before-time seen him thus.

Marcius.

Come I too late?

The shepherd knows not thunder from a taber.

More than I know the sound of Marcius tongue

From every maner man.

[Enter Marcius, Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,

But mantled in your own.

O! let me clip you

In arms as sound, as when I wou'd: in heart

As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,

And tapers burn'd to bedward.

[Flower of warriors,

How 'st with Titus Lartius?

As with a man busied about decrees;

Condemning some to death, and some to exile;

Ransoming him; or pitying, threat'ning the other;

Holding Corioili in the name of Rome.

Even like a fawny greyhound in the leah,

To let him slip at will.

[Where is that slave,

Which told me they had beat you to your treecles?

Where is he? Call him hither.

Let him alone.

He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,

The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)

The mouse ne'er shun'd the cat, as they did budge

From rascals worse than they.

But how prevail'd you?

Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?

If not, why cease you till you are so?

Marcius.

We have at disadvantage fought, and did

Retire, to win our purpose.

How lies their battle? Know you on which

They plac'd their men of trust?

[As I guess, Marcius,

Their hands in the vaward are the Antiates,

Of their best trust; o'er them Aundius,

Their very heart of hope.

Marcius.

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 Aundius, and his Antiates:

And that you not delay the present: but,

Filling the air with swords advance'd, and darts,

We prove this very hour.

Though I could wish

You were conducted to a gentle bath,

And bains applied to you, yet dare I never

Deny your asking; take your choice of those

That best can aid your action.

[Wave thus, [shaking his hand] to express his dispa-
And follow Marcius.

[They all shout, and wave their swords; take him

up in their arms, and cast up their cups.

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me!

If these shows be not outward, which of you

And four shall quickly draw out my command,

Which men are best inci'd.

March on, my fellows:

Make good this ostentation, and you shall

Divide in all with us.]

[Exit.]

SCENE VII.—The Gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli,

Going with a drum and a trumpet toward Cominius

And Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, a

party of Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lurt. So, let the ports be guarded; keep your

duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch

These centuries to our aid; the rest will serve

For a short holding; If we lose the field,

We cannot keep the town.

Lurt. Fear not our care, sir.

Lurt. Hence, and shut your gates upon us—

Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.

[Exit.]

SCENE VIII.—A Field of Battle between the Roman

and the Volscian Camps.

[Alarum. Enter Marcius and Aundius.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate

Worse than a promise-breaker. [thee

We hate alike;

Not Afric owes a serpent, I abhor

More than thy shame and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first bloody die the other's slave,

And the gods doom him after!

[If I fly, Marcius,

Hallow me like a bare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullius,

Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,

And made what work I pleas'd; 'Tis not my blood,

Whereeto thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge,

Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Wert thou the Hector,

That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,

Should'rt not seape me here.—

[They fight, and certain Volscians come to the aid of Aundius.

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me

In your condemned seconds.

[Exit fighting, driven in by Marcius.

SCENE IX.—The Roman Camp.

[Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at

one side, Cominius, and Romans; at the other side,

Marcii, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,

Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;

Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,

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 can'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: Has not your beloved—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother, Who has a charter to extol her blood, When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done, As you have done: that's what I can; induc'd As you have been: that's for my country. He, that has but effect'd his good will Hath overtak'en mine act.

Cor. You shall not be The grave of your deserving: Rome must know The value of her own: 'twere a concealment Worse than a theft, no less than a 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 we 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.

Cor. Should they not, Well might they fester "gainst ingratitude, And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses, (Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,)jof all The treasure, in this field achieve'd, and city, We render you the tenth: to be ta'en forth, Before the common distribution, at Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general; But cannot make my heart consent to take A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it; And stand upon my common part with those That have beheld the doing.

[Long flourish. They all cry, Marcius! Marcius! cast up their caps and laurels: COMINUS and LARTIUS stand bare. May these same instruments, which you profane, Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall P' the field prove flatt'aters, let courts and cities be Made all of false-fae'd soothing: When steel grows Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made An overture for the war! No more, I say; For that I have not wash'd my nose thatbled, Or folid some debile wretch,—without note, Here's many else have done,—you shou't me forth To acclaim'ship hyperbolical; As if I loved my little should be dieted In praises sauc'd with lies.

Cor. Too modest are you; More cruel to your good report, than grateful To us that give you truly: by your patience, If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you (Like one that means his proper harm,) in manacles, Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be't known, As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius Wears this war's garland: in token of the which My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him, With all his trim belonging; and, from this time, For what he did before Coriolli, call him, With all the applause and clamour of the host, CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.

Bear the addition nobly ever! [Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums. All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus! Cor. I will go wash; And when my face is fair, you shall perceive Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:— I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times, To undercres't your good addition. To the fairness of my power.

Cor. Where, ere we do repose us, we will write To Rome of our success,—You, Titus Lartius, Must to Coriolli back: send us to Rome The best, with whom we may articulate, For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours—What is't?

Com. I sometimes lay, here in Corinoli, At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly: He cried to me; I saw him prisoner; But then Aulidius was within my view, And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request You to give my poor host freedom.

Cor. O, well begg'd! Wherefore the butcher of my son, he should Bear arms, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Com. By Jupiter, forgot:— I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.— Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent.

The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time It should be look'd too; come. [Exeunt.

SCENE X.—The Camp of the Voices.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AULIUS, bloody, with Two or Three Soldiers.

Aul. The town is taken!

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Aul. Condition?— I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot, Being a Voice, be that I am.—Condition! What good condition can a treaty find I the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius, I have fought with them; so often hast thou beat me; And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter As often as we eat.—By the elements, If ever again I meet him heard to beard, He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation Hath not that honour in't, it had: for where I thought to crush him in an equal force, (True sword to sword,) I'll potch him at some way: Or wrath, or craft, may get him. I sol. He's the devil.

Aul. Bolder, though not so subtile: My valour's point With only suffering stain by him; for him [so'd, Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctify, Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol, The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice, Embraquements all of fury, shall lift up Their rotten privilege, and custom 'gainst My hate to Marcius: 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 his heart. Go you to the city, Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must Be hostages for Rome. I sol. Will not you go?
ACT II.—SCENE I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A public Place.

Enter MENENIUS, SCINCIUS, 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, who does the wolf love?

Sir. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would devour Marcus.

Bru. He’s a lamb indeed, that baaes 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, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He’s poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us, the right hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now.—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, ‘tis no great matter: for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry 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 help are many; or else your actions would grow wonders single: your abilities are too infinite, like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the oapses 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 uncharacter, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias fools,) and any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in’t; said to be somwhat imperfect, in favouring the first complaint. hasty, and tinderlike, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttoc of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weakmen as you are, (I cannot call you Lycarguses) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worshipshas have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverence grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson con- spectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves nor anything. You are ambitions for poor kneaves’ caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wiffe and a fooster-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the chole, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties, kneaves: You are a pair of strange gents.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecker giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beard; and your beards do serve nor as a trine to your faces, to stuff a botcher’s cushion, or to be entombed in an ass’s pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcus is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deculation: though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e’en to your worshipfulls; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS and SCINCIUS return to the back of the scene.]

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria, &c.

Now how, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whether do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcus approaches: for the love of Juno, let’s go.

Men. Ha! Marcus coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—

Hoo! Marcus coming home?

Two Ladies. Nay, ’tis true.

Vol. Look, here’s a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there’s one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—

A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there’s a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years’ health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricall, 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. Oah’s brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Autolus soundly?
CORIOLANUS.

Thus Latins are wretches— they sought together,
But none could ever find the end to it. We were
sent out to search for us. What the gods may have done,
I never could guess. The chair of Consul was a good
seat. In the senate possessed of it,
Good speeches, we say— Yes, yes, you
must. It was a very good seat in general with me,
But not as it was at the present time. I could see
more of the way than I could hear. The chair of
Consul was a good seat in general.

There is a good seat, a very good seat.

Go in, go in, go in. Good seats—

That Rome should dance on, yet, by the teeth of men,
We are men enough, the beasts are not.

You may take the right, yet, we are wretches.

They are the nobles, they are the wise.

Without any power, a very good seat.

You have been a good brother to me,
For my prosperity.

My noble Matrons, was it not so?

My good Sir, my good Sir.

That Rome should dance on, yet, by the teeth of men,
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Without any power, a very good seat.

You have been a good brother to me,
For my prosperity.
He still had held them, that, to his power, he would have made them meet, silenced their plaudits, and dispersed their freedoms: holding them, his human action and capacity.

Of no more soul, nor power for the world;

Than cannon in their war, who have their profound

Oaths for bearing honours, and their blows

I am writing under them.

Sec. This as you say, suggested

At some time when his warring insolence

This to the people, (which time shall not want, if

He be put upon, and that’s as easy,

As to set dogs on them, y will be his fire

To kindle their dry standards, and their blaze

shall deck him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bras. What’s the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. In thought, That Marcus shall be even: I have seen

The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind

To stand upon their toes. We do expect your ease,

Ladies and maidens start: and handcuffs

Upon him as he pass’d: the nobles headed,

As to Jove’s statue, and the commons made

A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shout: I never saw the like.

Sec. Let’s to the Capitol;

And carry with us our ears and eyes for the time,

But hearts for the event.

Sec. Have with you. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. The Capitol.

Enter Two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 Off. Coniun, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consults?

2 Off. Three, they say: but it’s thought of every one,

Cornelius will carry it.

1 Off. That’s a brave fellow; but he’s a vengeance

proof and loves not the common people.

2 Off. He’s a man, that have been many great men

that have flattered the people, who never loved them;

and there be many that they have loved, they know

not wherefore: so that, if they love they know

why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore,

for Cornelius neither to care whether they love, or

hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their
diverse form, and out of his noble carriage, let’s them

prune not yet.

1 Off. If he did not care whether he had their

love, or no, he wavier indifferently twixt doing them

neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with

greater devotion than they can render it him; and

leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him

then opposed. Now, to seem to affect the malice

and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which

he dullest, to flatter them for their love.

2 Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country:

And his accout is not by such easy degrees as those,

who, having been supplie and courtshous to the people,

honourted, without any further deed to leave them

at all into their estimation and report: but he hath

so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in

their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent,

and not confess so much, were a kind of ingratitude

injury, to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving

itself the lie, would place reproach and relevance

every car that bore it.

1 Off. No more of him: he is a worthy man: Make

way, they are coming.
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er press'd Roman, and i'the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his need
Was bow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waved like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this last,
Before and in Coriol, 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 waves 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 timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gait o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, adress came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Coriol, 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-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigue,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
Twere a perpetual spell: 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.

Con. Our spoils he kick'd at; and
Look'd upon 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 call'd for.
1 Sen. Call for 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'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
Formy wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

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. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Men. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them.—Thus I did, and thus:—
Shew them the wak'ning scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir,—my wounds; I got them in my country's service, when some certain of your brethren roard, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods! You must not speak of that: you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em! I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all; I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you, To wholesome manner.

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
Cor. Mine own desert. [Exeunt.

2 Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Mine own desire.

1 Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 'Twas never my desire yet, To trouble the poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'the consulship?

1 Cit. The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly!

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you, Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, What say you? [sir

2 Cit. You shall have it, 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 'tis no matter. [Exeunt two Citizens.

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma!

3 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother 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 counterfeity: that is, sir, I will counterfeite the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [Exeunt.

Cor. Most sweet voices!— Better it is to die, better to have, Than crave the hie which first we do deserve. Why in this wolfish gown 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 mountinous error be too highly heap'd For truth to over-peer.—Rather than foil 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 sought; Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear Of wounds two dozen odd, battles three six I have seen and heard of; for your voices, have Done many things, some less, some more your voices 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! [Exit Citizens.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes Endue you with the people's voice: Remains, That, in the official marks invested, you Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharge'd: The people do admit you; and are summon'd To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where! at the senate house!

Sic. Cor. May I then change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself Repair to the senate-house. [again.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you alung? Brut. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [Exit. Control and Menen. He has it now; and by his looks, methinks, 'Tis warm at his heart.

Brut. With a proud heart he wore His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this
1 Cit. He has our voices, sir. [man?

Brut. We pray the gods, he may deserve your voices.

2 Cit. Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice, He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 Cit. Certainly, he flout't us down-right. [us.

1 Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock
2 Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says, He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No; no man saw 'em. [Several speak.

3 Cit. He said, he had wounds, which he could shew 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,
CORIOLANUS.

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 further with you.—Was not this mockery? Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see it? Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him, As you were lesson'd.—When he had no power, But was a petty servant to the state, He was your enemy; ever spake against Your liberties, and the charters that you bear: The body of the whole: and now, arising A place of potency, and sway o' the state, If he should still malignantly remain Fast foe to the piebœ, 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, Studding your friendly lord. Sic. Thus to have said, As you were fore-advise'd, had touch'd his spirit, And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd Either his gracious promise, which you might, As cause had call'd you up, have held him to; Or else it would have call'd his early nature, Which easily endures not article Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage, You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler, And pass'd him unelected. Bru. Did you perceive, He did solicit you in free contemp, When he did need your loves; and do you think, That his contempt shall not be bruising to you, When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry Against the rectorship of judgment? Sic. Have you, Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again, On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow Your voice, for tongues?

1 Cor. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet. 2 Cor. And will deny him: I'll have five hundred voices of that sound. 1 Cor. I twice fifty hundred, and their friends to piece 'em. [Friends,— Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those 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 keep to do so. Sic. Let them assemble; And, on a safter judgment, all revoke Your ignoraat election: Enforce his pride, And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not What vast contempt we 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 gibingly ungravely, he did fashion After the inveterate hate he bears you. Bru. Lay A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd (No impediment between) but that you must Cast your election on him. Sic. Say, you chose him More after our commandment, than as guided By your own true affections; and that, your minds Pre-occupied with what you rather must do Than what you should, made you against the grain To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us. Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to How youngly he began to serve his country, [you, How long continued: and what stock he springs of, The noble house o' the Marcius; from whence came That Ancus Marcius, Numna'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, being censor twice, Was his great ancestor. One thus descended, That hath beside well in his person wrought To be set high in place, we did command To your remembrances: but you have found, Scaling his present bearing with his past, That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke Your sudden approbation. Sic. Say, you ne'er done it, (Harsh on that still,) but by our putting on: And presently, when you have drawn your number, Repair to the Capitol. Cit. We will so: almost all. Several speak. Repent in their election. [Exeunt Citizens. Bru. Let them go on; This mutiny were better put in hazard, To pacify their past doubt, for greater: If, as his nature is, he fall in rage With their refusal, both observe and answer The vantage of his anger. Sic. To the Capitol: Come; we'll be there before the stream o' the people; And this shall seem, as partly 'tis their own, Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt. 

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same. A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMMINES, TITIUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians. Cor. Tullius Aufidius then had made new head? Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which Our swifter composition. [caus'd Cor. So then the Volscs stand but as at first; Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again. Cor. Saw you Aufidius? Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse Against the Volscs, for they had so vilely Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium. Cor. Spoke be of me? Lart. He did, my lord. Cor. How? what? Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword: That, of all things upon the earth, he hated Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he? Lart. At Antium. Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home. [To LARTIUS Enter SERGIUS und BRUTUS. Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,
Which we disdain should terror 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.

Sir. "Trew well,
We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choicer?

Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sir. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows! mark you
His absolute shall;

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. Shall!
O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given them help to choose their own masters?
That with his peremptory shall, being but
The horn and noise 'o the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? if he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. 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 greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his shall,
His popular shall, against a graver bench.
Than ever sworn'd in Greece I by Jove himself,
It makes the counsels base: and my soul akes,
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 the counsel to give back
The corn o' the store house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed [power,]
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
They 'er'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 gate: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn grants: being 't the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could ever be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deject 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

The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferece.

Sir. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. Go on; no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the com-
Bru. Common, no. [Power,]

Cor. Have I had children's voices? [Place.

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way; she shall to the market-

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sir. Stop.

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your hands?—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To be no noble by nobility:
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

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 supplicants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, fatterers, 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!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike.

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By you clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sir. You shew 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 ever be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. The people are abus'd.—Set on.—This pat'r-
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus [ing
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
'I the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

1 Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockpit of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and
scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honon't number;
Who hot not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How? no more?

ACT III.—SCENE I.
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows To peck the eagles—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human. Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,— Where one part does disdain with cause, the other Inward, without all reason; where gentility, title, wisdom Cannot conclude, but by the yea and nay Of general ignorance,—it must omit Real necessities, and give way the while To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'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 off'ring; that prefer A noble life before a long, and wish To jump a body with a dangerous physic That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out The mutitudinous tongue, let them not lick The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour Mingles true judgment, and beares the state Of that integrity which should become it; Not having the power to do the good it would, For the 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'erthief thee!— What should the people do with these bald tribunes? On whom depending, their obedience fails To the greater bench: In a rebellion, When what's not meet, but what must be, was law, Then were they chosen; in a better hour, Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet, And throw their power 't the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho!'—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [Exit BRUCC.] 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. & Pot. We'll surely him.

Cor. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones Out of thine garments.


Re-enter BRUVUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of Citizens.

Men. One both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would

Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

Cor. Down with him, down with him!

[Several speak.

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons! [They all battle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, patriots, citizens!—what bo!

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

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.

[Speak.

Sic. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak, speak,

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties: Marcus would have all from you; Marcus, Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fye, fye, fye!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people!

Cit. True, The people are the city.

Cor. By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. This is the way to lay the city flat;

To bring the roof to the foundation;

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,

In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,

Upon the part o'the people, in whose power

We were elected their's, Marcus is worthy

Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence

Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcus, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, bear me but a word.

Æd. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly, your country's friend, And temperately proceed to what you would

Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways, That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him, And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here. [Drawing his sword.

There's some among you have beheld me fighting; Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword:—Tribunes, withdraw

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

[While.

Men. Help, help Marcus! help,

You that be noble: help him, young and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[In this muting, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and these people, are all beat in.

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,

All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The gods forbid!

Livythee, noble friend, home to thy house;

Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,

You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are, Though in Rome hiter'd,) not Romans, (as they are) Through calf'd t' the porch o' the Capitol, [not, Be gone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;

One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,

I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself 

[bares.

Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tri-

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;

And mankind is called folly, when it stands
Act III.—Scene II.

Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence, Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray 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.

Coes. Nay, come away. [Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.]

1 Pat. This man has mark'd his fortune. Men. His nature is too noble for the world: He would not flatter Neptune for his trident, [mouth: Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his 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 good work!]

2 Pat. I would they were a-bed! Men. I would they were in Tyber! — What, the Could he not speak them fair? [vengeance.

Re-enter Brutus and Senius, with the rabble.

Sc. Where is this viper, That would depopulate the city, and Be every man himself? Men. You worthy tribunes. Sc. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law, And therefore law shall scorn him further trial Than the severity of the public power, Which he so sets at nought.

Brut. He shall well know, The noble tribunes are the people's mouths, And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't. [Several speak together.

Men. Sir,—

Sc. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havoc, where you should but hunt With modest warrant.

Sc. Sir, how comes it, that you Have help to make this rescue?

Men. As I do know the consul's worthiness, So can I name his faults:—

Sc. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Brut. He a consul!

Cit. No, no, no, oo, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two; [people, The which shall turn you to no further harm, Than so much loss of time.

Sc. Speak briefly then; For we are peremptory, to despatch This vipers' 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 deserved children is enrol'd In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam Should now eat up her own!

Sc. 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? Engaging our enemies? The blood he hath lost, (Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath, By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country: And, what is left, to lose it by his country,

We were to all, that do't, and suffer it, A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Brut. Merely airy: When he did love his country, It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot Being once gangre'n'd, is not then respected For what before it was?

Brut. We'll hear no more:— Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence; Lest his infection, being of catching nature, Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word. This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find The harm of uncas'd swiftness, will, too late, Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process; Last parties (as he is belov'd) break out, And sack great Rome with Romans.

Brut. If it were so,—

Sc. What do ye talk? Have we not had a taste of his obedience? Our .Ediles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come:— Men. Consider this;—He has been bred 'i the wars Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd In bountiful language; meal and bran together He throws without distinction. Give me leave, I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him 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.

Sc. Noble Menenius, Be you then as the people's officer:— Masters, lay down your weapons.

Brut. Go not home.

Sc. Meet on the market-place: — We 'll attend You there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you —

Let me desire your company. [To the Senators.] He must come, Or what is worst will follow.

1 Sen. Pray you, let's to him. [Exeunt.

Scene II.—A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter Coriolanus and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels; Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock, That the precipitation might down stretch Below the beam of sight, yet will I still Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

1 Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother Does not approve me further, who was wont To call them woolen vassals, things created To buy and sell with griefs, to shew bare heads In congregations, to yaw, be still, and wonder, When one but of my ordinance stood up To speak of peace, or war, I talk of you; [To Volumnia. Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me False to my nature? Rather say, I play The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir, I would have had you put your power well on, Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are, With striving less to be so: Lesser had been The thwartings of your dispositions, if You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd Ere they lack'd power to cross you. Let them hang.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough: You must return and mend it. I saw There's no remedy; Unless, by not so doing, our good city Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsel'd: I have a heart as little apt as yours. But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger, To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman: Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that The violent foot o'the time craves it as physick 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. What then? what then?

Men. Repeat 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 extremes speak. I have heard you say, Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends, That war do grow companions. 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 bols 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 prompts you to; But with such words that are but roted in Your tongue, though but baubards, 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 ensemble with my nature, where My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd, I should so do in honour: I am in this, Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles; And you will rather show our general lows How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them, For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!— Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so, Not what is dangerous present, but the loss Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son, Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand; And thus far having 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,) wav'ing thy head. Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart. Now 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 wilt frame Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done, Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours: For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free As words to little purpose.

Vol. Go, and berul'd: although, I know, thou hadst rather Follow thine enemy in a hery gulf, Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter Cominius.

Cor. I have been the market-place: and, sir, tis fit You make strong party, or defend yourself By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger. Men. Only fair speech.

Cor. I think, 'twill serve, if he Can make photon frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—

Pr'ythee now, say, you will, and go about it. Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarl'd scone? 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 world of Marcuses, they to dist should grind it. And throw it against the wind. To the market-place: You have put me now to such a part, which never I shall discharge to the life.

Cor. 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 That 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 babbles asleep! The smiles of knaves Tost in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees, Who bend but in my striop, bend like his That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't Let me sue to honour mine own truth, And, by my body's action, teach my mind A most inhereat baseness.

Cor. At thy choice then:

Vol. To beg of thee, is my more dishonour, Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list. Thy valiantness was none, thou suck'dst it from me; But now thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content; Mother, I am going to the market-place; Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves, Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going: I shall return consul;
ACT III.—SCENE III.

Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Ved.

Cor. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself:
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd [self
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. The Forum.

Enter Senucius and Brutus.

Brut. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us these,
Enforce him with his envy to the people?
And that the spoil, got on the Aniates,
Was 'e'er distributed.—

Enter an Edile.

What, will he come? [Ed.


With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll? [Ed.

I have; 'tis ready, here. [Ed.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes? [Ed.

I have.

Sic. Assembly presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, It shall be so
I' the right and strength of the commons, he it either
For death, for fine, or punishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry just: if death, cry death;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power 'tis the truth o' the cause.

I shall inform them. [Ed.

Brut. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din continu'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence. [Ed.

Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Go about it.— [Exit Edile.

Put him to cholter straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance: then he speaks
What's in his heart: and that is there, which
Looks with us to break his neck.

Enter Corduliens, Menenius, Cominius, Senators,
and Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knife by the volume.—The honour'd
Keep your man in safety, and the chair of justice [god's
Supplied with worthy men! plant love amongst us! Throng
Our large temples with the shows of peace.
And not our streets with war! [Sen.

A noble wish.

Re-enter Edile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Ed. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho,
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further 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. Sic. I am content.

Men. To citizens, he says, he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briers, scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
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.

Cor. Sic. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for coronal with full voice,
I so dishonest'd, that the very hour
You take it off again? [Sic.

Cor. Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then; 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people,
Cor. How! traitor! [Men.

Men. Nay; temperately; your promise.

Cor. Sic. The first's the lowest hell fold in the people! Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribute! Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands cutched 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?
Cor. Sic. To the rock with him; to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Cor. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What, do you prate of service?

Men. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this
The promise that you made your mother?

Cor. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further: Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, slaying: Pest to finger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage 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 powers; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreadful justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it: In the name of the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: 't he people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so,
It shall be so; let him away: he's banish'd,
And so it shall be.

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 shew from 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 joys, then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bra. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of e'irs! whose breath I hate
As red as the rotten lenses, whose love I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)—
Making not reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, Senators, and Patricians.

Ed. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[The people shout, and throw up their caps.

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenia,
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 trial of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, crave
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that cou'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vir. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Drop 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,
Apd venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
Tie fond to wall inevitable strokes,
And let them laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 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 cautious baits and practice.

Ed. My first son, whatever wilt thou go? Take good Cominius.
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. The gods! O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbrush'd—bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come,
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Com'e, let's not weep—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:

Come.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter Sicinius, Brutus, and an Edile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no

further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Brut. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Brut. Dismiss them home. [Exit Edile.
Enter Volumnia, Virginia, and Menenius.

Here comes his mother.

Sir. Let's not meet her.

Brut. Why?

Sir. They say, she's mad.

Brut. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way,
Vol. I, you're well met; the hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone!  
[To Brutus.]  
Vir. You shall stay too: [To Scin.] I would, I had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sir. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this
Was not a man my father. Hadst thou fowship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sir. O blessed heavens!  
Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what, —Yet go!  
Nay, but thou shalt stay too: —I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sir. What then?  
Vir. He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!  
Men. Come, come, peace.

Sir. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.  

Brut. I would he had! 'Twas you incess'd the
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth, [rabble;
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Brut. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Eee you go, hear this;
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome: so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)  
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.  
Brut. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sir. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you,—
I would the gods had nothing wise to do.

[Exit. Tribunes.]

But to confirm my causes! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclasp my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with
Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself, [me;
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint paling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Jove-like.  

Come, come, come.

Men. You, you, you!  

SCENE III.  
A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volece, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me; your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?


Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue.  
What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there; You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ceded then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power over the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This is the gloving, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence.

Rom. The day servis well for them now. I have heard it said, The finest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will hereupon accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

[Exeunt.]


Enter Coriolanus, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: 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, 'beecheech you? [Exit Citizen.]

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell.
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissertation of a doot, break out
To bitterest enmity: So, fittest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with us—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town,—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
1 I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. Where's Coton? my master calls for him.
Coton! [Exit.

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 Serv. What would you have, friend? Whence are
you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.
Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his
eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?
Pray, get you out.
Cor. Away!

2 Serv. Away! Get you away.
Cor. Now thou art troublesome. [with anon.
And I shall.

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 heart.
3 Serv. What are you?
Cor. A gentleman.
3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.
Cor. True, so I am.
3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some
other station; here's no place for you: pray you,
Cor. Follow your function, go! [avoid: come.
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. Methinks I shall.
3 Serv. Where dwellest thou?
Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Serv. Under the canopy?
Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that?
Cor. 'Tis the city of Kittes and crows.
3 Serv. 'Tis the city of Kittes and crows?—What an
ans it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too!
Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?
CORIOLANUS

CORIOLANUS My name is Caius Marius
Act IV, Sc. 9.
As holly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances myapt heart,
Thou when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to bew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, lashing each other's throat,
And writ'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcianus,
Had we no quarter else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would mustcr all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowls of ingrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

O, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er,
You bless me, gods. Auz. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenge take,
The 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
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome, [ways:
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me command thee first to those, that shall
Say, yes, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than o'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcians that was much. Your hand! Most wel-
come! [Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AURIGENS.

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 hand 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
something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, me-
thought,—I cannot toll low terms.

1 Serv. He had so; looking as it were —'Would
I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him
than I could think.

2 Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn; he is simply the
rarest man the world.

1 Serv. I think he is: but a greater soldier than
he, ye won't one.

2 Serv. Who, my master?

1 Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Serv. Worth six of 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, because that he was wont to thwack our
general—Caenis Marcianus.

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 Coriolanus he scotched him and
notched him like a carbouado.

2 Serv. An he had been canniballicly given, he might
have brodled 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 bale 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 discours.
But the bottom of the news is, our general
is cut; some middle, and but one half of what he was
yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty
and grant of the whole table. He'll go, others says,
and sover the porter of Rome gate by the ears:
He will show down all before him, and leave his passage
pulled.

2 Serv. And he's as like to do', as any man I can
imagine.

3 Serv. Don't he will do'; For look, you sir, he
has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as
it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) show themselves
(as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in
indirectitude.

1 Serv. Directitude! what's that?

2 Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up
again, and the man in blood, they will out of their
burrows, like cones after rain, and revel all with him.

1 Serv. But when goes this forward?

3 Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall
have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as
it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere
they wipe their lips.

2 Serv. When then we shall have a stirring world
again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, in-
crease tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace,
as far as day does night; it's spirited, waking, audible,
and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy;
maid, death, sleep, insensible; a getter of more
hazardous children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2 Serv. 'Tis so, and as wars, in some sort, may
be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but
peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Serv. Reason; because they then less need one
another. The wars, for my money, I hope to see
Romans as chief as Volscians. They are rising,
they are rising.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Rome. A public Place.

Enter Servilius and Burrus.

Sir. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we see his friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, beheld
Dissentient numbers pestering the streets, than see
Our trademans singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

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Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood 'till in good time. Is this Menenius? Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind
Of Inte.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, 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, if
He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. 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!

Sic. Good-c'ee, our neighbours. 

Bru. Good c'en to you all, good c'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our
Are bound to pray for you both. [Knees, Sic.

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Co-
Had lov'd you as we did.  

[riolanus Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.  

[Executive Citizens. Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sir. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consil, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Adile.

Ed. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lives before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcus's banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were insheld, when Marcus stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcus?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volsces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sir. Tell not me.

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Men. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house; some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave:—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising
Nothing but his report!

Mrs. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mrs. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcus,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power against Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcus home again.

Sic. This is unlikely: He and Aufidius can no more alone,
Than violetest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Men. You are sent for to the senate;
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, raging
Up our territories; and have already,
O'erthrown their way; consumes with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Caius.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have hap to ravish your own daughters.
To tell the city leads upon your pates; and
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses:

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burnt in their cement; and
Your fringes, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?—

You have made fair work, I fear not.—Pray your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscius,

Com. If 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,
Our elders' killing biers.

Men. You have made good work.
You, and your apen 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.

As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit: You have made fair
Bru. But is this true, sir? [swear

Com. Ay; and you'll lock pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smingly revolt: and, who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do for shame: the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, Be good to Rome, they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shou'd like enemies.
ACT V.—SCENE I.

When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changing; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Liaus.

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.

Ausp. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the Volscian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Liaus. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Ausp. All places yield to him ere he sits down:
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The traitors are no soldiers; and his 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, which takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas prude,
Which would not boldly forgive the want
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 gabardine
As he controll'd the war; but, one of these,
(As he hath spies 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
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extoll what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights founder, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caesar, Rome is thine,
Thou art poorest of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. A public Place.

Enter MENENIUS, COMINUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS,
and others.

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what be hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear!?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name I the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why so? you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To whom they had punished.

Men. Very well;
Could he say less!

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of insolent musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to lose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff: and you are suet
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sir. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so needful help, yet do not
Unharm us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sir. I pray you, go to him.

Men. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcus.

Men. Well, and say that Marcus
Return me, as Cominius is return'd
Unheard: what then?—
But as a disconsol'd friend, grief-shot:
With his unkindness? Say 'tis so so?

Sir. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well: he had not din'd:
The veins unstild, our blood is cold; and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt,
To bear a malice, if we have been staid
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have supper souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be diett'd to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success.

[Exit.]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sir. Not!

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold; his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gazer to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, Rise: dismiss'd me
Thus with his speechless band: 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.]

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SCENE II.—An advanced Post of the Vulcanii Camp
Before Rome. The Guard at their stations.

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 G. Stay: Whence are you?

2 G. Stand, and go back.
Men. You guard like men: 'tis well: But, by your
I am an officer of state, and come [leave,
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return: our gene-
Will no more hear from thence.

Sir. 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 but to blanks.
My name hath touched your ears: it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not more passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow.

Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparalleled, haply, ampli'd;
For I have ever vouched my friends,
(Of whom he's chief, with all the size that vutility
With 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. 'Faith, sir, if you have told as many lies in his behall as you have uttered words in your own,
You shall not pass here: no, though it were as ven-
Iious to be, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Me-
lius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say,
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 push'd out your gates the very
defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance,
given your enemy your shield, think to fret his re-
venge? Sir the old, stoops or old women, the vir-
ginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied
intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you seem to be?
Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city
is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and
prepare for your execution; you are condemned,
your general has sworn you out of reprove and pardon.

Men. If thy captain knew I were here, he
would use me with estimation.

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say;
go, lest I lost your half pint of blood;—back,—
that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AURINUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you;
you shall know now, that I am in estimation;
you shall perceive that a jack guardant cannot office
me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my en-
tertainment with him, if thou stand'st not in the state
Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour’d maid
Wherein this trunk was fram’d, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.

What is that curr’st worth? or those doves’ eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature eries, *Deo* nob. —Let the Voices
Pough Rome, and harrow Italy: I’ll never
Be such a groaning to obey instinct: but stood,
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, I 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 vird it e’er since.—You gods! I praise,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unslated: Siuk, my knee, & the earth; [Kneels.
Of thy deep duty more impressio shew
Than that of common sons.

VOL. O, stand up bless’d! Whilst,
With so no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and improperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [Kneels.

Cor. What is this?

VOL. Your knees to me? to your corrected son?

Cor. The noble sister of Publius.

VOL. The moon of Rome; chaste as the icle.
That’s cur’d 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 shew like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may’st prove
To shame unavoidable, and stick ’t 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 your denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome’s mechanics: —Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not

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,
Look’d 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 sporting to him,) once more offer’d
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this? [Shout within.

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time ‘tis made? I will not.—
CORIOLANUS.

To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. 1. 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 you fail in our request, the blame May hang upon your hardness; therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll have bought from Rome in private.—Your request.

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raincoat, And state of bodies would bewray what life We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself, How more unfortunate than all living women Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comfort, Constrains them weep, and share with fear and sorrow; Making the mother, wife, and child, to see The son, the husband, and the father, tearing His country’s bowels out. And to poor we, Thine eminence’s most capital: thou bastarre Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort That all but we enjoy: For how can we, Alas! how can we for our country pray, Wheroeto we are bound; together with thy victory, Whose rack is it? Abeck! one must lose the country, our dear nurse; or else thy person, Our comfort in the country. We must find An evident calamity, though we had Our wish, which side should win: for either thou Must, as a foreign recreant, be led With manacles through our streets, or else Triumphantly tread on thy country’s ruin; And bear the palm, for having bravely shed Thy wife and children’s blood. For myself, son, I purpose not to wait on fortune, till These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts, Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner March to assault thy country, than to tread (Trust to, thou shalt not,) on thy mother’s womb, That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine.

That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name Living to time. Boy.

He shall not tread on me; I’ll run away till I am bigger, but then I’ll fight. These are not of a woman’s tenderness to be Requires nor child nor woman’s face to see. I have sat too long. [Rising.]

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus. If it were so, that our request did tend To save the Romans, thereby to destroy The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us, As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit Is, that you reconcile them; while the Volces May say, This mercy we have shewed; the Romans, This we received; and each in either side Give the all-hail to thee, and cry Be bless’d For making up this peace! Thou know’st great son, The end of war’s uncertain; but this certain, That, if thou comper Rome, the benefit Which thou shalt thereby reap, by a name, Whose repetition will be dog’d with curses; Whose chronicle thus writ.—The man was noble, But with his last attempt he wip’d it out; Destroy’d his country; and his name remains To the ensuing age, abhor’d. Speak to me, sou: Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour, The shame of the gods, and the gods to tear with thunder the wide cheeks o’ the air, And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?

Thinkst thou it honourable for a noble man Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you. He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy: Perhaps, thy childliness will move him more Than can our reasons. There is no man in the world More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate, Like one i the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life Show’d thy dear mother any courtesy; When she, (poor he!) fond of no second brood, Has chass’d thee to the war, and safely borne, Lament in honour. Say, my request’s unjust, And spars 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. To his surname Coriolius 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.—Come, let us go: This fellow had a Volcean to his mother; His wife is in a Coriolius, and his child Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch: I am hush’d until our city be afeare, And then I’ll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother! [Holding VOLUMINA by the hands, silent,] What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ape, The gods look down, and our enmity’s done. They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O! You have won a happy victory to Rome: But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it, Most dangerously you have with him prevail’d, If not most mortal to him. But, let it come;— Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, I’ll frame convenioace peace. Now, good Aufidius, Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius? Auf. I was mov’d withal.

Cor. I dare be sure, you were: And, sir, it is no little thing, to make Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir, What peace you’ll make, advise me: for my part, The gods, I know, will stand with you, and pray you, Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife! Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy hope At difference in thee: out of that I’ll work [pour Myself a former fortune. [Aside.

The Ladies make signs to Coriolius.

Cor. Ay, by and by; [To VOLUMINA, VENDILLA, &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 SCINCIUS.

Men. See you yond coign o’ the Capitol; yond’ corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to dispute it with your master, 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 threats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.
ACT V.—SCENE V.

Sir, Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sir. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight-year old horse. The tartness of his factorours tip grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corset with his eye; talks like a knoll, and his arm is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne it.

Sir. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this's long of you.

Sir. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them: and, he returning, to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you save your life, fly to your house; The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune; And hale him up and all taking, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sir. What's the news? [prevail'd,

Mess. Good news, good news.—The ladies have The Voices are disdol'd, and Marcius gone: A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sir. Friend, Art thou certain this is true? Is it most certain?

Mess. As certain, as I know the sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide, As the recorder thrusteth the great cipher you; [Trumpets and hunters sounded, and drums booted, all together. Shouting also within. The trumpets, sackbutts, psalteries, and ﬁfes, Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romains, Make the sun dance. Hark you! [Shouting again.

Men. This is good news: I will go meet the ladies. This Voluima Is worth of consuls, senators, patriaans, A city full; of tribunes, such as you, A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day; This morning, for ten thousand of your throats I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy! [Shouting and music.

Sir. First, the gods bless you for their tidings: next, Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

Sir. They are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sir. We will meet them, And help the joy. [Going.

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patriaans, and People. They pass over the Stage.

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods. And make triumphant ares; strew flowers before them; Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius; Repeal him with the welcome of his mother; Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies! Welcome! [A flourish with drums and trumpets.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Anauim. A public Place.

Enter Tullius Auntilus, 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 their ears and in the common's ears, Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse, The city ports by this hath enter'd, and Intends to appear before the people, hoping To purge himself with words: Dispatch.

[Exeunt Attendants.

Enter Three or Four Conspirators of Ausidius's faction.

Most welcome!

1 Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so, As with a man by his own alms empress'd, And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble sir, If you do hold the same intent wherein You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell; We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst 'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of 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 highten'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, unwavable, and free.

3 Con. Sir, his stoutness, When he did stand for consul, which he lost By lack of stooping—

Auf. That I would have spoke of: Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth; Presented to my knife his throat: I took him; Made him joint servant with me; gave him way In all his own desires; nay, let him choose Out of his ﬂies, his projects to accomplish, My best and freshest men; serv'd his designs In mine own person; help to reap the fame, Which he did end all his; and took some pride To do myself this wrong: till, at the last, I seem'd his follower, not partner; and He wag'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; heark'ne thereon and die, And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark! [Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.
Coriolanus.

1 Coriolanus. Your native town you entered like a post, and had no welcomes home, but he returns, splitting the air with noise.

2 Coriolanus. And patient feels.

Whose children he hath slain, their base threats treat With giving him glory.

S Coriolanus. Therefore, at your vantage. Ere he expressed himself, or move the people With what he would say, let him feel your sword, Which we will second. When he was along, After your way his tale pronounced shall bury His reasons with his body.

Coriolanus. Say no more: Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the state.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Coriolanus. I have not deserved it; But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

Coriolanus. And grieve to hear it.

What faults he made before the last, I think, Might have found easy ones: but there to end, Where he was to begin, and get out, The benefit of our homes, answering us With our own charges, making a treatise, Where there was a yielding: This admits no offence.

Coriolanus. He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, with drums and colours; a crowd of Citizens with him.

Coriolanus. 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 prospect 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 Antiques, Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver, Subscribed by the consuls and patricians, Together with the seal of the senate, what We have compounded on.

Coriolanus. Read it not, noble lords; But tell the traitor, in the highest degree He hath abused your powers.

Coriolanus. Traitor!—How now?

Coriolanus. Ay, traitor, Marcus.

Coriolanus. Ay, Marcus. Caius Marcus! Post thou then think I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stiff name Coriolanus in Corioli?

You lords and heads of the state, peradventure 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 admiring The benefit of our homes, but at his nurse's tears He whin'd and roar'd away his victory; That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart Look'd wondering each at other.

Coriolanus. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Coriolanus. Name not the god, thou boy of tears—

Coriolanus. Ha!
JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flavius. Hence; home, ye idle creatures, get ye home! Is this a holiday? What! know you not, ye scum of an ordinary creature, what a man your master is? What a man himself is? What a man his father was? What a man his grandfather was? What a man his great grandfather was? Be not idle, feckless fellows! For heaven's sake, do your business! Marullus. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—

You, sir; what trade are you?—

Flavius. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am at hand, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But who be your trade amongst? Answer me directly. Flavius. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a member of bad seeds.

Mar. What trade, thou knave, thou naughty knave, what trade?

Flavius. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me yet; if you be not, sir, I can mend you. Mar. What means this thou by that? Mend me, thou savage fellow?

Flavius. Why, sir, cobble you. Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Octavius Caesar.

Marcus Antonius.

Flavia Popiliana, Popiliana Leila; senators.

Marcus Brutus, Cassius.

Cassius, Tribunus.

Dictator Brutus, Ligarius.

Maelinia Cibber, Cinna.

Flavius and Marullus, tribunes.

Antisthenes, a sophist of Chios.

A Sabinian, Cinna, a poet. Another Poet.

Lictor, Tribunus, Messala, young Cato, and VolFastus.

Varro, Cicero, Claudius, Brutus, Lucius, Bar-

banius; senators to Brutus.

Pindarius, servant to Cassius.

Calphurnia, wife to Cassius.

Porcia, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis, and near Philippi.
SCENE II.—The same. A public Place.

Enter, in procession, with music, CAESAR: ANTONY, for the towers: CALPURNIA, PORTIA, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Caesar, a great crowd following: among them a Soothsayer.

CAES. Calpurnia.


CAES. Calpurnia.

CAES. Here, my lord.

CAES. I stood you directly in Antonius' way.

When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

ANT. Caesar, my lord.

ANT. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,

To touch Calpurnia: for our elders say,

The barren, touched in this holy chase,

Shake off their strict curv.'

ANT. I shall remember:

When Caesar says, Do thus, it is perform'd.

CAES. Set me, and leave no ceremony out. [Music.

Sooth. Caesar.

CAES. Ha! Who calls?

CAES. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

[Music ceases.

CAES. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music.

CAES. Caesar: Speak: Caesar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the sides of March.

CAES. What man is that?

BRU. A soothsayer, bids you beware the sides of March.

CAES. Set him before me, let me see his face.

CAES. Fellow, come from the throne: Look upon Caesar.

CAES. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the sides of March.

CAES. He is a dreamer: let us leave him:—pass.

[SECRET. Exeunt all but Brutus, and CAES.

CAES. Will you go see the order of the course?

BRU. Not I.

CAES. I pray you, do.

CAES. 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.

CAES. 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 desir'd: If I have well'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,

Of lane, with passions of some difference,

Conceptions only proper to myself,

Which give some self, perhaps, to my behaviours:

But let not therefore my good friends be grieved; (Among which number, Cassius, be you one:) Not construe any further my neglect,

Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,

Forgets the shows of love to other men.

[i. ionought;

CAES. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your pass,

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy considerations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRU. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,

But by reflection, by some other things.

CAES. Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,

That you have no such mirrors, as will turn

Your hidden worthiness into your eye.

That you might see your shadow, I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,

Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus.

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,

Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Shri'n unto what doxers would you lead me, Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself

For that which is not in me!

CAES. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:

And, since you know you cannot see yourself

As well as by reflection, I, your glass,

Will moderately discover to yourself

That of yourself which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus,

Were I a common laughter, or did use

To stale with ordinary ouches my love

To every new processor; if you know

That I do favor on men, and hush them hard,

And after scandal them: or if you know

That I profess myself in banqueting

To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish, and shout.

CAES. What means this shouting? I do fear, the

Choose Cassius for their king.

CAES. Ay, do you fear it?

BRU. I must think you would not have it so.

BRU. Would not, Cassius: yet I love him well—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honour in one eye, and death in the other,

And I will look on both indifferently:

For, let the gods so speed me, as I love

My country more than honour. More than I love death.

CAES. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story—

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Think of this life: but, for my single self,

I had as lief be not, as live to be

In name of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Caesar: so were you:

We both have fed as well; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold, as well as be.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,

Caesar said to me, Brutus is chow, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood.

And thus to gender our fate:—Upon the word,

Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in.

And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd: and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside

And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,

Cassius cry'd, Help me, Cassius, or I sink.

I, as I found, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Archilles bear, so, from the waves of Tyber

Did I the tid'd Caesar: And this man

Is now become a god: and Cassius is

A wretched creature, and must bend his body,

If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain.

And, when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake.

His coward lips did from their colour fly

And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,

And 'tis cried: Give me some drink, Titinius,

As a sick god. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble temper should
ACT I.—SCENE II.

So get the start of the majestical world,
And bear the limb alone. [Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

Cas. Why, man, lie doth be-tręd 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 us 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. [Shout.

Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shadm:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When was there a time when 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 walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
That one Brutus, a Brute, could have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king. 

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further 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 calver.
When Calphumia's eyes are pale, and Cicer,
Under these 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.

Recentor Caesar, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Caesar is returning,
Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphumia's cheek is pale; and Cicer
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Cassa will tell us what the matter is.

Cass. Antonius.

Ant. Caesar.

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed meu, 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 be fatter. — But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired
their worship to think it was his infirmity. Three or
four weepers, 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.

\textit{Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away!}
\textit{Casca. Ay.}
\textit{Cas. Did Cicero say anything?}

\textit{Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.}
\textit{Cas. To what effect?}

\textit{Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look
you in the face again; that understood him, smiled
at one another, and shook their heads: but, for
mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell
you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pull-
ing scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence.
Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I
could remember it.}

\textit{Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?}
\textit{Casca. No, I am promised forth.}

\textit{Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?}
\textit{Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold,
your dinner worth the eating.}

\textit{Cas. Good; I will expect you.}
\textit{Casca. Do so: Farewell, both. [Exit Casca.]}
\textit{Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!}
\textit{He was quick mettle, when he went to school.}
\textit{Cas. So is he now, in execution.}
\textit{Of any hold or noble enterprise,}
\textit{However he puts on this tardy form.}
\textit{This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,}
\textit{Which gives men stomach to digest his words}
\textit{With better appetite.}

\textit{Bru. And so it is: For this time I will leave you:
To morrow, if you please to speak with me,}
\textit{i will come home to you; or, if you will,}
\textit{Come come to me, and I will wait for you.}
\textit{Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.
[Exit Brutus.}

Well Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is depol'd: Therefore, 'tis meet
The noble minds keep ever with their likes:
\textit{For who so firm, that cannot be seduce'd?}
\textit{Caesar doth bear me 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 his windows throw,
\textit{As if they came from several citizens,}
\textit{Writings, all tending to the great opinion}
That Rome holds of his name; whereby
certainly Caesar's ambition shall be glace'd at:
And, after this, let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.}

SCENE III.—The same. A Street.

\textit{Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides:}
\textit{Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.}

\textit{Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Caesar home?}
\textit{Why are you breathless? and why scare you so?}
\textit{Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of
Shakes, like a thing uniform? O Cicero, earth}
\textit{I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have ri'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now.
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Neither there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incense them to send destruction.}

\textit{Cir. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?}
\textit{Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight,)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.}
\textit{Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,}
\textit{Who glair'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred gally women,
Transform'd with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
\textit{These are their reasons.—They are natural;}
\textit{For, I believe, they are portentous things}
Unto the climate that they point upon.
\textit{Cir. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:}
\textit{But it may not overstay, things after their fashion,}
\textit{Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.}
\textit{Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?}
\textit{Casca. He doth; for he did Antonius}
\textit{Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.}
\textit{Cir. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.}

\textit{Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero.}
\textit{Enter Cassius.}

\textit{Cas. Who's there?}
\textit{Casca. A Roman.}

\textit{Cas. Cassca, by your voice.}
\textit{Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?}
\textit{Casca. A very pleasing night to honest men.}
\textit{Cas. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?}
\textit{Casca. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;}
\textit{And, thus unbru'd, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:}
\textit{And, when the cross-blue lightning seem'd to open
The very best of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.}
\textit{Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
It is the part of men to fear and tremble, [heavens]
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.}
\textit{Casca. You are dull, Cassius; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do not put;
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;
And see these things elin'd, 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, Cassia,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunder, lighten's, opens graves, and roasts
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 eruptions are.
\textit{Casca. This Caesar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?}
\textit{Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors;
ACT II.—SCENE I.

But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead, And we are governed with our mothers' spirits; Our yoke and suffrance shew us womanish.

Cas. 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 locks 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.

Cass. 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 hind. Therein, with haste will my heart make 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 power must be made: But I am arm'd, And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cass. You speak to Cassia; and to such a man, That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand: Be factions for redress of all these griefs; And I will set this foot of mine as far, As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made, Now know you, Cassia, I have 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, These furnish'd words walk in the streets; And the complexion of the elements Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand, Most bloody, fiery, 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 Timber? Cas. No, it is Cassia: one incorporate To our attacks. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night this is! There's two or three of us have seen strange sights. Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are. O, Cassius, if you could but win The noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. He ye content: Good Cinna, take this paper, And look you, lay it in the praetor's chair. Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this In at his window: set this up with wax Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done, Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us. Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Timber; and he's gone To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, And so bestow these papers as you bade me. Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [Exit Cinna.

Come, Cassa, 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.

Cas. O, he sits high, in all the people's hearts: And that which would appear offence in us, His countenance, like richest alebrynh, Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Illin, and his worth, and our great need of him, You have right well conceived. Let us go, For it is after midnight; and, ere day, We will awake him, and be sure of him. [Exeunt.
PER. The exclamation, starting in the air,
Could so much effect, that I may read by them.
Brutus, that they did, worthy, and as true,
See here, my lord. Speak, speak, speak, speak.
Brutus, that they did, worthy, and as true.
Such instruments have been often seen.
Where I have such men as these.
Sext. I'll keep him thus. Thus must I pause a while:
Nile some bond, and understand one man name that Rome's
My cousin's death, from the hand of Brutus.
The brother in arms, when he was but 16, a boy.
Speak, speak, speak, speak, and I increased them.
To speak, and speak, O friends, I make them promises.
If he swears with his fingers, there proceeds
They till peasants, at the hands of Brutus.

**Exeunt Brutus.**

Lad. No, March is wanted fourteen days.

**Exeunt.**

**SCENE II.**

Since Caesar's death, and what our courage Caesar I have a long pause.
Between the meaning of a distinguished thing And the first motion in the motion Of this great hour, in a most important dream: The genius and the mortal instruments Are tied in crows' necks, and the state in men,
As a little kingdom, suffers then The nature of an instrument.

**Exeunt.**

Lad. No, we do our brother Caesar at the door,
What shall such forces as you see.

Sext. Be in, as I am.
Lad. No, act, there are many with him.

Sext. Do you know them?
Lad. No, my dear; there have appeared it of their ears.
And half these forces trained in our colors,
And by their means I may discern them.

Sext. Let them come.

**Exeunt.**

They are the forces. O Cassandra.

Sext. I am here to show to them dangerous from now on,
When wild are more free. O, thou, there.
Tell them how thou, and thy friends, and my lord himself
To make the monstrous vision. Such mean presump-
tions in our hands, and soldiers. (Exit)

Sext. Could not have neither that our soldiers
Not be burnt one day enough.
To keep them thus prevented.

Enter Catiline, Cassius, Brutus, Caesar, Metellus, Centurion, and Messenger.

Cat. I think we are too bold upon your ears.
Good morning, Brutus. Let we take care.

Sext. I have been of this money awhile. in might.
Know them, then, that come about you.
Cat. Yes, every man of them, and no man here.
But an answer shall every one be so wise.
Yet had but that opinion of yourself.
Which every subtle Roman ears of.
This is Tribulation.

Sext. He is welcome here.
Cat. Thus, Decius Brutus, you.

Sext. Thus, Cassius, thus Cassius.
Cass. This Cassius, thus Cassius.
Cat. And thus, Metellus Cassius.
Cass. They are all welcome.
What wonderful ears do you?—pass yourselves.
Preserve your eyes and ears.

Cat. Shall I entertain a word? (They whisper.

Dram. Here lies the end. This is not the day break.
Cat. No.

Sext. It is not the day break.

Dram. The sun is up, and your prey arises.
Thus, the sun is up, and your prey arises.

Cat. You shall perceive, that you are both deceived.
Here is peace, peace, peace, and the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing in the south.
Weariness the youth's season of the year.
Some two months hence, and again toward the north
The beast presents his face, and the high east;
So let us keep the party, indeed, and here.

Cat. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cat. And let us swear our resolution.

Sext. No, not in that. If we do the face of men.
The substance of our souls, the name's abase.—
If these do move with heat. heat off becomes,
And every minute more of this kind.
So let us high, such temper, range on.

Each man keep by his sector. But of these.
As I am sure they all, near dry enough.
We handle overhand and to a stand with valour.
The moving spirits of woman, their coyness,
What need we say any, but our own cause?
To speak incoherent, I what can bold.
This secret Romans, that have broke the word.
That this alone, and. what was spake.
That incoherence is honor.
This shall be, as we will call for it.
Sweat secondly, and yourselves.

Cat. Look we after Cassius, at our performance.
That need no oaks, where every spray of sand.
That every Roman boy, and every bear,
Is wary of a several baseness.

Cat. To be but the smallest particle.
Of any promise that hath pleased 2 from him.
Cat. But what of Cassius? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.
Cat. Let us not leave him out.
Cat. No. by no means.

Sext. O let us have faith, for his never hate
Will purchase us a good opinion.
And thy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, His judgment saved our hands.
And thou art the best, and the fairest, as it appears.
But I be bound in his society.
Sext. O, name him not, never, never been with him.
For he will never follow any thing.

Cat. Such other men began.

Cat. Then leave him out.

Cat. Indeed, he is not fit.

Cat. We shall like man that he would be: only Cassius.

Cat. Go, Cassius, go, Cassius, and keep off.
I think it is not meet.

Mark Antony, so well, heark, of Cassius.

Sext. So we call him Cassius: We shall find of him
A sacred confidence; and, you, know this means.
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to enjoy us all: which is provence.

Lad. Antony, and Caesar shall keep.
Cat. (To Antony)

Lad. To keep the land off, and then knock the limbs.
Like wrath in death, and every afterwards:
For Antony is but a lamb of Cassius.

Cat. To be the butcher, and to knock the limbs.
Like wrath in death, and every afterwards:
For Antony is but a lamb of Cassius.

Cat. Let us sacrifice, but no butcher, Cassius.
We shall stand up against the spirit of Cassius:
And in the spirit of men there is no bond.
Oh, that we there could come by Cassius's spirit.
And not likewise Cassius! But, Cassius.
ACT II.—SCENE I.

Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends, Let us be civil, though we may be brief; Let us be kind though we must be severe; Let us be larger than our acts appear: For in the ungrateful love he bears to Cæsar. But, oh! good Cæsar, do not think of him! If he love Cæsar, all that he can do Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar: And that were much he should, for he is given To sports, to widows, and much company. Troil. There is no fear in him; let him not die; For he will live, and laugh at this betimes! [Clock strikes.]

Bru. Peace, count the clock. 

Cas. The clock hath stricken three. 

Bru. Troilus is time to part. 

Cas. But it is doubtful yet. 

What if Cæsar will come forth to-day, or so: For he is superstitious grown of late. 

What does Brute mean? 

Quite from the main opinion he held once 

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonials: 

It may be, these apparent prodigies, 

The unaccounted terror of this night, 

And the persuasion of his augurers, 

May hold him from the Capitol to-day. 

Her. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd, 

I can over-rule him: for he loves to hear, 

That unicorn may be betray'd with trees, 

And bears with glaze, elephants with holes, 

Lions with toads, and men with flatterers: 

But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers. 

He says, he loves, being then most flattered. 

I won't pay for it; 

For I can give his humour the true bent; 

And I will bring him to the Capitol. 

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him. 

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost? 

Cas. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then. 

Met. Cæsar has earnestly desired Cæsar hard, 

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey; 

I wonder, none of you have thought of him. 

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him: 

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons; 

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. 

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you, Brutes. 

And friends, dispose yourselves: but all remember: What you have said, and shew yourselves true Romans. 

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily: 

Let not our looks put on our purposes: 

But bear it as our Roman actors do, 

With outward spirits, and formal constancy: 

And so, good-morrow to you every one. 

[Exeunt all but Brutes. 

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep! It is no matter; 

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber: 

Thou hast no figures, nor any fantasies, 

Which busy care draws in the brains of men: 

Therefore thou sleepest so sound. 

Enter Portia. 

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you 

It is not for your health, that I am come [now: 

Your wearied condition to the raw-cold morning. 

Por. Nor for your better. You have ungently, Brute, 

Slept from your bed: And freed-night, at supper, 

You entered wrong, and, to the wrong manner, 

Making, and asking, with your stare across: 

And when I saw you, that the matter was, 

You stand'd upon me with sullen looks: 

I pray'd you further, that you searched your head; 

And too impatiently stood on your feet: 

Yet I accused, yet you answered not; 

But, with an angry manner of your head, 

Gave way for me to have you, but I did; 

Fearing to strengthen that impossession, 

Which seemed too much established; and, within, 

Hoping it was but an effect of anger, 

Which sometimes hath his head in every man: 

It will not let you eat not talk, not sleep; 

And, as it work to much upon your shape, 

As at the first your body was in your condition, 

I could not know you, Brute. Dear, my lord, 

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief. 

Brut. I am not well in heart, and that is all. 

Por. Brute, in true, and, were he not in health, 

He would embrace the means to come by it. 

Bru. Why, so I do. 

Por. If the cause were true, and had a reason? 

To walk unhearsed, and work up the humours 

Of the dark morning? What, it Brute wake, 

And will be steal out of his wholesome bed, 

To dare the vile contagion of the night? 

And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air 

To add unto his sickness? No, my Brute: 

You have some seat within your mind, 

Which, by the right and virtue of my place, 

I ought to know of: And, upon my knees, 

I charm you, by my once commended beauty, 

By all your vows of love, and that great vow 

Which did incorporate and make us one, 

That you unfold to me, yourself, your half, 

Why you are heavy, and why you are light, 

Have had resort to you: for here have been 

Some six or seven, who did hide their faces 

Even from darkness. 

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia. 

Por. I should exceed, if you were gentle Brute. 

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brute, 

Is it neglected, I should know no secrets 

That appertain to you? Am I yourself, 

But, as it were, in sort, or limitation; 

To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, 

And talk to you sometimes? I dwell but little in the nobility of your pleasure? If it be no more, [Bru. Portia is Brute's harlot, not his wife; As dear to me as are the ruddy drops 

That visit my sad heart. 

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret: 

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal, [curt. 

A woman that lord Brutus took to wife: 

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal, 

A woman well reputed: Cæsar's daughter. 

I think you, I am no stronger than my sex, 

Being so father'd, and so husband'd: 

Tell me your counsel, I will not close them: 

I have made strong proof of my constancy, 

Giving myself a voluntary wound 

Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience, 

And not my husband's secrets? 

Bru. O ye gods,
Julius Caesar

What says the epigraphe?

"Hiatus doloribus has dedicavit."
ACT III.

SCENE I.

In which we see selling Roman ballad, ignites that from you great Rome shall cord believe between, and that great women shall press for time's titles, status, relics, and elegances. This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Coe: And this way have you well explored it.

Coe. I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now; the senate has concluded To give this day, a grown to great you, Coe. If you shall read them wrong, you shall not come.

There minds may change. Besides, it's a mood. A part to be yielded for, someone to say.

Break up the senate till another time.

When Cesar's wife shall meet with better dream. If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper, Oh, Caesar is afraid!

Pardon me, Cesar; for my dear, dear love.

To your proceeding bids me tell you they.

And reason to my love is liable.

Coe. Now bookish do you hear your seem now, Calphur. I am ashamed I did yield to them.

Give me my robe, for I will go—

Enter Fulvia, Brutus, Metellus, Metellus, Caesa, Metellus, and Caesa.

And look where Fulvia is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cesar.

Coe. Welcome, Fulvia—

What, first? are you stir'd so early too?

Good morrow, Cesar—Casa, Cesar Ligarius, Cesar needn't to hear your enemy,

As that same mind which hath made you lean—

What is to clock?

Pub. Cesar, six strokes eight.

Coe. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

Coe. See! Antony, that revels long, o' nights, Is notwithstanding up—

Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cesar.

Coe. Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for—

Now, Coes. —Now, Metellus—What, Trebonius! I have an hour's talk in store for you.

Remember that you call on me to days:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Tell, Cesar, I will—

And so ever will I do. [Aside.

That your best friends shall wish I had been farther.

Coe. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;

And we, live friends, will straightway go together.

Brut. That every like is not the same, O Cesar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter Antemoritus, reading a paper.

Ant. Cesar, because of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Cæsara; have an eye to Cæsara; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Girber: Decius Brutus loves the not, that hurt wronged, Cæsara Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsara. If thus be not immortal, look about you; security gone is way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

Antemoritus.

Here I will stand, till Cæsara pass along.

And as a senator will I give him this.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live Out at the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsara, thou may'st live;

If not, the fate with traitors do continue. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The same. Another part of the same street, before the House of Brutus.

Enter Brutus and Lucius.

Luc. For I presume, boy, run to the senator's house; Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:

Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my grand, madam.

Ces. For, I would make one and there be here and again, Luc. I can weary you, what shall I do to thee?

Do customly be strong upon my side:

Let a huge mountain I seen your heart and tongue.

I have a man, and a woman's might

How hard it is for women to keep counsel—

Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Ces. Run to the Capitol, and with thy wife,

And so return to you, and nothing else.

Luc. Yes, bring me word boy, if they hard look well,

For we went never forth. And take good note,

What Cæsara doth, what writers press to him.

Hast, boy! what is this thing?

Luc. I hear some, madam.

Ces. It's o'er, listen well:

I heard a passing rumour, they fear,

And the wind brings me from the Capitol.

Luc. South, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsay.

Luc. Some hisser, follow:

What may haste thee been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Luc. What is't o' clock?

South. About the ninth hour, lady.

Luc. For Cæsara yet gone to the Capitol:

Sooth. What, southward, not yet, I go to take my stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Luc. That is, lady; if it will please Cæsara

To be so good to Cæsara, as to hear me,

I shall beseech him to bestow himself on me.

Luc. Why, know't the most harm's intended to

With such voice?

South. None, I know, but that I let it

Greed morrow to you. Here the street is narrow.

The throng that follows Cæsara to the halls,

Of senators, of prorogues, of common visitors,

Will crowd a feasible man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsara as he comes along.

[Exit.

Luc. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing

The heard of woman is! O Brutus!

The heavens send thee in thine enterprise!

Sure, the boy heard me; Brutus hath a suit,

That Cæsara will not grant.—O, I grow faint

Jun, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Sooth. I am merry; come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE i.

The same.—The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol, among them, Antemoritus, and the Soothsay. Flourish. Enter Cæsara, Brutus, Caesa, Metellus, Metellus, Trebonius, Caesa, Antony, Lepidus, Pompeius, Public. and others.

Ces. The idea of March are come.

South. Ay, Cæsara; but not gone.
But there's but one in all doth hold his place
So, in the world. The furnished I was with men,
And men were decked and mould and approved
Yet, in the number. I know not one
That看了一目 then holds his rank.
Unshak'd in motion and that I am be.
Let me a little know, even in,
That I was constant, Cæsar should be banned,
And constant to remain in keep his art.

Quin. 3. Cæsar, Memory. Will they all up Olympus?
Cæs. Great Cæsar. Cow. Do not bring bookless there?
Cæs. Speak, hands, for me.
Cæs. Cæsar, Cæsar. Cow. This looks more Cæsar than the Cæsar.
Cæs. They are thrust by whom shall it be conformed, and at most by Mark's Emotions.

Quin. 4. Cæsar! Then fall Cæsar.
Cæs. The senators may send return in composition.
Din. Liberty Freedom Tyranny is dead—
Keep peace, proceed cry it about the streets.
Cæs. Some in the common people, and cry out,
Din. Tyranny, that our condition—
Cæs. People, and senators be not upright.
Quin. And not, they shall still cry for a peace.
Cæs. More. German the pulp Brutes.
Cæs. Cæs. Where's Fabius!
Din. Here, here, con-continues with this many,
Cæs. Some that together make some voices. Cæsar's
She was—
Quin. Where's Fabius?
Din. Here, here, con-continues with this many,
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She was—
Quin. Where's Fabius?
Din. Here, here, con-continues with this many,
ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter a Servant.


Ser. Then, Brutus, did my master bid me know:
Thy soul did Mark Antony bid me fall down:

Bru. And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:

Ser. Brutos is noble, wise, valiant, and honest:
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

Bru. I loved Brutus, and I honoured him:

Ser. I heard Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him:
If Brutus will vanquish, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be well
How Cæsar didth wish, be he'd to be in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living: but will to fall
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Though in the hazards of this untender state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is 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.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant.

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Can. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That bears him much; and my misgiving still

dalls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. Omityth Cæsar! dost thou live so low?
Are thy comports, glories, triumphs, spoil,
Shrink to this little measure?—Far be these well.

I know not, gentleman, what you intend.
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor any instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all the world.
I do beseech thee, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your rippled hands do reach and smoke,
I shall enjoy your pleasure.

Can. 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 Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Ant. Brutus! beg of thee the sight of your death of us,
Though now we must appear bloody and cruc'd,
As, by your 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 the sun drives out fire, so pity, pity,) Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To your swords have laden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Can. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the deserving of new dignities.

Ant. Only be patient, till we have appear'd
The multitude, beside themselves with tear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ser. I doubt not of your wisdom,
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you:
Next, Cælius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours Metellus;
JULIUS CAESAR.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth, that I am mock and gentle with these butchers! Thou art the ruins of the noblest man, that ever lived in the tide of times. Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood! Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips, to leg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—A curse shall light upon the limbs of men; Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife, shallumber all the parts of Italy; Blood and destruction shall be so in use, and dreadful objects so familiar, that mothers shall but smile, when they behold their infants quarter'd with the hands of war; All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds: And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge, With Até by his side, doth hot from hell, Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice, Cry Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war; That this foul deed shall smell above the earth With carrion men greening 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. Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep. Passion, I see is catching: for mine eyes, Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine, Began to water. Is thy master coming? Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome. Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chan'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 shalt not back, till I have borne this corse Into the market-place: there shall I try, In my oration, how the people take The cruel issue of these bloody men; According to the which, thou shalt discourse To young Octavius of the state policies, And 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. Brut. Then follow me, and give me audience, Cassius, go you into the other street, [friends.—And part the numbers.—Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here; Those that will follow Cassius, go with him; And public reasons shall be rendered Of Caesar's death.

1 Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

2 Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons, When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the Rostrum.

3 Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence! Brut. Be patient till the last. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer.—Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves; than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour, and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [Several speaking at once. Brut. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antonio; who, though he had not heard his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live! 1 Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house. 2 Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors. 3 Cit. Let him be Caesar. 4 Cit. Caesar's better parts Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and Brut. My countrymen,—[clamours. 2 Cit. Peace; silence! Brutus speaks. 3 Cit. Peace, ho! Brut. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony: Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony, By our permission, is allow'd to make. I do entreat you, not a man depart. Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit. 1 Cit. Sees, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony. 3 Cit. Let him go up into the public chair; We'll hear him: Noble Antony, go up. Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you. 4 Cit. What does he say of Brutus? 3 Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake, he finds himself beholden to us all. 2 Cit. We hear he speak no harm of Brutus here. 1 Cit. This Caesar was a tyrant. 3 Cit. Nay, that's certain: We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him. 2 Cit. Peace; let us hear what Antony can say. Ant. You gentle Romans,— 3 Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him. 4 Cit. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. [tears, The evil that men do, lives after them; 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.

Cim. I come 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?
The question is: What's past is prologue.

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 Capitol,

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 fitter for these duties

Than any man alive. Be not afeard; let men

Here have their mirth, and crowned. The poor has

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. Brutus, has he, masters?

I feard there will a worse come in his place.

4 Cit. Mark! 'tis ye words! He would not take the crown:

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 Cit. If it he found so, some will dear abide it.

2 Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

[Antony

3 Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome, than

4 Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of 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 thought of Brutus was wrong, and Cassius wrong.

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I do not wish 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, 'tis his will:

Let but the common 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,

Pleasing death, as a rich legacy,

Unto their name.

4 Cit. We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cim. The will, the will; we will hear Caesar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read

It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you. [it; 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:

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it?

4 Cit. Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will; Caesar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while? I have offended myself, to offend on it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men,

Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar: I do fear it.

4 Cit. They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cim. The will! the testament!

2 Cit. They were villains, murderers: The will,

read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,

And let me shew you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cim. Come down.

2 Cit. Descend. [He comes down from the pulpit.

3 Cit. You shall have leave.

4 Cit. A ring; stand round.

1 Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 Cit. Room for Antony—unto you.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cim. Stand back! room! hear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on;

Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame and beat the enemy.

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made.

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;

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 then to unkindness would proceed,

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 the very midst of样ing 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 flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, when we our measure give away

Our Caesar's vesture wounded! Look you here.

Here is himself, man'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 Cit. O piteous spectacle!

2 Cit. O noble Caesar!

3 Cit. O woful day!

4 Cit. O traitors, villains!

1 Cit. O most bloody sight!

2 Cit. We will be revenged: revenge; about,—

seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

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

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

[up They, that have done this deed, are honourable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do't; they are wise and honourable,

And will, go doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth.

Action, not oration, now is the power of speech;

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
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 pick'd.

OCT. Your brother too must die; Consent you, I e-

LEP. I do consent. [pudis?]

OCT. Prick him down, Antony.

LEP. Upon condition Publius shall not live.

ANT. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house:

LEP. Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

LEP. What, shall I and you here?

ANT. Or here, or at The Capitol.

[Enter Lepidus.]

LEP. At this a slight unremittable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

ANT. So thou thought him;

And took his voice who should be pick'd 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 the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

ANT. 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.

ANT. It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth: A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds On objects, art, and imitations; Which, out of use, and said by other men, Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him, But as a property. And now, Octavius, List great things.—Brutus and Cassius Are levying powers: we must straight make head: Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd. Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd: And let us presently sit in council, How covert matters may be best dis-clos'd, And open perils surest answered. Out. Let us do so: for we are at the stake, And haldy about with many enemies; And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear, Millions of mischief. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers: Tiarenus and Pindarus meeting them.

Brut. Stand here.

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Brut. What now, Lucilius? Is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come To do you salutation from his master.

[Exeunt Lucilius and Pindarus.]

Brut. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus, In his own change, or by ill soldiers, Hath given me some worthy cause to wish Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand, I shall be satisfied.

Pind. I do not doubt, But that my noble master will appear Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Brut. He is not doubled:—A word, Lucilius; How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough; But not with such familiar instances, Nor with such free and friendly conference, As he hath used of old.

Brut. Thou hast describ'd a hot friend coming: Ever mine, Lucilius, When love begins to sicken and decay, It useth an enforced ceremony. There are no tricks in plain and simple faith: But hollow men, like horses hot at hand, Make gallant show and promise of their mettle; But when they should endure the bloody spur, They fall their erects, 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. Brut. Hark, he is arriv'd:—March gently on to meet him.]

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Cass. Stand, ho!

Brut. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cass. 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! Cass. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs; And when you do them—Brut. Cassius be content. Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well:—Before the eyes of both our armies here, Which should perceive nothing of our 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. Cass. Pindarus, Did 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.

Cass. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this: You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella, For taking bribes here of the Sardians; Wherein, my letters, praying on his side, Because I knew the man, were slighted off. Brut. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case. Cass. In such a time as this, it is not meet That every nice offence should bear its 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 underservers.

Cass. I am an itching palm? You know, that you are Brutus that speak this, Or, by the gods, this speech were as your last, Brut. The name of Cassius honour's this corruption, And chastisement doth therefore hide his head. Cass. Affrightment! Brut. Remember March, the ides of March remem-Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake? [Bur! What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, And not for justice? What, shall one of us, That struck the foremost man of all this world, But for supporting robbers; shall we now Contaminate our fingers with base bribes? And sell the mighty spacious of our large honours, For so much trash, as may be grasped thus— I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon, Than such a Roman.

Brut. Brutes, bay not me, I'll not endure it: you forget yourself, To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I, Older in practice, abler than yourself To make conditions. Cass. Do you go to; you're not, Cassius. Brut. I am.

Cass. I say, you are not.

Brut. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself: Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further. Cass. Away, slight man! Can't I speak?

Brut. Hear me, for I will speak. Must I give way and room to your rash cholrer! Shall I be frighted, when a madman stirs? Cass. O gods! ye gods! Must I endure this? Brut. All this? ay, and more: Fret till your proud heart break. Go, show your slaves how choleric you are, And make your bondmen tremble. Must I judge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch Under your testy humour? By the gods, You shall digest the venom of your spleen, Though it do split you: for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, When you are warish.
Julius Caesar.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier: Let it appear so; make your vaunting true, And it shall please me well: For mine own part, I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, I said, an elder soldier; not a better: [Brutus; Did I say, better?]

Bru. If you did, I care not. [Cas. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not think he mov'd Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted Cas. I durst not? [him.

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life, you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love, I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats; For I am arm'd so strong in honesty, That they pass by me as the idle wind, Which I respect not. I did send to you For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;— For I can raise no money by vile means: By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash, By any indiscretion. I did send To you for gold to pay my legions, Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Cassius? Should I have answer'd Cais Scaucus so! When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, To lock such rascal counters from his friends, Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts, Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool, That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my A friend should bear his friend's infirmities; [heart; But Brutus makes mine greater than they are. Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear As high as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come, Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, For Cassius is aweary of the world: Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother; Check'd like a houndman; all his faults observ'd, Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote, To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger, And here my naked breast; within, a heart Dearer than Brutus' mine, richer than gold: If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth; I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart: Suck, as thou didst at Cassar; for, I know, When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger: Be angry when you will, it shall have scope; Do what you will, dishonour shall be honour. O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb That carries anger, as the flint bears fire; Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark, And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus, When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexed him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me, When that rash humour, which my mother gave me, Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius: and, hecquothorth, When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. [Noise within.

Poi. [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals; There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet They be alone.

Luc. [Within.] You shall not come to them.

Poi. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Enter Lucilius and Titinius.

Bru. Luciliius and Titinius, bid the commanders Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. [You Can and come yourselves, and bring Messala with Immediately to us. [Exeunt Lucillius and Titinius.

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 escap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?— O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

Cas. I am 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 distracted, And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, with wine and tapes.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine: In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.

Cas. My heart is thristy for that noble pledge:— Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erflow the cup; I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.

Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala Now sit we close about this taper here, And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you—Messala, I have here received letters, That young Octavius, and Mark Antony, Come down upon us with a mighty power, Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by prescription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died,
By their prescriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of prescription.—
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.

Bry. Why ask you? Henry augur'd 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 store could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippus presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:
'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall be 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, twist Philippus and this ground, [ter,
Do stand but in a fore'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippus 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 try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is riпе:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, 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'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philipp.
Bru. The deep of night is great upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [Exit Lucius.] Farewell, good Messala; Good night, Titius.—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cos. O my dear brother!

This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'ween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mrs. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

Enter Cas. Tit. and Mrs.

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

LUC. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speakest drowsily?

Poor 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.

Ver. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by.

On business to my brother Cassius. [pleasure.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise think 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 it 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 is 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 murd'rous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden lance 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 not, thou breakest 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.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

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?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [Ghost vanishes

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest;
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!
LUC. The things, my lord, are false.

BRU. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.

LUC. My lord? [out!]

BRU. The sooner I dream, Lucius, that thou so cry not
LUC. My lord, I do not know that I do cry. 

BRU. Yes, though hast first: Didst thou see anything?

LUC. Nothing, my lord.

BRU. Sleep again, Lucius—Sicilia, Claudius!

Follow them: [awake.]

LUC. My lord.

BRU. My lord.

LUC. Why dost thou so cry out, sir, in your sleep?

BRU. Come, Did we, my lord.

LUC. Ay: Saw you any thing?

BRU. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

LUC. Nor I, my lord.

BRU. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius
LUC. And I am set on this purpose certain before,
And we will follow.

LUC. Come. It must be done, my lord. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Cen. New Antony, our hopes are answered.

You said, the enemy would not come down.

We keep the land: and upper part as
Is prov'd not to our enemies are at hand;
They mean as well as us at Philippi here.
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Even. I know that presently, but I know
Wherefore they do so: they could be content
To raise other places: and come down
When several breezes wind in by this side.

To battle in our absence that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The enemy comes in plain view:
Their bloody signs of battle being on,
And something of the same importation.

Ant. Octavius bear your battle with you, sir.
Upon the salt bank of the even dance.

Gent. Upon the right hand, I keep there the left.

Ant. Then in your vases are in that exigency.

Oct. I do not mean you, you will not do. [March.]

Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army,
Learners, Varrius, Massilia, and divers.

Cen. They stand and would have parley.

Ant. Speak, Marsilius, speak: I am not so much as talk.

Mars. Antony, what do you wish in parley?

Ant. Marsilius, our common cause is theirs.

Maxes. O, Brutus, we stand not on such worth.

Ant. O, Brutus, we do not stand on that.

Maxes. We have worse cause to talk than meet.

Ant. Old Cassius still.

Come, Antony; away.

Octavius, senators, and their Army.

We will know how now; we will know, and soon,
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard. [Exeunt.]

Luc. [Aside.] As Caesar said to me, he will come.


Mes. [Aside.] What says my general?


Mes. This is my birthday, as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Malesuada.
Be she thy woman: that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I content to set
Upon one notable all our liberties.
I know that I held Epirus strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly from things that do presage
Coming from Brutus on our former enemy.
Our two gray eagles left: and there they perish'd.
Grasping and bearing from our victorious' hands;
As in Philippi now conceived us:
Thus morning are they fled away and gone:
And in their steps, the currents, crowns, and wars,
Fly to our heads, and downward we are:
As we were once proud: they shadow'd seem
A canopy most dark, which our army lies ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe me not.

Cen. I am very happy, I am happy:
For I am fresh of spirit, and reserved.
To meet the perils very differently.

Ant. Even so, Lucius.

Mes. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day grant friendship: that we may.
Lovers in peace: beat our arms into plowshares:
But since the effects of man rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the wits that they believe.
ACT V.—SCENE III

If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Eum. Even by the rule of that philosophic
Way in which I have given him—I know not how,
But I do determine—
For I have no thought in this to prevent;
For I will not weep, but go to present
The time of life—assuming myself with patience,
To stay the prevalence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle.

You are contented to be led in triumph
Though to the streets of Rome.

Eum. Casus, my lord, meek and humble Roman.
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome:
He has not good to make this day a man.
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
There are our everlasting dear well-ta.
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Casus.
If we do not meet again, why write we?
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus! If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed.

Eum. Why then listen.—O, that being only know
The end of this day's business, ere it come
But it is sufficient, that the day will come.
And then the end is known.—Come, let us away! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Enter Cassius and Titius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villagers fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy
This saying here of mine was turning back;
I saw the coward, and did make it known:
But Cassus, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers feel to spoil,
While we by Antony are all confederate.

Eum. Cassius is no more, in sitting and standing.

Cas. Fly further off, my lord; fly further off; Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord.

Eum. Therefore advise Cassus, my lord.

Cas. This shall make it enough. Look, look, Titinius:—Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Eum. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou livest at all,
Moist dye this my horse, and hide my spurs in him.
Tell them to bring me thither to-morrow-morning, and
And here again to-morrow, and on the morrow,
Whether youv troops are friends or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exeunt.

Cas. Go, Pandarcs, get a porter on that:—
My sight was ever thence: regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou hast not of the field.—

[Exit Pandarus.

This day I brood with drear: time is come round,
And where I sit and stand, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sicani, what news?

Pox. [Below] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pox. Titinius is
Enclosed round about with horsemen; that
Make too bold, and come on—now, now. They are,
Now at the same, and now, now, Titinius.—
Now some slight:—O, be soft upon't: he's taken;
—and dark! [Shuts.

They show too few rejoic.

Cas. Come, down, behold no more.—
O, coward, that I am so to love nothing!
To see my best friend in an enemy's face!—

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, sirrah.

In Pidarus did I take them from me,
And then I was too weak to save my life,
That whatsoever I saw, I could not do.
There can no attempt be made now, keep tales on
Now be a freemam, and write true reports:
That run there: O Cassus's house, search the house,
What The manuscripts: Here, take them and give them:
And when my mind is covered as his now.

Gentle the servant—Cassus there are revenge'd.
Even with the sword that took them.

Pox. So, I am free; yet would not so have been.
Durst I have done my will?—O Cassus,
For from that country Pindarus was sent,
Where never Roman sail, and none of mine. [Exeunt.

Enter Trebellius and Maelia.

Mrs. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrow'd by mine own brood power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

V. His tidings well will make comfort Cassus.

Mae. Where are you, poor friend?

Tit. My son, Pindarus his bondsman, is in this.
Mrs. Is it not true of that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He does not make the spring. O my heart,
Mrs. Is not this so?

Tit. No, this was he, Maelia,
But Cassus is no more, in sitting and standing.
As in thy red rays thou dost shine to-morrow,
So in this red-browed Cassius' day is set.
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone
Clouds, storms, and dangers come; our needs are done.
Maelia. And these of my ambassadors into that
Mrs. Many of good success have been done this day,
A broad night opens, midnight's child!

V. How dost thou now upon the thoughts of men,
The things that are not? O, come, come consider,
I have never could imagine a happy heart.

But whilst the morn is so-peaceful the other.

V. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Mrs. Seek him, Trebellius; I will go to meet
The noble Maelia in the town in safety,
Into his ears: I may say, treasonous it.
For gossiping still. This bears a wen and wearmad.
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
Asplings of this night.

Tit. This you, Maelia.

And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit Maela.

When does he not write to Cassus? Did he not meet thy friends? have they spoke to you,

Mae. This night, my lord, then not before their
But this last, I cannot answer every thing. [Shuts.
But hold thee, take this charmed on this bow.
Tit. Do us but good, to the ears, and I
Will do his bidding.—Cassus, come peace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—

By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [Dies.]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

BRUTUS. Where, where, Messalla, doth his body lie? 

MESSALLA. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it. 

BRUTUS. Titinius' face is upward.

CATO. He is slain.

BRUTUS. O Julius Cassar, thou art mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords in our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.

Cato. Brave Titinius! 

Look where he has not crown'd dead Cassius! 

BRUTUS. Are yet two Romans living such as these?— 

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! 

It is impossible, that ever Rome should breed thy foes. —Friends, I owe more tears To this dead man, than you shall see me pay. — 

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time. — 

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body; 
His funeral shall not be in our camp, 
Lest it discomfort us. —Lucilius, come; — 

And come, young Cato; let us to the field — 

And charge Flavius, set our battles on: — 
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night 
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

BRUTUS. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads! 

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! — 

BRUTUS. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I; 

BRUTUS. My country's friend; know me for Brutus. 

[Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.]

LUCIL. O young and noble Cato, art thou down? 

Why, now thou hast as bravely as Titinius; 
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son. 

Sold. Yield, or thou diest. 

LUCIL. 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. 

Sold. We must not. — A noble prisoner. 

Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en. 

Sold. I'll tell the news. — Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

BRUTUS is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord. 

ANTONY. Where is he? 

LUCIL. 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. 

This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you, 

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe, 

Give him all kindness: I bad rather 

Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on, 

And see where Brutus be alive, or dead: 

And bring us word, unto Octavius' teat, 

How every thing is chance'd. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

BRUTUS. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock. 

DARDANIIUS. Statilius shew'd the torch-light; but, my lord, 
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain. 

STRATO. Sit thee down, Clitus: Saying is the word; 

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. —

[Whispers him.

DARDAN. I'll rather kill myself. 

DARD. Hark thee, Dardanius! 

CLITUS. What ill request did Brutus make to thee? 

DARDAN. To kill him, Clitus; Look, he meditates. 

DARDAN. Now that noble vessel full of grief, 

That it runs over even at his eyes. 

BRUTUS. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word. 

VOLUMNIUS. What says my lord? 

BRUTUS. Why, this, Volumnius: 

The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me 

Two several times by night: at Sardis, once; 

And, this last night, here in Philippi fields. I know, my hour is come. 

VOLUMNIUS. Not so, my lord. 

BRUTUS. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius. Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes; 

Our enemies have beat us to the pit: 

It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves, 

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius, 

You 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. 

VOLUMNIUS. That's not an office for a friend. 

[Alarum still,

CLITUS. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here. 

BRUTUS. Farewell to you— and you; and you, Volumnius, thou hast been all this while asleep; [Alarum.

Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen, 

My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life, 

I found no man, but he was true to me. 

I shall have glory by this losing day. 

More than Octavius, and Mark Antony, 

By this vile conquest shall attain unto, 

So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue 

Hath almost ended his life's history: 

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest, 

That have but labour'd to attain this hour. 

ALARUM. Cry within; FLY, fly, fly, 

CLITUS. Fly, my lord, fly; 

BRUTUS. Hence; I will follow thee. 

[Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord: 

Thou art a fellow of a good respect; 

Thy life hath lost some smatch of honour in it: 

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face, 

While I do run upon it. Will thou, Strato! 

STRA. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord. 

BRUTUS. Farewell, good Strato. — Caesar, now be still: 

I'll kill not thee with half so good a will. 

[He runs on his sword, and dies.

ALARUM. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their army.

OFT. What man is that? 

MESSAL. My master's man— Strato, where is thy master? 

STRA. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala; 

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
ACT V.—SCENE V.

For Brutus only overcome himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
That thou hast prov'd Lucullus' saying true. [Brutus, Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me? 
Str. 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 last 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 general honest thought,
And 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.

OF this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the concurrence and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly satisfied in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and uninteresting, compared with some other of Shakespeare's plays: his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.—J ohnson.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

This play was entered in the Stationers' books, May 2, 1608; and was, according to the conjecture of Malone, composed in the same year. It was not, however, printed till the folio of 1623. The subject is taken from Plutarch's Life of Antony, which has been closely followed.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. Antony, Octavius Caesar, triumvirs.
M. Emilius Lepidus, Sextus Pompeius.
Domitius Enobarbus, Ventidius, Eros, Scarus, Decretas, Demetrius, Philo, friends of Antony.
Mecenas, Achippa, Dolicella, Proculeius, Thibbeus, Gallus, friends of Caesar.
Menas, Menecrates, Varrius, friends of Pompey.
Taurus, lieutenant-general to Caesar.
Canidius, lieutenant-general to Antony.
Silius, an officer in Ventidius's army.
Euphorbus, an ambassador from Antony to Caesar.
Alexas, Marcellus, Seleucus, and Dioneyes; attendants on Cleopatra.
Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.
Octavia, sister to Caesar, and wife to Antony.
Charman and Iseas, attendants on Cleopatra.
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Alexandria.—A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phl. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
Overflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and muster of the war
Have glowed 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, renews 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 strapett's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If he be love indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cleo. I'll set a hour's how far to be belov'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform'st, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
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 bluesth, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Caesar's homager: else so the cheek 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 dunghy earth alike
Feeds beasts as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [Embracing
And such a twain can do, in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peeress.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!

Why did she marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stir'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
2 U
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. Fye, wrangling queen! Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.

[Exeunt Ant. and Cleop. with their Train.

Dem. Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm 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! [Ex.

SCENE II. THE same. Another Room.

Enter CHAMMAN, IRIs, AlexaS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, 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 change
his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer.

Soth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know
Soth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy, [things]
A little I can read.

Aler. Shew 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.

Soth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Soth. 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! Soth. You shall be more observing, than beloved.

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 He-
rod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me
with Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my
mistress.

Soth. You shall outline the lady whom you serre.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Soth. You have seen and proved a fairer former
Than that which is to approach. [fortune

Char. Then, belike my children shall have no
names: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must
I have?

Soth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to

Char. Nay, come, tell Irais hers. [your wishes.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Ero. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night,
shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing
else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nils presages floods.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prog-
nostication, I cannot scratch wine ear.—Pr'ythee,
tell her but a workaday fortune.

Soth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But low, but how? give me particulars.

Soth. 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 heaves mend! Alex-
as,—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 fol-
low him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold!

Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me
a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the
people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a
handsome man lose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow
for a woman to have uncheek'd: Therefore, dear
Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Aler. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me
a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but
they'd don't.


Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was and did to them; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. —Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's
Alexas?

Aler. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord ap-

Enter Antony, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[Exeunt Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Irais, Char-

MAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants: MESS, Fulvius thy wife first came into the held.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, joining their force against
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy, [Caesar;
Upon the first encounter, drove them.

Ant. 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.—'Tis thus:
When who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he blatt'd.

Mess. Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates;

His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia;

Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say—

Mess. O, my lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome: [tongue]
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds he still; and our ill told us,
Is as our eating. Fare thee well a while.
[Exit.]
Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.
1 Att. The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an
2 Att. He stays upon your will. [One
Ant. Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian letters I must break,
Enter another Messenger.
Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?
2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she?
[Exit Messenger.]
2 Mess. In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Gives a letter.
Ant. Forbear me.—
[Exit Messenger.]
There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contemporists do often hurt from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become.
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that she'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? [sir
Ant. I must with haste from hence.
Eno. Why, sir, we know all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our depauperation, death's th' 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.
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 another but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.
Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!
Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful pleasant 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.
Ant. Dead.
Eno. Whipp'd sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice.
When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented; this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.
Ant. The business she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.
Fno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends upon your abode.
Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedition to the queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many of our countriving 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 native soldier; whose quality's springing on.
The sides o'the world may danger: Much is broiling,
Which, like the courseur's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
to such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.
Eno. I shall do't. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.
Cleo. Where is he?
Char. Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he did not send you;—if you find him sad, [does: — Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report That I am suddenly sick; Quick, and return.
[Exit Ar.tx
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? [thing,
Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in to.
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 further from me.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good
What says the married woman?—You may go; [news.
'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; hark you are.
Ant. The gods best know, —
Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasurers planted.
Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine and
Though you in swearitng shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!
Ave.

Co. Nay pray ye, my Lord, no more about your peace.

But let me know when you shall be happy.

Then was the time for work; I beg you then,— most happy was in your life, and yours.

'Know that our enemies' best, and one part so good,

But was a race of heaven: They are so still,

Or most the greater name of the work,

And art the greatest for love.

Ave.

How now, Ari! Can I would. I bid thy letters. there showed.

There was a heart in Egypt. (I know,

Hear me, queen. The money necessary of time commands

Our service is well, but my own heart

Remains in me with thee: Our only

SoberIndex over with cruel swords. Secret Pompeius

Makes his approach to the port of Rome.

Embest to our country's power

Sends an answer to Caesar. The sweet, proved to

Aurelius grows in love the consistent. Pompeus

Such as the father's honour seems space

Into the heart of me an heart not sold.

Upon the present state, whose numbers increase

And numbers, proves one of war would part,

By any better chance: I think more particular.

Another with that war. you would wish, I know.

P. What is your news?

Cam. Nothing good. I come to you to make

It you from fairest Cleopatra. — I am, in the present

Feast, my queen.

Lord here and at the present time causes me

The present, where I was, and me down,

When and where the times.

Quintus hands some

Here in the manner they shall have

Most necessary. I am, in the present

To me, I am, and none else will be.

Quintus in more, will be proper to know

To so much. It be proper to know

The present, when it was, or there

All the same, it is, as the present, and the time,

The same occasion, making peace it was.

Without effort,

Cam. Go to my next Caesar's name. —

Are not I here? I am quickly, and we shall

Be always happy,

And you the present queen, forever

And give this, as much as in which

As much as we are, and

This be for a man, and me

I am, who was the word, who was the heart

Be a next Caesar's name, and

O Caesar, Caesars, and Caesar.

This, and the greatest queen.

And yet on mine own, to what

You can be a man, and to which

This is, for a man, and me.

And yet on mine own, and to what

Our country's name shall be,

And yet in what, and be when Caesar.

This Caesar's name shall be,

This Caesar's name shall be.

This Caesar's name shall be,

This Caesar's name shall be.

This Caesar's name shall be,

This Caesar's name shall be.

This Caesar's name shall be.
ACT I—SCENE V.

Go to, and back, lashing the varying tide,
To set itself with motion.

MESSIAH. O Charman.
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he before or set he?
Or does he want, or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Anthony!
Do heavily bear the weight of Antony, then meet at
The theme of Anthony, the arm
And help him up. He's speaking now.

MENÆA. O Charman.
For so he can see. Now I feed myself
With most delicious potion:—Think on me,
That arm with Phæbus' nimous quaffs back,
And wrinkled deep in time. Heavily-looked Caesar,
Whose face was once above the ground, I was
A messenger so high, that what I would have spoke
Would stand, and make my eyes grow many bow.
There would be another his aspect, and the
With looking on his life.

EMILIA ANTAN.

AEGYPT.

Soverange of Egypt, hail.

CAESAR. How much unkind yet to the Mark Antony?

CLARENCE. Yet, coming from him, that great meditated hatch
With his thought girded thee—

CAESAR. How goes it with my heavy Mark Antony?

CLARENCE. Well, I think he did, dear queen.

CAESAR. And, tell me, if I be right, kiss'd
The last of many deserved woes.

CLARENCE. He swears, and says he has
The present piece:—His speech sticks in my heart.

CAESAR. Mine ear must plung't in twenty

CLARENCE. He's drunk, and, quoth he,
Say, The firm Romans to great Egypt send
The treasure of my country; at whose knee
The more we speak, I think, the more
Mercurius that to Egypt, of the last,
Say then, shall we more marse. So he nodded,
And so, he don't the mount a magnificent steed,
Which noble I would have spoke
Was clearly done by him.

CAESAR. What, was he sad or merry?

CLARENCE. Like to the time of the year between the equinoxes
Of heat and cold, he was not sad nor merry.

CAESAR. O Clarence, signed disposition—Note him.

CLARENCE. Note his, my good Charman, that becomes,
He was not sad, nor he would show it there.
That made then by his, he was not merry.
Which seem'd to show the, his face became lay.
And I egmont in his joy but between heat.
O heavenly joy!—Bes't thou sad, or merry.

CLARENCE. The vision strikes, and then becomes,
And, doth no man else, nor me, my poor,
My madam, twenty several messages
Why do you send so much?

CAESAR. Whom's been that day
When I forget to send to Antony.

CAESAR. The day before a beggar. Ink and paper Charman.

CLARENCE. A better, and a good one.

O Charman, ever say

CAESAR. O that brave Caesar!

CAESAR. He should'd with such another:—emphatically
Say, the brave Antony.

CAESAR. The valiant Caesar!

CAESAR. By law, I will give thee beauteous youth,

CLARENCE. The madam's paragon again
My man of men,

CLARENCE. By your most gracious pardon
I may, but after you.

CAESAR. My salut days.

CAESAR. When I was green in judgement, Cole in blood
To say as I had done. But, come away
Give me the paper, he shall have every say a
day several greeting, or I will say people Egypt.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. A Room in Pompey’s House.

Enter Pompey, Menenrates, and Menas.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey, That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny as 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 power’s a crescent, and my suiting 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 the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? ’tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir. [Gather.

Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome to—
Looking for Antony: But all charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wand’s lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feast;
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloysless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may pro rogue his honour,
Even till a Lethal’d dulness.—How now, Varrius?

Enter Varrius.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, ’tis
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don’d his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twin: But let us rear
The higher brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Can from the lap of Egypt’s widow pluck
The ne’er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cesar and Antony shall well meet together:
His wife, that’s dead, did trespasses to Caesar;
His brother war’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,
’Twere pregnant they should square between them—
For they have entertained cause enough [selves;
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
These petty differences, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.

Come, Menas. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Rome.—A Room in the House of Lepidus.

Enter Endoresanus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Endobarbus, ’tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

End. I shall entreat him
to answer like himself: if Caesar move him,
Let Antony look over Caesar’s head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wener of Antonius’ beard,
I would not shave ’t to day.

Lep. ’Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

End. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
End. Not if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

End. And yonder Caesar.

Enter Caesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cas. I do not know, Mecenas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends, That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What’s amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds? Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beech,) Touch you the sorest points with sweetest terms,
Nor carress grow to the matter.

Ant. ’Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cas. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cas. Sit, sir!

Ant. Nay,

Then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cas. I must be laugh’d at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chide you 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.

How intend you, practis’d?

Cas. You may be pleas’d to catch at mine intent,
By what did hence befal me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contentation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother
Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it; [never
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 wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters,
Before did satisfy you. If you’ll patch a quartet,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
ACT II.—SCENE II. 679

It must not be with this.
Cas.
You praise yourself
By laying defences 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 'touched mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would she had her spirit in such another:
The third of the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
Eno. 'Would we had we all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women!
Ant. So much incurable, her garbolus, 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 give my missive out of audience.
Ant. He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
The see kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was I 'twas the morrow, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.
Cas. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Caesar.
Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But oo, Caesar,
The article of my oath,—
Cas. To lend me arms, and aid, and when I requir'd
The which you both owed. [them,
Ant. Neglected, rather; and
Then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it: Truth is, that Pulvia,
To save me out of Caesar's dark wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
We're to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoke, Mecanias.

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. Then act the 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; your considerate stone. [more,
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 O'the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Caesar,—
Cas. Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
Cas. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.
Ant. I am not married, Caesar: let me hear
Agrippa futher 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 but tales,
Where now half tall 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,
By 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 shews,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand—
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!
Cas. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kindoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen! [pey; Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pomp—
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks us out.
Ant. And 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! Ha' we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, deeppatch we The business we have talk'd of.
Cas. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.
Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Cas. Not sickness should detain me.

[Flourish. ELEVEN CASAS, ANT. and LEPIDUS.
Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.
Antony. Have the hasten thank I pray. Say Humbly, and if she thereupon, is this true? Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle; we had much more monstrous matter of feasts, which worthy deserved noting. Mrs. She's a most triumphant lady, if report he square to her. Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purred up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus. Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devis'd well for her. Eno. I will tell you: The harge 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 [silier: The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were Which to the tune of thutes 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, of 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 divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem To blow the delicate cheeks, which they did cool; And what they uv'd, did. Agr. O, rare for Antony! Eno. Her gentlemens, like the Nereides, So many mermaids, tended her; the eyes, And made their heads adornings: at the helm A seeming mermaid sisses; the silken tackle Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands, That rarely frame the office. From the barge A strange invisible perfume hits the sense Of the adjacent wharfis. The city east Her people out upon her; and Antony, Enbroid'd in the market-place, did sit alone. Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy, Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too, And made a gap in nature. Agr. Rare Egyptian! Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her, Invited her to supper: she replied, It should be better, he became her guest; Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony, Whom ne'er the word of No woman heard speak, Being barb'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 crupp'd. Eno. I saw her once Hop forty paces through the public street: And having lost her breath, she spoke, and pant'd, That she did make defect, perfection, And, breathless, power breathe forth. Agr. Now Antony must leave her utterly. Eno. Never; he will not; Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety: Other women Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry, Where most she satisfies. For vilest things Become themselves in her; that the holy priests Bless her, when she is riggish. Mrs. If beauty, wisdom, meecy, can settle The heart of Antony, Octavia is A blessed lottery to him. Agr. Let us go.— Good Enoabarbus make myself your 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, and a Soothsayer. 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 my prayers To them for you. Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia, Read not my blinmishes 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.— Oct. Good night, sir. Cas. Good night. [Exeunt Caesar and Octavia. Ant. Now, sirrah! do you wish yourself in Egypt? Sooth. 'Wold I had never come from thence, o'ryg! Thither! Ant. If you can, your reason? Sooth. My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet Hie you again to Egypt. Ant. Say to me. Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's, or mine? Sooth. Caesar's. Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side: Thy damon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, Where Caesar's is not; but, near him, thy angel Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpowered; 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, 'ts 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 fainst 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 hooping, 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. [Exeunt. SCENE IV. — The same. A Street. Enter Lepidus, Mecenas, and Agrrippa. Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, Your generals after. [hasten Lep. 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.
ACT II.—SCENE V.  

SCENE V.—Alexandria.  A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food

Of us that trade in love.

Attend.  

The music, ho!

Enter Mardian.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:

Come, Charmian.

Charm. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an unmatch play'd,

As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me, sir.

Mard. As well as I can, madam.  [too short.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though it come

The actor may plead pardon.  I'll none now:

Give me mine angle.—We'll to the river there,

My house playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-lint'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce

Their slender jaws; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Charm. 'Twas merry, when

You wager'd on your angling; when your diver

Drew up a salt-bish on his hook, which he

With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!—

I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night

I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,

Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst

I wore his sword Phillipan.  O! from Italy;

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,

That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:

But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here

My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings

Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark,

To say, the deal are well; bring it to that, [we use

The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour

Down thy illuttering throat.  

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony

Be free, and healthy,—why so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,

Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,

Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you, hear me? 

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,

Or friends with Caesar, or not captiv'd to him,

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail

Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.  

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Caesar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. I do not like but yet, madam.  

The good precedence; fye upon but yet.  

But yet is as a gagler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor.  Pr'ythee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: He's friends with Caesar;

In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mess. Free, madam! so, I made do such report:

He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?  

Mess. For the best turn 't the bed.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infections pestilence upon thee!

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence, [Strikes him down.

Mess. Good madam, patience.  

Cleo. What say you?—Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[She hales him up and down.

Thou shalt be whip'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,

Swarting in 'ring' pickles.

Mess. Gracious madam, I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hast

Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;

And I will boot thee with what gift besides

Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[Draws a dagger.

Mess. Nay, then I'll run:

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.  [Exit.

Charm. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents' escape not the thunderbolt—

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;

Though I am mad, I will not bite him—Call.

Charm. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. Hands ever will not hurt him.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself; since I myself

Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good

To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message

An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell

Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do,

If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there

Mess. Should I lie, madam?  [still?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;

So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made

A cistern for scald's snakes! Go, get thee hence:

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me

Thou would'st appear more ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:

To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.  
**Cleo.** O, that his fault should make a knife of thee,  
That art not!—What? thou'ret sure of it!—Get thee hence;  
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,  
Are all too dear for me; He they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em!—**[Exit Messenger.]**  
**Char.** Good your highness, patience.  
**Cleo.** In praising Antony, I have disgraced Cæsar.  
**Char.** Many times, madam.  
**Cleo.** I am paid for't now.  

Lead me from hence, I faint: O Iras, Charmian,—Tis no matter:  
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him Report the feature of Octavia, her years,  
Her inclination; let him not leave out  
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—  
**Exit Alexas.**  

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,  
Though he he painted one way like a Gorgon,  
'Tother way he's a Mars:—Did you Alexas  
**To MARIAN.**  
Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,  
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.  
**[Exeunt.]**

**SCENE VI.—Now Misenum.**

**Enter Pompey and Menas, at one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, Caesar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Micanas, with Soldiers marching.**  
**Pom.** Your hostages I have, so have you mine;  
And we shall talk before we fight.  
**Ces.** Most meet,  
That first we come to words; and therefore have we  
Our written purposes before us sent;  
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know  
If'twill tie up thy discontented sword.  
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,  
That else must perish here.  
**Pom.** To you all three,  
The senators alone of this great world,  
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,  
Wherefore my father should reverences want,  
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,  
When Lucius 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 drench the Capitol; but that they would  
Have one man but a man? And that is it,  
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden  
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant  
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome  
Cast on my noble father.  
**Ces.** 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.  
**Ces.** There's the point.  
**Ant.** Which do not be entreated to, but weigh  
What it is worth embrac'd.  
**Ces.** 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 'greed upon,  
To part with unback'd edges, and bear back  
Our large undinted.  
**Ces. 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 Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,  
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find  
Her friend so 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.  
**Ant.** The beds! these cast are soft; and thanks to you;  
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;  
For I have gain'd by it.  
**Ces.** Since I saw you last,  
There is a change upon you.  
**Pom.** 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.  
**Lep.** Well met here.  
**Pom.** I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed:  
I crave, our composition may be written,  
And seal'd between us.  
**Ces.** That's the next to do.  
**Pom.** We'll feast each other, crewe part; and let us  
Draw lots, who shall begin.  
**Ant.** That will I, Pompey.  
**Pom.** No, Antony, take the lots: but, first,  
O' last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar  
Grew fat with feasting there.  
**Ant.** You have heard much.  
**Pom.** I have fair meanings, sir.  
**Ant.** And fair words to them.  
**Pom.** Then so much have I heard:—  
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried.  
**Eno.** No more of that:—He did so.  
**Pom.** What, I pray you?  
**Eno.** A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.  
**Pom.** I know thee now; How far'st thou, soldier?  
**Eno.** Well;  
And well am I like to do; for, I perceive,  
Four feasts are toward.  
**Pom.** Let me shake thy hand;  
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,  
When I have envied thy behaviour.  
**Eno.** Sir,  
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,  
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much  
As have said you did.  
**Pom.** Enjoy thy plainness,  
It nothing ill becomes thee.  
Abroad my galley, I invite you all:  
Will you lead, lords?  
**Ces. Ant. Lep.** Shew us the way, sir.  
**Pom.** [Exeunt Pompey, Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, Soldiers, and Attendants.**

**Men.** Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[Aside.]—You and I have known, sir.  
**Eno.** At sea, I think.  
**Men.** We have, sir.  
**Eno.** You have done well by water.
ACT II.—SCENE VII.

68:: Pompey have we Octavia could is, they will reconcile this. I come, will you he reconciled to Cleopatra? Eos. Caesar’s sister is called Octavia. Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus. Eos. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius. Men. Pray you, sir! Eos. ’Tis true. Men. Then is Caesar, and he, for ever knit together. Eos. 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. Eos. I think so too. But you shall find, the hand that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strength of their animosity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation. Men. Who would not have his wife so? Eos. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: than shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Caesar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their animity, 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 abroad? I have a health for you. Eos. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt. Men. Come; let’s away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey’s Galley, lying near Misenum.

Music. Enter Two or Three Servants, with a banquet.

1 Serv. Here they’ll be, man; Some o’ their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i’ the world will blow them down.

2 Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

3 Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

4 Serv. As they pinch another by the disposition, he cries out, no more; reproaches him to his entourage, and himself to the drink.

5 Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

6 Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men’s fellowship: I had as lief have a redcal that will do me no service, as a partisan I could not love.

7 Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in’t, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the checks.

A senet sounded. Enter Caesar, Antony, Pompey Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other captives.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [To Caesar.] They take the flow of the Nile By certain marks; the pyramid; they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if deart, Or foison, follow: The higher Nilus swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Lep. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I’ll ne’er out.

Eos. Not till you have slept; I fear me, you’ll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies’ pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.


Pom. Forbear me till anon.—This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o’ thing is your crocodile? Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: It is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it: and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of? Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. ’Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. ’Tis so. And the tears of it are wet. Cas. Will this description satisfy him? Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [To Menas aside.] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where’s this cup I call’d for? Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

[Aside. Pom. I think, thou’rt mad. The matter!

Rises, and walks aside.

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv’d me with much faith: What’s be jolly, lords, else to say? Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.


Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup. Thou art, if thou dar’st be, the earthly Jove: Whatever the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thing, if thou wilt have’t.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable; And, when we are put off, fall to their throats; All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done, And not have spoken o' t's! In me, 'tis villany In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know, 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour; Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown, I should have found it afterwards well done; But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink. Men. For this, [aside. I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more. Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd, Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him.

Men. Here's to thee, Menas. [Pompey. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Men. There's a strong fellow, Menas. [Pointing to the Attendant who carries off LEPIDUS. Pom. Why?

Men. He bears The third part of the world, man; See'st not! Men. The third part then is drunk: Would it were That it might go on wheels! [call. Enob. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come, Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast. Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho! Here is to Caesar.

Cas. I could well forbear it. It's monstrous honour, when I wash my brain, And it grows touter.

Ant. Be a child o' the time. [fast Cas. Possess it, I'll make answer: but I had rather From all four days, than drink so much in one.

Men. Ha, my brave emperor! [To Antony, Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals, And celebrate our drink?

Ant. Let's ha', good soldier. Men. Come, let us all take hands;

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense In soft and delicate Letho.

Men. All take hands.— Make battery to our ears with the loud music:— The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing; The holding every man shall bear, as loud As his strong sides can volley.

[Music plays. ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.}

SONG.—Come, thou monarch of the vine, Plump'd Bacchus, with pink eyes; In thy vats our cares be drunk'd; With thy grapes our hair be crown'd; Cup us, till the world go round; 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 Good Antony, your hand. [night. Pom. I'll try you o' the shore. Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony, You have my father's house.—But what? we are Come, down into the boat. [friends;
ACT III.—SCENE III.

Agr. * 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
Eto. A very fine one: O, how he loves Caesar!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
Eto. Would you praise Caesar, say,—Caesar;—go no further. [Praises.
Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent
Eto. But he loves Caesar best; Ye the loves Antony:
Hot hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bard, poets,
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Caesar,
Knelt down, knelt down, and wonder.
Agr. Both he loves.
Eto. 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 Octavius.
Ant. No further, sir.
Cae. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest 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 builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, it on both parts
This be not cherished.'
Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.
Cae. 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.
Cae. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all 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—
Cae. What, Octavius?
Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not love her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swain's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.
Eto. Will Caesar weep? [Aside to Agrippa.
Agr. He has a cloud in his face.
Eto. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.
Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Caesar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eto. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd at [rheum;
Believe it, till I weep too.
Cae. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cas. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light.
To thy fair way!—
Cas. Farewell, farewell! [Kisses Octavia.
Ant. Farewell! [Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.
Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half a circuit to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.
Enter a 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
Octavius?
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-tongu'd,
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. She creeps,
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shews a body rather than a life;
A statute, 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 perceiv't:—'There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.
Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.
Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long, or
Mess. Round, even to faultiness. [round! 
Cleo. For the most part too,
Ant. They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead is as low
As she would wish it.
Cleo. There is 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.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
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 scantily of me: when performe he could not But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly He vented them; most narrow measure lent me: When the best hint was given him, he not took't, Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe, See both not all. A more unhappy lady, If this division chance, ne'er stood between, Praying for both parts:
And 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. Gentle 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 yours so branchless. But, as you requested, Yourself shall go between us: The mean tyme, lady, I'll raise the preparation of a war Shall stain your brother; Make your nearest 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. What if it appears to you where this begins, Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults Can never be so equal, that your love Can equally move with them. Provide your going; Choose your own company, and command what cost Your heart has mind to.

[Exit.

Scene V.—The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

End. How now, friend Eros?
Eros. There's strange news come, sir.
End. What, man?
Eros. Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

End. This is old; What is the success?
Eros. Caesar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him; So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confines.

End. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more; And throw between them all the food thou hast, They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?
Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spairns The rush that lies before him; cries, Foot, Lepidus! And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

End. Our great navy's rigg'd.
Eros. For Italy, and Caesar. More, Domitius; My lord, desires you presently: my news I might have told betacfter.
End. Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir.

[Exit.

Scene VI.—Rome. A Room in Caesar's House.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Mecenas.

Caes. Contemplating 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, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold Were publicly enthron'd: at the seats, sat Cesarion, 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 its own, Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?
Caes. 'tis 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 Poleney 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.

M. c. Let Rome be thus Informed.

Aggr. Who, quesyous with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Caes. The people know it; and have now receiv'd His accusations.

Aggr. Whom does he accuse?
Caes. Caesar: and that, having in Sicily Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me Some shipping unresort'd: lastly, he frets, and the arms amirurate
Should be depose'd: and, being, that we detain All his revenue.

Aggr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Caes. 'Tis done already, and the 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 con- grant him part; but then, in his Armenia, I quar'd, And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.
Caes. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

[Exit Octavia.

Oct. Halt, Caesar, and my lord! hail, most dear Caesar! Caes. That ever I should call thee, cast-away! Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause. Caes. Why have you stoll'n upon us thus? You come Like Caesar's sister: The wife of Antony [not 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 faint'd, Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
ACT III.—SCENE VII.

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 ye say?

Eun. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony,
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traded for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Phocinus an enuich, and your maids.

Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eun. Nay, I have done.

Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Caiusius.

Ant. Is't not strange, Caiusius,
That from Tarentum, and Brandusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Tornye!—You have heard on't, sweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admire,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becon'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Caiusius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Caius. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eun. So hath my lord da'd him to single fight.

Caius. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cesar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eun. Your ships are not well man'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingress'd by swift impress; in Cesar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought;
Their ships are rare: yours, heavy; No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eun. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiery you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite foresore
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 sail, Caesar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full man'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Caesar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do by land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cesar has taken Tornye.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be. Caiusius,
Our nineteen legions then shall hold by hand,
And our twelve thousand horse.—We'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Theisis!—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 Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am 't 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
Thelegious and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Calcius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Caesar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
Beguill'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 for Cædianus. [forth,
Can. With news the time's with labour; and threes
Each minute, some. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—A Plain near Actium.

Enter Cæs ar, Taurus, Officers, and others.

Cæs. Taurus,—
Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole;
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the precept of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [Exeunt.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on your side o' the hill,
In eye of Caesar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [Exeunt.

Enter Cædianus, 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.

Alcmen. Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
[longer:
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, nine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scærus.

Scær. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scær. The greater cattle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scær. On our side like the token d pestilence,
Where death is sure. 'Yon' ribandaged hag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! 'Tis the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The brace upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did sicken at the sight on't, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scær. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doing millard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Cædianus.

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. [night
Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good
Indeed. Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.
Scær. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Caesar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Shew 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't,
It isasham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever.—I have a ship
Laid on with gold; take that, divide it, fly,
And make your peace with Caesar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructedowards
To run, and shew their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway.
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you—'I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.]

Enter Eros and Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iris.

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 yfe, yfe, yfe.
Char. Madam?
Iras. Madam; O good empress!—
Eros. Sir, sir,—
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

IRAS Go to him, madam, speak to him

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ACT III.—SCENE XI.

That the mad Brutus ended,—he alone
Deatb on lieutenancy, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.
Ces. Ah, stand by.
Brut. The queen: my lord, the queen.
Ces. Go to him, madam, speak to him; He is unqualified with such shame.
Brut. Well then,—sustain me,—O !
Ces. Most noble to arise; the queen approaches; Her head demands ; and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ces. I have offended reputation;
A most unwise swerving.
Brut. Sir, the queen.
Ces. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See, How I convey my shame out of mine eyes By looking back on what I have left behind;
Struck in distraction.
Ces. O my lord, my lord! Forgive my fearful sake! I little thought, You would have followed.
Brut. Egypt, thou know'st too well, Most drear, to thy remembrance; And thou should'st stow me after: O'er my spirit Thy full supremacy thou know'st; and that Thy book might from the building of the gods Command me.
Ces. O, my pardon.
Brut. New must To the young man send humble treaties, dodge And pairer in the shits of lowness; who 's 'th out the half the world played as I pleaded,
Making, and marrying fortunes. You did know, How much you were my conqueror: and that My sword, made weak by my infection, would Obey it on all cause.
Ces. O, pardon, pardon.
Brut. 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 head:— Some wine, within there; and our vardo:—Forlorn knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [Ex.

SCENE XI.—Alexander. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Chamalyn, and Lalias.

Ces. Is Antony, or we, in fault? Let us know.
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will Lord of his reason. What though you die From that great face of war, whose several ranges Frighted each other? why should he follow? The nob of his affection should not them Have none of his eminence: it is such a point. When half to half the world opposes & he being The mered question: Twas a shame no less Than was his loss, to course your friendly dogs, And leave his navy pining.
Ces. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, with Ephebontus.

Ant. The queen Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield Us up.
Eno. He says so.
Ant. Let her know it.—
To the boy Caesar send this-girted head. A he will fill the wealthy to the brim With princely parts.
Eno. 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 count, steps, legens. May be a comrade, whose misteries would prevail Under the service of a child, as you Art of the command of Caesar: I draw him therefore Today has gay comparisons apart.
Eno. And answer me demand, swear against sword, Ourselves alone? I'll write it: follow me.

[Exit Antony and Ephebontus.

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-banished Caesar will Unstate his happiness, and of the show, Ayros: a world,—I see, men's judgments are A parcel of his fortunes: and things outward Do draw the inward quality after them.
To suffer an exile: That he should dream, Knowing all measures, the first Caesar will Answer his emptiness!—Caesar thou hast sub'd His judgment too.
Antony and Cleopatra

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Caesar.

Cleo, What, no more ceremony!—See, my women—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That is with this, and to the bud. —Admit him, sir.

Cleo. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square. [Aside.]
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith more tody; —yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer
And earns a place i’ the story.

Enter Tybervs.

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 is Caesar’s.

Thyr. So —
Thus then, thou most renown’d; Caesar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand’st,
Further than he is Caesar.

Cleo. Thyr. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear’d him.

Cleo.

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv’d.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer’d merely.

Eno. To be sure of that. [Aside.]
I will ask Antony. —Sir, sir, thou’rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

[Exit ENOHRANUS.

Thyr. Shall I say to Caesar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir’d to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What’s your name?

Thyr. My name is Tyverns.

Cleo. Most kind messenger, say to great Caesar this, in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. To your noblest course.
Wise and fortune combaiting 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.

[Re-enter Antony and ENOHRANUS.

Ant. Favourites, by Jove that theunders!—

What art thou, fellow? —

Thyr. One, that but performs
The boding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command they’d.

Eno. You will be whipping'd.

Ant. Approach, there: — Ay, you kite! — Now
Gods and devils!

Authority melts from my arms. Of late, when I cried, ho!
Like boys unto a noise, kings would start forth,
And cry, Your will? Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion’s whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whom?—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 alond for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,

Ant. Thag him away: being whip’d,
Bring him again: This Jack of Caesar’s shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[Exit Attend. with TyVERVS.

You were half blast'd ere I knew you: — Ha!
I have my pillow left unpress’d in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus’d
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on ‘t!) the wise gods seal our eyes:
In our own flight drop our clear judgments: make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strait
Thee in confusion.

Ant. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
The meat of Caesar’s trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cæsars Pompeys: besides what hotter hours,
Unregister’d in vulgar fame, you have
Lazily 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: this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts! — O, that I were
Upon the hill of Bassan, to roar
The helmed herd! for I have savage cause:
And to proclaim it civilly, were but
A halter’d neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. — Is he whip’d?

[Re-enter Attendants, with TyVERVS.

1 Ant. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg’d he pardon?

1 Ant. 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 whip’d for following him: hence
The white hand of a lady never thin.
[Exeunt them 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 now former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
ACT IV.—SCENE II.

Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [Exit PHILOP.]
Cle. Have you done yet?
Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cle. I must stay his time.
Ant. To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
With one that uses his points?

Cle. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cle. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cassarian smile!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the disdaining of this polleted storm.
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Had nobly held: our sev'rd navy too
Have knitt again, and fleet, threat'ning most sealeike.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,
If from the field I shall return once more
[Lady? To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cle. 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 ransome lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cle. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor: but, since my
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra. [lord,

Ant. We'll yet do well.
Cle. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll
force
The wine peep through their scars. —Come on, my
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent sycke.

[Enter Antony, Cleopatra, and Attendants.

Eno. Now he'll outstraine the lightings. To be fa-
rious,
Is, to be frighted 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 presys 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; Achippa, Mecenas, and others.

Ces. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal com-
Cesar to Antony: Let the old rufian know, [bat,
He hath many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mer. Caesar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's haulted,
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cas. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
And least 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, Enochus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, and others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better for-
He is twenty men to one.

[Enter, Tune, etc.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woot thou fight well?
Eno. I'll strike; and cry, Take all.

Ant. Well said; come on,—
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

[Enter Servants.

De bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest:—so hast thou;—
And thou, and thon,—and thon:—you have serv'd
And kings have been your fellow too;
What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd trucks, which sorrow
Shoots
[Aside.

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thon art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men;
Which clayd 'p together in
An Antony: that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffered my command.

Ant. What does he mean?

Eno To make his followers weep.

Ant. 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 fort.

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this di-comfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, an onion-eyed; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!

2 X 2
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
I spoke to you for your comfort: did you see;
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 Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
2 Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
1 Sold. Nothing: What news?
2 Sold. Belfike, 'tis but a rumour:
Good night to you.
1 Sold. Well, sir, good night.
   Enter Two other Soldiers.
2 Sold. Soldiers, Have careful watch.
3 Sold. And you: Good night, good night.
[The first two place themselves at their posts.
4 Sold. Here we: they take their posts:] and to—
   Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope [morrow]
   Our landmen shall stand up.
3 Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.
   [Music of hautboys under the stage.
   Peace, what noise?
1 Sold. List, List!
2 Sold. Hark!
1 Sold. Music 'tis the air.
3 Sold. Under the earth.
4 Sold. It signs well,
Does't not?
3 Sold. No.
1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should this mean?
2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
1 Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Doe hear what we do. [They advance to another post.
2 Sold. How now, masters?
Sold. How now?
11ow now? do you hear this?
   [Several speaking together.
1 Sold. Ay; is't 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't will give off.
   Sold. [Several speaking.] Content: 'Tis strange.
   [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The same. A Room in the Palace.
   Enter Antony and Cleopatra; Charmian,
   and others attending.
Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little. [Eros!
Ant. No, my chuck—Eros, come; mine armour,
   Enter Eros, with armour.
Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?
   Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
   The armourer of my heart;—False, false; this, this.

CLEOPATRA.
Cleo. Sooth, sa, I'll help: Thus it must be.
   Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly, sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
   Ant. Rarely, rarely: He that unbars this, till we do please.
   To do't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumest, Eros; and my queen's a square
More tight at this, than thou: Despatch.—O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see
   Enter an Officer, armed.
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 it with delight.
1 Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.
   [Shouts. Trumpets. Flourish.]
   Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.
2 Off. The mora 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, dame, what'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rethankable,
Kisses her.
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.
[Exeunt Antony, Eros, Officers, and Soldiers.
Char. Please you, retire to your chamber!
Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Antony's Camp near Alexandria.
   Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros;
   a Soldier meeting them.
   Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
   Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once
To make me fight at land! [prevail'd
Sold. Had'st 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. Who?
   One over near thee: Call for Enoeburus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Caesar's camp
Say, I am none of thine.
   Ant. What say'st thou?
   Sold. Sir,
He is with Caesar.
Eros. Sir, his chest's 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
(1 will subscribe) gentle adieux, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
ACT IV.—SCENE IX.

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To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men.—[Ere, despatch. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Caesar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter Ceasar, with Agrippa, Enobarbus,
and others.

Caes. Go forth. Agrippa, and begin the fight,
Our will is, Antony be alive;
Make it so known.

Agri. Caesar, I shall. [Exit Agrippa.

Ceas. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-noon'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony

Is come into the field.

Caes. Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [Exit Ceasar and his Train.

Eno. Alexaus 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. Cædus, 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 me not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true: Best that you said the bighter
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 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 would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel,
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the soul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Field of Battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa,
and others.

Agri. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Caesar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [Exit.

Alarum. Enter Antony and Scarsus, 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.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

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 into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Enos.

Enos. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take lances, behind;
'Tis sport to mall a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.—Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony, marching; Scarsus,
and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp;—Run one
Before,
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand.

[To Scarsus, attended.

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's neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords! O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though
Do something mingle with our brown; yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Command unto his lips thy favouring hand—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a kioig's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phoebus' car.—Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines; [gather
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to—
Appraising our approache.

[Exit.

SCENE IX.—Caesar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. Enter Enobarbus.

1 Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: The night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' th' morn.

2 Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to us.
Antony and Cleopatra.

Enter. O, hear me witness, night,—
3 Sold. What man is this?
2 Sold. Be witness to me, O than blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—
1 Sold. Enobarbus!
3 Sold. Peace; Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The pernicious damp of night dispounge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! 
Let's speak To him.
1 Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Caesar.
3 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.
3 Sold. Sworns rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleeping.
2 Sold. Go we to him.
3 Sold. Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.
2 Sold. Hear you, sir?
1 Sold. The hand of death hath rauth him. Hark,
the drums [Drums after off].
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us hear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.
3 Sold. Come on, then; He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.

Scene X.—Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony and Scærus, with Forces marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.
Scær. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven; Further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover.
And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.

Enter Cassar, and his Forces marching.

Cæs. But, being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I tak't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Antony and Scærus.

Ant. Yet they're not jo' id; Where yonder pine
does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit
Scær. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurs
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum off after, 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 whate'ru's! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on war; no heart to fly.
But when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all.—Bid them all fly, be gone.

[Exit Scærus.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this!—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do disdain, melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end, [home;
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—

What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt. 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 shewn
For poor'st diminutives, to doles; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [Exit Cleo.] 'Tis well
They're not gone,
If it be well to live: But better twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage;
Let me load 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 Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [Exit.

Scene XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the roar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd. [Char.
To the monument:
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rice not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it 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. Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish:
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A lover'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 airs: thou hast seen these
They are black vesper's pages. [signs;]

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack disillusion'd: 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, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to outwit ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARSDIAN.
She has rob'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony; My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingles
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy envious; 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 would'st 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 burn'd in her.

Ant. Dead then?—Dead.

Eros. unarmed; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go,—off, pack off;—

[Exit Marsidian.

Ant. The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides! Heart, once be stronger than thy continent.
Crack thy frail case!—Apate, 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,
Lies down, and stray no further: Now all labour
Mars what it does; yes, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen,—Eros!—Stay for me: Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand, And with our sprightly part, make the ghosts gaze: Dido and her .Eroses shall want troops, And all the haunt be ours. —Come, Eros, Eros! Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died, I have liv'd in such dishonest, 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 mood
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 inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace, and horror, that, on my command,
Then thou'ldst kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st.
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
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
 Thy master thus with pleas'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face sublime
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel's seat
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a warrant 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, sword'ost thou not
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once; [then
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Look thee. [Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor; let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—[Falls on his sword.]

Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death.

[Die.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Hath by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridgework in my death, and run into
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
[falling on his sword.

I learn'd of thee. How! not yet dead? not dead?
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1 Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make
Of what I have begun. [an end

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

2 Guard. 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.

Derr. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Caesar, with the tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Derr. Where's Antony?

Diom. There, Diomed, there.

Derr. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [Exit Dercetas.
Antony and Cleopatra.

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and suffering strokes for death. [Gives me a dirk.]
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 prophecy of what hath come to pass: for when she saw (which never shall be found,) thou didst suspect she was disposed with Caesar, and that your rage would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead; but, fearing since how it might work, hath sent me to proclaim the truth; and I am come, I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good Diomed: Call my guard, I Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, come, your lord calls. [Exit, bearing Antony.

SCENE XIII.—The same. A Monument.

Enter above, Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.
Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence. Charm. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No, I will not.
All. All strangers and terrible events are welcome, but comforts we despise; our size of sorrow, proportion'd to our cause, must be as great.
Enter Diomedes.
As that which makes it—How now? is he dead?
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead. Look out of the other side your monument, His guard have brought him thither.
Enter Antony, borne by the Guard.
Cleo. O thou sun, burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkest standing The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony! Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help; help, Iras; help, friends below; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace: Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony, but Antony's hath triumphed on itself. Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so! Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only I here importune death a while, until Of many thousand kisses the poor last I lay upon thy lips.—
Cleo. I dare not, dear, (Dear lord my lord, pard'on.) I dare not,
Lest I be taken; not the imperious show Of the full-fortun'd Caesar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe: Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes, And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour Done; I was rid with Chalda, and that your rage Help me, my women, we must draw thee up;— Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs my Our strength is all gone into heaviness. [Lord! 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,— Wishes were ever fools;—O, come, come, come; [They draw Antony up.
And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd: Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power, That I would I wear them out.
All. A heavy sight!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high, That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel, Provok'd by my offence.

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 Proculeius.
Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I shall trust;
None about Caesar. Ant. The memorable change now at my end, Laughter not sorrow at: but please your thoughts, To feeding them with those my former fortunes Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world, The noblest: and do now not basely die, Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman Valiantly vanish'd. Now, my spirit is going; I live no more. [Dies.
Cleo. Noblest of men, woc't die? Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide In this dull world, which in thy absence is No better than a sty?—O, see my women, The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord!— Ant. O, witter'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. [She faints.
Char. O, quietness, lady! Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign. Char. Lady,—
Iras. Cleo. O madam, madam, madam! Royal Egypt:
Empress! [Char. Peace, 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 chores.—It were for me To throw my scepter at the injurious gods; To tell them, that this world did equal theirs, Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but nought; 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! lock Our lamp's spent, it's out—Good sirs, take heart: [To the Guard below.
We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble: Let's do it after the high Roman fashion, And make death proud to take us. Come, away: This case of that huge spirit now is cold. Ah! women, come; we have no friend But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecenas, Gallus, Proculeius, and others.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so, frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pains that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.

[Exit Dolabella.

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Derc. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master: and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Derc. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: The round world should shock
Lions into civil streets, And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
Is not a single aim; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Cæs. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts he did.
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Ces. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persist'd deeds.

Men. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Men. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony! I have follow'd thee to this:—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perfirce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thing; we could not stall 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
Unreconciliable, 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,
Confir'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To 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 her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require:
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit Proculeius.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [Exit Gallus.

Agr. Mess. 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 hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings; Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave.
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds:
Which shaketh accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter to the gates of the Monument, Proculeius,
Gallus, and Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [Within.] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [Within.] Antony Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg 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.

Pro. Be of good cheer; You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy: and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Clo. [Within.] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience: and would gladly
Look him in the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort: for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Cleo. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;
[Here Proculeius, and two of the Guard, ascend
the Monument by a ladder placed against a window,]
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

and having descended, came behind CLEOPATRA.
Some of the Guard usher and open the gate.
Cleopat/. Shall Caesar come.

[To PROCOLES and the Guard. ERIK GALLUS.
	now the Royal queen!

Cleop. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!— Cleop. Quick, quick, good hands! Draw up a dagger.

Pros. Hold, worthy lady, hold! [Cesar's dismount.

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relief'd, but not betray'd.

Cle. What, but of death too
That rides our dogs of langoust?

Pros. Cleopatra,

Do not abuse our master's bounty.
The nothing of yourself; let the world see
His nobleness as well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cle. Where art thou, death?

Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worthy many babes and beggars!

Pros. Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat. I'll not drink, sir;—
If I am talk, once come be necessary.
I will not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin.
Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Not once be chains'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they moist me up,
And show me to the shunting variety
Of censoring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt:
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nubis' sand
Lay me stark naked, and let the water dies.
Blow me into shunting rather make
My country's high pyramids my globe,
And hang me up in comfort.

Pros. You do extend
These thoughts of horror farther than you shall
Find cause in Caesar.

Enter DOLOBILLA.

Dol. Proculus,
What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows,
And be it hard, yet for thee; as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Cleo. So, Dolobilla.
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. [To CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [Exeunt PROCOLES 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 range, 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
Bet with another man!

Dol. If it might please you.—
Cleo. His face was as the heaven's, 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 beswung the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crewed the world: his voice was proportion'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends:
But when he mean'd to quell and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter's; an eternal thaw,
That grew the more by repayings: His desires
Were help'd:—ye; they shew'd o' his back above
The element they liv'd in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Cleo. Gentile madam, no.
Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.

But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
Overtake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
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 be he honourable,—
Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Medam, be will;

I know it.

Hushes. Make way there,—Cesar.

Enter Cesar, GALLUS, PROCOLES, MACENAS, SELUCEUS, and ATTENDANTS.

Cesar. Which is the queen

Of Egypt?

Cesar. Tis the emperor, madam. [CLEOPATRA kneels.

Cesar. 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.

Cesar. Take to you so hard thoughts:
The record of what injures you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Dol. Sele so sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear: but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often shamed our sex.

Cesar. Cleopatra, know,
We'll extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our interest,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A means in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereto you rely. I'll take my leave. [and we
Clear all through all the world: 'tis yours;
Your scratch'd-out, and your signs of conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
Cesar. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cesar. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis in exact value:
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Sceucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cesar. This is my treasure: let him speak, my lord.
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Sceucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather see my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?
ACT V—SCENE II.

Sci. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Caes. 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 certain, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild: O slave, of no more trust:
Than love that's hier'd!—What, guest thou back? Thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee: I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarey base?

Cleo. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, touching here to visit me,
Duing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Caesar,
That I some lady trikes have reserv'd,
Immonent things, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some noble token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With words that I have bred? This gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;
Or I shall shew the end of my spirits [To Seleucus]
Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cleo. Forbear, Seleucus. [Exit Seleucus.]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-
Forbearances that others do; and, when we fall, [thought
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cleo. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what you acknowledg'd,
Put me 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 cheerd;
Make not your thoughts your prisoners: no, dear queen.
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel.

Cleo. O, my mistress, and my lord!

Cleo. Not so: Adieu. [Exit Caesar, and his Train.]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should
Be noble to myself: but bark thee, Charmian, not
[Whispers Charmian.]

Ires. Finish, good lady: the bright day is done.
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again: I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Clown. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Cleo. Behold, sir. [Exit Charmian, Dolabella!]

Dol. Madam, is therto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey.
Tell you this: Caesar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will be send before:
Make your best use of this: I have performed
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen: I must attend on Caesar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit Dol.] Now,
Ires, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as if a mechanic slave.
With greedy apons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breathes,
Rank of gross dirt, shall we be enclosed,
And forc'd to drink their vapours.

Ires. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Ires: Sausy factors
Will catch at us, like strumpets: and would thumpers
Ballad us out o'tunes: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present:
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunkent forth, and I shall see
Some squeezing Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' th' posture of a whore.

Ires. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Ires. I'll never see it: for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian!—

Enter 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.

Cleo. 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-construst: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard.

Bask. Thou the pretty worm of Niles there,
That kills and parns not!

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party
That should desire you to touch him, for his biting
Is merciless; those, that do the of it, do seldom
Or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have die'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard
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
cried of the biting of it, what pain she felt.—Truly,
she makes a very good report of the worm: But he
That will believe all that they say, shall never be saved
By half that they do: But this is most certain,
The worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [Drown sets down the basket.

Clown. You must think this: look you, that the
worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted,
but in the keeping of wise people: for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for
it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know
the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that
a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreous devils do
the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone: farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 Guard. Cesar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger. [Applies the asp.

O, come; pace, despatch; I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well; Cesar's
gogal'd, I'll call him.

2 Guard. Here's Dolabella sent from Cesar;—

1 Guard. What work is here?—Charman, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! [Exit.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cesar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within.

A way there, a way for Cesar.

Dol. Enter Cesar, and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Ces. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I must see them blest.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her
This was his basket. [Fig.

Ces. Poison'd then.

1 Guard. This is an aspick's trail: and these figs—
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the coves of Nile.

Ces. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swallowing: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm. [Leaves

1 Guard. This is an aspick's trail: and these figs—
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the coves of Nile.

Ces. Most probable,
That she is dead: for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;

And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony;
No grave upon the earth shall clip it in
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
Not 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.

This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions at
all times interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of
incidents, and the quick succession of the personages to an-
other, call the mind forward without intermission from the first
act to the last. But the power of deluging is derived prin-
cipally from the frequent changes of the scene: for, except
the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distin-
guish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated.
Cato, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has

discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and
system, made pompous and superb, according to his real prac-
tice, but I think his diadems not distinguishable from that of
others: the most tunid speech in the play is that which Cesar
makes to Octavia.

The events of which the principal are described according to
history, are produced without any art of connexion or care of
disposition.—Johnson.
Cymbeline.

This exquisite and romantic drama was not entered in the Stationers' books, nor printed, till 1673. It was probably written in about 1609. The plot is in a great degree taken from the Irish Novel of the Second Day of the Decameron of Boccaccio, of which a deformed and interpolated translation had appeared as early as 1581; and an imitation, in an old story-book, entitled Hemsted for Smolet, was printed in 1603.

Cymbeline, the king from whom the play takes its title, began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the nineteenth year of the reign of Augustus Caesar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the sixteenth of the Christian era, now representing which, Shakespeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians: Philario, Iachimo, &c. Cymbeline is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Cymbeline, King of Britain.

Cloen, son to the Queen by a former husband.

Leonatus Posthumus, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

Belarius, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

Guiderius, a son to Cymbeline, disguised under the name of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed son to Belarius.

Philaro, friend to Posthumus.

Iachimo, friend to Philario.

A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.

Caius Lucius, general of the Roman Forces.

A Roman Captain.

The British Captains.

Phanio, servant to Posthumus.

Cornelius, a physician.

The Gentleman.

Two Cavaliers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

Helen, woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain.

The Garden behind 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's.

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 hath, hath miss'd the princess, is a thing Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
SCENE II.—The same.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assur’d, you shall not find me. After the slander of most step-mothers, [daughter, Evil-ey’d unto you: you are my prisoner, but Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus, So soon as I can win the offended king, I will be known your advocate: marry, yet That anger of rage is in him: and ‘twere 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’d affection; though the king Hath charg’d you should not speak together.

Imo. O, [Exit Queen.

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant Can tinkle 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 so more: lest I give cause To be suspected of more tenderness Than doth become a man! I will remain The loyal husband that did ere 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 invent I know not How much of his displeasure: Yet I’ll move him To walk this way: I never do him wrong. [Aside. But he does buy my injuries, to be friends; For fear for my off-sprung. [Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave As long a term as yet we have to live, The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu! Imo. Nay, stay a little: Were you but riding forth to air yourself, Such parting were too petty. Look here, love; This diamond was my mother’s; take it, heart; But keep it till you woo another wife, When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?— You gentle gods, give me this I have, And sear up my embracements from a next With bonds of death!—Remain thou here [Putting on the ring.

While sense can keep it upon! And sweetest, fairest, As I may poor self did exchange for you. To your infinite loss; so in our trysts I still win of you: for my sake, wear this; It is a manacle of love; I’ll place it Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a bracelet on her arm. O, the gods!

Imo. When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my If, after this command, thou franght the court [sight! With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away! Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you! And bless the good remainders of the court! I am gone.

[Exit. Cym. There cannot be a pinch in death More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing, That shouldst repair my youth; thou hasten most A year’s age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sin, Harm not yourself with your vexation; I Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare Subdnes all pangs, all fears.


Cym. That might’st have had the sole son of my Imo. O bless’d, that I might not! I choose an eagle, And did afford a puttock.

Cym. Thou took’st a beggar; wouldst have made A seat for baseness. [my throne

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 playfellow; and he Is a man, worth any woman; overbuys me Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad? Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—Would I A neat-herd’s daughter! and my Leonatus Were 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. Bewitch your patience!—Peace, Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign, Leave us to ourselves: and make yourself some comfort Out of your best advice. [fort Cym. Nay, let her languish A drop of blood a day; and, being aged, Die of this folly! [Exit.

Enter Phoebus.

Queen. Fye!—you must give way: Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news? Pis. My lord your son drew on my master, Queen. 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’s, Imo. Your son’s my father’s friend; he takes his To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!— [part.— I would they were in Afric both together; Myself by with a needle, that I might prick The goer back.—Why cause 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 it pleas’d you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour, He will remain so.

_Pis._ I humbly thank your highness. _Queen._ Pray, walk a while.

_Ino._ About some half hour hence, I pray you, speak with me; you shall, at least. Go see my lord abroad: for this time, leave me. [Ex._

_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 to wholesome as that you want. _Clo._ If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—

_Have I hurt him?

_2 Lord._ No, faith; not so much as his patience. [Aside._

_1 Lord._ Hurt him! his body's a passable carcasse, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

_2 Lord._ His steel was in debt: it went o' the back side the town.

_Clo._ The villain would not stand me.

_2 Lord._ No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

_1 Lord._ Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

_2 Lord._ As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! _Clo._ I would, they had not come between us.

_2 Lord._ 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! _1 Lord._ If he be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [Aside._

_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._ 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._ I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. _Clo._ You'll go with me?

_1 Lord._ I'll attend your lordship. _Clo._ Nay, come, let's go together.

_2 Lord._ Well, my lord. [Exit._

_SCENE IV.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace._

_Enter Imogen and Pisanio._

_Ino._ I would then grew'st unto the shores o' the haven, And question'd every sail: if he should write, And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost, As offer'd mercy is. What was the last That he spake to thee?

_Pis._ 'Twas, _His queen_, his _queen_!

_Ino._ Then wav'd his handkerchief? _Pis._ And kiss'd it, madam. _Ino._ Senseless linen! happier therein than I— And that was all?

_Pis._ No, madam; for so long As he could make me with my eye or ear Distinguish him from others, he did keep The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief, Still waiting, as the fits and stirs of his mind Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on, How swift his ship.

_Ino._ Thou shouldst have made him As little as a crow, or less, ere left To after eye him.

_Pis._ Madam, so I did. _Ino._ I would have broke mine eye-strings; erack'd To look upon him; till the diminution Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle: Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from The smallness of a gust to air; and then Have turn'd mine eye, and went. — But, good Pisanio, When shall we hear from him?

_Pis._ Be assur'd, madam, With his next vantage.

_Ino._ I did not take my leave of him, but had Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him, How I would think on him, at certain hours, Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear The shes of Italy should not betow 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 too charming words, comes in my father, And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north Shakes all our buds from growing.

_Enter a Lady._

_Lady._ The queen, madam, Desires your highness' company.

_Ino._ Those things I bid you do, get them done. I will attend the queen. [Spar'ch'd._

_Pis._ Madam, I shall. [Exeunt._

_SCENE V._

_Rome.—An Apartment in Philiario's House._

_Enter Philiario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard._

_Iach._ Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his downswells had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

_Fili._ 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 approbation of those, that weep this lamen'table divorce, under her colours, are 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 you? How creeps acquaintance?

_Fili._ His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have often been 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 store him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importunity 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 offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Tis 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: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report, like a spark 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 attemptible, 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 ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres 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; 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 years: but, you know, strange foul light upon neighbouring bourgeois. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courier, 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; not withstanding I fear not my ring.

Pho. 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'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather to your estimate, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Pho. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Pho. 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 approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. You yourself. Your constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: may I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, 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 you had spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you then?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugginess of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Pho. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one: —If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more than entertainment. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimph.
ACT I.—SCENE VII.

French. Will this hold, think you?
Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it.

Pray, let us follow em.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

Britain. — A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whilest ye the dew's on ground, gather those flowers.

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despacth. —

[Exit Ladies.

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth 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 do wonder, doctor. They ask't me such a question: Have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? distill? 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 compouds 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.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [Aside. Will I first work: he's for his master, And eneuy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?— Doctor, your service for this time is ended; Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam; But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [Aside.] I do not like her. She doth think, she has Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has, Will simply and dull the sense awhile; Which first, perception, 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 queech; and let instructions 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 At great as is thy master: greater; for His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name Is at last gasp: Retura he cannot, nor Continueth 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 dependor on a thing that leans? Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends.

[The Queen drops a box: Pisanio takes it up.

So much as but to prop him!—Thou tak'st up Thou know'st not what; but take it for t.'y 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 further 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 changest 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 preference, such As thou wilt 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 Pisanio.]—A sly and constant Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master; [knife; And the remembrance of her, to hold The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that, Which, if he take, shall make my people her Of ligiers for her sweet; and which she, after, Except she bend her humour, shall be assured

Re-enter Pisanio and Ladies.

The taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done: The violets, cowslips, and the primroses, Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio; Think on my words. [Exit Queen and Ladies. Pis. And shall do: But when to my good lord I prove untrue, I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false; A foolish suitor to a wedded 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 soever, that have their honest wills,

Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fye! [Exit.

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 greet's thy highness dearly. [Present 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, and durkly, from head to foot! Or, like the Parthian, I shall dicing fight; Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads.] He is one of the noblest men, to whose 2 Y
You look on me; What reck discern you in me, Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What! 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, While every touch, would force the feeder’s soul To the oath of loyalty; this object, which Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye, Fixing it only here: should I (damn’d then,) Slaver with lips as common as the stairs That mount the Capitol; join grips with hands Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as With labour; ) then lie peeping in an eye, Base and unlastrous 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.

Imo. My lord, I fear, 
I have forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I, 
Indur’d to this intelligence, pronounce. 

The beggary of his change, but tis your graces That, from my most conscience, to my tongue, Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady So fair, and fasten’d to an empery, 

What makes the greatest king double to be partner’ with Tomboys, hir’d with that self exhibition Which your own coiffers yield! with disenc’d ventures That play with all infinites for gold 

Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil’d stuff As well might poison poison! Be reveng’d: Of she, that bore you, was no queen, and you Recover from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng’d! How should I be reveng’d? If this be true, (As I have such a heart, that both mine ears Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true How should I be reveng’d?

Iach. Should he make me 
Like Diana’s priest, between cold sheets; Whiles he is vassalizing variable ranks. 

In your despise, upon your purse? Revenge it; I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure; 

More noble than that runagate to your bed; And will continue fast to your affection, 

Still close, as sure.

Imo. What he, Pisano! 

Iach. Let me my service tend on your lips, 

Imo. Away!— I do condemn mine ears, that have So long attended thee.—If thouwert honourable, Thou would’st have told this tale for virtue, not 

For such an end thou seek’st; as base, as strange Thou wrong’st a gentleman, who is as far
ACT II.—SCENE I.

From thy report, as thou from honour; and Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains Thee and the devil alike.—What, ho! Pisania!—The king my father shall be made acquainted Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit, A savage stranger, in his court, to mart As in a Romish step, to and to expend His beauty's mind to us; he hath a court He little cares for, and a daughter whom He not respects at all.—What be, Pisania!—

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Court before Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CLOTHEN AND Two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack-ass on an up-cast, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't; And then a whoreson jack-napes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his fate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have ran all out.

[Aside.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers by to curtail his oaths. Ha! 2 Lord. No, my lord; nor [Aside] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction?

'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool.

[Aside.

Clo. I am not more vexed at swearing in the earth, —A pox out! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother; every jack-slap hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

[Aside.

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake any 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. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate.

[Aside.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowels, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Such that a crafty devil as is his mother Should yield the world this ass? a woman, that Bears all down with her brain; and this her son Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess, Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest! Betwixt a father by thy step-dame governed; A mother hourly coining plots; a Moor, 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 II.

_A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk._

**Imogen** reading in her bed; a Lady attending.

**Lady.** Who's there? my woman Helen?

**Imogen.** Please you, madam.

**Lady.** What hour is it?

**Imogen.** Almost midnight, madam. [weak:—

**Lady.** I have read three hours then: mine eyes are
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed;
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o'clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sbek hath seized me wholly.

[Exit Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beauch ye?—

[Sleeps. Iachimo, from the trunk.

_Lach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd_ Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytorea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd:
How dearly they do not—"Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o'the taper
Flows toward her; and would underpeep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows: White and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tint.—But my design?
To note the chamber.—I will write all down:—
Such, and such pictures:—There the window:—Such
The adornment of her bed:—The arras, figures,
Why, such and such:—And the contents o'the story,—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand manner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;
_Taking off her bracelet._

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A male cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screwd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that dawning
May bare the rainbow's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

One, two, three.—Time, time!—
[Clock strikes.

[Enter Cloves and Lords.

SCENE III.

_An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogcn's Apartment._

**Lord.** Your lordship is the most patient man in
loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

**Clo.** It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient after the noble
temper of your lordship: You are most hot, and fu-
rious, when you win.

**Clo.** Winning would put any man into courage:
If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have
gold enough: It's almost morning; 'is not I
1 Lord. Day, my lord.

**Clo.** I would this music would come; I am advis'd
to give her music o'mornings; they say, it will pe-
trate.

_Enter Musicians._

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your
fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will
do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. First, a
very excellent good-conceived thing; after, a won-
derful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—
and then let her consider.

**SONG.**—_Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings, And Phoebus 'gain arises._

_His steeds to water at those springs_ On chalf'd flowers that lies; _And winking Mary-buds begin To ope their golden eyes;_ With every thing that pretty bin: _My lady sweet, arise;_ _Arise, arise._

So, get you gone: If this penetrates, I will consider your music the better. If it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch 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 vouch-
safes no notice.

**Cym.** The exile of her minion is too now;
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 inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your discretion tends,
And therein you are senseless.

**Clo.** Senseless? not so.

_Enter a Messenger._

**Mess.** So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome; The one is Caius Lucius.

**Cym.** A worthy fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him According to the honour of his sender; And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman:—Come, our queen.

[Enter 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!—

[Knocks.

I know her women are about her: What If I do line one of their hands! 'Tis gold Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up Their deer to the stand of the stalker; and 'tis gold Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief; Though sometimes, hang'st both to the man: What Can it not do, and undo! I will make One of her women lawyer to me; for I yet not understand the case myself. By your leave.

Enter a Lady.


Enter Iosigen.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand. Ios. Good-morrow, sir; You lay out too much pains For purchasing but trouble: the thank I give, Is telling you that I am poor of thanks, And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you. Ios. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me: If you swear still, your recompense is still That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Ios. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent, I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'tis faith, I shall unfold equall discoursy To your best kindnes: one of your great knowing Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin: I will not.

Ios. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Ios. As I am mad, I do: If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad; That cues 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 scraps 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 ligur'd knot; Yet you are cur'd from that enlargement by

The consequence o'the crown; and must not soil The precious note of it with a base slave, A bidding for a livery, a squire's cloth, A pantler, not so eminent.

Ios. Profane fellow! Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more, But what thou art, besides, thouwert too base To be his groom: thouwert dignified enough, Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made Comparative for your virtues, to be sty'd The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated For being preferred so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him! Ios. He never can meet more mischance, than come To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment, That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer, In my respect, than all the hairs above thee, Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisario?

Enter Pisario.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Ios. To Dorothy my woman hee the presently:—

Clo. His garment?

Ios. I am spighted with a fool, Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman Search for a gown, that is too large. I hath left nine sune; it was thy master's: 'shrew me, If I would lose it for a revenue Of any king's in Europe. I do think, I saw't this morning: confident I am, Last night twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it: I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord That I kiss'd but he. Pis. Twill not be lost. Ios. I hope so: go, and search. [Exit Pis. Clo. You have absus'd me:—

His meanest garment?

Ios. Ay; I said so, sir. If you will make't an action, call witness to't. Clo. I will inform your father.

Ios. Your mother too: She's my good lady: and will conceive, I hope, But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir, To the worst of discontent. [Exit. Clo. I'll be reveag'd:—

His meanest garment?—Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Rome.—An Apartment in Philiaro's House.

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir; I would I were so sure To win the king, as I am bold, her honour Will tennacio hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him? Post. Not any; but shibe the change of time; Quake in the present winter's state, and wish That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes, I barely gratify your love; they failing, I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company, Overpays all I can do. By this, your king Hath heard of great Augustus; Calus Locus Will do his commission throughly: And, I think, He'll grant the tribute, send the areearages, 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 toy; and you shall hear The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings

ACT II.—SCENE IV.
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Caesar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his bowing 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.

Phi. See! Iachimo?
Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land:
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one 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 tenour good, I trust.

Phi. Was Cains Lucas in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet Shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: 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, is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or losses,
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 bed-chamber,
(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
Prowad 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 thrive
In workmanship, and value; which I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—

Post. This is 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 all your honour injured.

Iach. The chyminey
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; ouwent 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 frett'd: Her auditories
(I had forgot them,) were two winking 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, (Pulling out the bracelet
To pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See)—
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond, I'll keep them.
Post. O, love!—
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 griz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too.

It is a basilik unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Who know not beauty; truth, where semblance; love
Where there's another man: The vows of woman
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 corporeal 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.
'Tis true;—say, 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 whore thus
There, take thy hire; and all the feuds of hell
Divide themselves between you!
ACT III.—SCENE I. 711

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain.

A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTHEN, and Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS CURTIUS 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 thence, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain, And conquer'd it, Cassibelen, thine uncle, (Famous in Caesar's praises, no whit less Than in his feats deserving,) for him, And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately Is left untender'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 unscalable, and roaring waters; With saods, that will not bear your enemies' boats, But sink them up to the top mast. A kind of conquest Caesar made here; but made not here his brag Of came, and sore, and overcome: with shame (The first that ever touch't him,) he was carried From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping (Poor ignorant babblers!) 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 Cassibelen, who was once at point (O, gay and fortunate!) to master Caesar's sword, Made Lud'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 one such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelen: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—What 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 Remains did extort This tribute from us, we were free: Caesar's ambition, (Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch The sides o' the world,) against all colour, here Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off, Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon Ourselves to be. We do say then to Caesar, Our ancestor was that Mulinatus, which Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Caesar Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise, Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed, Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulinatus, 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 pronounced Augustus after Cæsar (Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than Thyself domestic officers,) thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Cains. Thy master knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perficre,
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 shew the Britons cold:
So Cesar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
with us a day, or two, longer: If you seek us after
wards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-
water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if
you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare 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 Pisano.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus! O,
master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian
(As poisonous tongue'd, as hander,) 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 service, better, I pr'ythee;
Let me be counted serviceable.
How long I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes too? Do't: The letter
[Reads.

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 bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisano?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cicable;) that is one of them,
For it doth physical love;—of his content,
All in that!—Good way, thy leave:—Bless'd be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;

Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods! [Reads.

Justice, and your father's wrath, should be taken
in his dominion, could not be so cruel to us, as you.
O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me
with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria,
at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of
this, advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness,
that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing
in love, Leontus Posthumus.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hearst thou, Pisano! He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of man's affairs
May pled in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisano,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; whom long'st,—
O, let me 'bate,—But not like me:—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond my beyond.) say, and speak thick,
(love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To bring me back at Milford:—And, in the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To 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.

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never so slosh: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been number'd than the sands
That run 't the clock's behalf:—But this is folly:
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness: say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, for here, here, here,
Nor what ensues: but have a log in them.
That he cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say!
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Wales.—A mountainous Country, with a Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arturus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bow's you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As pronder livers do.

Art. Hail, heaven! [Bel. 

Hail, heaven! Bel. Now for our mountain sport: Up to your hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like 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:
This service is not service, so being done,
ACT III.—SCENE IV.

But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus, Draws us a profit from all things we see: And often, to our comfort, shall we find The sharded beetle in a safer hold Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life Is nobler, than attending for a check; Richer than doing nothing for a babe; Foundr, than rustling in unpaid for silk: Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine, Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours. Out. Out of your proof you speak! we, poor unfledged, Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know What air's from home. Haply, this life is best, [not If quiet life be best! sweeter to you, That has a sharper known; well corresponding With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is A cell of ignorance; travelling abed; A prison for a debtor, that not dares To stride a limit. 

Bel. 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 piping cage, 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 cage We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird, And sing our bondage freely. How you speak! Did you but know the city's usuries, And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court, As hard to have, as keep; whose top to climb Is certain failing, or so slippery, that The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war, A pain that only seems to seek out danger I name of fame, and honour; which dies the search; And hath as oft a slanderous epilogue, As record of fair act; nay, many times, Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse, Must court'sey at the censure:—O, boys, this story The world may read in me: My body's mark'd With Rich in success: 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 nigh: Than was I as a tree, Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night, A storm, or robbery, call it what you will, Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves, And left me bare to weather. 

Ot. Uncertain favour! What boldness! 

Bel. But my fault being nothing (as I have told you oft,) But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline, I was confederate with the Romans: so, Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years, This rock, and those desmesnes, have been my world: Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid More pious debts to heaven, than all The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains; This is not huetor's language:—He, that strikes The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast; To him the other two shall minister; And we will fear no poison, which attains A place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys. 

[Exit Bel. and Ot.] How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature! These boys know little, they are sons to the king: Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive. I meanly think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus 'theeware, when to their bow, their thoughts do hit The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them, In simple and low things, to prince it, much Beyond the trick of others. 

This Polydore—
The heir of Cymbeline and Brittain, whom The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove! When on my three-foot stand I sit, and tell The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out Into my story:—say,—Thus mine enemy fell; And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats, Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal, (Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure, Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more His own conceiving. Hark! the game is routs!— O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon, At three, and two years old, I stole these babies; Thinking to bar thee of succession, as Thou rest't me of my lands. Euriphile, Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother, And every day do honour to her grave; 

Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd, They take for natural father. The game is up. 

SCENE IV.—Near Milford-Haven. 

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place Was ne'er at hand:—Ne er long'd my mother so To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man! Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind, That makes thee so heavy?—Wherefore breaks this sigh From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus, Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd Beyond self-explication: Put thyself Into a havour of less fear, ere wildness Vanquish my staidness: Sait what this is! Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with A look untendered? If it be summer news, Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st But keep that constenance still.—My husband's hand! That drug damn'd Italy hath out-cry'd him, And he's at some hard post. Speak, man; thy tongue May take off some extremity, which to read Would be even mortal to me. 

Pis. Please you, read; And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing The most disdain'd of fortune. 

Imo. [Reads.]—The mistress, Pisanio, hath plaid the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmise; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thou thy faith be not taizd with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven:— she hath my letter for that purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the punisher to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal. 

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper Hath cut her throat already — No, 'tis slander: Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue Outvenoms all the worms of Nilo; whose breath Rides on the pestilential winds, and doth belie All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states, Maids, matrons, say, the secrets of the grave This venomous slander enters. — What e'er, 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.* Also, good lady!

*Imo.* I false? Thy conscience witness:—lachimo, 
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency; 
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks, 
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy, 
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him: 
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; 
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls, 
I must beripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O, 
Men's words are women's traitors! All good seeming, 
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought 
Put on for villany; not born, where't grows; 
But worn, a bait for ladies.

*Pis.* Good madam, hear me.

*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false. Eneas, 
Were, in his time, thought false: and Simon's weeping 
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity 
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthumus, 
Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men; 
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd, 
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest: 
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him, 
A little witness my obedience: Look! 
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit 
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart: 
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief; 
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed, 
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.

Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause; 
But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Pis.* Hence, vile instrument! 
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must die; 
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art 
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter 
There is a prohibition so divine, 
That craves my weak hand. Come, here's my heart; 
Something's a'fore:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence 
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here! 
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus, 
And that, which he saith to heresy: Away, away, 
Corrupters of my faith, thou shall no more 
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools 
Believe false teachers: Though those that are betray'd 
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor 
Stands in worse case of woe. 
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up 
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father, 
And make me put into contempt the suits 
Of princely fellows, 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 disgrac'd by her 
That now thou stir'st on, how thy memory 
Will then be pang'd by me.—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 wake mine eye-balls blind first.

*Imo.* Wherfore then 
Debt undertake it? Why hast thou alius'd 
So many miles, with a pretence? this place? 
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour? 
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court, 
For my being absent; whereunto I never 
Purpose to return? Why hast thou gone so far, 
To be unbet, when thou hast ta'en thy stand, 
The elected deer before thee? 

*Imo.* 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.* I talk thy tongue weary; speak: 
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear, 
Theroin false struck, can take no greater wound, 
Nor tent, to bottom that. But speak.

*Pis.* Then, madam, 
I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.* Most like; 
Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pis.* Not so, neither: 
But if I were as wise as honest, then 
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be, 
But that my master is abus'd: 
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art: 
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman courtesan.

*Pis.* No, on my life, 
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him 
Some bloody sign of it: for 'tis 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?

*Pis.* If you'll back to the court,— 
*Imo.* No court, no father; nor no more ado 
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing: 
That Cloun, whose love-suit hath been to me 
As harmful as a siege.

*Pis.* If not at court, 
Then not in Britain must you hide.

*Imo.* Where then? 
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night, 
Are they not but in Britain? I the world's volume 
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it; 
In a great pool, a swain's nest; Pr'ythee, think 
That' s rivers out of Britain.

*Pis.* I am most glad 
You think of other place. The ambassador, 
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford Haven 
To-morrow; Now, if you could wear a mind 
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise 
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be, 
But by self-danger; you should tread a course 
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply near 
The residence of Posthumus: so nigh, at least, 
That though his actions were not visible, yet 
Report should render him hourly to your ear, 
As truly as he moves.

*Imo.* O, for such means!

*Imo.* Though peril to my modesty, not death on t', 
I would adventure.

*Pis.* Well then, here's the point: 
You must forget to be a woman; change 
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness, 
(Th' handmaids of all women, or, more truly, 
Woman its pretty self,) into a waggish courage; 
Ready in giles, quick-answer'd, saucy, and 
As quarrellous as the wasp; nay, you must 
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek, 
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart! 
Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch 
Of common-kissing Titan: and forget 
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein 
You made great Jono angry.
I'mo. Nay, be brief; I see into thy end, and am almost A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one. For-thinking this, I have already fit, (Tis in my cloak bag;) doublet, hat, hose, all That answer to them: Would you, in their serving, And with what imitation you can borrow, From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius Present yourself, desire his service, tell him Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him know, If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable, And, doubled that, most holy. Your means abroad You have me, rich; and I will never fail Beginning, nor supply it. I'mo. Thou art all the comfort The gods will diet me with. Privy-way, away; There's more to be considered: but we'll even All that good time will give us: This attempt I'm soldier to, and will abide it with A prince's courage. Away, I can proceed. Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell; Lest, being mis'd, be suspected of Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress, Here is a box: I had it from the queen; What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea, Our reach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this Will drive away distemper.—To some shade, And fit you to your madhoud:—May the gods Direct you to the best! I'mo. Amen: I thank thee. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—A Room in Cymbeline’s Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords, Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir. My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence; And am right sorry, that I must report ye My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir, Will not endure his yoke; and for ourselves To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs Appear unlike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.— Madam, all joy beaf your grace, and you! Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office; The due of honour in no point omit:— So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord, Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event Is set to name the winner: Fare you well. Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords, Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness! [Exit Lucius and Lords. Cym. Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us, That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better; Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it. Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor How it goes here. It fits us therefore, rigidly, 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. Cym. Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business; But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly. Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus, Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen, Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd Before the Roman, nor to us hath teeter'd The duty of the day: She looks us like A thing more made of malmce, than of duty, We have noted it.—Call her before us: for We have been too slight in sufferrance. [Exit an Attendant. Cym. Queen. Royal sir, Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd Hath her life been; the eure whereof, my lord, 'Tis time must do. 'Rseeech your majesty, Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes, And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How Can her contempt be answer'd?

Att. Please you, sir, Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer That will be given to the loud'st of sounds we make. Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her, She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close; Whereaso constrain'd by her infininity, She should that duty leave unpaid, to you, Which daily she was bound to proffer: this She wish'd me to make known: but our great court Made me to blame in memory. Cym. Her doors lock'd? Not seen of late? Great, heavens, that, which I fear, Prove false! [Exit. Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisania, her old servant, I have not seen these two days.

Cym. Queen. Go, look after. [Exit Cloten. Pisania, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!— He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes It is a thing most precious. But for her, Where is she gone? Happy, despair hath seiz'd her Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is To death, or to dishonour; and my end Can make good use of either: She being down, I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten. How now, my son! Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none Dare come about him. Queen. All the better: May This night forestall him of the coming day! [Exit Queen. Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal; And that she hath all courteously parts more exquisit Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one The best she hath, and she, of all compounded, Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But, Disclaiming me, and throwing favours on The low Posthumus, slanders to her judgment, That what's else rare, is chock'd; and, in that point, I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed, To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter Pisania. Shall—who is here? What are you packing, sirrah? Come hither: Ah, you precious pander! Villain, Where is thy lady? In a word; or else Thou art straightway with the feuds. Pis. O, good my lord! Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter I will not ask again. Close villain.
CYMBELINE.

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. Aias, my lord, How can she be with him? When was she miss'd? He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer; No further halting: satisfy me home, What has become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord! 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.

Pi. Then, sir, This paper is the history of my knowledge Touching her flight. [Presenting a letter to Clo.]

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. O, Humph! Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen, Safe may't thou wander, safe return again! [Aside. Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think. Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,— that is, what villany see I, let thee do, to perform it, directly and truly.—I would think thee an honest man; thou should'st 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 base fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou cou'st 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. [Exit. Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember anon:—Even there thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes: there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,— and then my last hath diued, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prized,) 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 Pisanio, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is's since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She was a week before she gave me parole.

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 mate to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender it self to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it.—Come, and be true. [Exit.

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, To prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. To Milford go, And find not her whom pursu'd. 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 Castle of Belarius.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio shew'd thee, Thou was within a ken. O love, I think, Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean, Where they should be relev'd. Two beggars told me I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapes in fulness To some is more than to lie for the; and falsehood Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord! Thou art one o'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? Here is a path to it: 'tis some savage hold: I was best not call; I dare not call; yet famine, Eve clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valliant. Plenty, and peace, breeds Cowards; hardness ever Of hardness 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. Such a foe, good heaven! [She goes into the cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'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 fliet, when restive 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 i'the cave; we'll knowe on that, Whil'st what we have, kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in: [Looking in.

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 earthly paragon!—Belch divine vassalism No older than a bay! [Exit Imogen.

Enter Imogen.

Ino. Good masters, harm me not:

Before I enter'd here, I call'd: and thought [troth, To have blegg'd, or bought what I have took: Good
CYMBELINE.

IMOGEN Oh! no answer? then I'll enter.

Act III. Sc. 6.
ACT IV.—SCENE II.

I have stolen nought; nor would out, though I had found
Gold strew'd o'er 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.

Gru. Money, youth? 
Arc. All gold and silver rather turn'd to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckôn'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bell. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.

Bell. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being gone, almost speach with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bell. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no charlots; 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.

Imo. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom,—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arc. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such as yours.—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Arc. If brothers?—Would it had been so, that they [Aside.
Had been my father's sons, then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bell. He wrings at some distress.

Arc. 'Would, I could free't!

Arc. Or I; what'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bell. [Whispering. 

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes.)
Could not out-peir these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companions with them,
Since Leontus false.

Bell. 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.

Arc. Pray, draw near.

Arc. The night to the owl, and mourn to the lark, less

Imo. Thanks, sir. 

Arc. I pray, draw near. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Rome.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our war against
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this busir 355: He creates
Lucius pro-consult: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
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 supplyant: The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Forest, near the Cave.

Enter Cloten.

Cla. I am near to the place where they should meet,
if Pisania 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 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to compare 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 operations: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despit. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enfore'd; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, happily, 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 purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

Exit.

SCENE II.—Before the Cave.

Enter, from the Cave, Belarius, Guidhrius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. You are not well: [To Imogen.] remain here in the cave:
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arr. Brother, stay here: [To Imogen.]

Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity.
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick; So please you, leave me;
Stick to our journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am sick, but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort.
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here.
I'll rob none but myself: and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. If you love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Thou art a robber.
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.
Clio. To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words I grant, are bigger for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth: Say what thou art.
Why should I yield to thee?
Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Clio. No, nor thy tailor, rascal.
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee, thou art some fool;
I am leath to beat thee.
Clio. Then is priz'd thief,
Hear but thy name, and tremble.
Clio. What's thy name?
Clio. Cloten, thou villain.
Clio. Cloten then double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: we're not read, or adder,
Thou wouldst move me sooner.
To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy more confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.
Clio. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clio. Art not afraid?
Clio. Those that I reverence those I fear: the wise;
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clio. 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 land's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [Exit, fighting..
Clio. Enter Belarius and Abstracts.
Bel. No company abroad.
Arm. None in the world: I would mistake him, sure.
Clio. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
Twas very Cloten.
In this place we left them:
I wish my brother made good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roasting terrors: for the effect of judgment
Is off the cause of fear: But see, thy brother.
Remember Grindells, with Cloten's head.
Clio. This Cloten was a fool: an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Herkules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I do not this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Clio. 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
And set them on Lud's town.
Bel. What? are we all undone?
Clio. No, 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 thrust us; Play judge, and executioner, all himself; Or do we 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 Were 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 outlawis, 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 to; yet it's not probable To come alone, either he so undertaking, Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear, If we do fear this body hath a tail More perilous than the head. [Bel.]

Let ordinance Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er, My brother hath done well. [Bel.]

I had no mind To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness Did not give me my long way forth. [Gui.]

With his own sword, Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek Behind our rock; and let it to the sea, And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten: That's all I reck. [Exit.]

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd: Would Polydore, thou had'st not done't; though Becomes thee well enough. [Bel.]

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, The possible strong might meet, would seek us And put us to our answer. [Bel.]

Well, 'tis done: We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock; You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him Together presently. [Bel.]

As. 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 goddess, Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st In these two princely boys! They are as gentle As zephyrs, blowing below the violet, Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough, Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rudest wind, That by the top doth take the mountain pine, And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful, That an invisible instinct should frame them To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught; Civility not seen from other: value 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 Guiderius. [Gui.]

Where's my brother? I have scot Cloten's cloppet down the stream, In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage For his return. [Gui.]

My ingenious instrument! Dark, Polydore, it sounds: But what occasion Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Dark! Gui. Is he at home? [Gui.]

He went hence even now. [Bel.]

What does he mean? since death of my dear at 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 Images as dead. [Bel.]

Look, here he comes, And brings the dire occasion in his arms, Of what we blame him for!

Arc. The bird is dead, That we have made so much on. I had rather Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty, To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch, Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lady, My brother wears thee not one-half so well, As when thou gavest thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy! Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? Find The doze, to shew what coast thy sluggish care Might easiest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing! Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I, Thou diest, a most rare boy, of melancholy! How found you him?

Arc. Stark, as you see: Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber, Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek, Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arc. 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 haunt'd, And worms will not come to thee.

Arc. 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; so, nor The leaf of elagantine, whom not to slander, Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would, With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming! Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie Without a monument!) bring thee all this; Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none, To winter-ground 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, And not protract with admiration what Is now due debt.—To the grave.


Arc. 'Tis so. And let us, Polydore, though now our voices Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground, As once our mother; use like note, and words, Save that Euriplie must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal, I cannot sing: I' ll weep, and word it with thee.
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arr.
We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty, robbing
Together, have one dust; yet reverence
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. 
Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thierstes' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arr.
If you'll go fetch him, we'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit Belarius.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east:
My father hath a reason for 't.

Arr.
'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arr.
So,—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rogue;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and taken thy wages:
Golden fods and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arr. Fear no more the frowns o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the light'ning-flash,
Arr. Nor the all-armed thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arr. Thou hast faith'd and joy'd and own:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No enemy harm thee!
Arr. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arr. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consumption have;
And renewed be thy grave!

Recentor Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him down.

[more:]

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight
The herbs, that have on them cold dews o' the night,
Are strewings fitt's for graves.—Upon their faces—
You were as flowers, now winter'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow—
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.

[Exit Belarius, Guidertis, and Arvagius.]

Ino. [sobbing.] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which
is the way?
I thank you.—By you bush!—Pray, how far thither?
'Olds pittikins!—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;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;

For, so, I thought I was a caw-keeper, And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
'Twas 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 ween'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 garments of Pothosamus! I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand; His foot Mercureal: his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face— Murder in heaven!—How?—'Tis gone.
Pisianio, All curses maddened Hecuba gave the Greeks, And mine to boot, be darte on thee! Thou, Conspir'd with that irreguluous devil, Cloten, Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read, Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisianio Hath with his forged letters.—damn'd Pisianio— From this most bravest vessel of the world Struck the main-top!—O, Pothosamus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's Pisianio might have kidl' tide at the heart, [that? And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisianio? 'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lure in them Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant! The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious And cordial to me, have I not found it Mysterious to the senses? That confirms it home: This is Pisianio's deed, and Cloten's: O!— Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, That we the forrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter Lucres, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia, After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships: They are here 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 o' the wind.

Luc. 
This forwardness Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers Be muster'd; but the captains look to 't. Now, sir, What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

South. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision: (I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence.) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd From the spungy south to this part of the west, There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends, (Unless my sins abuse my divination,) 
Scorn'd to the Roman host.

Luc. 
Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here, Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime It was a worthy building.—How! a page!— 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 Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seem, 
[one,}
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
 Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Luc. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service.
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth! Thon mov'st not less with thy complaining,
Thy master in bleeding; Say his name, good friend.

Luc. Richard du Champ.—If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it. [Aside] Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Luc. Who 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 thine own worth prefer thee; Go with me.

Luc. 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 wood I have strew'd his
And on it said a centurion of prayers,
[grave, 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 daistie plot we can,
And take him with our pikes and partisans.
A grave: Come; arm him.—Boy, he is prefer'd
By thee to us; and he shall be inter'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in Cambeline's Palace.

Enter CAMBELINE, Lords, and PISANDO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set at your will: But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return: 'Beseech your high-
Hold me your loyal servant. [Exeunt.

Luc. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here;
I have brought 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, he found.

Cym. The time's troublesome:
We'll slit you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend. [To Pisanio.

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! Is
I am amaz'd with matter.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparations can afford no less
[ready Than what you hear of Cloten more; for more you re
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw:
And 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 heard 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 of the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd. [Ex."

SCENE IV.—Before the Court.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ABIRACUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arr. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural 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 muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arr. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life: aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

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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
Then shouldst be colour’d thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No heed, but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have taken vengeance on my faults, I never
Had wish’d to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, slack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that’s love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
And make them dread to elye! I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight.
Against my lady’s kingdom: ’Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill’d thy mistress; peace!
I’ll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I’ll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I’ll fight
Against the part I come with; so I’ll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I’ll dedicate. Let me make men know
More value in me, than my habits shew,
Gods, put the strength of the Leonati in me!
To shame the guile o’ the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter at one side, Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army; at the other side, the British army; Lucius Posthumus following it, like a poor soldier.

They march over, and go out. Actium. Then enter agens in stirrhur, Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on’t
Revealingly enfeebles me: Or, could this carl,
A very drudge of nature’s, have subdued me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy country, Britain, be before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken; then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Gudenius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the
The lane is guarded; nothing routs us, but [ground;]
The villany of our fears.

Gui. Arr. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter Posthumus, and secunds the Britons: They re-
sume Cymbeline, and execute. Then, enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder’s such
As war were hood-wink’d.

Iach. ’Tis their fresh supplies. Luc. It is a day turn’d strangely: Or betimes
Let’s re-enforce, or fly. [Exit

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

Lord. Canst thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fiers.

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 destinate, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-heard,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do’s, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch’d, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damn’d
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen’d shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch’d, and wall’d with
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,— [turf,
An honest one, I warrant who deserv’d
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—standart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas’d, or shame,) Made good the passage; cry’d to those that fled,
Our Britain’s harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness feet, souls that fly backward! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like breasts, which you show hearty; and may save,
But to look back in fear: stand, stand.—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
ACT V.—SCENE IV.

For three performers are the file, when all!
The rest do nothing:) with this word, stand, stand, 
Across theodated by the players. The more charming,
With their own nobleness, (which could have turned
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, [coward
Damm'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes of the butlers. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoo'd eagles; slaves,
The strifes 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, Iheavens, how they wound!
Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
Ere-borne (i' the former wars: ten, ch'ed by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those, that would die or e'er resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A new lone! an old man.
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 men twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bone.
Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.
Post. I' the Lord, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe. I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry. [Exit.
Post. Still going!—This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news of me,
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have saw'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too! 1, in my own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan
Norfeil him, where he struck: Being an ugly monster,
His strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we,
That draws his knives i' the war.—Well. I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resume'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more.
But yield me to the veriest hint, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman: great the answer he
Britons must take; For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again;
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.
2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit
That gave the affront with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported:
But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is
Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been dropping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.
2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his
As if he were of note: bring him to the king: [service

Enter Cymbeline, attended; Belarius, Guiderius,
Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captains. The
Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who
delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.

SCENE IV.—A Prison.

Enter Posthumus, and Two Gaolers.

1 Gaol. You shall not now be stolen, you have
locks upon you:
So, graze, as you find pasture.
2 Gaol. Ay, or a stomach. [Exeunt Gaolers.
Post. Most welcome, Londage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than he that's sick o' the gout: since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
by the sure physician, death; who is the key [ter'd
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fret-
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods,
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt, [give me
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in yore,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more element than vile men,
Who of their broken debters take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their avowement: that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine: and thought
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
Twen man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake
You rather mine, bring 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 apperition, Sicilius
Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, at-
tired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient
nucleon, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with
music before them. Then, after other music, follow
the Two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus,
with wounds, as they died in the wars. They circle
Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending Nature's law.
Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes:
That from me was Posthumus'right.
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o'the world
As great Sicilius' heir.

2 Z 2
His ladyship

But

And

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ACT V.—SCENE V.

By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying; like her life;
Which, being true to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prythee, say,

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you
Married your royalty, was wise to your place;
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew thee;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed
Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in haste to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Tak'n off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate friend!
Who is 't can read a woman?—Is these more?
Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For years, when she was a virgin;
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'come you with her show: yes, and in time,
(When she had fitt'd you with her craft,) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his sudden decease,
Grew shame-less 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 wonder
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 vis-
cious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was fully in my, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Soothsayer, and other
Roman prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS, behind,
and IMOGEN.

Thou can'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'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 ourselves have granted:
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us, [end
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threat-
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: sufficeth.
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 true, so loyal, so diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So teat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your high-
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: me'er thank thy master: live, And ask of Cymbeline what thou wilt, Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it; Yea, though thou demand a prisoner, The noblest ta'en.

Luc. I humbly thank thy highness. Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad; And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: slack. There's other work in hand; I see a thing Bitter to me as death: your life, good master, Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. He the disbands me, He leaves me, scorces me: Briefly die their joys That place them on the truth of girls and boys.— Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy? I love thee more and more: think more and more What's best to ask. Know'st thou him look'st on? speak, Wilt have him live? Is he thy kinsman? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman: so more kin to me, Than I to thy highness: who, being born your vas- Am something nearer. [sal.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so? Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart, And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page; I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely. [Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Art. One sand another
Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad, Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you? 

Giu. The same dead thing alive. {forbear. 
Bel. Peace, peace! see further: he eyes us not; Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure He would have spoke to us.

Giu. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent, let's see further.
Vis. It is my mistress. [Aside.
Since she is living, let the time run on, To good, or bad.

Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side: Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [to Iach.] step you Give answer to this boy, and do it freely; [torth, Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it, Which is our honour, bitter torture shall Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him. 

Imo. My booin, is that this gentleman may reader Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him? [Aside.

Cym. That diamond upon your finger say, How came it yours?

Iach. Thout torture me to leave unspoken that Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me? Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which Torments me to conceal. By villany I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel: Whom thou didst banish: and (which more may grieve As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd [thee, 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord? Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,— For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits Fail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will, Than die ere I hear more: strive, mao, and speak. Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock That struck the hour! it was in Rome, (accurs'd The mausoleum where!) 'twas at a feast, (O! would our words had been poison'd! or, at least, Those which I heard to head!) the good Posthumus, (What should I say? he was too good, to be Where ill men were: and was the best of all Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly, Hearing us praise our loves of Italy For beauty that made barron the swell'd boast Of that which best could speak: for feature, Junius The shade of Venus, or straight-riught Minerva, Postures beyond brief nature; for condition, A shop of all the qualities that man Loves woman for: besides, that hook of wiving, Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

Cym. I stand on fire.

Post. Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon shall I, Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthumus— (Most like a noble loud in love, and one [mus, That had a royal lover,) took his hint; And, not displeasing whom we pleased, (tho' 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 Prov'd us unsparking sets.

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 scripule of his praise; and wagg'd with him Where a bed was gold, 'gainst this which then he wore Upon his brows' blue finger, to attain To suit the place of his bed, and win this ring By hers and mine adulteray; he, true Knight, No lesser of her honour confident Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring; And would so, had it been a carbuncle Of Phoebus' wheel; and might so safely, had it Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain Post I in this design: Well may you, sir, Remember me at court, where I was taught Of your chaste daughter the wide difference 'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain Gain in your droller Britain operate More likely! for my vastage, excellent; And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd, That I return'd with similar proof enough To make the noble Leonatus mad, By wounding his belief in her renew To finish thus, and thus; averring notes Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet, (O, cunning, how I got it!) say, some marks Of secret on her person, that he could not But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd, I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,— Methinks, I see him now. [Coming forward.

Post. Ay, so thou dost. [Coming forward.

Italian fend!—Al me, most credulous fool, Egregious munder, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, it 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 o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That case'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:— the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.

Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Post. Shall I have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help,
Minion and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthumus! You never kill'd Imogen till now.—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady! [To Guinevere.]

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?

Cym. O, get thee from my sight;
They 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?

Cym. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!—

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
She must approve thee honest: If Pisanius
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Corinellus?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only,
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being 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. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is sure, Fidelia.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
Think, that you are upon a rock; and now [you
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dastard in this act?
Will 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 it. [To Guinevere.]

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
If I discover'd not which way she was gone, [swore,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which did direct me
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he infor'd me from, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:

I slew him there.

Gui. Marry, the gods foretold!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: 'prythee, valiant youth,
Dey not again.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee.
By thine own tongue thou art condemned, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Find the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar.——Let his arms alone:

[To the guard.]

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How low of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three;
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him——My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangers speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger is

Ons. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—By leave:——Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is

A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He is it, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence; the whole world shall not save him.
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ACT V.-«CE3fE
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BT I— E-TM?


TITUS ANDRONICUS.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 6, 1599—16, in which year (according to Laughton, who alone appears to have seen the first edition) it was also printed. There were two editions in quarto, one in 1600, and another in 1611; but neither of these has the author's name on the title-page. The tragedy however was written several years before; as it is mentioned in the induction to Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair in 1614, as one that had been exhibited five-and-twenty or thirty years; which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakspeare was but twenty-five. It was not probably written two or three years earlier, and was the first production of our author.

That it is his, there is not only the testimony of its having been pointed in the players' edition, but the authority of Meres, a contemporary author, who in a little book called Palladis Tamia, printed in 1594, enumerates this tragedy among the works of Shakspeare.

The commentators have shown themselves very desirous of discrediting the authenticity of this play; but they have nothing to oppose to the above strong evidence in its favour: but such inconclusive arguments as may be derived from the dissimilarity of its style, and the inappropriateness of its merit to the other works of our author, to which may be added, that it was a boyish production, that is, perhaps, superior to any of the plays which were most popular at the period of its composition, and which a young writer would naturally desire to imitate in the first timid experiment of his powers; and that however despising its horrors and its tragic declamation may be to us, they were particularly admired by our author's contemporaries.

Much stress has been laid by Malone on the tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft; in his preface to the alteration of this play, published as 1607, he says, "I have been told by some ancient conversant with the stage, that it was not originally Shakspeare's, but was brought to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters." This tradition, from whomsoever Ravenscroft received it, is overturned by the shakiest reference to dates. The play was produced, as we have already seen, certainly in 1599, probably as early as 1594; at this time Shakspeare was as yet unknown; a young man little more than twenty, without either literary reputation or theatrical influence, and the very last person to whom a play would be entrusted for the benefit of revision and correction. The idea, names, and characters of the play are from an old ballad, which the reader will find in the first volume of Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.

BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lu- vinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, general against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Titus's son, and brother to Titus.

LUCIUS, Quintus, Publius, Mureius, sons to Titus Andronicus.

Young Lucius, a boy, son to Lucins.

Publius, son to Marcus the tribune.

Adnius, a noble Roman.

Alarbus, Chiron, Demetrius, sons to Tamora.

Aarim, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans, Goths and Romans.

Tamora, Queen of the Goths.

Linavia, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinmen 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 Andronic family appearing: the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, Saturnius and his Followers, on one side; and Bassianus and his Followers, on the other; with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patriots, patrons of my right, Defend the justice of my cause with arms; And, countrymen, my loving followers, Plead my successful title with your swords: I endow'd you with the honourable name That were the imperial diadem of Rome; Then let my father's honours live in me, Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bos. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son, by right, Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome, Keep then this passage to the Capitol; And suffer not dishonour to approach The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate, To justice, consternation, and nobility: For let desert in our election shine.

And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, aloft, with the crown.

Mor. Princes—that strive by factions, and by Ambitiously for rule and empery,— [friends, 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 nobler man, a braver warrior, Lives not this day within the city walls: He by the senate is accitied home, From weary war against the barbarous Goths; That, with his sons, a terror to our foes, Hath yoked a nation strong, trained 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 entertain.—By honour of his name, Whom, worthyly, 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; Disregard your followers, and, as suitors should, Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

But. Marcus Andronicus, so do I stff

In thy uprightness and integrity, And so I love and honour thee and thine, Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons, And, to whose renown my thoughts are dumbided all, Gracious Linavia, 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
ACT I.—SCENE II.

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all; And to the love and favour of my country Commit myself, my person, and the cause. [Enter the Followers of Saturninus.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me, As I am confident and kind to thee.— Open the gates, and let me in. [ Gus. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor. [Sat. and Bus. go into the Capitol, and exclaim with Senators, Marcus, &c.

SCENE II.—The same. Enter a Captain and others. Cep. 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. Flourish of trumpets, &c. Enter Mutius and Marcus: after them, two men bearing a coffin covered with black; then Quintus and Lucius. 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, and Titus speaks. Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds! Lo, as the dark, that hath discharge'd her fraught, Returns with precious lading to the bay, From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage, Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs, To re-salute his country with his tears; Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.— Thou great defender of this Capitol, Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!— Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons, Half of the number that king Priam had Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead! These, that survive, let Rome reward with love; These, that I bring unto their latest home, With burial amongst their ancestors:— Here Goths have given me leave to shear my sword. Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own, Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet, To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx!— Make way to lay them by their brethren. [The tomb is opened. There greet in silence, as the dead are wont. And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars! 0 sacred receptacle of my joys, Sweet cell of virtue and nobility, How many sons of mine hast thou in store, That thou wilt never render to me more! Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths, That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile, All menes fratum sacrifice his flesh, Before this earthly prison of their bones; That so the 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 distracted queen. Tam. Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious conqueror, Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed. A mother's tears in passion for her son: And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee, O, think my son to be as dear to me. Sufieth not, that we are brought to Rome, To beautify thy triumphs, and to return, Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke; But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets, For valiant doings in their country's cause? O! if to fight for king and common weal Were piety 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. Three-noble Titus, spare my first-born son. Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me. These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain, Religiously they ask a sacrifice: To this your son is mark'd; and die he must, To appease their groaning shadows that are gone. Luc. Away with him; and make a fire straight; And let's how his limbs, till they be clean consumed. [Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with Alarbus. Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety! Cit. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous? Dem. Of Greek Troy, and the victorious 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, and spread her name wide. (When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,) To quit the bloody wounds upon her face. 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 entrails feed the sacrificing fire, Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky. Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren, And with loud laments welcome them to Rome. Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus Make this his latest farewell to their souls. [Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb. In peace and honour rest you here, my sons; Rome's readiest champions, repose you here, Secure from worldly chances and mishaps! Here lurks no treason, here no envious swells, Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms, No noise, but silence and eternal sleep: Enter Lavinia. In peace and honour rest you here, my sons. Luc. In peace and honour live lord Titus long! My noble lord and father, live in fame! Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears I render, for my brethren's obsequies; And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome: O, blest be here with me, my father's hand, Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud. Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!— Lavinia, live; outline thy father's days, And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise! Enter Marcus Andronicus, Saturninus, Bassianus, and others. Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother, Gracious triumpther in the eyes of Rome. Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus. Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars, You that survive, and you that sleep in fame. Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all, That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspire’d to Solon’s happiness,
And 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 pannishment of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased emperor’s sons:
Be candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and weakinesse:
What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations 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 buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighit’d 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 and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell me?

Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.

Rom. Titans, do me right:—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturnius be Rome’s emperor:—
Andronicus, would thouwert shipp’d to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people’s hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
Thee, but I’ll answer thee as from themselves.

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 thankful be: and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable need.

Tit. People of Rome, and people’s tribunes here,
Let your voices, and your suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?—

Tit. Tribes, to gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor’s eldest son.

Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titus’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!—

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 emperor’s fit
Rome’s royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, dost this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord: and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour’d of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—

King and commander of our common-wealth,
The wide world’s emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents 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 your fealty to me.

Tit. New, 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
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change
Of thou com’st not to be made a scorn in Rome: [cheer,
Princely shall he 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 Goth.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas’d with this!

Luc. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. This, sweet Lavinia,—let us go;
Ransomeless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trumpet and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[Seizing LAVINIA.

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?
Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolved withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[To EMPIRE.
[The Emperor courts this woman in dumb show.

Mar. Swum equs is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor’s guard?
Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpriz’d.

Sat. Surpriz’d! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth’d from all the world away.

[Exeunt MARCUS and BASILANUS, with LAVINIA.
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I’ll keep this door safe.

[Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I’ll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy! Eear’s me my way in Rome? [Titus kills MANTICES.

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!—

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me;
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife.
That is another’s lawful promis’d love.

[Exit.

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I’ll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thy never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said’st, I begg’d the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?
ACT I.—SCENE II.

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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 Gods,
That like the stately Phoebe '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 Gods, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priests and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of thee, my lord I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Gods,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen Pantheon:—Lords, accomp.
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride, [pant
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine.
Who will his owne heart, and her to choose,
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[Exeunt Saturninus, and his Followers; Tamora, and her sons; Aaron, and Gods.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert 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, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family; I
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes,
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors.
Bury him here; none basely slain in brawl:—
Bury him where you can show him Roman ground.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for you:
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that word?
Quin. He that would vouch not in any place but here.
Tit. What, would you bury him, in my despite;
Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus even then 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 not with himself, and this his配置.
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, for in that name doth nature speak.
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
Quin. He renowned Titus, more than half my soul,
Luc. Dear father, if we can, we'll save 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.

Tut. Rise, Marcus, rise:—
The dismalst day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[Titus is led into the tomb.

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—[friends, All. No man shal shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord.—to stop of those dreary dumps,—
How comes it, that the subtle queen of Gods
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. It is, my lord, but since the news from Rome I swear,
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter at one side, Saturninus, attended;
Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, and Aaron: At the other,
Bassianus, Lavinia, and others.

Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.
But, 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,
Then may she shew what right she repeat this rape.

Bass. 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.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bass. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall with life and soul.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With my own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and you, and your brave people,
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. No, my lord; The gods of Rome foretell,
I should be author to dishonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble laying a worm supple,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart—
ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. Before the Palace.

Enter ANDRONICUS.

And. New-minted Titus, Alexander's top
Sent out of Rome and set afloat,

Scene a show, a pageant, a threat, a speech.

As when the poet, in his song, shrugs the moon,
And rear'd the giant in his glistening coach,

And over-sees the highest-getting hills:

So Tamora—

And the world's every honest heart

In the mantles of his envious sliders shrouds.

Thus, with the bowels of his envious sliders

Ere his eye could look on it. For his eye

To the bottom! Would ye rather be

And let him into the world of weal and woe?

A world, where in a word, ye cannot

But be bold. Are you not as wise and good,

And as you are, then know ye, as well as he,

Nay, hence, be gone, ye know I speak the truth.

And that our sweet sweet, dear should survive,

And lose my passage for a day.

We sweet, and so the way is won by grace;

And no sweet sweet, dear should survive,

To see, and to be seen, and to lose grace;

And to lose, sweet, dear should survive,

To me. Why, how now, boy? You look the scrub.

By himself, and no sweet should survive,

And I was the best of all this counsel;

And I was there, and didst not, in the main,

To have you, Victoria, in the scaffold.

Why, how now, I say. Why, how now, boy?

To have you, Victoria, in the scaffold.

Why, how now, I say. Why, how now, boy?

And so, Titus, and so, and so, and so.
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.

Aur. To achieve her—how?

Dem. Why makest thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be wo'd;
She is a woman, therefore must be wo'd;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lovd;
What man! more water gushed by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut hole to steal a shine, we know:
Though Lavinia be the emperor's brother,
Better than he be yet worn Volumn's budge.

Aur. Ay, and as good as Saturnius may. [Aside.

Dem. Then why should be despair, that knows
With words, fair looks, and liberality! [court it
That last but not full often struck a de.
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aur. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aur. 'Would you had hit it too.

Then should not we be tied with this ado.
Why, bark ye, bark ye, — Are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed? —

Chi. 'Tis. I thank, not me.

Dem. So were one.

Aur. For shame, be friends; and join for that you
This policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve;
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perform before you as you may:
Take this of me, Lucresse was not more claste
Than this Lavinia, Rassians love.
A speedier course than lingering hangishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unrequited spots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single ye either then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,
Your majesty and vengeance; that you may,
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, of ears;
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and doll;
There speaks and striving babbles, and lye your turns;
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fur aut nefiis, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

[Exit Stage, per monos below.

SCENE II.—A forest near Rome. — A lodge seen at a distance. — Horns, and cry of Hounds heard.

Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c. Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey, the fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:

The couple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And crown the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

Horns heard a peel. — Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Rassians, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and Attendants.

Tit. Many good mornings to your majesty; —
Madam, to you so many and so good,
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.
Sons. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new married ladies.

Dem. Lavinia, how say you?

Tar. I say, no;
I have been bred awake two hours and more.
Sons. Come on them, horse and chariot; let us have,
And to our sport. — Madam, now shew us your
Our Roman hunting. — [To TAMORA.

Mar. I have done, my lord,
Will rowe the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest premontory top.
Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes every way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with hounds and hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. — [Exit.

SCENE III.—A desert Part of the Forest.

Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold.

Aur. 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 villany:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest.

That have their arms out of the empress' chest.

[Exit Tamora.

Tar. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'at thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bough;
The sea lies calmer and 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-turn'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us lay down, and mark their yelling noise.
The wandering prince of Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtail'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wrenched in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slander;
While hounds and hounds, and hounds, 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 silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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. Hard Tamora,—the empress of my soul, Which never hopes more heaven than rest in thee,— This is the day of doom for BASSIANUS; His Philemon must lose her tongue to-day: Thy sons make pillage of her chastity, And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood. Sear thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee, And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:— Now question me no more, we are copied; Here comes a parcel of our hopeful death, Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction. Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life! Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes: Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be. [Exit.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVinia.

Bass. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress, Unfurnish'd of her well-seeing troop? Or is it Dian, habit like her? Who hath abandoned her holy groves, To see the general hunting in this forest? Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps! Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had, Thy temples should be planted presently With horses, as was Actaeon's, and the hounds Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs, Unmannerly intruder as thou art! Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress, Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning; And to be doubted, that your Moor and you Are single forth to try experiments. Jove shield your husband from his bounds to-day! 'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bass. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian Doth make your honour of his body's hue, Spotted, detested, and abominable. Why are you sequester'd from all your train? Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed, And wande'r'd hither to an obscure plot, Accompanied with none but Basset Moor, If foul desire had not conducted you? Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport, Great reason that my noble lord be rated For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence, And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love; This valley fits the purpose passing well. Bar. The king, my brother, shall have note of this. Lav. Ay, for these ships have made him noted long: Good king! to be so mightily abus'd! Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this? Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother? Why doth thy highness look so pale and wan? Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale? These two have 'tie'd me hither to this place, A barren detested vale, you see, it is: The trees, though summer, yet 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 she cried me this abjured pit, They told me, here, at dead time of the night, A thousand heads, a thousand hissing snakes, Ten thousand swelling toads, as manyurchins, Would make such fearful and confused cries, As any mortal body, hearing it, Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly. No sooner had they told this hellish tale, But straight they told me, they would bind me here Unto the body of a dismal yew; And leave me to this miserable death. And then they call'd me, foul adulteress, Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms That ever ear did hear to such effect, And, had you not by wondrous fortune come, This vengeance on me had they executed: Revenge it, as you love your mother's life, Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children. Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son. [Stabs BASSIANUS.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength. [Stabbing him likewise.

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tarquin, No name fits thy nature but thy own! [Exit. Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know my boys.

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong. Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her; First, thrust the corn, then after burn the straw: This mimion stood upon her chastity, Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty, And with that painted hope brace your mightiness; And shall she carry this unto her grave? Chi. An if she do, I would I were an enunch, Drag hence her husband to some secret hole, And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust. Tam. But when you have the honey you desire, Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting. Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy [sure. That nice-preserved honesty of yours. Lav. O Tamora! thou hear'st a woman's face.— Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her. Lav. 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. Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee: [dam? The lion, when he teach'st from her den to marble: Even at thy tent thou hadst thy tyranny. Yet every mother bredns not sons alike; Do thou entreat her shew 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 I have heard, (O could I find it now!) The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure To have his princely paws par'd all day. Some say that ravens fester forlorn children, The whilst their own birds famish in their nests: O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no; Nothing so kind, but something pitiful! Tam. I know not what it means; away with her. Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake, That gave thee life, when well he might have slain Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. [thee, Tam. Had thou in person ne'er offended me, Even for his sake am I pitiless:— Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain, To save your brother from the sacrifice; But fierce Andronicus would not relent. Therefore away with her, 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, And with thine own hands kill me in this place: For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
THERE AREONIOUS,

AARON Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand

Act II. Sc. 2.
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died, [me go.]

Tam. What beggt'st thou then? fond woman, let

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,

On which thou hast staid us here too long,

O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,

For thou art here aloft, or I below.

And tumble me into some loathsome pit;

Where never man's eye may behold my body:

Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long,

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly crea-

The blot and enemy to our general name! [Sure!]

Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—Bring thou

her husband; [Dragg'g off Lavinia.

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [Ex.

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her

Never let my heart know merry cheer, indeed, [Sure:

Tell all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,

And tell my splendid sons this true defile. [Exit.

ACT II.—SCENE IV.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Martius.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:

Straight will I bring you to the loathsomest pit,

Where I estoy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; we're not for

Well could I have our spears leave a legible. [Shame,

[Martius falls into the pit.

Quin. What art thou fallen? What subtle hole is

this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;

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. O, brother, with the dimmest object

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, [them here;

How these were they that made away my 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 uncouth fear:

A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;

My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den,

And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold

The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:—

O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now

Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,

In this detested, dark, blood-dripping 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;

Was I, like a taper in some monument,

Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,

And shews the ragged entrails of this 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 flaming hand,—

If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—

Out of this fell devouring receptacle,

As hateful as Cynicys' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;

Or, wanting a strength to do thee so much good,

I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb,

Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I a strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not lose again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below.

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [Fall in.

Enter Saturninus and Aaron.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,

And what he is, that now has leap'd into it.

Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend

Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;

Brought hither in a most unucky 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;

'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,

But, out alas! here we have found him dead.

Enter Tambora, with Attendants; Titus Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tambora: though grieve'st with killing

That unhappy son of old Andronicus? [grief.

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,

The compleat of this timeless tragedy; [Giving a letter.

And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold

In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] An if we miss to meet him handomely—

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus' 'tis, we mean,—

Do thou so much as dig the grave for him!

Then know'st thou our meaning: Look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder tree,

Which overshares the mouth of that same pit,

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and pacify our angry friends.

O, Tambora! 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.

[Shewing it.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [to Tit.] fell cur's of bloody

Have here before my brother of his life:— [kind,

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

There let them bide, until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit; O wondrous

How easily murder is discovered! [things'!

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? Tambora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. Had my lord you let me be their bail;

For by my father's revenge tomb, I vow,

They shall be ready at your highness' will,

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:

3 A
Tit. Will it come soon? let me see it then.

Mar. This is thy daughter.

Tit. Why Marcus, so late?

Luc. Ah! me! this object kills me!

Luc. How heart-broken, how lost upon her—

Speak, my hand, what seems most sore to her?

How hath she handkerchief in thy father's sight?

What foot hath watered to the sea?

Or is it, a foot, to bright-harvest, Troy?

My grief was at the height, before she came,

And now, like waves, do dishem-bounds,

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hand, I,

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain.

And they have a stall the wise, in feeding life,

In boors' hope, have they been held up,

And they have serve'd me to effectless use:

Now, all the service I require of them

Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—

'Tis well, Lucius: they have done me hands.

For hands, to do Rome service, are base waste.

Luc. Speak gently sister, who hath martyf'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,

That hath't them with such pleasing eloquence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,

Where, like a sweet melodeon bird, it sang

Sleepless nights; what has it found of spare fault.

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, if I found her, straying in the para,

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,

That hath receive'd some uncertain wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wound her,

Hath sat me more, than had he kill'd me dead:

Luc. Stay, father, I stand at no such hand of Rome,

That hath thrown down so many men.

Shall not be said my sword will serve the turn,

My youth can better spare my blood than you:

And therefore may I save my brothers lives;

Marc. Which is, whoso, was not defended Rome.

And armed able, in bloody battle; one,

Writing desolation on the enemy's castle.

Luc. none of you, nor of high descent;

My ha' been here; but I let it serve

To ransom some nephews from their death;

Then have I kept to a worse end.

Tit. Nay, come agree, whose hand she go always,

For they dare die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it was ought.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wines disprove

Are meet for pecking on, and therefore mine.

Thee, fresh father, if I shall be thought thy son,

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. 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'll spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[Enter Lucius and Marcus.]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;

Lead thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

[Exit Lucius, and Marcus.

[Exit Marcus and Lucius.

Tit. Now, stay your stride; what shall be, is degradation.

Good Aaron shall be thy master's hand: I spake'dd—

Tell him, it was a hand that wanted him

From thousand dangers: bid him bury it;

More bath it merit'd, that let it have.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purg'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? I jests not with this hour,
Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my wat'ry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then which way shall I find revenge's care?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a 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;
Let art an evil, and thou must not stay
To the Gods, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'before hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturnius and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Gods, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.
A Room in Titus's House.—A Banquet set out.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and Young Lucius, a boy.

Tit. Thus now sit and look, you eat no more than
This will preserve your youth and health in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcens, unkind it sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passion our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[To Lavinia.

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with 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 foal in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has he now made the dose 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 Aeneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
ACT IV.—SCENE I.  

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;  
Lest we remember still, that we have none.—  
Fye, fye, how franticly I square my talk!  
As if we should forget we had no hands,  
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—  
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—  
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—  
I can interpret all her merry'd signs:—  
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,  
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—  
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;  
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,  
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:  
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stamps to heaven,  
Nor weep, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make signs;  
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.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,  
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling! thou art made of tears,  
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[Titus strikes the dish with a knife.

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?  
Mar. At that to have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;  
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:  
A dead and death, done on the innocent.  
Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;  
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and a mother?  
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
And burst lamenting doings in the air!  
Poor harmless fly!  
That with his pretty buzzing melody,  
Came here to make us merry; and then hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,  
Like to the emperor Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,  
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
For thou hast done a charitable deed.  
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;  
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,  
Come hither purposely to poison me.—  
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.  
Ah, sirrah!

Yet I do 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.

Mar. 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, chanceed 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.


Enter Titus and Marcus. Then enter young Lucius,  
Lavinia running after him.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia  
Follows me every where, I know not why—

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!  
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

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, Lucins, 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 plies thee thus?  

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,  
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:  
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,  
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;  
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy  
Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;  
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt  
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,  
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:  
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;  
Causeth me to say: But such a 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 has 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 skil'd;  
Come, and take choice of all my library,  
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
Reveal the dam'd contriver of this deed.  
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?  
[one

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than  
Confederate in the fact.—Ay, more there was:—  
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?  
Boy. Grand sire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses;  
My mother gave 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 Philomela,  
And treats of Tereus's treason, and his rape;  
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.  
[leaves.

Mar. I think, she means:—she, note, how she quotes the  
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,  
Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,  
Fore'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?  
See, see!  
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt  
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)  
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,  
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.  
Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,  
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!—friends,—  
Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but  
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:  
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,  
That left the camp to sin in Laeaces' bed?  
Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,  
[me.  
Insire me, that I may this treason find?—  
My lord, look here!—Look here, Lavinia:  
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou caust,  
This after me, when I have writ my name  
Without the help of any hand at all.  
[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it  
with his feet and mouth.
CURS'D be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge;
Heaven guide thy pen to write thy sorrow plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[She holds the staff in her mouth, and guides it
with her stumps, and writes.

TIT. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?

STIRRUP.—CHIRON. Demetrius.

MAR. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

TIT. Mone Domator poli,
Tantalous audis sceera? tum tangus rides?

MAR. O, calm the tide! although I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaim.

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hesper's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woful seer,
And, father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus swears for Lucrece's rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

TIT. Tis sure enough, an you know how,
But if you hurt these bear whelpes, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league.
And bolls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone.
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gawl of steel will write these words,
And hay it by: the angry northern wind
Will drive the sands, like Sybil's prophecies, abroad,
And where's your lesson then!—Boy, what say you
Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad-bodmen to the yoke of Rome.

MAR. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And uncle, so will I, as if I live.
The soul of my father thinketh still in mine armory;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and within, by my soul,
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'dt do thy message, wilt thou not?
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

TIT. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.

LAV. come,—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll goe brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[Exit Titus, Lavinia, and Boy.

MAR. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than thee or me can mark upon his batter'd shield:
But yet so just, that he will not revenge—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! 

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

ENTER AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, 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 to us. [father.

AAR. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandsire.
My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both. [Aside.

DEN. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: What's the news?
Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [Aside. May it please
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent me to you,
The goodliest weapons of his armory,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, 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.

DEN. What's here? A scroll; and written round
Let's see;— [about.

Integer vita, scelerisque purum,
Non eget Musur jaculis, nee arena.

CHI. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

AAR. Ay, just;—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt;
And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
[quick. 

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the
But, were our witty empress well a-late,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To rest the tribute of his brother's hearing.

DEN. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

AAR. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

DEN. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a boy, by turn to serve our lust.

CHI. A charitable wish, and full of love.
But here lacks but your mother fair to say amen.

CHI. And that would see for twenty thousand more.

DEN. 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

[Aside. Flourish.

DEN. Why do the emperor's trumpevs flourish thus?

CHI. Be like, for joy the emperor hath a son.

DEN. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a bloack-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 beside thee evermore!

AAR. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?

NUR. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye, Our empress' shame, and statey Rome's disgrace;— She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

AAR. To whom? I mean, she's brought to bed.

NUR. Well, God give her good rest! What hath be sent her?

AAR. A devil. [issue.

AAR. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful

NUR. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
ACT IV.—SCENE III.

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aur. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet brows, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aur. Done! that which thou
Canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aur. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her choice, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aur. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

Aur. 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.

Aur. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up,

[Takes the child from the Nurse, and draws.

Stabbing her.

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore dost 

Aur. O, lord, sir, 'ts a deed of policy: [thou this?
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tong'd babbling gossip! no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent
Not far, one Multus lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advance'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And say the emperor kill'd him in the fields.
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, lords; ye see, that I have given her physic,

[Pointing to the Nurse.

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms—
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[Exit Drum, and Crowd, bearing off the Nurse.

Aur. Now to the Gaths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose the treasure in nine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence:
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed out words and honey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. A public Place.

Enter Titus, bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them; with him Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen, with bows.

Tit. Come on, 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 Astrea religit.

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the earth's deep center 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 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 Marcus, then we may go pipe for justice. Mor. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case, To see thy noble uncle thus distracted! Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns, By day and night to attend him carefully; And feed his humour kindly as we may, Till time beget some careful remedy. Mor. 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. [What. Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters? Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word If you will have revenge from hell, you shall: Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd, He thinks, with joyful love or heavenly or, somewhere else, So that perforce you must needs stay a time. Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays. I'll dive into the burning lake below, And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.— Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we; No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size: But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back; Yet wrung with wrongs—more than our locks can bear; And, sith there is no justice in earth or 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 Jaeem, that's for you:—Here, ad Apollinem:—

Ad Mortem, that's for myself:—

Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here, to Mercury:—

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,— You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid: O my word, I have written to effect; There's not a god left unsolicited. Mor. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court: We will afflict the emperor in his pride. Tit. Nay, masters, draw. [They shoot.] O, well said. Good boy, in Virgo's lap: give it Pallas. [Lucius! Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon; Your letter is with Jupiter by this. Tit. I t! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done! See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns. Mor. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The ball being gai'd, gave Arius 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 your lordship joy. Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons. News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come. Sirrah, what tidings, have you any letters? Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter? Clo. Ho! the gibbet maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week. Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee? Clo. Alas, sir, I know not.—umper; I never drank with him in all my life. Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier! Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else. Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven? Clo. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven In my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl between my uncle and one of the empire's men. Mor. 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 Give me a pen and ink.—[charges. Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication? Clo. Ay, sir. Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely. Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone. Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it. 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's go:—Publius, follow me. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same. Before the Palace.
Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, Lords, and others: Saturninus, with the arrows in his hand that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever An emperor of Rome thus overborne, [seen Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent Of equal justice, was'd in such contempt? My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods, However these disturbers of our peace Then, noble people's ears, there ought hath pass'd, But even with law, against the wild sons Of old Andronicus. And what an if He has sorrows so overwhelm'd his wits, Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks, 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 senate, And blazoning our injustice everywhere? A goodly humour, is it not, my lords? As who would say, in Rome no justice were. But, if I live, his feigned estatios Shall he no shelter to these outrages? But I know his shall know, that justice lives In Saturnine's health; whom, if she sleep, He'll so awake, as she in fury shall Cut off the pride'st conspirator that lives. Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine, Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts, Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age, The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scar'd his heart; And rather comfort his distressed plight,
ACT V. -SCENE I.

Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all: [Aside.
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick.
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, would'st thou speak with us? Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistresship be imperial. Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor. Clo. I have heard of a God, and said 'tis true, give ye good deal: I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [Sacrinius reads the letter. Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently. Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By' r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [Exit, guarded.

Sat. Despitely and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villany! I

Know from whence this same device proceeds;

May this be borne!—as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

By my hands been butcher'd wrongfully.—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair; Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter Emilius.

What news with thee, Emilius? [cause! 

Emil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power of high-resolv'd men bent to the spoil,

They hither march again, 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 nipt me; and I hang the head.

With flowers from frost, or grass bent down with storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach; Tis he, the common people love so much; Myself hath often over-heard them say, (When I have walked like a private man,) That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully, And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor. 

Tam. Why should they fear? is not your 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 Is the sun dimm'd, that grats do fly in it? [name, The eagle suffers little birds to sing, And is not careful what they mean thereby; Knowing that, with the shadow of his wings, 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 more sweet, and yet more dangerous, Than baits to fish, or honey-stacks to sheep; Where the one is wounded with the bait, The other rotted with delicious feed. 

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora eatreat 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, And his tongue all his own, no more his 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. 

Enter 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 to him. 

[Exeunt. 

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Plains near Rome.

Enter Lucius and Goths, with drum and colours. Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends, I have receiv'd letters from great Rome, Which signify, what harm they bear their emperor, And how desirous of our sight they are. Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness, Imperial, and impatient of your wrongs; And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath, Let him make treble satisfaction. [necus. 1 Goth. Brave ship, sprung from the great Andro- Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort; Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds, Ingrateful Rome requires 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 Aanon, with his child in his arms. 2 Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stay'd, To gaze upon a ruinous monastery; And as I earnestly did fix mine eye Upon the wasted building, suddenly I heard a child cry underneath a wall: I made unto the noise; when soon I heard The crying babe control'd with this discourse: Peace, tender soul; here am I, and half thy dam! Did not thy husband breathe whose brist thou art, Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look, Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor: But where the bull and cow are both milk-white, They never do begot a coal-black calf. Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,— For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth; Wha, when he knows thou art the emperor's babe, Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake. With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him, Surpriz'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 would'st thou convey This growing image of thy fiend-like face? Why dost not speak? What! dead? No; not a word? A halter, soldier; hang him on this tree. And by his side his car draw, that receiv'd the tongue. Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood. Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder. [A ladder brought, which Aaron is obliged to ascend.]

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!
Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou speakest.
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nornish'd.
Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twixt thy soul and heart, I shew what I shall speak:
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villanies
Truthful to hear, yet piously performed:
And this shall all be knifed by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live,
Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.
Luc. Who 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 not:
Yet, for that thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
And 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 bavile for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;
To that I'll urge him.—Therefore, thou shalt vow
It was one god, which that god said,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.
Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee I will.
Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.
Luc. O most instastue, luxurious woman!
Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that woman I shew thee, that I was that god,
Twas her two sons, that murder'd Bassianus:
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.
Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimm'd
Making, and twas
Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!
Aar. Indeed, I was thy tutor to instruct thee:
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learnt of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I bring'd thy brother 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 mention'd,
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 hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart.
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swoonded almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses. [foulush?
Goth. What! cannot thou say all this, and never
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 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 dugg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Lut not your sorrows 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 heartly 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, 'twould 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,
Will ing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.
1 Goth. What says our general?
Emil. Emilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come,—March away. [Exeunt.]


Enter Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habitation.
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.

Enter Titus, above.

Tit. Who dost 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;
And what is written shall be executed.
ACT V.—SCENE II.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.
Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.
Tam. If thou didst know me, thou woul'st talk with me.
Tit. I am not mad: I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stamp, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenche's, 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 the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working weakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Conf'er 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 destitute rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?
Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.
Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee,
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;
Now give some 'surance 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 thee proper pall'ries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy ear is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rape and Murder there.
Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.
Tit. Art they thy ministers? what are they call'd?
Tam. Revenge, and Rapine, and Murderer,
And whirl along with thee about the globes,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
Tit. Good lord, how like the empress's sons they are!
And you, the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, how do I come to thee?
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee:
I will embrace thee in my bow and bay.

Tit. This closing with him fits hisJunacy:
What'er I surge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some 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.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—

How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent ear queen right,
It were convenient you had such a devil!
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?
Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?
Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.
Chi. Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.
Tam. Show me a thousand, that have done thee
And I will be revenged on them all.
Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and, when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him: he is a ravisher.—
Go then with this man, and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.
Tam. Well hast thou lesson'st me this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thric'e valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warkie Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all that love him;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?
Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths;
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths:
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house: and he shall feast with them:
This do thou for my love's sake, and let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.
Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [Exit.]
Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And clear to no revenge but Lucius.
Tam. What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor.
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair?—

[Aside.]
Tit. And tarry with him, till I come again.
Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own device.
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [Aside.]
Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave as here.
Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes To lay a complot to betray thy fees. [Exit Tamora.
Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.
Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?
Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caees, and Valentine.
Enter Publius and others.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. Th'empress' sons, I take them, Chiron and Demetrius. Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceive'd; The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name: And therefore bid them, gentle Publius; Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour, And now I find it; therefore bind them sure; And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[Exit Titus.—Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.

Chs. Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded. 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 hearing a basoon, 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! [mad;

Heaven sends the spring whom you have stain'd with This goodly summer with your winter mix'd. You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault, Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death: My hand cut off, and made a merry jest: Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity, Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd, What would you say, if I should let you speak? Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace. Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you. This one hand yet is left to cut your throats; Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold The basoon, that receives your guilty blood You know, yourself, Revenge, and thinks me mad,— Hark, villains; I will grill 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 shameful heads; And bid that strumpet, your unshallow'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 cuts their throats.

Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead, Let me go gring their bones to powder small, And with their hateful liquor temper it; And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd. Come, come, be every one officious To make this banquet; which I wish may prove More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast. So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook, And see them ready against their mother comes. [Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.

SCENE III.—The same. A Pavillion, with Tables, &c.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron, prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind, That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 Goth. And ours, with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous 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. Aor. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear, And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth That venomous noise of my swelling heart! Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unallow'd slave!— Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in— [Evans, Goths, with Aaron. Flourish. The trumpets shew, 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? Mars. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the peace; These quarrels must be quietly debated. The feast is ready, which the careful Titus Hath ordain'd to an honourable end, For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome: Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Luc. Marcus, what will.

[Hautboy's 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, dear guests, Welcome ye warlike Gofs; welcome, Lucius; And welcome all; although the cheer be poor, 'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it. Sat. Why art thou thusnett'd, Andronicus? Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well, To entertain your highness, and your empress. Tam. We are beholden 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 deflu'd? Sat. It was, Andronicus. Tit. Your reason, mighty lord! Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame, And by her presence still renew his sorrows. Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual; A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant, For me, most wretched to perform the like;— Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee; [He kills Lavinia. And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die! Sat. 'Tis what hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind? Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me As woful as Virginiius was: [blind,

And have a thousand times more cause than he To do this outrage:— and it is now done. Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed. Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed? Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus? Tit. Not 1; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius: They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue, And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong. Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently. Tit. Why, they are both, baked in that pye; Whereof their mother dimity hath fed,
Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There's need for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[Ring! SATURNUS. A great tumult. The people in confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and their parts ascend the steps before TITUS's house.

Luc. You said last night, men and sons of Rome, by your sword's strength, to the skies was due,
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.

Sen. Let Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court by to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-aways,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—[ancestor,
Speak, Rome's dear friend;] To Lucius as erst our
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baneful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surprise'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 firm nor steel;
Nor can I utter all my bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even 'tis time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commissiath:
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 were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cou'd
Not stay the frenzy of these d'asquar'd out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly myself unkindly banish'd,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drownd' 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 adventur'd body.
Ahas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, 'twixt although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft; methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,
[Pointing to the child in the arms of an Attendan.
Of this was Tamora deliver'd:
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of all woe;
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd 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? Shew us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now
The poor rascals dead.

The poor rascals dead.
Will, hand in hand, all headlong 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 see us shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Rom. 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 do cry, it shall be so. [temperor!
Rom. [Several speake.] Lucius, all hail: Rome's royal
Lucius, &c. descend.

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
[To an Attendan.
And bide here that misbelieving Moor,
To be ajudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [Sever speake.] Lucius, all hail; Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Roman; 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 task;—
Stand all aloof;—but uncle draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips.

[Kiss 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 the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them! [of us
Luc. Come hither, boy, come, and learn
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 he told to thee,
Meat, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Send you out, and seek: yet do not from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my
Would I were dead, so you did live again! [heart
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 bread-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pity's him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom.
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
Am I no baby, I, that with base prayers, [dumb?
should I repent the evil 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
And give him burial in his father's grave: [hence
PERICLES. PRINCE OF TYRE.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, May 2, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's works; but it did not appear in print till the following year, and it is known that the press was exhausted before it was published by Blount, but by Henry Gossen, who had probably anticipated the other, by getting a heavy transcript from a playhouse copy. There is no play of the author's, perhaps not in the English language, of which the text is so corrupted as that of this tragedy. The most corrupt of Shakespeare's other dramas is partly itself compared with Pericles.

The story on which this play is formed, is of great antiquity. It is found in a book, once very popular, entitled Gupta Ramayana, composed by Mr. Persicus, the learned editor of The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, 1775, to have been written by a hundred years more. The earliest impression of that work (which I have seen) was printed in 1486; in that edition the history of Appolonia King of Tyre made the 26th chapter. It is likewise referred to by Gower in his Confessio Amantis, lib. viii. p. 172—189, edit. 1631. The Rev. Dr. Farmer has in his possession a fragment of a MS. poem on the same subject, which appears, from the hand-writing and the metre, to be more ancient than Gower. There is also an ancient Romance on this subject, called Roma Apolonia Thiere, translated from the French by Robert Copland, and printed by Weaver de Worsa in 1510. In 1576 William How had a licence for printing The most excellent, pleasant, and variable History of the most famous prince of Spain, knowne to be Pericles, Likewise his wife, and Thares his daughter. The author of Pericles having introduced Gower in his piece, it is reasonable enough to suppose that he chiefly followed the work of that poet. It is observable, that the hero of this tale is, in Gower's poem, as in the present play, called Prince of Tyre; in the Greek Romana, however, the name of Appolonia, or Gower's time, or the 16th, or 17th century, he is entitled King. Most of the incidents of the play are found in the Conf. Amantis, and a few of Gower's expressions are occasionally borrowed. However, I think it is not unlikely, that there may have been something but not much new with it, in its early French translation of this popular story from the Greek Romance, in which the name of Appolonia was changed to Pericles; so, likewise, the title of the play of this drama may have been indebted. In 1607 was published at London, by Valentine Sims, "A pattern of pleasant adventures, containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable History of the strange Accident that befell unto Prince Appolonia, the lady Luciana his wife, and Thares his daughter, whom in the uncertainty of this world and the fickle state of man's life are lovely described, transmitting at the same time the true conduct of their lives." I have never seen the book, but it was without doubt a re-publication of that published by W. How in 1576. This play seems to have been particularly successful. In the four quarto editions it is called the "much admired" play of Pericles, prince of Tyre, and is mentioned by many ancient writers as a popular performance. Malone.

Rowe, in his first edition of Shakespeare, says, "It is owned that some part of Pericles certainly was written by him, perhaps the last act. Farmer thinks the hand of Shakespeare may be sometimes seen in the latter part of the play, but there only."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.
PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.
HEICANES, ESCANES, two lords of Tyre.
SIMONIDES, King of Pentapolis.
CLEON, governor of Tharsus.
LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mitylene.
CEREMON, a lord of Ephesus.
TARDAR, a lord of Antioch.
PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.
LEONINE, servant to Dionysia.
Marshel.
A PANADER, and his Wife.
BOUYT, their servant.
GOVER, or CHORUS.
THE DAUGHTER OF ANTIOSCHUS.
DIONYSIA, wife to Cleon.
THAiSA, daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
ASSALIMUA, nurse to Marina.
DIANA.

LEAD LADIES, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE,—dis pers edly in various Countries.

ACT I.

Enter Gower.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song of old was sung,

From ashes ancient Gower is come;

Assuming man's infirmities,

To gild your ear, and please your eyes.

It hath been sung at festivals,

On ember-eves, and holy-ales;

And lords and ladies of their lives
Have read it for restoratives:

'Purpose to make men glorious;
Et qua antiquis, 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 city then, Antioch the great
Bolt up for his highest seat;
'At all Syria: (I tell you what mine authors say;)\nThis king unto him took a pheere,
Who died and left a female heir,
SCENE I.—Antiochus. 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 Enrich'd with the glory of her praise,

Think death no hazard, in this enterprise. [Music.

Ant. Bring in your daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embraces even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, (till Lucia reign'd,) Nature this dewry 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 ras'd, and petty wrath
Could never he 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 advent'rous quest of my love.
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, anteth thee to view
A countess glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
You somet ime famous princes, like thyself, Drawn by report, adventures by desire:
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save ye field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught My frail mortality to know itself.
And by these 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 not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, is every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came:
But my unsought fire of love to you.

[To the Daughter of Antiochus.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
Scoring advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.
Daught. In all, save that, may'st thou prove pros.
In all, save that, I wish thee happiness! [perous! Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[Here reads the Riddle.]

I am no viper, yet I feed.
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 bow'd you, and could will,
Takes hold of the hand of the Prince.
Were not these 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 hearten,
But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only dances at 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. Our time's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
T'would braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shewn;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'reng wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is wrong'd.

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's will;
And if Jove stray, 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 the womb that their first beings bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.
Ant. Per. That heath object, that heath thy head! he has found the meaning:

[Tyre. But I will glove with him. [Aside.] Young prince of
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 safe self, doth tune us otherwise
Fare days longer we do resist you:
If by which time our secret be undone.
This merry shower, I'll joy in such a son:
And until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth best our honour, and your worth.

[Enter Antiochus, his Daughter, and Attendants.]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin?
When what is done is like an hypocrisy,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
But is so bad that after sin's extreme fall
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul:
Where now you're both a father and a son,
To your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father?)
And she an eater of her mother's sash,
By the deceiving of her parent's bed;
And both like serpent will joy in such they feel
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night.
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
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.

Aur. He hath found the meaning, for the which
We mean
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 attempts on us there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Dost thine highness call?

Aur. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold here's poison, and here's gold:
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Aur. Enough;
Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mrs. My lord, prince Pericles is dead. [Exit Messenger.

Aur. Will live, by after: and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienced archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so never return.
Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.
My lord, if it
Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure: so farewell to your highness.

Thal. Prince Thyess, 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 this charge of thoughts!
The sad companion, dutty'd melancholy.
By me so unkindly is, not an hour
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night, [quiet! 
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
And danger, which I feared, is at Annoth. [them,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's act can joy my spirits,
Nor the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the 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.
Returning is so great, can make his will act.
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence
Nor boos it me to say, I honour him.
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known.
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll clap round the land,
And with the extent of war will look so huge,
Pursuement shall drive courage from the state:
Our men be vaugnish'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 fence the roots they grow by, and defend them.)
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast! [tongue.
? Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable! [tongue.

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience
They do abuse the king, that flatter him:
For flattering is the bellows blows up sin:
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark.
Such breaths, which aches heat and sterner glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order.
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Zoth here doth proclaims a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please:
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else: but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping, and what landing's in our haven,
And then return to us. [Exit Lords.] Helicanus,
Hast mov'd us: what seest thou in our looks? [thou

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up, to heaven,
From where they have their nourishment? [whence

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. [Kneeling.] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee rise; 
Sit down, sit down: thou art no flatterer;
Thou art not fit for it; thou art a high heaven-wrack'd
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. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself;
Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Hellicanus;
Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Whence thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Bringing arms to princes, and to subjects joys.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (dark in thine ear,) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Served not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss. [this,
Which fear so grew in me, I luther fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrant's fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than in years;
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt I doth,) that
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unladen one,—
To top that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
When all, for my desire, may call offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprovest me for it)—
Hel. [Aside.] Alas, sir! Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts [cheeks,
How might I stop this, 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
Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear; [to speak,
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 Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.
Per. I do not doubt my faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in absence—
Hel. We'll mangle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.
Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Show'dst a subject's shine, a true prince.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Tyre. An Anti-chamber in the Palace.

Enter THALIARD.

Thaliard. That. 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 hanged at home; 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCALES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, Further to question of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.
That. How! the king gone! [Aside. Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

That. [Aside.] What from Antioch? Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,) Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sin'd,
To shew his sorrow, would correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
That. Well, I perceive [Aside.]
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—
But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre! Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

That. [Aside.] With message unto princely Pericles;
But, since my landing, as I have understood Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since
Commodened to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Tharsus.—A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyzia, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of other's griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench For who digs hills because they do aspire, [it;
Thrives to cast up a mountain to cast a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with misty eyes,
But like to groves, being top'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyzia,
Who wants 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 lungs
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 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 And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at: [clouds,
Whose men and dames so jettied and ador'd, Like one brother's glass, to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.
PERICLES.

Dio. O, 'tis too true. [chagae,
Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance.
As houses are deifi'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 nurse up their babes,
Thought nought too 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 cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.
Cle. 0, let those cities, that of Pleurty'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 deserted, upon our neighbouring
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.
[shore,
Cle. I thought as much.
One shore never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Have 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 untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, 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.
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, war-stuff'd within
With bloody views, expecting overthrow.
Are stord with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half dead.
All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise;
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. [while.
Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a
Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [Exeunt.

AC T II.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll shew you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation
(To whom I give my benison,) I
Still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And, to remember what he does,
Gild his state greater:
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 Eights him. Leon PERICLES, CLEON, &c. several.

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone,
From others' labours; forth he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince's desire,
Sends word of all that hap's in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And 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,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is toss'd;
All persons of man, of yell
Ne aught escape but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Throw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this long's the text. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. A open Place by the Sea Side.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breathe
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 thrown him from your watry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter Three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, ho, Pilch !
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 stirest now! come away,
or I'll fetch thee with a vaunton.
3 Fish. 'Fath, 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 proper, how he bounded and tumbled? they
said 'twas for half a fish, half flesh; a plague on them,
they never 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 a'the land, who never leave gaping, till
they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple,
bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.
3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I
would have been that day in the belfry.
2 Fish. Why, what then?
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 Simo-

ides were of my mind——
Per. Simonides?
3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones,
that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the intimacies of men;
And from their watry empire recollect
All that men approve, or men detect.—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest, I good fellow, what's that? if
it be a day fits you, stretch it out of the calendar,
and no body will look after it.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—
2 Fish. What a drakenuk wave was the sea, to cast
thee in our way!
Per. An man whom both the waters and the wind,
So that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never ns'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. Cannot then catch any fishes then?
Per. I never practis'd it.
2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's
nothing to do got now a-days, unless thou can't fish
for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man can stand up 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 I am a man, pray see me buried.
1 Fish. Die quoth-a! Now gods forbid! I have a
gown here; come put it on; keep thee warm. Now,
aphore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go
home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fast-
ing-days, and more or less puddings and staggacks;
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 crater too, and
so I shall scarce whippin'.
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 headle. But, master, I'll go draw
up the net.

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 Penta-
polis, 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 parts, his rule, and good government.
Per. He is a happy king, since from his subjects
He gains 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 just and tourney
for her love.

Per. Did but my fortunes equal my desires,
I'd 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: 'twill
hardly come out. Ia! bots on 't, 'tis come at last,
and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
And though, it was mine own, part of mine heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,)—
Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
Twist me and death; (and pointed to this brace:)—
For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity,
Which 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, they give't again:
I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift by 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 't I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.
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**PERICLES.**

1. Fish. Why, wilt thou tarry for the lady?

Per. 1 'll shew the virtue I have borne in arms.

2. Fish. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2. Fish. Ay, but hark, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails.

I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had me.

Per. Behave't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;

And spite of all the rapture of the sea,

This jewel holds his biding on my arm;

Unto thy value will I mount myself

Upon a courser, whose delightful steps

Shall make the gazer joy to see them treat.

—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 publick Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, 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.

That. It pleasest you, my father, to express

My recommendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are

A model, which heaven makes like to itself;

As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,

So princes their renown, if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain

The labour of each knight, in his device. [Form.

That. Which, to preserve mine honour, I 'll preserve

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?

That. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is a black Ethiope, reaching at the sun;

The word, Lux tuam visa mibi.

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

Who is the second, that presents himself?

That. 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, Plur per dulcure que per facere. [The third Knight passes.

Sim. And what's the third?

That. The third of Antioch.

And his device, a wraith of chivalry:

The word, Mopsus pro vitis apex. [The fourth Knight passes.

Sim. What is the fourth?

That. A burning torch, that's turned upside down;

The word, Quæm nnd alit, me extingu. [The fifth Knight passes.

Sim. And the fifth?

That. He doth no more than other knights have done,

Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

Thaisa. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds;

Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried:

The motto thus, Sic spectabilis pars. [The sixth Knight passes.

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thaisa. He seems a stranger, but his present is

A winder's branch, that's only green at top;

The motto, In haec specie. 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

Can any way speak in his just commend:

[Shew For, by his rusty outside, he appears

To have gran'ded more the whipslock, 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. [Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.

**SCENE III.**

The same. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, 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 my guests.

Thaisa. But you, my knight and guest;

To whom this wreath of victory I give,

And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;

And here, I hope, is none that eavies it.

In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,

To make some good, but others to exceed,

[Feast, And you are her labour'd scholar.

Come, queen o'the (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.

March, sir, yield's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,

That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,

Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit; sit. [Exit. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,

These eates resist me, she not thought upon.

Thaisa. 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 done no more than other knights have done,

Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

Thaisa. To me he seems like diamond to glass.
SIMONIDES  What is the first that doth prefer himself?

Act II. Sc. 2.
Act II.—Scene IV.

Per. You 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 behold him but like knaves,Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;Where now his son's 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,For he's 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 stord' up the brim,(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.
Sim. Yet pause a while;You knight, methinks, dost sit too melancholy,As if the entertainment in our courtHad not a show might countervail his worth.Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thaisa. What is it

Sim. To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter;Princes, in this, should live like gods above,Who freely give to every one that comesTo honour them; and princes, not doing so,Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'dAre wonder'd at. Therefore to make's entrance more sweet, here say,We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him. That's, my father, it's beats 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 impedance.

Sim. How! Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thaisa. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,Of whose he is, his name and parentage.

Thaisa. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thaisa. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thaisa. And further he desires to know of,Of whence he are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;My education being in arts and arms;)—Who looking for adventures in the world,Was by the rough seas raft of ships and men,And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thaisa. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,A gentleman of Tyre, who only by Misfortune of the seas has been bereftOf ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,And will awake him from his melancholy.Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on triles,And waste the time, which looks for other revels.Even in your armours, as you are address'd,Will very well become a soldiers' dance.I will not have excuse, with saving, this Lord 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, 'twas so well perform'd.Come, sir; Here is a lady that wants breathing too:And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre Are excellent in making ladies trip; And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp; Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,But you the best. [To Pericles.] Pages and lights, conduct These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir, We have given order to be kept out of your own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love.For that's the mark I know you level at:Therefore each one betake him to his rest; To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter Helicanes and Esecas.

Hel. No, no, my Esecas; know this of me,—Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;For which, the most high gods not minding longer To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,Due to this heinous capital offence.Even in the height and pride of all his glory,When he was seated, and his daughter with him,In a chariot of inestimable value,A fire from heaven came, and shirvell'd up Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall,Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Eseca. Twas 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.

Eseca. 'Tis very true.

Enter Three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference, Or conclave, has respect with him but he.

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve, without reproof.

3 Lord. And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1 Lord. Follow me then: Lord Helican, a word.

Hel. With me! and welcome: Happy day, my lords, And round the shore, that great and motion to the top, And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your graces, for what? wrong not the prince you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself then; noble Helican; But if the prince do live, let us salute him, Or know what ground's made happy by his breath. If in the world he live, we'll seek him out; If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there; And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us, Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral, And leaves us to our free election. —

2 Lord. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest to our And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,(Like goddly buildings left without a roof,) Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self, That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign, We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helican!

Hel. Try honourable 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 mante's ease.A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you To forbear choice 'tis the absence of your king; If in which time expir'd, he not return, I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
PERICLES.

But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search, spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield,
And, since lord Helican enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands;
When poets thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter, the Knights meet him.

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied
To her chamber, that it is impossible. [her

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vowed,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 Knight. Though Jealos to bid farewell, we take
our leaves. [Exit.

Sim. So

They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well.—may how absolute she's not,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,
For your sweet music this last night:—my ears,
I do protest, were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to command;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. I. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord,
Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think,
My daughter?

[sir of

Per. As of a most virtuoue princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
And, as well, sir, that you must be her master.
And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing clee.

Per. What's here!

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?
'Tis the king's subtltly, to have my life. [Aside.

O, seek not to entrap, my gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.

Never did thought of marriage office;
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, sir.

Per. Even in his throat, (unless it be the king,) That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

[Aside.

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?

Thais. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
I am glad of it with all my heart. [Aside. I'll tame
You; will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?
(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [Aside
Hear therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine,—
And you, sir, hear you.—Either be ruled 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 a further grief,—God give you joy!

What, are you both pleas'd?

Thais. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, 'tis your majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed. [Ex.

ACT III.*

Enter GOWN.

Gown. Now sleep yslakled hath the root:
No dim but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat, with eye of burning coal,
Now coaxes 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their draught.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed.
Where, by the loss of man's head,
A bale is moulde'd;—Be attent,
And time that is so brieffly spen,
With your fine fancy's quaintly eche;
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; A Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shews it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter THaisa with child, and LEONCIDA. SIMONIDES shews his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c, retire.
Act III.—Scene II.

Grec. By many a dear and painful perch, Of Penelop the careful search
By the four opposing coigns, Which the world together joins, In one, within the dead That horse, and sail, and high expense, Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre (Fame answering the most strong inquire,) To the court of king Simonides Are letters brought; the tenour these: Antiochus and his daughter's dead; The men of Tyre, their head Of Helicanus would set on The crown of Tyre, but he will none; The mutiny there he hastens t'appease; Says to them, if king Penelop Come not, in twice six moons, home, He obdient to their doom Will take the crown. The sum of this, Brought hither to Pentapolis, X-ravished the region round, And every one with claps, 'gan sound, Their heir apparent is a king: Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing? Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre: His queen with child makes her desire (Which who shall cross 1) along to go; (Omit we all their dole and woe;) Lychorida, her nurse, she takes, And so to sea. Their vessel shakes On Neptune's billow; half the flood Hath their keel cut; but fortunes mood Varies again; the grizzled 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! Both fall in travail with her fear; And what execises in this foul 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 sea- lost prince appears to speak. [Exit.

Scene I.

Enter Penelops, on a ship at sea.

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 deading, Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble, Sulphurous flames!—0 how, Lychorida, How does my queen?—Thou storm, thou! venemously Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle Is as a whisper in the ears of death, Unheard.—Lychorida,—Lucina, O Divine 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 travels!—Now, Lychorida— [Exit Lychorida, with an infant.

Lyce. 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! Lyce. 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 madly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods! Why do you make us love your godly gifts, And snatch them straight away? We, here below, Recall not what we give, and therein may Vie honour with yourselves. Lyce. Patience, good sir, Even for this charge. Per. Now, mild may be thy life! For a more blustering birth had never babe: Quiet and gentle thy child be! For thou'rt the rudest welcom'd to this world, That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows! Thou hast now 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 holens there; thou wilt not, wilt thou? Bid her, and split thyself.

2 Sail. But sea-room, an thee be brave and cloudy bellow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 Sail. Sir, thy queen must overboard; the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead. Per. That's your superstition.

2 Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still hath been observed; and we are strong in earnest. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight. Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched Lyce. Here she lies, sir. [Queen! Per. A terrible child-bed last 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 oze; Where, for a monument upon thy bones, And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale And humming water must overhelm thy corpse, Lying with simple shells. Lychorida, Bid Nikander make up quires, ink and paper, My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe Upon the pillow: bide thee, whiles I say A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[Exit Lychorida.

2 Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatchets, caulk'd and bitum'd ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

2 Sail. We are near Tharsus. Per. Thither, gentle mariner, Alter thy course for Tyre. When can'st thou reach it? 2 Sail. 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. [Exit.

Scene II.—Ephesus. A Room in Cerimons House.

Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!
PERICLES.

Enter Philæmon.

Phæ. Dosth'my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.
Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I 'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return.
That's nothing can be minister'd to nature.
That can recover him. Give this to the poet, etc.,
And tell me how it works. {To Philæmon.

[Exit Philæmon, Servant, and those who had been shipwrecked.

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 read,
And all to topple; pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

1 Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, hav-
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours [ing
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
It is most strange, a thing so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the 'pothecary's
That nature works, and of her cures; which gives me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

2 Gent. Your honour has through Ephæus pour'd
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves [forth
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never—

[Exit Two Servants with a chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set down, let's look on it.

2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!—

Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open;
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
O you most potent gods! What's here! a corse!

1 Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and an-

With bags of spices full! A passport too! [treaSure'd
Apollo, perfect me 't the characters! {Unfolds a scroll.


Here I give to understand,
(If e'er this coffin drive a land,)—

1, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king;
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chand'c'd to-night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night.

For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;
Fetch both 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 have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead.
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'tisseeze ye.
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 warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

The heavens, sir, Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O 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?

1 Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours; lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And Asculapius guide us!

[Exit carrying Thaisa away.

SCENE III.—Thaisa. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyzus, Lychorida, and Marina.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tytus stands
ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

In a litigious peace. You, and your lady, Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods Make up the rest upon you! 

Cle. Your shafts of Fortune, though they hurt you Yet glance full wand'ringly on us. [mortal, 

Dion. O your sweet queen! 

That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her To have bless'd mine eyes! \[bitter, Per. 

We cannot but obey The powers above us. Could I rage and roar As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,) here I charge your charity vital, 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: 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 herein make me vie, the common body, By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty: But if to that my nature need a spur, The gods revenge it upon me and mine, To the end of generation! 

Per. I believe you; Your honour and your goodness teach me credit, Without your row. Till she be married, madam, By bright Diana, whom we honour all, Unceas'd shall this hair of mine remain, Though I shew will in't. So I take my leave. Good madam, make me blessed in your care In bringing up my child. 

Dion. I have one myself, Who shall not be more dear to my respect, Than yours, my lord. 

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers. 

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, And the gentlest winds o' heaven. I will embrace Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears, Lychorida, no tears: Look to your little mistress, on whose grace You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [Exeunt. 

SCENE IV. 

Ephesus.—A Room in Cerimon's House. 

Enter Cerimon and Thisba. 

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels, Lay with you in your coffer: which are now At your command. Know you the character! That. It is my lord's. 

That. It was shipp'd at sea, I well remember, Even on my eating time: but whether there Delivered or no, by the holy gods, I cannot rightly say: But since king Pericles, My wedded lord, I ne'er 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 'bide until your date expire. Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine Shall there attend you. 

That. My recompense is thanks, that's all; Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [Exeunt. 

ACT IV. 

Enter Gower. 

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre, Welcom'd to his own desire. His woeful queen leave at Ephesus, To Dian there a votaries. Now to Marina bend your wark, Whom our fast growing scene must find At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd In music, letters; who hath gain'd Of education all the grace, Which makes her both the heart and place Of general wonder. But slack! That monster envy, of the wrack Of earned praise, Marina's life Seeks to take off by treason's knife. And in this kind hath our Cleon One daughter, and a wench full grown, Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid Hight Philotet; and it is said For certain in our story, which Would ever with Marina be: Be't when she wear'd the sleided silk With fingers, long, small, white as milk; Or when she would with sharp needl wound The cambric, which she made more sound By hurting it; or when to the late She sung, and made the night-bird mute, That still records with moon; or when She would with rich and constant pen Vail to her mistress Dian; still This Philotet contends in skill With absolute Marina: so With the dove of Paphos might the crow Vie feathers white, Marina rots All praises, which are paid as debts, And not as given. This so darks In Philotet all graceful marks, That Cleon's wife, with envy rare, A present murderer does prepare For good Marina, that her daughter Might stand peerless by this slaughter. The sooner her vile thoughts to stead, Lychorida, our nurse, is dead: And cursed Dionyza hath The pregnant instrument of wrath Prest for this blow. The unborn event I do commend to your content: Only I carry winged time Post on the same feet of my rhyme; Which never could I so convey, Unless your thoughts went on my way.— Dionyza doth appear, With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit. 

SCENE I. 

Tharsus.—An open Place, near the Sea-shore. 

Enter Dionyza and Leonine. 

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it. 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known. Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon, To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience, Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom, Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be A soldier to thy purpose. 

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature. 

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. Here weeping she comes for her old nurse's death. Thou art resolv'd? 

Leon. I am resolv'd.
Fare MARINA need a banket of flowers.

Min. No, no, I will and Feliicia of her need.

To draw the green with flowers, the savory leaves.

The purple vertuets, and magnificent.

Said as a chantey, hang upon your grace.

While summer days end last, on the poor maid.

Weat in a tempert, when my wether died.

This would be to use a lasting storm.

Wherein me from my friends.

Some how now Marina, why do you keep alone.

How chance my daughter is not join you! Do not

Consume your blood with sorrowing you have

A nurse of mine. I will how your is it a champ?

With this unprejudic'd eye. Come, come.

Give me your wreath of flowers, are the sea wet it.

With both with Locust the airs in a quare.

Feeling, and sharpen well the statues. Come.

Leantake her by the arm, walk with her.

Min. No, I pray you.

I must beare you of your servant.

Dyu. 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 praises to all reports, thus blasted.

Who is the friend of your own fortune?

Blame both my head and me, that we have on

No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,

Walk and be cheerful once again, we're

That excellent complexion, which did recall

The eyes of young and old. Care not the me,

I can go home alone.

Dyu. Well, I will go.

But yet I have no desire to it.

Dyu. Come, come, I know it's good for you.

Walk'd an hour, became, at the least.

Remember what I have said.

Lom. I warrant you, madam.

Dyu. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.

Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood.

When I have not a care of you.

Min. Thanks, sweet madam. [Exit Dyu.

Is this wind, weary that blows?

Lom. South-west.

Min. When I was born, the wind was north.

Lom. Was it so?

Min. My father, as then said, did, never fear.

But said, good manner to the sailors, guiding.

He doe not; things are turning of the ship.

And, charging to the mast, embard'd a sea.

That ais that first the foot, and from the shudder tackle

Was'd out a cannon-chamber. He says one,

Walt! and, with a cropping industry,

They stop from stem stern, the boats win whistles.

The master cries, and trebles their confession.

Lom. And when was that?

Min. It was when I was born:

Never was weare nor wind more violent.

Lom. Come, say your prayers specially.

Min. What mean you?

Lom. 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 make my work with haste.

Min. Why will you kill me?

Lom. To satisfy my lady.

Min. Why should she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my truth,

I never did her hurt in all my life;

I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn

To any living creature, believe me, ta,

I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a wye.

I heed upon a white aground my will.

But I might say, I know not, if he did.

Wherein my doubt might work her proue, or

My wife's, or her danger?

Lom. My commissaries

Is not of reason of the deed, but do it.

Min. You, I am not due for all the word, I hope.

You are well know in; and your books to which

You have a great heart. I saw your late;

Wherein you spoke of a man's pluming's, that would:

Good saying, it seem'd well in you. Do so now.

Your lady seeks me; come you between,

And save your own, the weaker.

Lom. I am won't.

And was despare'd.

Faremara. This MARINA is slingling.

1 Prov. Hold, hold, viewer. [Exeunt both. A peer, a peer!]

2 Prov. Her parts, mar's, half part. Come let's have her aboard suddenly. [Exeunt. Fare MARINA and Lom.]

SCENE IV.—The same.

Re-enter LOMIN.

Lom. Those moving stones save not the great prince.

And they have sent MARINA. Let me go: [Vails;

The anchor, sail, she is gone. I swear she is dead.

And knowledge the sea—But, I'll see farther.

Perhaps they will put me myself unless here.

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,

When they have ravish'd, must by me be slain. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Marylowe. A Room in a House.

Enter. Pandar, Reed, and Hooper.

Pand. Brefl.

Reed. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly. Marylowe is full

Of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by

Being too wretched.

Ried. We were never so much out of creatures.

We have but poor store, and they can do more than they can do; and with continual action are even as
good as new.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whatever we

Pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in

Every mart, we'll never regiment; we never</ref>
Bawd. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling—but here comes Boult.

Enter the Pirates and Boult, dragging in Marina. Boult. Come your ways. [To Marina.]—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

Pir. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Boult. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Boult. What's her price, Boult? [pieces.] Boult. I cannot be hated one doot of a thousand

Boult. 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.

Boult. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with want of her virginity: and cry, He or she that gives most, shall have her. Such a match would have been no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [Exit Boult.

Mar. Ahick, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! (He should have struck, not spoken;) or these

(Not enough barbarous,) had not been bound [pirates, Thrown out to seek my mother!]

Boult. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Boult. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Boult. 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.

Boult. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Boult. 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 at?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Boult. What would you have me be, an I be not a man. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Boult. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Boult. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you; men must feed you; men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou ciered her through the market?

Boult. I have ciered her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort? Boult. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Boult. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that covers i'the hams?

Boult. Who? monsieur Veroleis?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Boult. As for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we shall lodge them with this sign.

Boult. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must shave thee falsely, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home. Their blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Boult. 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.

Boult. 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

Boult. Thou mayst cut a morall off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Boult. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet. Boult. Boult, spend thou that in the town, report what a sojourner we have: you'll lose nothing by custom. What's 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.

Boult. 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.

Boult. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, United still my virgin knot will keep, Diana, aid my purpose!

Boult. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us?

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter

The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think

You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world, I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,

Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess

To equal any single crown o'the earth,

The justice of compare! O villain Leonine,

Whom thou hast poison'd too!

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness

Becoming well thy feat: 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 by night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?

Unless you play the impious innocent,

And for an honest attribute, ery 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 prettiest wrens of Tharsus will try hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shew him To think of what a noble strain you are, And of how cow'd 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 dislay my child, and stood between Her and her fortunes: None would look on her, But east their gazes on Marina's face; Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin, Not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough; And though you call my course unnatural, You not your child well loving, yet I find, It grieves me, as an enterpize of kindness, Perform'd to your sole daughter.
Cle. Heavens forgive it!
Dion. And as for Pericles, What should he say? We wept after her hearse, And even yet we mon'm: her monument Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs In glittering golden characters express A general praise to her, and care in us At whose expense 'tis done.
Cle. Then art like the harpy, Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face. Seize with an eagle's talons.
Dion. You are like one, that superstition Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies; But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exit.

Enter GOWER, before the monument of Marina at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short; Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't; Making, (to take your imagination,) From bourn to bourn, region to region. By us being pardoned, we commit an crime To use one language, in each several clime, Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you, To learn of me, who stand 't the gaps, to teach you The stages of our story. Pericles Is now again thwarting the wayward seas, (Attended on by many a lord and knight,) To see his daughter, all his life's delight, Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late Advanc'd in time to great and high estate, Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind, Old Helicanus goes along behind. [brought Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds have This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought;) So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,) To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone, Like mates and shadows see them move awhile; Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter at one door, Pericles with his Train: Cleon and Dionyza, at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb of Marina; whereof Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then Cleon and Dionyza retire.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show! This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe; And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd, "show'd, With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;

He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, And yet he rides it out. Now please you writ The epitaph is for Marina writ By wicked Diony.
ACT IV.—SCENE VI.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.
Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, pr'ythee?
Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.
Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter Marina.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not fair creature?
Lys. 'Fairly, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.
Boult. 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, whom she takes aside.
Lys. 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 live your apron with gold.

Lys. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully

Lys. Have you done? [receive.

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 togetherness.

[Exit Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.

Lys. Go thy ways. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?
Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.
Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you, then, to come.
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 gastarner 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 seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious woeing. 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. Since you were born to honour, shew it now; If put upon you, make the judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be
Mar. For me, [sage.
That am a maid, though most ungenteel fortune
Hath plac'd me here within this leathsome stile,
We, since I came, diseases have been said
Deasier than physic,—O that the good 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 could'st have spoke so well; oe'er dream'd thou
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, [could'st.
The Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Perverse still 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, d' he lie a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from
It shall be for thy good.

As Lys. is putting up his purse, Boult enters.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Away with this damned door-keeper! Your
But for this virgin that doth profane it, [house,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[Exit Lysimachus.

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your poesy chaste, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the
Dope, 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.

Bawd. How now! What's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; She has here
spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.
Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink
afore the face of the gods.
Boult. 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
snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure,
crack the glass of her virginity, and make the
rest malleable.

Boult. An if she was a thorow piece of ground
than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!
Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would she had
never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of
women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chaste
with rosemary and bays!

[Exit Bawd.
Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.
Mar. Whither would you 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 causeth thou wish these enemies to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or
rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.

Boult. Thou hold'st a place, for which the painted st fied
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou 'rt the damm'd door-keeper to every coxcomb
That hithe comes inquiring for his tib:
To the choleric listing of each rogue thy ear.
PERICLES.

ACT IV.

scene iv.

Verona.

Enter Gentlemen.

Gentlemen,

Enter two Gentlemen.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Enter two Sails, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the Venetian galleys.

Tyre. Sir, where's the word Heiscamek! he can rejoice you.

To the Sailer of Miletus.

O hear him —

Sir, there's a word got off from Miletus,

And in it is a letter from the governor,

Who he bade some aboard. What is your word?

The he bade box. Call my some gentlemen.

To Sir. No, gentleman, my soul coal.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

Gentlemen,

There is some a word would come aboard. I pray

To greet them in the

The Gentlemen come by the Two Sails as before,

And goes on board the Tyrian.

Enter two Sails, Vassallers and Lords, the

Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.

Two Sailors.

Sir. Sir.

This is the man that can, in a night, you would,

Rescue you.

Joy, less, nor render so The gods preserve you.

Yes, and you sir, to out until the age I am.

And she as I would be.

You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's image. Seeing the good vessel ride before us,

I made test, to dream of which you are.

The first, see, what is your place?

This is a gentleman of this place, you hear.

Sir.

O come, you are of Tyre, in the king:

A man, who for the three months hath not spoken to any one, that takes sustenance,

But to prognostic gone.

I, too, what ground is his temperament to

Sir. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat

The main grief of all springs from the loss

Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

May we not see him, than?

Yes, you may indeed, sir.

Blessed, is your sight: he will not speak to any.

Yes, Yet, let his obtain my wish.

I, behind him. (To PERICLES) I have a promise that was a good purpose.

Till the daughter, that, one mortal night,

Drove her to the king. Agi. Sir. King, and hail! the gods preserve you! My son, sir! (To Pericles.)

Yes, it is in vain he will not speak to you.

Long, Sir, we have seen in Miletus, I trust, wages.

Would win some words of him.

Yes, we entreated.

She, for she has none, with her sweet voice.

And other chosenfavours, would allure.

And make a battery through his deafest yet pass.

What now are midnight stopp'd?

She all as happy as of a, the fairest.

Is, with her fellow maidens, now within.

The lady she is that's against

The island is

[Far and near one of the attendant Lords.—

Far. Lord, in the range of honour to

Hel. Some, she's effectual, yet nothing we'll omit

That bear recovery strange. But since your business

We have strew'd the offer, let us beseech your father.

That for our gold we may occasion have.

Wherein we are not desir'd for want.

That worthy for the stirringtons.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy.

Which, if we should deny, the most just view.

For every essay would send a cataract,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Per. Sit, sir, I will recount it.—
But, see, I am prevented.

Enter, from thearge, Lord, Marina, and
a young lady.

Per. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

Mar. A gallant lady.

Per. She's such, that were I well assured she came Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish.
No better choice, and think me rarely wld.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kindly patient: If that thy prosperous artificial heat
Can draw him but to answer thee in might
Thy sacred physical 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
Husband'd to come near him.

Per. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous! [Marina rage.

Per. Mark'd be your music!

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Per. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, kind ear:—
Per. Hail! ha! I am a maid, my lord, that e'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on, count'd like, 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 derision was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world a'd 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.—

[Aside.]

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine! was it not thus? what say you? I am a maid, my lord, that e'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on, count'd like, 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 derision was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world a'd 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. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Hence 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
Her stature to an inch, as wand-like straight, I bows;
As silver-voic'd: her eyes as jewel-like.
And cast'd as richly: in pace another Juno; [gery,
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hum:
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,
Would seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Why then speak?
Falsehood cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed, what were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hast been forc'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a marvellous
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 I
Recount, do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina,

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Patience, good sir,

Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The same Marina,
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Per. How? a king's daughter?

Mar. And call'd Marina?

Per. They said you would believe me,
But, not to be a trouble of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are you fair?
No motion? Well! speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina,

Per. For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very 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 sleep
Did mock sad souls withal: this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [Aside.] Well:—where were
you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did
give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? 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 woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having known
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, now good sir,
**PERICLES.**

Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

**Per.** Ho, Helicanus!

**Het.** Calls my gracious lord?

**Per.** Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
What this mad is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

I know not; but be it as it list,
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

**Lyg.** 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;
Let this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O’erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget’st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.

What was thy mother’s name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm’d enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

**Mar.** First, sir, I pray
What is your title?

**Per.** I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect.)
My drowned queen’s name, thou art the heir of king,
And another life to Pericles thy father.

**Dom.** Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say, my mother’s name was Thaisia?
Thaisia 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,
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

**Hel.** Sir, ’tis the governor of Mitylene
Who, hearing of thy melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

**Per.** I embrace you, sir,
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.** Now, Marina,
The dance of the spheres: list, my Marina.

**Lyg.** It is not good to cross him; give him way.

**Per.** Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

**Lyg.** Music? My lord, I hear—

**Per.** Most heavenly music;
It stops me unto list’ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eye-lids; let me rest. [He sleeps.

**Lyg.** A pillow for his head;

*The curtain before the passion 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 LYSMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and attendant Lady.

**SCENE II.**—The same

**Pericles on the deck asleep; Diana appearing to him as in a vision.**

**Dia.** My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do thou there another sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter’s, call,
And give them repetition to the life.
Perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe:
Do’t, and be happy, by my silver Hel.
Awake, and tell thy dream. [**Diana disappears.**

**Per.** Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

**Enter LYSMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.**

**Het.** 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; efsouins I’ll tell thee why.—

[To Helicanus.

**Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?**

**Lyg.** With all my heart, sir; and when you come
I have another suit. [ashore

**Per.** You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

**Lyg.** Sir, lead your arm.

**Per.** Come, my Marina. [Exit.

**Enter Gower, before the temple of Dian at Ephesus.**

**Gow.** Now our sands are almost run
More a little, and then done.
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 has thriv’d,
That he is promis’d to be liv’d
To fair Marina; but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound,
In feather’d briefness sails are fill’d
And wishes full out as they’re will’d.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can lither come so soon,
Is by your fancy’s thankful boon.

[Exit.

**SCENE III.**—The Temple of Diana at Ephesus;

**Thaisa standing near the Altar, as High Priestess; a number of virgins on each side; Crenius and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending.**

**Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSMACHUS, 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
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
At sea in childhood die she, but brought forth
A maid-child call’d Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nurs’d with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder, but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
ACT V. -- SCENE III.

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Ruling, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
May know herself my daughter.

Tha.

Voice and favour! --

You are, you are -- O royal Pericles! -- [She faints.

Per. What means the woman? she dies! help,

Cer. Noble sir, [gentlemen!

If you have told Diana's altar true,

This is your wife.

Per. Reverend sir, appearer, no;

I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. "Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady; -- O, she's but o'erjoy'd.

Early, one blustering morn, this lady was

Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and

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

Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is [house,

Recover'd.

If you 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!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,

And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. 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 sport: 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.

M's. My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[kneels to THAISA.

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina, [Thaisa; For she was yield'd there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, mamad, and my queen.

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard, me say, when I did fly from

I left behind an ancient substitute. [Tyre.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

To a former edition of this play were subjoined two Disserta-
tions; one written by Mr. Steevens, the other by me. In the
latter I urged such arguments as then appeared to me to have
weight, to prove that it was the entire work of Shakespeare, and
one of his best compositions. Mr. Steevens on the other hand maintaing, that it was originally the production of some
elder playwright, and afterwards improved by our poet, whose
hand was acknowledged to be visible in many scenes throughout
the play. On a review of the various arguments which each of
us produced in favour of his own hypothesis, I am now con-
vinced that the theory of Mr. Steevens was right, and have no
difficulty in knowing my own to be erroneous.

This play was entered on the Stationers' books, together with
Jovius and Cleopatra, in the year 1599, by Edward Blount, a
bookseller of eminence, and one of the publishers of the first
facsimile of Shakespeare's works. It was printed with his
name in the title-page, in his lifetime; but this circumstance
proves nothing, because, by the knavery of booksellers, other
pieces were also ascribed to him in his lifetime, of which he
imputably wrote not a line. Nor is it necessary to urge, in support of its genuineness, that at a subsequent period it was as-
cribed to him by several dramatic writers. I wish not to rely
on any circumstance of that kind; because, in all questions of
this nature, personal evidence is the best that can be produced,
and, to every person intimately acquainted with our poet's writ-
ings, must appear credible and trustworthy. The cogent sen-
timents, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude
to passages in his unprinted plays, some of the incidents, the
situation of many of the persons, and in various places the colour
of the style, all these combine to set the seal of Shakespeare on
the play beyond dispute, and disbursh us from internal and irrepro-
table proofs, that a considerable portion of this piece, as it now
appears, was written by him. The greater part of the last three
acts above, written on this ground, are absolutely assigned to
him; and his hand may be traced occasionally in the fifteen
remaining.

To add, now resolved, and improve the unsuccessful drama of preceding writers, men, I believe, much more common in the
time of Shakespeare than is generally supposed. This piece hav-
ing been thus new-modelled by my poet, and enriched with many
happy strokes from his pen, is unquestionably entitled to that
place among his works, which it has now obtained." -- M.QLBNS.

3 C
KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Lear, King of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloster.
Edgar, son to Gloster.
Eduard, bastard son to Gloster.
Cuban, a courtier.
Old Man, servant to Gloster.
Physician. Ford.
Oswald, steward to Goneril.
An Officer employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald. Servants to Cornwall.
Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, daughters to Lear.
Knights attending on the King, 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 kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most: for equalities are so weigh'd, 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 blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could, when upon she grew round-womb'd; 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, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knife came somewhat too secretly into me before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.
ACT I.—SCENE I.

And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Thrice welcome, learner; then poor Cordelia! [Aside.

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More rich than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remains this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneral.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest'd; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing! Nothing.
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a
Little.
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? Happily, 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, good my lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations 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 pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
Lear. To persevere his generations [thian,
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieve'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 sought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!
So be my grave my peace, as here I give [To Cordelia.
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who
Call Burgundy,—Cornwall, and Albany, [stars?
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
The sway, Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [Giving the crown.
Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,

Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great 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 unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old man?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have drear to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's
bound.

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are these empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverb's 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 swearest thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant! [Laying his hand on his sword.


Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift:
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 between our sentence and our power;
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear;
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days do we allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hate back
Into thine own kingdom: if, on the tenth 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. [Appear.

Kent. Fare thee well, king; since thus thou wilt
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 speculations may your deeds approve.
[To Regan and Goneril.]

That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [Exit.

Re-enter Glover: with France, Burgundy, and Attendants.

glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rival'd for our daughter: What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
KING LEAR.

But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If sought within that little, seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pied,
And nothing more may silly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriend-ed, 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; I
Election makes not up on such conditions, [made me]
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that
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
To avert your liking a more worthy way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge her's.

France. This is most strange! That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best most dearest, should in this truce of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To break and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do before I speak,) that you make known
It is no violent blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A still soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Has lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou [better]
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleased me
France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspeake,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love
When it is muddled with respects, that stand
Aford from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn, I am firm.
Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a husband,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy! Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despic'd! Thou
And thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away. [lect
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neg
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 warish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind;
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.
Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine;
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see [for we
That face of hers again.—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our censure.
Come, noble Burgundy.

[Fleurish. Enter Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloucester, and Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Use well our father:
To your profess'd bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

France. Prescribe not us our duties.

Cor. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scant'd,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.
Cor. Time shall unfold what plaiz'd cunning hides;
Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[Exeunt France and Cordelia.

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what
Most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our
father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next
month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the
observation, made of it last, been little:
he always loved our sister most; and with what poor
judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath
ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been
but rash; then must we look to receive from his
age, not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed
custom, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness
that inflamm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts we are like to have
from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking
between France and him. Pray you, let us hit to-
gether: If our father carry authority with such dis-
positions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but
offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Earl of Glenster's Castle.

Enter Gloucester, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My service 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 mulvan's lam;? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardly? base? base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Then doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of tops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake!—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscribe his power!
Confess'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the appeal!—Edmund! How now; what news?
Edm. So please your lordship none.

[Putting up the letter.]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that let-
Edm. I know no news, my lord. [ter?

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
not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if
it be nothing, I shall not need spectators.
Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter
from my brother, that I have not all o'er;
for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for
your ear-leaking.

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 his virtue.
Glo. This cunning, 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 bourdeau in the oppression
of aged tyranny; who swears, not as it hath power, but as it is
suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more.
If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue
for ever, and live the beloved of your brother Edgar—
Humph!—Conspiracy!—Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue.—My son Edgar! Had he
a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?
When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; it's the
cunning of you, I found it thrown in at the casement
of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?
Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst
swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would
think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his, my lord; but I hope, his
heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never herefore sounded you in this
business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard
him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age,
and fathers declining, 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, bru-
ished villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek
him: I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—
Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall
please you to suspend your indignation against my
brother, till you can derive from him better testimony
of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where,
if you violently proceed against him, mistakeing his
purpose, it would make a great gap in your own
honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedi-
ence. I dare pawn down my life for him, that
he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour,
and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place
you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an
auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that
without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Not, I think.

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 busi-
ness 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 acquit me withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon
tend 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, friend-
ship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in
countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond
cracked between son and father. This villain of mine
comes under the prediction: there's son against
father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's fa-
ther against child. We have seen the best of our
time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all
ravenous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!
—Find out this villain, Edmund: it shall lose thee
nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-
hearted Norseth; his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange!

[Exit.]

Edm. This is the excellent folly of the world!
that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit
of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disas-
ters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were
villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion;
knaves, thieves, and traitors, by spherical predomin-
nance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an en-
forced obedience of planetary influence; and all that
we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admi-
irable evasion of whom master man, to lay his goath
disposition to the charge of a star! My father com-
pounded with my mother under the dragon's tail:
and my nature taken by a ura major; so that it fol-
lows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have
been that I am, had the meanestest star in the in-
strument twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter Edgar.

and put he comes, like the catastrophe of the old
comedy: My cue is villains melancholy, with a sigh
like Tom o'Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend
these divisions! ha, 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, suc-
ceed unhappily: as of unnaturalness between the
child and the parent; death, death, dissolutions of
ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and ma-
redictions against king and nobles; needless diffi-
culties, breach of friendship, changes of the princi-
mates, mutiny, breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astro-
nomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?
KING LEAR.

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely ally.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That’s my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will furtively bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there’s my key:—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Arnael, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have had such 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.—[Ex. 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 Goneril and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour
He flies into onegross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I’ll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every tithe.—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.

Stew. He’s coming, madam; I hear him.

[Exeunt.

Gon. I put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I’d have you come to question:
If he dislike 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.

Stew. Very well, madam.  [You.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so;
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak.—I’ll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner. [Exeunt.

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 to!’) thy master, whom thou lov’st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jest for dinner; go, get it ready, [Exit an Attendant.] How now, what art thou? Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou? Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You. Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What’s that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for 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 fool? Go you, and call my fool butcher;

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where’s my daughter?

Stew. So please you,—[Exeunt.

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clot-poll back.—Where’s my fool, ho?—I think the world’s askep.—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 call’d him?

Knight. Sir, he answer’d 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 entertain’d with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there’s a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayst 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 is wrong’d. I have not remember’d of me own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into’t.—But where’s my fool? I have not seen him this two days.
Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much 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 fool—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whose dog? You slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[Striking him.]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player.

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away; away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away; go: Have you wisdom? so.

[Pushes the Steward out.]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earnest of thy service.

[Giving Kent money.]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coaxcomb.

[Giving Kent his cap.]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coaxcomb. Lear. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coaxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coaxcomb.—How now, nuncle? Would I had two coaxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coaxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to lean; he must be whipped out, when Lady, the brach, may stand by the fire and sulk.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou knowest,
Set less than thou wast;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door;
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfed law yer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rest of his land comes to; he will not believe thee. [To Kent.]

Lear. A biter fool!
KING LEAR.

In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, 
I had thought, by making this well known unto you, To have found a late redress; but now grow fearful, By what yourself too late have spoke and done, 
That you protect this course, and put it on 
By your allowance; which, if you should, the fault Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep; Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal, 
Slight in their working do you that offence, 
Which else were shame, that then necessity 
Will call discreet proceeding.

Foot. For you trow, 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. Come, sir, I would you would make use of 
that good wisdom whereas I know you are fraught; 
and put away these dispositions, which of late trans- 
form you from what you rightly are.

Foot. 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 thiss? Where 
are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his dis- 
cernings are altogether lethargizing—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.— 
Foot. Which they will make an obdurate father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir, 
This admiration 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, you should be wise: 
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires; 
Men so disorder'd, so deabuch'd and bold. 
That this our court, infected with their manners, 
Shews like a notous inn: epicurism and lust 
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel, 
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak 
For instant remedy: Be then desir'd 
By her, that else will take the thing she begs, 
A little to disquesity your train; 
And the remainder, that shall still depend, 
To be such men as may benefit your age, 
And 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 
Make servants of their better.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir, are you 
come? 
[horses. Is it your will? [To Arr.] Speak, sir.—Prepare my 
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend, 
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child, 
Than the sea-monster! 

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient. 

Lear. Detected kite! thou liest: [To Goneril, 
My train are men of choice and rarest parts, 
That all particulars of duty know; 
And in the most exact regard support 
The worship of their name,—O most small fault, 
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew! 
Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame of nature 
From the inéd place; drew from my heart all love, 
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear! 
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in; 
[Striking his head, And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people. 

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant 
Of what hath mov'd you. 

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Lear, nature, hear; 
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if 
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful! 
Into her womb convey sterility! 
Let her, the organs of increase; 
And from her derogate body never spring 
A babe to honour her! If she must teem, 
Create her child of spleen; that it may live, 
And be a thwart disatur'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. 
Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this? 
Gon. Never affect yourself to know the cause; 
But let his disposition have that scope 
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap! 
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am-Amash'd 
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus: 

[To Goneril, 
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce, 
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon 
The untedent'd woundings of a father's curse [thee! 
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes, 
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out; 
And cast you, with the waters that you lose, 
To tempest clay.—Ha! is it come to this? 
Let it be so. You have I left a daughter, 
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable; 
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails 
She'll play thy wolish visage. Thou shalt find, 
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think 
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee. 

[Exit Lear, Kent, and Attendants. 
Gon. Do you mean that, my lord? 
Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril, 
To the great love I bear you;— 

Gon. Pray you content.—What, Oswald, ho! 
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master 

[To the Fool. 
Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take 
the fool with this. 
A fox, when one has caught her, 
And such a daughter, 
Should sure to the slaughter, 
If my cap would buy a halter, 
So the fools follow after. 

[Exit. 
Gon. This man hath had good counsel:—A hun- 
dred knights! 
Tin politics and safe to let him keep 
At points hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream, 
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike, 
He may engraunt his dotage with their powers, 
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!— 
Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust: 
Let me still take away the harms I. 
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart: 
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights, [walp!]
When I have shew'd the unfoots.—How now, Os-

Enter Steward.
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gam. 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 Stew.] No, no, my
This milky gentleness, and course of yours, [lord,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom,
Than praise'd for harmful mildness.

Ab. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gam. Nay, then—

Ab. Well, well; the event.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Court before the same.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters:
acquit my daughter no further with any thing
you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter:
If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there be-
fore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have deli-
vered your letter.

[Exit. Fool.]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't

not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; they will shall
not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shall 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. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to
a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i' the
middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his 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 ingrati-
tude!

Fool. If thouwert my fool, uncle, I'd have thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st 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. [parture.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my de-
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.—A Court within the Castle of the
Earl of Gloster.

Enter EDMUND and CURNAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curnan.

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-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward,
'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time Fare you well, sir. [Er.
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 queried question.
Which I must act.—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend.—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

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 more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help!

Enter GLOSTER and SERVANTS with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?—
Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword cut,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress:—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Gla. Where is the villain, Edmund?—
Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[Exit Serv.]

By no means,—what?

Edm. Pursued me to the murder of your lordship;—
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst paricides did all their thunders bend;—
Spoke, with how manifand and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father:—Sir, in fine,
Seeing bow loathly opposite I stood.

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To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,  
With his prepared sword, he charges home  
My unprovided body, lane'd mine arm:  
But when he saw my best armor'd spirits,  
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,  
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,  
Full suddenly he fled.  

Glo.  
Let him fly far:  
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;  
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke my master,  
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:  
By his authority I will proclaim it,  
That he, which fends him, shall deserve our thanks,  
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;  
He, that conceals him, death.  
Edm. When I dismissed him from his intent,  
And found him pight to do it, with eust speech  
I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,  
"Thou unpersuading bustard! dost thou think,  
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal  
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee  
Make thy words faith? No: what I should deny,  
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce  
My very character,) I'd turn it all  
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practise:  
And thou must make a dullard of the world,  
If they not thought the profits of my death  
Were very pregnant and potential spurs  
To make thee seek it."  

Glo.  
Strong and fasten'd villain!  
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.  

[Trumpets within.  
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:  
Ali ports I'll bar; the villain shall not scape;  
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture  
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom  
May have due note of him; and of my land,  
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means  
To make thee capable.  

Enter Cornwalt, Regan, and Attendants.  
Cort. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither.  
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange news.  
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,  
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?  
Glo. O, O, my old heart is crack'd; it is crack'd!  
Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?  
He whom your father nam'd you Edgar!  
Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!  
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights  
That tend upon my father?  
Glo.  
I know not, madam:  
It is too bad, too bad.  
Edm.  
Yes, madam, he was.  
Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;  
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,  
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.  
I have this present evening from my sister  
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,  
That, if they come to sejourn at my house,  
I'll not be there.  
Cort. Or I, assure thee, Regan—  
Edmund, I hear that you shew thy 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.  
Cort. Is he pursued?  
Glo.  
Ay, my good lord, he is.  
Cort. If he be taken, he shall never more  
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,  
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,  
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant  
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;  
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;  
You we first seize on.  
Edm. I shall serve you, sir,  
Truly, however else.  
Glo. For him I thank your grace.  
Cort. You know not why we came to visit you.—  
Reg. Thus out of season; threading think-eyed night.  
Occasion, 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 it fit  
To answer from our home: the several messengers  
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,  
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow  
Your needful counsel to our business,  
Which craves the instant use.  
Glo. I serve you, madam:  
Your graces are right welcome.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE II.—Before Gloster's Castle.  
Enter Kent and Steward, severally.  
Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of the  
Kent. Ay.  
Stew. Where may we set our horses?  
Kent. I 'th'mire.  
Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.  
Kent. I love thee not.  
Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.  
Kent. If I had thee in Lipton bury pinfold, I would  
make thee care for me.  
Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not,  
Kent. Fellow, I know thee.  
Stew. What dost thou know me for?  
Kent. A knave; a rascal, an enter of broken meat;  
a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted stocking knife; a billy-liver'd, action-taking knife; a whoring, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would 'st be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel hitch: one whom I will beat into colossal whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.  
Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, then to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor  
knows thee?  
Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou to deny  
thou know'st me! Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up  
your tricks, and beat thee, before the king? Draw  
you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines  
I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: Draw, you  
whorson callously barber-monger, draw.  

[Drawing his sword.  
Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.  
Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letter  
against the king, and take vanity the puppet's part  
against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue  
or I'll so carbondado your shanks:—draw, you rascal,  
come your ways.  
Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!  
Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you  
neat slave, strike.  

[Beating him.  
Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!  

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster,  
and Servants.  
Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please  


ACT II.—SCENE III. 779

Stew. Never any:
It pleas’d the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction:
When he, conjuring his displeasure,
Tripp’d me behind : being down, insulted, rail’d,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy’d him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu’d;
And, in the freshness of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here.
Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.
Corin.Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverent braggart,
We’ll teach you—
Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.
Glo. As I’ve life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.
Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.
Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father’s dog,
You should not use me so.
Reg. Sir, being his knife, I will.
[Stocks brought out.
Corin. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.
Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for’t: your purpos’d low correction
Is such, as basest and contempt’dst wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish’d with: the king must take it ill,
That he’s so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrained.
Corin. 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 put in the stocks.
Glo. Come, my good 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; ’twill be ill taken.
[Exit.
Kent. Good king, that must approve the common
Thou out of heaven’s benediction com’st [saw!
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, ’tis from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform’d
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses the remedies.—All weary and over-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 unseasonable 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; eft 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 rearing voices, Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms Fins, wooden planks, nails, sprigs of rosemary; And with this horrible object, from low farms, Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills, Sometime with lunatic bays, sometime with prayers, Enforce their charity.—Poor Turliygood! poor Tom! That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. Tis strange, that they should so depart from And not send back my messenger. [Home. Gent. As I learn'd, the night before there was no purpose in them Of their remove. Kent. Hail to thee, noble master! Lear. How! Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime? Kent. No, my lord. Fool. Ha, ha, ha! look! he wears cruel garments! Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden neither-stocks. Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mis-to set thee there? [took 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; 'tis worse than murder To do upon respect such violent outrage: [der, Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way Thou might'st desire, 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 they'd My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post. Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth From Goneril his mistress, salutations; Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission, Which presently they read: on whose contents They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse; Commanded me to follow, and attend The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks; And meeting here the other messenger, Whose welcome, I perceive'd, had poison'd mine, [Being the very fellow that 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 curses; Your son and daughter found this trespass worth The shame which here it suffers. Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly Fathers, that wear rags, [that way. Do make their children blind; But fathers, that bear bags, Shall see their children kind. Fortune, that arrant whore, Ne'er turns the key to the poor.— But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year. Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart! Hysteria positio—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. Gent. Made you no more offence than what you Kent. None. [speak of? How once the king comes with so small a train! Fool. An thou hast best set the stocks for that question, thou hast well deserved it. Kent. Why, fool? Fool. We'll set thee to school to an act, to teach thee there's no labouuring 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 knife turns fool, that runs away; The fool no knife, perdy. Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool? Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool. Re-enter Lear, with Gloster.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary? They have travel'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. Inforn'd them! Dust thou understand me, Glo. Ay, my good lord. [man? Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father [vice. Would with his daughter speak, commands her se- Are they inform'd of this?—[My breath and bluid!— Fiery! the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that— No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well: Infamy doth still neglect all office;
Wherefore our health is bound; we are not ourselves. When our fate, 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 indisposed and sickly breath. For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore [Looking on Kent.] Should he sit here? This act persuades me, That this remotion of the duke and her Is practice only. Give me my servant forth; Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them. Now, presently: bid them come, and hear me, Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum, Till it cry—Sleep to death.

Gon. I'd have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down, Fool. Cry to it, quack, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she rapp'd o' the eoccombs with a stick, and cry'd, Down, Down, Down! ’Twas her brother, that, in pure kind- ness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Corn. Good morrow to you both. [Exit.

Reg. Hail to your grace! [Exit.

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 me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulch'ring an adulteress.—O, are you free?

[To Kent.

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath lied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,— [Points to his heart.

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe, Of how deprav'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 scant 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 restrain’d the riots of your followers, 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end, As clears her from all blame. Lear. My curses on her! Reg. O, sir, you are old; Nature in you stands on the very verge Of her confine: you should be rule’d, and led By some discretion, that discerns your state Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you, That to our sister you do make return: Say, you have wrong’d her, sir. Lear. Ask her forgiveness? Do you but mark how this becomes the house? Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg. [Kneeling. That you’ll vouchsafe me remittance, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unjustly tricks: Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan: 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 storn'd vengeances of heaven fall On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones, Yelling airs, with launcest! [Exit.

Corn. Fye, fye, fye! Lear. You nimbie lightnings, dart your blinding Into her scornful eyes! infect her beauty, flames You ten-suck’d fogs, drawn by the powerful sun, To fall and blast her pride! Reg. O the best gods. So will you wish on me, when the rash mood’s ou. Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse; Thy tender-heaved 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 hasty words, to scant my sizes, And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt Against my coming in: thou better know’st The offices of nature, bound of childhood, Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude; Thy half o’ the kingdom hast thou not forgot, Wherein I thee endow’d.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose. [Trumpets within.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks! Corn. What trumpet’s that?

Enter Steward.

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, [heavens, Thou didst not know of ’t.—Who comes here? O,

Enter Goneril.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway Allow obedience, if yourselves are old, Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!— Art not asham’d to look upon this beard?— [To Goneril.

O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand? Gem. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I off- All’s not offence, that indiscretion finds, [fended 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 more less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?—Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so. If, till the expiration of your mouth, 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, nor I, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose To wage against the enmity o’ the air: To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,— 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 andsummer To this detested groom. [Looking on the steward.

Gem. At your choice, sir. Lear. I pr’ythee, daughter, do not make me mad, I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell: We’ll no more meet, no more see one another:— But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter; Or, rather, it is my flesh that is thy daughter, Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil, A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle, To my corrupted blood. But I’ll not clude thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:  
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:  
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:  
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,  
I, and my hundred knights.  

Reg.  
Not altogether so, sir;  
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to say sister;  
For those that mingle reason with your passion,  
Must be content to think you old, and so—  
But she knows what she does.  

Lear.  
Is this well spoken now?  
Reg.  I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?  
Is it not well? What should you need of more?  
Yea, or so many! sith that both charge and danger  
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,  
Should many people, under two commands,  
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.  

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance  
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?  

Reg.  Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to  
shack you,  
We could control them: If you will come to me,  
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you  
To bring but five and twenty; to no more  
Will I give place, or notice.  

Lear. I gave you all—  

Reg.  And in good time you gave it.  

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;  
But kept a reservation to be follow'd  
With such a number: What, must I come to you  
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?  

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me.  

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well fav'  
voor'd,  
When others are more wicked; not being the worst,  
Stands in some rank of praise,—I'll go with thee;  

[To General.  

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,  
And thou art twice her love.  

Gon.  
Hear me, my lord;  

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,  
To follow in a house, where twice so many  
Have a command to tend you?  

Reg.  What need one?  

Lear. O, reason not the need; our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest thing superious:  
Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life is cheap as beasts, thou art a lady;  
If only to go warm were gorgeous,  
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,  
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,  
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!  
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!  
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts  
Against their father, fool me not so much  
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!  
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,  
I will have such revenges on you both,  
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—  
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be  
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep,  
No, I 'll not weep:—  
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart  
Shall break into a hundred thousand daws,  
Or ere I 'll weep.—O, fool, I shall go mad!  

[Exit Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.  

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.  

[Storm heard at a distance.  

Reg.  This house  
Is little; the old man and his people cannot  
Be well bestow'd.  

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put  
Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.  

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,  
But not one follower.  

Gon.  So am I purpos'd.  

Where is my lord of Gloucester?  

Re-enter Gloucester.  

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth—he is return'd.  

Glo. The king is in high rage.  

Corn.  Whither is he going?  

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.  

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.  

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.  

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds  
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about  
There's scarce a bush.  

Reg.  O, sir, to wilful men,  
The injuries, that they themselves procure,  
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;  
He is attended with a desperate train;  
And that they may license him to be acting  
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.  

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:  
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.  

[Exeunt.  

ACT III.  

SCENE I.—A Heath.  

A storm is heard, 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 element;  

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea.  
Or swell'd the curried waters 'bove the main,  

That things might change, or cease: tears his white  

Which the impatience of his eyes destroys,  
Make his eyes, and make nothing of  
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn  

The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.  
This night, wherein the cub drawn bear would couch,  

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf  

Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,  
And bids what will take all.  

Kent.  But who is with him?  

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest  
His heart-struck injuries.  

Kent.  Sir, I do know you;  
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,  

Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,  

Although as yet the face of it be cover'd  
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;  

Who have (as who have not, that their great stars  

Thro' and set high!) servants, who seem no less;  

Which are to France the spies and speculations  

Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,  

Either in snuffs and packings of the dukus;  

Or the hard rein which both of them have borne  
Against the old kind king; or something deeper.  

What you, and several, these are but furnishings,  

But, true it is, from France there comes a power  
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,  

Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
Kent. Alas sir are you here? things that love night, Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies Gallow the very wanderers of the dark, And make them keep their caves: Since I was man Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry That affliction, nor the fear. Lear. Let the great gods, That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads, Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch, That hast within thee undivulged crimes, Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand; Thou perjur'd, and thou similar man of virtue That art incestuous: Cætitif, to pieces shake, That under covert and convenient seeming Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close rent-up guilts, Rive your concealing continents, and cry These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man, More sin'd against, than sinning. Kent. Alack, bare-headed! Grasping my lord, hard by he is a hovel; Some friendship will it lend you against the tempest; Repose you there; while I to this hard house, (More hard than is the stone whereof'tis rais'd; Which even but now, demanding after you, Demed me to come in,) return, and force Their scanted courtesy. Lear. My 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,— With height, ho, the wind and the rain.— Must make content with his fortune 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 courtisan.— 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 tutors' tutors; No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors; When every case in law is right; No squire in debt, nor no poor knight; When landlords do not live in tongues: 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 death the time, who lives to see 't. That going shall be w'd with feet. This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [Exit. SCENE III.—A Room in Gloucester'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.
KING LEAR.

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:—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet; these injures 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 pri

vily 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.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, 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? [Enter.

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, I think that much, that this tempest invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee; [Storm But where the greater malady is fix'd, The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'rt shun a hear

But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea, Thou'rt meet the bear' the mouth. When the mind's The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind. [Fool. Doth from my senses take all feeling else, Save what beats thee?—Fool! All ingratitude! Is it not as this mouth should bear this hand, For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:— No, I will weep no more.—In such a night To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:— In such a night as this! O Regan, General!— 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 case; This tempest will not give me leave to ponder On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in: Io, 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, wheresoe'er you are, That bide the peltig of this pitiless storm, How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides, Your loo'd and window'd raggedness, defend you From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp; Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel; That thou mayst shake the superflux to them, And shew the heavens more just.

Edg. [Within.] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom! [The Fool runs out from the hovel.

Foot. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand. —Who's there?

Foot. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there? I come forth.

[Fool. Enter Edgar, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the soul fiend follows me!—

Through the sharp Hawthorn blows the cold wind.—

Humph! go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over log and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pet; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-coil.—O, do, do, do, do, —Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the soul fiend vexes: There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

[Storm continues.

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?

Could'st thou save nothing? Did'st thou give them all? Fool. No, I reserved a blanket, else we had all been 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. [Nature

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.— It is the fashion, that disordered families Should have this little mercy on their flesh? Judicious punishment! twas this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillock sat on pillock's hill;— Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!—

Foot. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the soul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; com'nt not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-coil.

Lear. What hast thou been?—

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness in her company; brought my father, and many others I know by words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in malign, lion in prey. Let not the cracking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the soul fiend.—Still through the Hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, man, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa: let him trot by. [Storm still continues.

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ilia! here's three of us are sophistication!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you leadings:—Come; unbutton him.

[Fool tears off his clothes.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild
field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Fibberiggibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the bare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Wibold, footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her truth plight,
And, avoint thee, witch, avoint thee!
Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallats; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from thyding to thyding, and stoned, punished, and imprisoned; who hath bad three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear.

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower.—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Mode he's call'd, and Mahu.
Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer To obey all your daughters' hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you; Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And find you where both fire and wood is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—

What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;

Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned The.-
What is your study?

[ban.]—Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impomptune 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,

[Torments on.]

The grief hath cra'd my wits. What a night's this! I do beseech your grace,

Lear. O, cry you mercy, Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there to the novei: 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, sooth him; let him take the Glo. Take him you on.
[Exit.]

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words.

Ilush.

Edg. Child Rawland to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—Fie, Jok, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL AND EDGAR.

CORN. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

EDG. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

CORN. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

EDG. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter 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.

EDG. 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.

EDG. [Aside.] If I find him comfort, the king, it will still his suspicion more fully:—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

CORN. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.—SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, FOOL, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness! [Exit GLOSTER.

EDG. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

FOOL. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

KENT. A king, a king!

FOOL. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

KENT. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon them:—

EDG. The foul fiend bites my back.

FOOL. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's heart, a boy's love, or a whore's talk.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight—Come, sit thou here, most learned justice:—

[To EDGAR.

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [To the Fool.]—Now, you see foxes!—

EDG. Look, where he stands and glares!—

Wasten thou eyes at trial, madam?

3D
KING LEAR.

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:—
Fool. Her bait hath a leek, and she must not speak
Why she doth not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul head haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Haply once 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?

Fool. Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Leir. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.

Thou robbed man of justice, take thy place;—
And thou, his voice-fellow of equity, [To the Fool.]
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission.
Sit you too. [To Kent.]

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleep, or waketh thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sleep be in the same.

And for one blast of thy mirthful mouth,
Thy sleep shall take no harm.

Pur! The cat is grey.

Leir. Arraign her first: 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril? Leir. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Leir. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.—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. My tears begin to take his part so much, they'll mar my counterfeiting. [Aside.

Leir. The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanche, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brace, or lynx;
Or booteil tike, or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the latch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry, I'll bud. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be changed. [To Edg.]

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Leir. What! no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains:—So, so, so: We'll go to supper the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloster.

Glo. Good friend, I pray thee take him in thy arms; I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready; lay him in's, [meet And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt both welcome and protection. Take up thy master; If thou should'st half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up; And follow me, that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:—

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,

Which, if convenience will not allow,

Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master; Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[Exeunt Kent, Gloster, and the Fool, bearing off the King.

Edg. When we our better see bearing our woes,

We scarcely think our necessities our foes.

Who alone suffers, suffers most o' the mind;

Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erstep,

When grief hath nates, and bearing fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems now,

When that, which makes me bend, makes the king

He could not smile, as I father'd him.—Tom, away:—

[how;

Mark the high noises: and thyself bewray,

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,

In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.

What will hap more to-night, save 'scape the king!—

Lark, lark.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; shew him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—

Seek out the villain Gloster. [Exeunt some of the Servants.

Edg. Hang him instantly.

Con. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—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 mostestinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent between us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,

Hot quoistress 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.

Con. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[Exeunt Goneril and Edmund.

Corn. Edmund, farewell, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster.

Finion him like a thief, bring him before us:—

[Exeunt other Servants.

Though well we may not pass upon his life

Without the form of justice; yet our power

Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men

May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?
ACT IV.—SCENE I.

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Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces? — Good my friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [Servants bind him.

Reg. Hard, hard — O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt find—

[Regan plucks his beard.

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor! —

Glo. Naught but a husband.

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? — [traitors

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guisingly 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? Wast thou not charg'd at thy peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? — [course.

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eye: nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buo'y'd up
And quench'd the stolten fires: yet, poor old heart,
He help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
There should it have said: Good porter, turn the key;
All cruels else subscrib'd: — But I shall see

The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot. [chair:

[Gloster is held down in his chair, while Cornwall
plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it.

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help: — O cruel! O ye gods!

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. They fight. Cornwall is wounded.

Reg. Give me thy wounding — [To another Servant

A peasant stand up thus! —

[Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabbs him.

Serv. O, I am slain! — My lord, you have one eye
left
To see some mischief on him:—O! — [Die.

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly! Where is thy lustre now?

[Throws out Gloster's other eye, and throws it on the ground.

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 overthrow of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. — How'st thou, 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 apace:

Utinyme comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[Exit Cornwall, led by Regan: — Servants unhind Gloster, and lead him out.

1 Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do, If this man come to good.

2 Serv. If she live long, And, in the end, meet the old course of death, Women will all turn monsters. [lam

1 Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bed- To lead him where he would; his roguish madness Allows itself to any thing.

2 Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him! — [Exit sorrowfully.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd, Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. — To be worst.
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune, Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear; The lamenetable change is from the best: The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then, Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace! The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst. Owes nothing to thy blasts. — But who comes here? —

Enter Gloster, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led! World, world, O world! But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee, Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O ny good lord, I have been your ten- ant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years. Gloster. Away, get thee away: good friend, be gone: Thy comforts can do me no good at all; Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way. Gloster. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes; I stumbled when I saw: — full oft 'tis seen, Our mean secures us; and our mere defects Prove our commodities. — Ah, dear son Edgar, The food of thy abused father's wrath! Might I but live to see thee in my touch, I'd say, I had eyes again!
KING LEAR.

Old Man. How now! Who's there?
Edg. [Aside.] O gods! Who isn't can say, I am at I am worse than e'er I was. [the worst]
Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom. Edg. [Aside.] And worse I may be yet: The worst So long as we can say, This is the worst. [is not, Old Man. Fellow, where goest?] Glo. Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man. Madman and beggar too.
Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg. I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw; Which made me think a man a worm: My son Came then into my mind; and yet my mind Was then scarce friends with him; I have heard more As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods; [since: They kill us for their sport.
Edg. How should this be?
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow.
Ang'ring itself and others. [Aside.]—Bless thee, Glo. Is that the naked fellow? [mater! Old Man. Ay, my Lord.
Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake, Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain, I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love; And bring some covering for this naked soul, Whom I'll entreat to lead me.
Old Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.
Glo. 'Tis the times' plague when madmen lead the daughters to bid them, or rather do thy pleasure; [blind. Above the rest, be gone.
Old Man. I'll bring him the best parcel that I have, Come on what will. [Exit.
Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.
Edg. Poor Tom's a cold.—I cannot dauv it further. [Aside.
Glo. Come, hitter, fellow.
Edg. [Aside.] And yet I must.—Bless thee sweet eyes, they bleed.
Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?
Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: Bless the good man from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Quicksilver elabo-ridoodness, prince of darkness; M flakes, of stealing; Mode, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids 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 slaves 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.—Doth thou know Dover?
Edg. Ay, master.
Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head Looks fearfully, and lust-dieted man, That slaves 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. Give me thy arm; Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Gonereil and Edmund; Steward meeting them.

Gen. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your master!

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd: I told him of the army that was landed; He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming; His answer was, The worst: of Gloster's treachery, And of the loyal service of his son. When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot; And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:— What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him; What like, offensive.

Gen. Then shall you go no further.

[To Edmund.] It is the coward spirit of his fire, That dare not undertake, 'll not feel wrongs, Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the way, May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother; Hasten his musters and conduct his powers: I must change arms at home, and give the distaff Into my husband's 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 favour. 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.
Gen. 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 bed.
Stew. Madam, here comes my lord. [Exit Steward.

Enter Albany.

Gen. I have been worth the whistle.

Edm. O Gonereil! You are not worth the dust which the rude wind Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition; That nature, which contends its origin, Cannot be border'd certain in itself; Sue that herself will silver and disbranch From her material sap, perforse must wither, And come to deadly use.
Gen. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile: Filths 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 maddened? Could my good brother suffer you to do it? A man, a prince, by him so benefitted? If that the heavens do not their visible spirits Send quickly down to tame these vile offences, 'Twill come, Humanity must perforse prey on itself, Like monsters of the deep.
Gen. Milk-liver'd man! That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wounds; 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 punch'd Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum? France spreads his banners in our noiseless land; With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats; Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st, Alack, why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil! Proper deformity seems not in the fiend So horrid, as in woman.
Gen. O vain tool!
Alb. Thou chang'd and self-cover'd thing, for shame, Be-monger not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Fhy flesh and bones:—How'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gloster, marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's
Slain by his servant, going to put out [deed:
The other eye of Gloster.

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, threat'ning 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 shews you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye!

Both, both, my lord,—
This letter, madam, cries a speedy answer;
'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,—I'll read, and answer. [Exit.

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his
Come with my lady hither. [eyes?

Alb. He is not here.

Alb. No, my good lord; I met him back again.
Alb. Knows he the wickedness? [him;
Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

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 know'st!—

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?

Genet. 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. Who hath he left behind him general?

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any
 demonstration of grief?

Genet. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my
presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be the king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Genet. Not to rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day: Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her riper lip, did not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls 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?

Genet. 'Faith, once or twice she hear'd the name of
Paintingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;—[Father
Cried, Sisters! sisters!—Shame of sisters! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What? is the storm? 'tis the night?
Let pity not be believ'd!—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd:—then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one sole mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Genet. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Genet. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir; the poor distress'd Learis'the town:
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What in concealment wrap me up awhile;
Will yield to see his daughter.

Genet. Why, good sir? [kindness
Kent. A sovereign shame so embows him: his own un-
That stripp'd her from his benefaction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things stig
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Genet. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard
Genet. 'Tis so; they are afoot. [not?
Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master, Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The same. A Tent.

Enter CORNEILLA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud:
Crown'd with rank furmiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our own mad corn,—I can't but laugh at
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [Exit an Officer.]—What
Can man's wisdom do,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phil. There are means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublic'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate;
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Madam, news
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. This is known: our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O deare father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important tears, hath pisted.
KING LEAR.

No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag’d father’s right:
Soon may I hear, and see him! [Exeunt.

SCENE V.— A Room in Gloster’s Castle.

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother’s powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. In person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister’s letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. ’Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster’s eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us; Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despach
His nighted life; moreover, to decery
The strength of the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam; with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam; My lady charg’d my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not
Transport her purposes by words? Belike, 
[you Something—I know not what— I’ll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband; I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange coochild, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk’d;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady’s:—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferrment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. ’Would I could meet him, madam! I would
What party I do follow.

[shew Reg.

Stew. Fare thee well. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The Country near Dover.

Enter Gloster, and Edgar dressed like a peasant.

Glo. When shall we 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. Horrible steep:
Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes’ anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter’d; and thou speak’st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv’d; in nothing am I
But in my garments. [chag’d, Glo.

Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here’s the place:—stand still,

—How fearful
And dirty ’tis, to cast one’s eyes so low!

The crowns, and choosings, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and you tall authoring bark,
Diminish’d to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber’d idle pebbles chance,
Cannot be heard so high:—I’ll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge; for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man’s taking: Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [Seems to go.

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 lives, O, bless him!— Now, fellow, fare thee well. [He leaps, and falls along. —

Glo. Gone, sir? farewell. —

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead! Ho you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir!—speak! Thou might he pass indeed:—Yet he revives:
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had’st thou been aught but gossomer, feathers,
So many fathom down precipitating, [air,
Thou had’st shiver’d like an egg: but thou dost breathe; [sourd.
Hast heavy substance; bleed’st not; speak’st; art
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fall;
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; de but look up.

Glo. Aack! I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv’d that benefit,
To end itself by death? I’was yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant’s rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:

Up, up! ——How is’t? Feel you your legs? You
Glo. Too well, too well. [stand.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o’t’the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the emirged 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.
Dough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend: be led me to that place.
Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who
comes here?

Enter Lear, fantastically dressed up with 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't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove
it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well
flown, bird!—I the clout, i' the clout: hewgh:
Give the word.
Edg. Sweet marjoram.
Lear. Pass.
Glo. I know that voice.
Lear. Ha! Goneril!—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,
there is no such 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 them, there I smelt them out. Go to,
they are not men o' their words: they told me I was
every thing; 'tis a lie: I am notague-proof.
Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?
Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was thy cause?
Adultery.—
Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Darts, lighter in his sin.
Let suspicion thrive, for Goneril's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold you' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the sailed horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are countains,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit.
Beneath is all the fields': there's hell, there's darkness,
there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding,
stench, consumption:—Fye, fye, fye! pah! pah!
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.
Glo. O, let me kiss that hand.
Lear. Let me wipe it first: it smells of mortality.
Beneath is all the fields': there's hell, there's darkness,
there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding,
stench, consumption:—Fye, fye, fye! pah! pah!
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.
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there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding,
stench, consumption:—Fye, fye, fye! pah! pah!
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.
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 but
the penning of it.
Glo. Were all the letters sons, 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 feebly.
Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this
world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see
how you' justice rails upon you' 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. Look at the creature run from the cur?
There thou might'st behold the great image of author-
ity: a dog's obeyed in office.—
Thou rascal bendle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou holy lust'st to use her in that kind. [cozener.
For which thou whip'lt her. The usurer hangs the
Thieves's tailor's clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and fur'd gowns, hide all
Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the 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 thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster;
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.
Glo. Ailack, ailack, the day!
Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools:—This a good block!—
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A trifle, in my life's end: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sous-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—
Lear. No rescue! What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural 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 any thing.
Gent. No seconds! all myself?
Why, this wood is a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good su.—
Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridgeroom: 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 running; Attendants follow.

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
KING LEAR.

Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter, who redeems nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. I'll have gentle sir.

Glo. Sir, speed you: What’s your will?—

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle towards?—

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 Her army mov’d on; [here, Edg.]

I thank you, sir, [Exit Gent.]

Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me; Let not my worser spirits tempt me again To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you? [blows; Edg. A most poor man, made tame by fortune’s 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. Heartly thanks: The bounty and the benison of heaven To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. 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 That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough to it, [Edgar opposes. Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant, Dar’st thou support a publish’d traitor? Hence; Let that the infection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurtue’ casion. Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. And ch’d ha’ been zwagger’d out of his life, ‘twould not ha’ been so long as ‘tis by a wight’s night. Now, come nor near the old man; keep out, else you’re, or ise try whether your costard or my bat be the harder: ’Ch’ll be plain with you. Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. ’Ch’ll pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter vor your foins. [They fight; and Edgar knocks him down. Stew. Slave, thou hast slaine me;—Villain, take my If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body; [purse; And give the letters, which thou find’st about me, To Edmund earl of Golster; 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. Eid. Eliegent sir, 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 is 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’d rip their hearts; Their papers, is more lawful. [Reads.] Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. 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 knotted warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour. Your wife, (as I would say,) and your affectionate servant, Goneril.

O undistiguish’d: space of woman’s will!— A plot upon her virtuous husband’s life; And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands, Thee I’ll take up, the post unsanctified Of murderous lechers: 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. [Exit Edgar, dragging out the body.]

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.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Give me your hand: Far off, methinks, I hear the beating drum. Come, father, I’ll bestow you with a friend. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French Camp.—Lear on a Bed, asleep; Physicians, Gentlemen, 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 acknowledge’d, madam, is o’er-paid. All my reports go with the modest truth; Nor more, nor chipp’d, but so.

Cor. Be better suited: These weeds are memories of those worser hours; I pr’ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam; Yet to be known, shortens my made intent: My boon I make it, that you know me not, Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does the [To the Physician.

Phys. Madam, sleeps still, Cor. O you kind gods, Cure this great breach in his abused nature! The untund’r’d and jarring senses, O, wind up, Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty, That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern’d by your knowledge, and proceed I’ the sway of your own will. Is he array’d? Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep, We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him; I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well. [there.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters Have in thy reverence made! Kent. Kind and dear princess! Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes Had challenge’d pity of them. Was this a face To be expos’d against the warring winds? To stand against the deep dread bolted thunder? In the most terrible and nimble stroke
KING LEAR.

LEAR I pray, weep not.

act IV. sc. 3
Of quick, cross-lightning! to watch (poor perdun!)  
With this thin helm! Mine enemy's dog.  
Though he had bit me, should have beaten that night  
Against my fire; and was thou fair, poor father,  
To kneel thee with swine, and roures forlorn,  
In shorty and musty straw? Alack, alack!  
Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once  
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.  

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest. [majesty?  
Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your  
Lear. You do me wrong; to take me out o' the grave:—  
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
Do scald as molten lead.  

Cor.  
Sir, do you know me?  
Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did you die?  
Cor. Still, still, far wide!  
Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.  
Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair  
day-light?—  
I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity,  
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.  
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's 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.  

Lear. Pray, do not mock me;  
I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,  
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;  
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant  
What place this is: and all the skill I have  
Remembers 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  
To be my child Cordelia.  
Cor.  
And so I am, I am.  
Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'tis faith. I pray, weep  
If you have poison for me, I will drink it. [not:  
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.  
A cause, no cause, cause.  
Lear. Am I in France!  
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.  
Lear. Do not abuse me.  
Phys. 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 further settling.  
Cor. Will't please your highness walk?  
Lear. You must bear with me:  
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.  
[Exeunt Lear, CorDELIA, Physician, and Attend.  
Kent. Holds it true, sir,  
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?  
Kent. Most certain, sir.  
Kent. Who is conductor of his people?  
Kent. As 'tis said,  
The bastard son of Gloster.  
Kent. They say, Edgar,  
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent  
In France.  
Kent. Report is changeable.  
'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom  
Approach apace.  
Kent. The arbitration is like to be a bloody.  
Fare you well, sir.  
[Exit.]  

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly  
worth, or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.  
[Exit.  

ACT V.  
SCENE I.—The Camp of the British Forces,  
near Dover.  
Enter, with drums and colours, Edmund, Regan,  
Othoers, Soldiers, and others.  
Edm. Know of the duke, if his last promise 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 goes out.  
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,—but 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 foreclosed place?  
Edm. That thought abuses you.  
Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjured  
And besom'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 battles, than that sister  
Should loosen him and me. [Aside.  
Abh. 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  
Forc'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 o'erby.  
Reg.  
Why is this reason'd?  
Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:  
For these domestic and particular broils  
Are not to question here.  
Abh.  
Let us then determine  
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.  
Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.  
Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?  
Gon. No.  
Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.  
Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle; [Aside. I will go.  
As they are going out, enter Edgar, disguised.  
Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,  
Hear me one word.  
Abh.  
I'll overtake you.—Speak.  
[Exeunt Edmund, Regan, Goneril, Officers,  
Soldiers, and Attendants.  
Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.  
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound  
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,  
I can produce a champion, that will prove  
What is avouched there: If you miscarry,  
Your business of the world hath so an end,  
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!  
Abh. Stay till I have read the letter.
En. I was forbid it. 

Wen time shall serve, let but the herald cry. 

And I appear again. [Exit. 

--- Way, fare thee well! I will overlook thy paper. 

Re-enter Edgar. 

Ed. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers. 

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces 

By the finest discovery.—but your haste 

Is now urged on you. 

Jeb. We will greet the time. [Exit. 

Ed. To both these sisters have I sworn my love; 

Each valued of the other, as the sting 

Arose of the adder. Which of them shall I take? 

Both! one! or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd, 

Both remain alive: To take the widow, 

Excelsior, makes mad her sister Gertrude; 

And many times I carry out my side, 

Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use 

His confinement for the battle, which being done, 

Let her, who would be ruin'd of us, devise 

His speedy meeting. As for the mercy 

Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia. 

The battle done, and they within our power, 

So shall we see his passion for my stern 

Stands us to demand, out and to desist. [Exit. 

SCENE III.—A Field between the two Camps. 

Enter Edgar, to the watches. Lear, 

Cordelia, and their Forces, and servants. 

Enter Edgar and Gertrude. 

Edg. Here, father, take the fruit of this tree 

For your good love; pray that the night may thrive 

More than your return to us again. 

Lear. Grief, and that's true. [Exit Edgar. 

Lear. Suffer me to retire. Re-enter Edgar. 

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away; 

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter two: 

Give me my hand, come on. 

God. No further, sir; a man may not even here. 

Edg. What in't ill thoughts again? 

Men must endure 

Their going hence, even as their coming hither: 

Hapiness is as: Come on. 

God. And that's true. [Exit. 

SCENE IV.—The British Camp near Dover. 

Enter in campers, armed and armed. Enter: 

Lear and Cordelia, as prisoners; Officers, 

Soldiers, &c. 

Edm. Some officers take them away; good king;

Gentle their greater sufferings first be known. 

That's a reason to prevent them. 

God. We are not the first. 

Wen, with best meaning, have us sooner, his worse. 

For then, oppressed king, I can tell you: 

Men. I'll cheer my face with my countenance— 

Bere we not these daughters, and these daughters? 

Lear. I'll cheer my face with my countenance— 

Come let's away to prison: 

We have done will hang both it and the tree. 

And pray and sing, and see the men, and do 

Grace understand, and have poor vagrants. 

This is not the news, and we are too much too — 

Jove, and they win it — 

And am upon the mystery of things. 

And we were God's eyes. And we were not, 

As a while a prison, rouses and said repetitively, 

That ebb and flow by the moon. 

Edm. Take them away. 

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia! I die! 

The gods themselves know no increase. Have I sought 

The best parts of us, shall bring a brand from heaven, 

And fire us hence, like foxes. 

When thee even: 

The jupiters shall devour thee, flesh and all! 

Ere they shall make us weep, we shall see them stare first. 

Come. [Exit Lear and Cordelia, pursued. 


Take them this note, [giving a paper.] go, follow them. 

One step I have advanced thee: if thou dost 

As this instructs thee, thou dost not go the way 

To noble fortunes: Know thou this—thou men 

Are as the time is: to be tender-minded. 

Do not become a sword.—Thy great-employment 

Will not bear question.—either say, thou: it's not. 

Or thrive by other means. 

Off. 

Edm. Abound, and write happy, when thou hast 

Mark, I say instantly, and carry it so. [Exit. 

Off. I cannot draw a cart, not eat tried oats; 

If it be man's work, I will do it. [Exit Officer. 

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gloucester, Regan, 

Officers, and Attendants. 

Ed. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain 

And fortune led you well. You have the capture 

Who were the opposites of this day's strife: 

We do require of you so to use them, 

As we shall and our means and our safety 

May equally determine. 

Edm. 

Sir, I thought it fit 

To some small and miserable sign: 

Some retention and appointed guard; 

Whose age and charms in it, whose title more, 

To plac'd the bosom bosom on his sole. 

And turn not impris'd men in our eyes 

Which they command them. With him I sent the queen, 

My reason all the same: and they are ready 

To-morrow, or at further space, to appear 

Where you shall hold your season. This time 

We sweat, and bleed! the front hath lost its sword; 

And the best quarters, in the heat, are cased 

By those that see their sharpness: 

The question of Cordelia, and her father. 

Requires a litter place. 

Ed. Sir by your patience, 

I had but a subject of this war, 

Not as a brother. 

Edm. That's as we let grace him. 

Mutinies, our pleasure might have been demanded, 

Here you and space to fit. He led our powers; 

Sure the commission of my grace and person; 

The which immediately may well stand up, 

And call myself your brother. 

Gom. Not so hot 

In his own grace he be both subtle indulgent, 

More than in your advancement. 

In my right. 

Edg. By a captured, he compells the best. 

Gom. That were the most, if they were husband you. 

Edg. Averse to all proved protestants. 

Gom. That might this time, you look for but: peace. 

Edg. Lady, I am not well. 

Gom. From a full-drawn sorrow. 

Edg. Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, parliaments; 

Dispose of them, one the war ares time 

Witness the world, that I created thee here, 

My lord and master.
Thou art not well; convey her to mine.

Enter A Herald, arm'd, preceded by a trumpet.

[Trumpet sounds.]

Enter Egan, herald. — The trumpet sounds. —

Herald, inform me, why appears this trumpet sound? —

Every man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifest traitor; let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.

Enter Sound. —

[Trumpet answers within.]

Herald. — What art thou? —

Know, my name is lost; by treason's tooth bare gnawn, and cabinet bit: Yet am I noble, as the adversary I come to cope withal. —

Herald. — What is that adversary? —

[Enter Gloster.]

Gloster. — What's he that speaks for Edmund earl of Fum, himself? — What sayst thou to him? —

Edgar. — Draw thy sword; that, if my speech offend a noble heart, thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine. Behold, it is the privilege of mine honors, my oath, and my profession; I protest, —

Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence, despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune, thy valour, and thy hand; thou art a traitor: False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father; Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince; and, from the extremest upward of thy head, to the descent and dust beneath thy feet, a most toad-spotted traitor. —

Thou liest.

Edmund. — In wisdom, I should ask thy name; but, since thy side outside looks so fair and warlike, and that thy tongue some 'say 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-hate he overwraith 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.]

Edmund. — What you have charg'd me with, that have I done; and more, much more: the time will bring it out; 'tis past, and so am I: But what art thou, that hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble, I do give thee.

Edgar. — Let's exchange charity. I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund; if more, the more thou hast wrong'd me. My name is Edgar, and thy father's son. The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to scourge us: The dark and vicious place where thee he got, cost him his eyes.

Edmund. — Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true; The wheel is come full circle; I am here. —

Edgar. — 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! —

Edgar. — Worthy prince, I know it well. —

Edmund. — Where have you hid yourself? How have you known the miseries of your father? —

Edgar. — By nursing them, my lord. — List a brief tale: —

And, when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst! —

The bloody proclamation to escape, that follow'd me so near, (O our liv'n's sweetness! That with the pain of death we'd hourly die, rather than die at once!) taught me to shift; into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance.
KING LEAR.

That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rags,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flâend heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
Twist 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 ou;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my aborder's society; but then, finding
Who was that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; throw him on my father:
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting
His grief grew psiant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tran'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the basih'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.

Gen. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gen. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—


Gen. Your lady, sir, your lady; and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edg. I was contract'd to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [Exit Gentleman.

Enter Kent.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir. [Exit.

Alb. O! it is he.
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which various manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot?

Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cor-
Sen's thou this object, Kent? [delia?—

[The bodies of Gow. and Rex. 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 who, my lord!—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give to the captain.

Kent. Haste thee, for thy life. [Exit Edgar.

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile. [Edmund is borne off.

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms;

Edgar, Officer, and others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack;—O, she is 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 stone,
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 that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [Kneeling. Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little, fia!
What irst thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low: an excellent thing in woman—
I kill'd the slave that was a hagging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Kent. Did not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falfion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoile me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none 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 sight: 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 bither. [deadly.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and
Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
ACT V.—SCENE III.

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:—You, to your rights;
[To Edgar and Kent.]

With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The whole, with all of their virtues; and all good histories as at
That time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn
Our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which
This story is referred, it will appear not so unlikable as we
Estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one
daughter to another, or renunciation of dominion on such con-
ditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Connacht
or Madagascar. Shakespeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls
and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of
Life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though
he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the char-
acters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the charac-
ters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English
and foreign.

My learned friend, Mr. Waron, (afterwards Dr. Joseph War-
ton, who has in The Adventures very aptly criticized this play,
Remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and
shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the
simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be an-
swered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the dauphins is an
historical fact, to which the plot has added little, having only
drawn the characters of the dauphins: and that Edmund is quite
able to apologise with equal plausibility for the extremity of Gloucester's
eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatic
exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve
its distresses by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our
authors well know what would please the audience for which
he wrote.

The plot devised by Edmund to the simplicity of the action
is abundantly recomposed by the addition of variety, by the art
with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and
the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy
with perjury, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked
daughters, to impress this important moral, that villainy is never
at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakespeare
has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause,
contrary to the natural idea of justice, to the hope of the reader,
and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet
this conduct is justified by The Spectator, who blains Tate for
giving Cordelia success and happiness in his adaptation and de-
declares, that in his opinion, The Tragedy has lost half its beauty.

Dennis has remarked, whether justice or not, that, to secure
the favourable reception of Cates, the town was poisoned with much
false and abominate criticism, and that endeavors had been
used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which
the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless
be good, because it is a just representation of the common events
of human life; but since all reasonable beings naturally love
justice, I cannot easily persuade, that the observation of justice
makes a play worse; or, if that other excellencies are
equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the
final triumph of perverted virtue.

In the present case the public has decided. Cordelia, from
the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity.
And, if my sensations could add anything to the general surmise,
I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's
death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again
the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an
editor.

There is another controversy among the critics concerning
this play; it is disputed whether the predominant image in
Lear's disordered mind is the loss of his kingdom or the
cruelty of his daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critic, has
explained by induction of particular passages, that the cru-
ulty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and
that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and
subordinate evil. He observes, with great justness, that Lear
would move our compassion but little, did we not rather con-
sider the injured father than the deposed king.

The notion of the play, except the episode of Edmund, which
is derived, I think, from Sydney, is taken originally from Geoff-
frey of Monmouth, whom Holinshed generally copied; but per-
haps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason
for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather
than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of
Shakespeare's nocturnal temper, which is too striking to have
been copied, and that it follows the chronicles; it has the same
events of the play, but none of its amplifications; it first hinted
Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The
writing of the ballad added something to the history, which is
a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to
his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen Shaks-
peare.—JOHNSON.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Of this play there were four quarto editions published during the life of the author; the first of which was published in 1567. The original author of the story was Luigi da Porto, a gentle- man of Venice, who died in 1532. His novel did not appear till some years after his death, being first printed at Venice in 1553, under the title of La Gerusalemme.

The story had been dramatized in this country, before 1590, for in that year Arthur Brooke published his poem, called The Tragedy of Lucrece and Euphues, and in his advertisement to the reader says, that he had seen "the same argument lately set forth on the stage with more commendation than I can look for." In this dramatic play, and Brooke's poem, Shake- speare was most probably indebted for those rude materials which he has rendered so valuable by his exquisite skill and management in the tragedy before us.

Brevial says, in the Travel, that on a strict inquiry into the his- tory of Lucrece, he found that Shakespeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circum- stances. Malone supposes this play to have been writ- ten in 1556.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.
ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.
Paris, a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.
MONTAGUE, a head of two houses, at variance with Capulet.
An old Man, uncle to Capulet.
Romeo, son to Montague.
Mercutio, kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.
Benvolio, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.
Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet.
Friar Laurence, a Franciscan.
Friar John, of the same order.
Balthazar, servant to Romeo.
Samson, Gregory, servants to Capulet.
Amm, servant to Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Peter. An Officer.
Lady Montague, wife to Montague.
Lady Capulet, wife to Capulet.
Juliet, daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.
Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Masks, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE,—during the greater part of the Play, in VERONA; once, in the Fifth Act, at MANTUA.

PROLOGUE.
Two households, both alike in dignity.
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the conourse of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' truce of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A public Place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, armed with swords and bucklers.
Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.
Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, as we be in choler, we'll draw.
Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.
Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.
Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.
Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
Gre. To move it—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou run'st away.
Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand:
I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.
Gre. That shews thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.
Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.
Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.
Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew 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 maiden heads; 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 tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHAZAR.
Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrell, I will back thee.
Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?
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 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 on our side, if I say—ay?
Gre. No.
Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.
Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?
Abr. Quarrel, sir? 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.

Gree—Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sum. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sum. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swaying blow. [They fight.] Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [Beats down their swords.] Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death. [hinds?] 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 As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: [wold. Have at thee, coward. [They fight. Enter several partizans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs. 1 Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down! 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! [a sword?] La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! — Why call you for Cap. My sword, I say! — Old Montague is come, And freedom 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 Prince, with Attendants.

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 misstemper'd weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence of your moved prince. — Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, Have three disturb'd the quiet of our streets; And make Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments, To wield our partizans, in hands as old, Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd 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. [Exeunt Prince and Attendants; Capulet, Lady Capulet, Tybalt, Citizens, and Servants. Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad? — Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began? Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary, And yours, close fighting ere I did approach: I drew to part them; in the instant came The fierce Tybalt, with his sword prepend; Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears, He swung about his head, and cut the winds, Who, nothing hurt withal, his'd him in scorn: While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, Came more and more, and fought on part and part, Till the prince came, who parted each part. La. Mon. O, where is Romeo! — saw him you to- Right glad I am, he was not at this fray. [day?] Ben. Madam, an hour before the worship'd sun Peer'd forth the golden window of the east, A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad; Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore, That westward rooteth from the city's side,— So early walking did I see your son: Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me, And stole into the covert of the wood: I, measuring his affections by my own, — That most are busied when they are most alone,— Purs'd my honour, not Pursuing his, And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me. Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs. But all so soon as the all-cheering sun Should in the further east begin to draw The shady curtains from Aurora's bed, Away from light steals home my heavy son, And private in his chamber pens himself; Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out, And makes himself an artificial night. Black and portentous must this humour prove, Unless good counsel may the cause remove. Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause? Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him. Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means? Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends: But he, in his own affection, — 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 an 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, stop I'll know his grievance, or be much denied. [aside; Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay, To hear true shift.—Come Capulet, and let's away. [Exit Montague and Lady. Mon. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young? Mon. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long. Mon. 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 Ben. In love: [short. Rom. Out.— Mon. 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 create! 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 is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shewn,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.
[Going.
Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me, so do you leave me here.
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 she is you love.
Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?
Ben. Groan! why no;
But sadly tell me, who,
That bid a sick man in sadness makes his will:—
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
Rom. I aim'd so near, when I suppose'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marks-man!—And she's fair
I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit.
With such a heart, she hath Dam's wit:
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unarm'd,
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor hide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.
Rom. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live
chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell the now.
Ben. Be rud'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 here, 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:
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
[Exeunt.}

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and SERVANT.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you live at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made;
Cap. And too soon mar'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
As she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereeto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delights
And such delights, when such a lady shall you, in this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see;
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst 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, [gives a paper.]
and say
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 shall meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—To good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

Rom. Tut, maa! one fire burns out another's burn
The pain is past; ed by another's anguish! [ing,
Turn guilt, and led by hate weep by hating:
Be not sad:
One desperate grief cures with another's anguish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Rom. Your plaintain leaf is excellent for that.
Bea. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken skin.
Bea. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food, [low,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fel-
Sere. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Sere. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But I pray, can you read anything you see?
Bea. A, if I know the letters, and the language.
Sere. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!
Rom. Stay, fellow: I can read.
[Reads.
Sigaro Martino, and his wife and daughters;
County Anselme, and his beautiful sisters; the lady widow of Viritruco; Sigaur Placento, and his lovely
ieces; Mercurio, and his brother Valentine;
Mine uncle Capulet, his sons and daughters.
My fair niece
Rosalin; Livia; Sigaur Valentine, and his cousin
Tubalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.
ACT I.—SCENE III.

To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years:
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, she broke her brow;
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man;—took up the child:
Yes, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?
"Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast most wit;"
"Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—Ay:
'To see now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it; 'Will thou not, Jule? quoth he:
And, pretty fool, it stunted, and said—Ay. [Peace.
La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy
Nurse. Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—Ay;
And yet I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly,
Yet, quoth my husband, fallst thou upon thy face?
"Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;"
"Wilt thou not, Jule? it stunted, and said—Ay.
Jul. And stilt thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.
Nurse. If you please, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that ere 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 strong is 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'd say, thou hast suck'd wisdom from thy teat.
La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, [than you,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was young 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. But, if you say so, he will be a man you love the gentle;
This night you shall behold him at our feast; [man?
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another 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 unobd lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fast lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair, within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.
Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.
La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?
Jul. 'I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.
Enter a Servant.
Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served
3 E
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 says.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with Five or Sir Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What shall this speech be spoken for our excuse? Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such proxility: We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf, Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, Searing the ladies like a crow-keeper; Nor no without-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 Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes, With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead, So stoutly planted to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings, And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced 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.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love; Too great and tender a thing by far. 

Rom. Is love a tender thing? It is too rough, Too rude, too boistrous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love: Prick love for pricking, and you best love down.—Give me a case to put my visage in: [Putting on a mask.

A visor for a visor:—what care I,

What curious eye doth quote deformities?

Here's the beetle-brow, shall I look for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and co sooner in.

But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart, Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels; For I am prove'd with a grandsire phrase,— I'll be a candle-bolder, and look on.— The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done. [word

Mer. But first, don't the mouse, the constable's own. If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the nire

Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day. Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits 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, whilst they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman, Drawn with a team of little atoms

Athwart 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 walt'y beams;

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,

Two 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 courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight

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 breaks with sweet meats tainted are.

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,

Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign threats;

Of breaches, ambuscades, Spanish blades,

Of false love's fathoms deep, and deep, and deep

Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;

And, being thus frightened, sweats a prayer or two,

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,

That plats the horses of Generation in the night;

And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,

Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

This is the Mab, whose goodly maidens ride on their backs,

That pressures them, and learns them first to bear,

Making them women of good carriage.

This, this is she—


Mer. True, I talk of dreams; Which are the children of an idle brain,

Being the sport of nothing but vain fantasy;

Which is as thin of substance as the air;

And more inconstant than the wind, who waives Even now the frozen bosom of the north, And, being anger'd, puff's away from thence,

Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,

Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,

Shall bitterlie begin his fearful date

With this night's revels; and expire the term

Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,

By some vile forfeit of untimely death:

Ben. But he, that hath the steerage of my course,

Direct my sail!—O, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Hall in Capulet's House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou loveth me, let the porter let in Susan Gribaldstone, and Neil,—Antony! and Potpan!
ACT I.—SCENE V.

2 Serv. Ay, boy! ready.
1 Serv. You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.
2 Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [They retire behind.

Enter Capulet, &c. with the Guests, and the Masks.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have their toes Unplagued with corns, will have a bount with you:— Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she, I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now? You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day, That I have worn a visor; and could tell A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone: You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls. [play.

Music plays, and ballance.

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, say, sit, good cousin Capulet; For you and I are past our dancing days: How long is't now, since last yourself and I Were on a mask?—

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.
1 Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so 'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio. [much: Come pentecost as quickly as it will, Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir; His son is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that? His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright! Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night Like a rich jewel in an Ethipian ear: Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! So shews a snowy dove troping with crows, As yonder lady o'er her fellows shews. The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand, And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand. Do you not think, fair lady, it were right? For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:— Fetch me my rapier, boy!—What! dare the slave Come hither, cover'd with an antic face, To fler and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin, To strike him dead I hold it not a sin. [you so? 1 Cap. Why, how now kinsman! wherefore storm Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe; A villain, that is hither come in spite, To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. The he, that villain Romeo.

1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone, He bears him like a portly gentleman: And, to say truth, Verona brags of him, To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth: I would not for the wealth of all this town, Here in my house do him disparagement: Therefore be patient, take so note of him, It is not will; the which thou respect, Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns, An ill-becoming semblance for a feast.

I't ll fiet, when such a villain is a guest;

I'll not endure him.

1 Cap. He shall be endur'd; What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall;— Go to;— Am I the master here, or you? go to. 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 sancy boy!—Is't so, indeed?— This trick may chance to seath you;—I know what. You must contrary we marry, 'tis time— Well said, my hearts;—You are a prince; go— De quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!— I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience performe with wilful chealing meeting Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting. I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall, Now seeming sweet, couerst to bitter gall. [Erit. Rom. If I profane with my unworthv blood

To Juliet.

This holy shrine, the gentle size 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 manerly devotion shews in this; For saith my hand's the pilgrims' hand do touch, And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss. Rom. Have not sains 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 take. [Erit.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect! Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is pur'd. [Kissing her.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took. Rom. Sin from my lips! O trespass sweetly urg'd! Give me my sin again.


Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you: 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, madam, that can lay hold of her, Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet? O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Rom. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone; We have a tripping 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, sirrah, [To 2 Cap.] by my fay, it waxes late; I'll to my rest. [Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Come hither, nurse; What is ye gentleman? Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door? Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not Nurse. I know not. [dance?

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married, My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. The only son of your great enemy. Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate! Too early seen unknown, and known too late! [E'd.
ACT III.

Scene I.

[Enter Romeo and Paris, with a sword.]

Romeo: What's the news, Paris? Have you any news from the house of Montague?

Paris: No, my lord. But I have heard that Tybalt, your kinsman, has been killed in a duel with Mercutio.

Romeo: Ah, woe is me! He was a good friend to me. What are you doing here, Paris?

Paris: I come to check on your safety, my lord. I have heard that the Montague family is planning to feast tonight.

Romeo: That is true, Paris. But I must go to the feast and seek a chance to speak with Juliet.

Paris: Be careful, my lord. I fear the Montagues are planning to do harm.


Paris: Goodbye, Romeo. May the fates be kind to you.
Had it written, I would bear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drank a hundred words;
Of that thou canst entertain; yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and Montague?

Rom. Neither, but same, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How canst thou utter, tell me? and where
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb, I fear
And the place death, considering who thou art; If yet thou knowest it perchance this

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
For many hours cannot hold love out; [walls]
And what love can do, that date love attempt;
Therefore thy kinmen are so let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more point in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords, look thou but sweet.
And I am proved against their cruelty.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's clock to hide me from their sight;
And, thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prolonged, wanting of thy love.

Jul. How like dost thou seem to find at such an hour?

Rom. By love, who, listless in the new moon,
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet,wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would,advantage for such merchandises.

Jul. Thou knowest, the slack of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush be paint my cheek,
For that which thou hast bid me speak to night.
I am well I dower on form, fair, fair deny
What I have spoke: But farewell compliment!
Doat thou love me! I know, thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swearst,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' petitions,
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 frame, and be perverse, and say thou nay.
So thou wilt wear; but, else, not for the world.

Jul. In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my harbour light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
That any sun that has but heard me speak to night.
I should have been more strange, I must confess;
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me; And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discover'd.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-ten trees—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circular 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 disdain,
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 unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Even in the underworld, sooner than I.--

This bed of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied!

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine:

Jul. I gave thee none before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again. [Love?

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it for what purpose,

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give thee, the more
The more I have, for both are infinite.

Nurse calls within.

I hear some noise within; [Dear love, adieu! Awa, good morrow!—Sweet Montague, be true;
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[Exit. Rom. O blessed blessed morrow! I am afraid,
Beauty in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-weet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, in
If that thy love of love be honourable, [ideal,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee.
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my road throughout the world.

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. I come, aunty;—but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrice my soul,

Jul. A thousand times good night. [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,

Love given to love, a school-boy's from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[Retiring slowly.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Hyst! Romeo, hyst!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this soul gently back again!

Bondage is worse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cops where echo less,
And make her name the word to call me more than mine.

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver sweet sound lover's tongues by night,
Like sweetest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone.
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted yoke,
And with a silk thin thread doth link again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow. [Exit.
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,
'ill tells thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this 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.
Jest Marin! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline?
How much salt water thrown away in vain,
That wilt thou love that of it doth not taste?
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my anciant 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 chidst me off for loving Rosaline.
Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'st me bury love.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your household's rancour to pure love.
Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.
Fri. Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run fast.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father! —
Fri. Benedicte!

Rom. What early tongue so sweet salutation?
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 unbruised youth with unstifled brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
That thou art up-town'd by some distemper,
Or if not so, then here I lift it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forget that name, and that name's went.
Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou been then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man: for lo,
My intercession likewise stands my fee.
Fri. Be plain, good son, and honestly in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet;
As mine her's, so her's is set on mine;
Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without hisroe, like a dried herring;—O, flesh, flesh, how thart thou fished!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—warry, she had a better love to be-hymne her: Dido, a dowdly; Cleopatra, a grisly; Helen and Hero, beldings and harlots; Thistle, a gray 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 counterfeft did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; Can you not receive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such 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 bams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: Follow me this jest now, till then 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; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast ever 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 sance.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose? Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what art thou, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Rom. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirer n.e to stop in my tale against the hair.

Rom. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large. Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly goer!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two, a shirt, and a smack.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Prythee, 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?

Mer. Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the priek of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made 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.

Rom. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So he!

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 how, And an old hare how, Is very good meat in lent: But a hare that is how, Is too much for a score, When it hours 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. [Exit Mercutio and Benvolio.

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 lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knife! I am none of his flat-gills; I am none of his skitt-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knife to use me at his pleasure!

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afoxe 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 bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into 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
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.
Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter.
Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamt'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.
Nurse. I am awary, give me leave a while:—
Fye, how my bones ache! What a junct have I had! 
Jul. I would, thou badst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good, good nurse, thou speakest.
Nurse. Jesu, 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
To say to me—that thou art out of breath? [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
exceeds all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and
a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they
are past compare: Is not the flower of courtesy,
—But I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb,—Go thy
ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?
Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that?
Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces, [1]
My back o' t' other side.—O, my back, my back!—
Hie thy heart, for sending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down?
Jul. T'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 poultrie for my aking bones?
Hereforward do your messages yourself.
Jul. Here's such a coil.—Come, what says Romeo?
Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shift to-day?
Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
He 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, fare-
well. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Friar Laurence's Cell.
[Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.
Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
NURSE: Jesu! what haste? can you not stay awhile?

 Act II Sc. 5
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.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, God send me no need of thee! and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot as 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 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 outs, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quirk in 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 ribbons; and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter Tybalt, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentleman, 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 but come to terms.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels! an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlesetck; here's that shall make you an eternal consort.

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them I will not budge for no man's pleasure.

[Exeunt.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear thy livery.

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse 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 for 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.

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 hold withal, and, as thou shalt use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher by the ears! make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere I put it.

Tyb. I am for you.

[Drawing.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado.

[They fight.

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;
Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame,
Forbear this outrage:—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid thee brandy
In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt:—good Mercutio.

[Exeunt Tybalt and his Partizans.

Mer. I am hurt:—
A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

[Exeunt.
Romeo and Juliet.

Prin. Benvenuto, who began this bloody fray?

Romeo. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bothank [play, How once the quarrel was, and urged with His high respecting. — All this — uttered With gentle breath, calm look, knee humbly bow'd. —
"Come, peace, peace!" — A plague upon your houses! — 'tis
To death 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.

Romeo. "I thought all for the best."

Mercutio. "Help me into some house, Benvenuto, Or I shall fall. — A plague o' both your houses. They have made women's mist of me: I have it, and soundly too: — Your houses.

Romeo. Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead; That gallant spirit hath ascended to the clouds, Which too unmindful here did seem the earth. — Romeo. This day's black fate on more days doth depend: This but begins the woe, others must end. [pens:

Benv. BENVENO. Ben. Here comes the famous Tybalt back again. Romeo. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain
Away to heaven, respective latter, And fire-ev'ry 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, Striving for thine to keep him company: Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him. Thy, thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him Swift with him hence. [here.

Romeo. This shall determine that.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone! The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:
And not amends — the prince will doom thee death, If thou art taken; hence — hence! — away! Romeo. O! I am fortune's fool! Ben. Why dost thou stay? [Exit ROMEO.

Enter Citizens, &c.

Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio? Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Cit. Charge thee in the prince's name they.

Enter PRINCE, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives, and others.

PRINCE. Where are the vile beginers 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 Unhappy night! ah me, the blood is spill'd! child! Of my dear kinsman, — Prince, as thou art true, For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague. —

O cousin, cousin!
ACT III.—SCENE III.

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night; give me my Romeo, and, when he shall die, take him and cut him out in little stars, and he will make the face of heaven so fine, that all the world will be in love with night, and pay no worship to the garish sun.

O, I have bought the mansion of a love, But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold, not yet enjoyed: So tedious is this day, as 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 cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.

Now, nurse, what news? What hath thou there? thou hast that Romeo bade thee fetch? Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [Throws them down.]

Jul. Ah me! what news! what news dost thou bring thine hands? Nurse. Tybalt is dead! he's dead, he's dead; we are undone, lady, we are undone!—[dead]

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 had would have thought it!—Romeo! Jul. What villain art thou, that dost torment me thus? This torture should be read in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I, And that bare vow I shall poison more Than the death-darting eye of coxcombice: I am not I, if there be such an I; Or those eyes shot, that make thee answer, I. If he be slain, say I; or if not, no: Brief sounds determine of 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 pitiful corse, a bloody pitiful corse; Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood, All in gore blood,—I swooned at the sight.

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus? This torture should be read in dismal hell.

To prison, eyes! never look on liberty! [Once] Vile earth, to earth resigns; end motion here; And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy hier!

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-liev'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. [blood]

Jul. O God!—Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did. Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face! Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravening lamb! Despised substance of divinest show! Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st, A damned saint, an honourable villain!— O, nature! what hast thou done to hell, When thou didst lower the spirit of a fiend In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?— Was ever book, containing such vile matter, So finely bound? O, that deceit should dwell In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perf'd, All forsworn, all naught, all dissurers.— Ah, where's my man! give me some ay, aye:— 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 brow shame is ashamed to sit; For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him! [frown]

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your 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 nangeld it?— But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband: Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring; Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaken, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain And Tybalt's dead, that my husband: All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then? Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death, That murder'd me: I would forget it fain; But, O! it presses to my memory, Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds: Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banish'd.

Romeo is banish'd, that is for ever banish'd. Hallowed slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death Was woe enough, if it had ended there: Or,—if sour woes delights in fellowship, Aot 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 rearward following Tybalt's death, Romeo is banish'd,—to speak that word, Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet, All slain, 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, Tybalt, Tybalt, Tybalt! Nurse. Weping and wailing over Tybalt's corse: Will you go to there! 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 thou and I; for Romeo is exil'd.

He made you for a highway to my bed; But I, a maid, die maid-widow'd; Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed; And death, not Romeo, take my maidhead! Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo To comfort you:—I went well where he is... Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night: I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' 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 parts, man; And thou art wedded to calamity. doom

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand, That I yet know not? Fri. Too familiar Is my dear son with such sour company;
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay awhile:—stand up;
Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!
What wildness is this? — I come, I come.

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 is Romeo? [drunk.
Fri. There on the ground, with his own hands made
Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case?

Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:
— Stand up, stand up; stand, as you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse. [fall.

Fri. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end of
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 my joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My courteous lady to our cancell'd love? [weeps;
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then doth fall again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Dial murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murther'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth thy dear love lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

Fri. [Draws his sword.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out on art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Untempered woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill-tempering beast, in seeming both!—
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou shun Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Fri. What rail'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 would'st lose.
Eye, eye! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usher, adorn'd to thy all,
And useth none in that true sense indeed,
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the value of a man:
Thy dear love a word, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapes in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

Fri. What, roue 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 stlewst Tybalt; there are thou art 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 mischiev'd and sullen 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 decreed, 
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 thousand 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 staid 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, sir, 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 your state; 
Either begone before the watch be set, 
Or we shall make the day disadvantageous: 
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man, 
And he shall signify from time to time 
Every good hap to you, that chances here: 
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night. 
Rom. But that a joy past joy out calls on me, 
It was a grief, so brief to part with thee: 
Farewell. 
[Exeunt. 
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 see the lov'd lady h'as not dearly, 
And so did I;—Well; we were born to die. 
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night: 
I promise you, but for your company, 
I would have been a-bed an hour ago. 
Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo; 
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter. 
La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-mor- 
To night she's mew'd up to her heaviness; 
[Row. 
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; nay 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 are no great ad:—on, friend, or two:— 
For hark you, Tybalt being slave so late, 
It may be thought we held him carelessly, 
Being our kinsman, if we reveal 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 
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed. 
[Then:— 
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day:— 
Farewell, my lord. — Light to my chamber, ho! 
Afore me, it is so very late, that we 
May call it early by and by:—Good night. 
[Exeunt. 
SCENE V.—Juliet's Chamber. 
Enter Romeo and Juliet. 
Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day: 
It was the nightingale, and not the lark, 
That pier'd the fearfull hollow of thine ear; 
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree: 
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale. 
Rom. Juliet, 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 tip toe 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 doth enwreathes, 
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, yon gray is not the morning's eye, 
Tis but the pale releas'd of Cynthia's cheek. 
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 wills it so.— 
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day. 
Jul. It is, it is, he hence, he gone, away; 
It is the lark that sings so out of tune, 
Straining harsh discords, and dissonant 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, 
Hunt thee hence with hounds up to the day. 
Now be gone; more light and light it grows. 
Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark 
our woes. 
Enter Nurse. 
Nurse. Madam! 
Jul. Nurse? 
Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your cham- 
ber. 
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 de- 
send. 
[Exit Romeo. 
Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my 
I must hear from thee every day the hour, [friend! 
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-diviuing soul; 
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As the sun set in the south to the tomb,
I am full of mystery, feel it is not in vain.
Rom: And tell me now, shall I then meet thee so soon?
Juliet: Wilt thou farewell, even as thy harlot's smile?
Rom: And she_with whom thy eyes were bent.
Juliet: My Lady, my father's daughter, art thou so true,
Rom: I am but then, and how dost thou know me now?
Juliet: How dost thou know me now, great love?
Rom: Therefore, because I met thee first before,
Juliet: I was not so much as when thou first didst see me.
Rom: And Juliet, in the friar's daughter's arms,
Juliet: What was that cause, which made me so much to love thee?
Rom: I am not much, and thou dost not keep thee long.
Juliet: Nor dost thou keep thee long, good love.
Rom: What must I do, and what must I do, Juliet?
Juliet: Then must I do, and what must I do, good love?
Rom: And do not I? jest, and what must I do, good love?
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Rom: And do not I? jest, and what must I do, good love?
ACT IV.—SCENE I.

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. If you say, you do not know the lady's mind; Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immediately she weeps for Tybalt's death, And therefore have I little talk'd of love; For Venus smiles not, but she smiles not, When, sir, her father counts it dangerous, That she doth give her sorrow so much sway; And, in his wisdom, hates our marriage, To stop the inundation of her tears; Which, too much minded by herself alone, May be put from her by society.

Now you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

[Aside.]

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, in May, I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be, shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, were to 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 abused with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;

For it was bad enough, before their spite. [port.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that re-

Jul. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth;

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now—

My lord must play a long match, and later.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you;

Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss. [Exit Paris.

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,

Come weep with me: Past hope, past cure, past help! [Exit.

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

It strikes so past the compass of my power,

I hear thou must, and nothing must prologue it,

On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:

If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands,

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Tura to another, this shall shay them both:

Therefore, out of thy long-experience'd time,

Give none present counsel; or, behold,

Twist my extremities and me this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that

Which the commission of thy years and art

Could to no issue of true honour bring,

Be not so long to speak; I long to die,

If what thou speakest not speak of remedies.

Fri. Hold, my daughter; if I do spy a kind of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution

As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to stay thyself;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scarce from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk,
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house.
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones;
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless sculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt.

To live an unstand'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Held, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distill'd liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but succeed to beat:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridgedoor in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is,) in
Thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Held; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father! [Exeunt.

SCENE 11.—A Room in Capulet’s House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are write.—
[Exit Servant.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

 namedtuple: serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

namedtuple: serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—
[Exit Servant.

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

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 shrift with merry look.
[been gadding?

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you
Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behets; and am enjoin'd
Henceforward to remain in silence here:
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 became love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am else:—'tis not enough to stand up:
This as it should be.—Let me see the county:
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.

Now, afofe 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 wondrous 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? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam: we have cuid'd such necessary
As are behovelful 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.
[Exit Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Jul. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, urn phial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it;—lie thou there.——
[Leaving down a dogger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
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 stilled 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 vile,
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 but green in earth,
Lies fast entwined in his shroud, as they say,
At some hours in the night's 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,
Enraged 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 spilt his body
Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
[She throws herself on the bed.

SCENE IV.—Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.
Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd.
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:—
Spare not for cost. nurse.
Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'tis late, 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 time:—
But I will watch you from such watching now.
[Exit Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fel-
What's there?—

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.
Cap. Make haste, make haste. [Exit 1 Serv.]
Sirrah, fetch drier logs:—
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never Trouble Peter for the matter. [Exit.

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whorson! ha,
Thou shalt be beggar-head. Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight,
[Music within.
For so he said he would. I hear him near:—
Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!—

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris:—He, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom is come already:
Make haste, I say. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistresse!—Juliet!—fast,
I warrant her, she:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fye, 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'faith.—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! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitie, 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, deceased; she's dead; she
Mask the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day! 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 unimmont frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woeful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak. [wait,

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 bride:—See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is in my son's law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, 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, stretched, hateful day
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch’d it from my sight.
Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

Pur. Beguill’d, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguill’d,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!
Cap. Despis’d, distressed, 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, dead!—alack! my child is dead!
And; with my child, my joys are buried!
Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion’s cure lives
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself [not
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 ‘twas your heaven, she should be advanc’d:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc’d,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself!
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you ran mad, seeing that she is well;
She’s not well married, that lives married long;
But she’s best married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature’s tears are reason’s meriment.
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 funeral feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And, too, 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.
Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up,
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [Exit Nurse.
1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Petru.
Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, Heart’s ease, heart’s ease; O, an you will have me live, play—heart’s ease.
1 Mus. Why heart’s ease?
Pet. O musicians, because my heart itself plays—My heart is full of woe: O, play me some merry ditty, to comfort me.
2 Mus. Not a dump we; ’tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not, then?
Mus. No.
Pet. I will then give it you soundly.
1 Mus. What will you give us?
Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleeck: I will give you the ministers.
2 Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.
ACT V.—SCENE III.

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,
Saw'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?
John. No man to send it—here it is again,
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 horn crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.
Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:
Poor living curse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Church-Yard; in it, a Monument belonging to 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. [aloof;]
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves),
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me
As signal that thou hast'st something approach,
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard: yet I will adventure [Retires.
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridial
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain [bed:
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dust remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb! [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 rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.
[Retires.

Enter Romeu and Balthasar with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wenching 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,
What'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring, that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild; 
More fierce, and more inexorable far, 
Than empty tigers, or the rearing sea.

But I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 
Romeo. So shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take 
thou then that:
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.
But. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout; 
Thou knows I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Receives.
Romeo. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, 
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth, 
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open.
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 shed,— 
And here is come to do some villainous shame 
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.— [Advances.
Stop thy unsaw'ld toil, vile Montague! 
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death? 
Condemn'd villain, I do apprehend thee: 
Obev, and go with me; for thou must die.
Romeo. I must, indeed; and thereforecame I hither.— 
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man, 
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone; 
Let them affright thee, and bereave thee, youth, 
Heap not another sin upon my head: 
By urging me to fury.—O, be gone! 
By heaven's, 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 thy conjurations, 
And do attach thee as a felon here.
Romeo. With this provocation I then have thee, bay, 
[They fight.
Par. 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. 
Romeo. In faith, I will:—Let me pursue this face,— 
Mercutio's kinman, noble country 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, 
One writ with me in our 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, be thou there, by a dead man inter'd.
[Leaving 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! 
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath, 
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty; 
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet 
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks, 
And death's pale hand is not advanced there— 
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet? 
O, what more favour can I do to thee, 
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain 
To Sunder his that was thine enemy! 
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet. 
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I 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 will still stay with thee; 
And never from this palace of dim night 
Depart again; here, here will I remain 
With wounds that are thy chamber-maids; O, here 
Will I set up my everlasting rest; 
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars 
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last! 
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you 
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss 
A dateless bargain to engrossing death! 
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide! 
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on 
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark! 
Here's to my love!—[Drinks.] O, true apothecary! 
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [Dies.
Enter, at the other end of the church-yard, Friar 
Laurence, with a lantern, crew, and spade.
Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night 
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's there? 
Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead? [well. 
Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you. 
Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend, 
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light 
To guard and eyelids veiled; 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 
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing. 
[me, 
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here, 
I dreamt my master and another fought, 
And that my master slew him. 
Fri. Romeo!—[Advances. 
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains 
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?— 
What mean these masterless and gory swords 
To he discouler'd by this place of peace? 
[Exeunt the monument.
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else! what, Paris too? 
And steep'd in blood!—Ah, what an unkind hour 
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!— 
The lady stirs. 
Juliet wakes and stirs. 
Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord? 
I do remember well where I should be, 
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo? 
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 stay 
no longer. [Exit.
Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not wait. 
What's here? a cup, cles'd in my true love's hand? 
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
ACT V.—SCENE III.

O churl! drink all; and leave 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, hoy:—Which way! Jul. Yes, noise!—then I'll be brief.—O happy chance be slave to patience!—This is thy sheath; [Stabs herself] there rust, and let me die. [Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn. 1 Watch. The ground is bloody; Search about the church-yard.
Go, some of you, who'er ye find, attach. [Exeunt some Watchmen.
1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Laurence.

3 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard. [Exeunt other Watchmen.
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie; But the true ground of all these piteous woes, We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard. [Exeunt.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Lawrence.

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 church-yard side.
1 Watch. A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince, and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up, That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad? Lat. Cap. 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 our ears?
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 [man; These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house Is empty on the back of Montague, And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom. Lat. 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 exilè hath stopp'd her breath: What further woe conspires against mine age? Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O then untangle! what manners is in this, To press before thy father to a grave? Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage 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: Meantime forbear, And let what chance 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 Doth make against me, of this direful murder; And here I stand, both to impeach and purge Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this, Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath is not so long as is a tedious tale. Romeo there dead, was husband to that Juliet, And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife: I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death Vanish'd the new-made bridgroom from this city; For what was not for Tybalt, Juliet's part. You—to remove that siege of grief from her,— Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce, To county Paris:—Then comes she to me; And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means To rid her from this second marriage, Or, in my cell there would she kill herself. Then save her, so turn by my advice: A sleeping potion; which so took effect As I intended, for it wrought on her The form of death: meantime I write to Rome, 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 whom love my letter, friar John, Was staid 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; Meant to keep her closely at my cell, Till I conveniently could send to Rome: But when I came, (some minute ere the time Of her waking,) here she was already laid In the noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead. She wakes; and I entreated her come forth, And bear this work of heaven with patience: But then a noise did scare me from the tomb; And she, too desperate, would not go with me, But (as it seems) did violence on herself. All this I know; and to the marriage Her name is privy: And, if aught in this Miscarried by my fault, let my old life Be sacrifice'd, some hour before his 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? Bath. 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 threat'nd 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 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did: [grave Aton, 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.
This play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents are numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakespeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Mr. Drakeley mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakespeare, that he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him. Yet he thinks him no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed, without danger to the poet. Drakeley well knew, he has been in quest of truth, in a pointed sentence, that more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death was precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakespeare to have contained his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden, whose genius was not very fertile of meretricious, nor dextrous to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The Nure is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great subtlety of distinction, drawn her at once inquisitive and secret, envious and insolent, treasy and dishonest.

His comic scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetic strings are always punctuated with some unexpected deprecation. His persons, however distressed, have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit. —Johnson.

The first edition of this splendid tragedy, which has been recently discovered, was printed in 1603. It was among the earliest of our Author's works, and Stevens saw a copy of Speight's edition of Chaucer, which formerly belonged to Mr. Gabriel Harvey the antagonist of Nash, who, in his own hundred rhyme, has set down Hamlet, as a performance with which he was well acquainted, in 1598. His words are these: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lear is, and his tragedy, of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, have it in them to please the wiser sort, 1598." In the books of the Stationers' Company, this play was entered by James Roberts, July 25, 1600, under the title of "A booke called the Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servauntes." The story on which the play is built, may be found in Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish historian. From these Birkhoffs adopted it in his collection of novels; and from this latter work, the "History of Hamlet," quarto, 1581, I was translated.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

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 now 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. Think, I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is Hor. Friends to this ground? [Here.] MAR. And liege men to the Dane.

FRAN. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier: Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place.

Exit

Mar. Go you good night.

Enter Francisco.


What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Hor. What?—this but our fantasy; and will not let belief take hold of him.

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have estranged 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. 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 harbors me with fear, and
Ber. It would be spoke to.

[Enter Ghost.]

Mar. What art thou, that surrupt at 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.

Hor. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak: I charge thee, speak.

[Exit Ghost.

Hor. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look
Is not this something more than fantasy? [pale:
What think you of it?

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 the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.

'Tis 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
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion, [not;
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, 'tis that
Knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly tells the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brozen 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 to 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, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulatus pride,
Dard to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
For so the side of our renowned 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 moity competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras;
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mat,
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 landless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprize
That hath a stomach in 't: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state,)
But to recover of us by strong hand,
And terms compulsorily, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The service of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and rousage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even 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 cloud hath in the sightiest part of Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

As, stars with trains of fire shed dew of blood,
Disasters dimm'd the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was as this almost to doom by 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 climatures and countries—

Re-enter Ghost.

Hor. 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 upholstered in thy life
Exerted 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.
HAMLET.

Ber. 

Tis here! Tis here!

Hor. 

Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone! We do it wrong, being so majestical, To offer it the show of violence; For it is, as the air, invulnerable, And our vain blows malicious mockery. 

Hor. It was about to speak, when the cock crew. 

Mar. And then it started like a guilty thing Upon a fearful summons. I have heard, The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat Awake the god of day; and, at his warning, Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air, The extravagant and erring spirit flies To his confine: and of the truth herein This present object made probation. 

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, This bird of dawning singeth all night long: And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad: The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike, No thunder blows; nature's own trumpet strikes, So hallowed and so gracious is the time. 

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it. But, look, the morn, in rasset mantle clad, Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill: Break we our watch up; and, by my advice, Let us impart what we have seen to-night Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life, This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him: Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it, As needful in our loves, fitting our duty? 

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know Where we shall find him most convenient. 

SCENE II.—The same. A Room of State in the same. 

Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, & Attendants. 

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death The memory be green; and that it us befitted To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom To contract in one a bond of sorrow, Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature, That we with wisest sorrow think on him, Together with remembrance of ourselves. Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen, The imperial jointress of this warlike state, Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,— With one auspicious, and one drooping eye; With mirth and funeral, and with darge in marriage, In equal scale, weighing delight and dole,— Taken to wife; no have we herein bair'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; Our thinking, by our lord dear brother's death, Our state to be disjointed by our frame, Colleagued with this 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 the writ To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,— Whom, impatient and bed-rid, scarcely hears Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress His further gait heron; in that the levies, The lists, and full proportions, are all made Out of his subject:—and we here despatch You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand, For bearers of this greeting to old Norway; Giving to you no further personal power To business with the king, more than the scope Of these dilated articles allow.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty. 

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty. 

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell. [Exit Voltimand and Cornelius.] 

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you? You told us of some suit? What is't, Laertes? You cannot speak of reason to the Dane, And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg, Laert. That shall not be my offer, not thy asking? [Yes. 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 would'st thou have, Laertes? 

Laert. My dread lord, Your leave and favour to return to France; From whence though willingly I came to Denmark, To shew my duty in your coronation: Yet now, I must confess, that duty done, My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France, And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon. 

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius? 

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me now slow By laboursome petition; and, at last, [leave. 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 nighted colour off, And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark. 

Do not, for ever, with thy wailed lads Seek for thy noble father in the dust: Thou know'st, 'tis come to pass, 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. 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, Nor customary suit of solemn black, Nor wonted suspension, for 'tis breath, Nor, no, nor the fruitful river in the eye, Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage, Together with all forms, modes, 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 observance sorrow: But to persever In obstinate condolence, is a course Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief: It shews a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient: 
As understanding simple and unschoold:—
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any of 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; hence, to this last; consequently.
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 house;
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 courtier, cousin, and our son.
Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.
Hor. I shall in all respect obey you, madam.
King. Why, ’tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc’d accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king’s renown the heaven shall bruise again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[Enter King, Queen, Lords, &c. Polonius, and Laertes.

Ham. O, that this 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!
Fye on’t! O fye! ’tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months’ dead!—nay, not so much, not two;
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; a thing to wonder at,
That he might not betide the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on’t:—Fraility, thy name is woman!—
A little month, or else the shoes were old,
With which she follow’d my poor father’s body:
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that waits discourse of reason,
Would have mournd 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 cheek unwiped,
She married:—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!—

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
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 guide 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 transt disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that common cheat,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are no traitor.
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, on their watch.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baulk’d meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio?—

My father,— Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. 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? who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!—

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvell to you.

Ham. For God’s love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo,
In the dead waist and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter’d.—A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn mien,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk’d,
By their oppress’d and fear-surprized eyes,
With his eyes; and three times in thank, whilst they, distill’d
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand 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,
I lift up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as I would speak;
But, even then, the morning cock crow 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 from that day 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.
HAMLET.

Ham. Arm'd say you! 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 up?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Nay, very pale. Pale, or red?

Hor. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Ham. Most constantly.

Hor. I would, I had been there.

Ham. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like:

Very like: Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a

Mar. Longer, longer. [hundred.

Ham. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzl'd? no?

Ham. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;

Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though holl itself should gape,

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto conceald this sight,

Let it be teneable in your silence still;

And whatsoever else 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.

[Exit 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' House.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:

And, sister, as the winds give benefit,

And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,

But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;

A violet in the youth of primy nature;

Four and twenty pair, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,

The pérçame and suppliance of a minute;

No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more: For nature, crescent, does not grow alone

In thaws, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,

The service of the mind and soul

Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;

And now no soil, nor cautel, 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 the health of the whole state,

And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd

Unto the voice and yielding of that body.

Where'er he is the head: Then if he says, he loves you,

It wits your wisdom so far to believe it,

As he in his particular act and place

May give his saving deed; which is no farther,

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,

If with too credant 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 chaste maid is prodigal enough,

If she unmask her beauty to the moon:

Virtue itself scapes not clamantious strokes:

The canker galls the infants of the spring,

Too oft before their buttons are disclo'd;

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth

Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;

Virtue to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep.

As watchmen to my heart: But, good my brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,

Shave off the steep and sly way to heaven:

Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,

And recks not his own read.

Laer. O fear me not: I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;

Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail.

And you are staid for: There, my blessing wish you!

[Leaving his hand on Laertes' head.

And these few words, I would be brief:

Look on her character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;

But do not dull the palm with entertainment

Of each new-hat'd Fellow, undisc'd comrade.

Beware of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in

Bear it, that the 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 most select and generous, civil in that.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:

For loan oft loses both itself and friend;

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry,

This above all,—To thine own self be true;

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell! my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia: and remember well

What I have said to you.

Oph. Tis in my memory lock'd,

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

[Exit Laertes.
ACT I.—SCENE IV.

Pol. What isn't, Ophelia, be said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord

Pol. Marry, well betoward: [Hamlet.

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it beolves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you! give me up the truth.

Pol. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
And will you believe his tenders as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have 'tis'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or, (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wronging it thus,) you'll tender me a fool

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven. [my lord,

Pol. Ay, springes, to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood barns, 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 scanter 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 tender you may call them,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers
Not of that die which their investments shew,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.

Look to't, I charge you; 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. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed! I heard it not; then it draws near the
Wherein the spirit is best set to walk. [scene
(A flourish of trumpets, and ordinance shot off, within.

What does this mean, my lord? [muse.

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his
Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rheims down,
The kettle-drums and trumpet thus Bray out
The triumph of his pitch.

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 traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with winy phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As, to their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin.)
By the o'ergrowth of some complication,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners,—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;

Being nature's lively, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else (as they be pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo),

Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often dount.

To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,

That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:

Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,

Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly in-ur'd,

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,

To cast the morrow in again; that may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,

So horribly to shake our disposition,

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Hor. It beacons you to go away with it,

As if it some impartial did desire

To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action

It waves you to a more removed ground:

But do not go with it

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;

And, for my soul, what can it do to that,

Being a thing immortal as itself?

It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my

Or to the dreadful summit of the hill? [lord

That beetles o'er his base into the sea?

And there assume some other horrible form,

Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,

And draw you into madness? think of it:

The very place puts toys of desperation.

Without more motive, into every brain,

That looks so many fathoms to the sea,

And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still:—

Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.
HAMLET.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out, and makes each petty artery in this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

[Ghost beckons.]

Still am I call'd;—unheard, me, gentleman!—

[Breaking from them.]

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me;—

I say, away,—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after;—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A more remote Part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further. Mark me.

[Ham.]

Ghost. My hour is almost come.

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!—

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;—

Doon'd for a certain term to walk the night, And, for the day confin'd to fast in fires, Till the foul crimes, done in my days of estate, Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid To tell the secrets of my prison-house, I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word Would harshly rouse thy soul; freeze thy young blood; Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres; Thy knotted and combined locks to part, And each particular hair to stand on end, Like quills upon the fretful porcupine; But this eternal blazon must not be To such an audience; List, list, O list!—

If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven!—

[Ghost.]

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!—

[der.]

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is; But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift As meditation, or the thoughts of love, May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller shoul'dst thou be than the fat wood That rots itself in ease on Letha wharf, Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:—

'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard, A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark Is by a forged process of my death; Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth, The serpant 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 ear, with traitorous gifts, (O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power So to seduce!) you to his shamefullust; The will of my most seeming virtuous queen: O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!—

From me, whose love was of that diginity, 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 just, 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 of the afternoon, Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole, With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial, And in the porches of mine ears did pour The leperous distillment; whose effect Holds such an enmy with blood of man, That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through The natural gates and allies of the body; And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset And curd, like eager droppings into milk, The stream and wholesome blood: so did it mine; And a most instant terror bark'd about, Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsom crust, All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand, Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd. Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin, Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd; No reckoning made, but sent to my account With all my imperfections on my head.

Ham. O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!—

Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not; Let not the royal bed of Denmark be A couch for luxury and damned incest.

But, howsoever thou pursu'st 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 effectual fire:

Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [Exit.]

Ham. O! all you host of heaven! O earth! What's this?—

And, as I shall hold hold, hold, my And you, my sinews, grow not instant old, [heart; But bear me stilly up!—Remember thee? Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe. Remember thee?—

Yea, from the table of my memory I'll wipe away all trivial fond records, All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past That youth and observation copied there; And thy commandment all alone shall live Within the book and volume of my brain. Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven. O most pernicious 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, let not your spirit!—

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!—

Ham. So be it.

Mar. [Within.] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!—

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.
ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. How is't, my noble lord! Mar. How, O, wonderful! Ham. How, good my lord, tell it. Ham. No; You will 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 Den- But he's an arrant knave. [mark, Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the To tell us this. [grave, Ham. Why, right; you are in 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 my own poor part, Look you, I will go pray. Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord. Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes, 'Faith, heartily. There's no offence, my lord. Ham. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, Horatio; And much offence too. Touching this vision here,— It is an honest ghost, then let me tell you; For your desire to know what is between us, O'er-master it 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? We will. [night. Ham. Never make known what you have seen to Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not. Ham. Nay, but swear't. Hor. Nay, but no oath, lord. 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? 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. Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our ground:— Come, hither, gentlemen, And lay your hands again upon my sword: Swear by my sword. Never to speak of this that you have heard. Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear by my sword. Ham. Well said, old mole! can't work 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 cucumber'd thus, or this head-shake, Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase. As, Well, well, we know ye; or, We could, and 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 that know aught of me:—This do you swear, So grace and mercy at your most need help you! Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear. Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen, With all my love I do commend you to: And what so poor a man as Hamlet is May do, to express his love and friendship to you, God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together; And still your fingers on your lips, I pray. The time is out of joint:—O cursed spite! That ever I was born to set it right! Nay, come, let's go together. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Polonius' House.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Rey. Rey. I will, my lord. [naldo. Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Rey. Before you visit him, to make inquiry [naldo, Of his behaviour. Rey. Pol. And, in part, him:—Do you mark this, Reynaldo? Rey. Ay, very well, my lord. Pol. And, in part, him:—but, you may say, not well: But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild; Addicted to, and so:—and there put on him What forgets you please; marry, could 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 gaging, 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 inconstancy; That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so That they may seem the taints of liberty: [quaintly, The flash, and out-break of a fiery mind; A savageness in unreclaimed blood, Of general assault. Rey. But, my good lord, Pol. Wherefore should you do this? Rey. Ay, my lord, I would know that. Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift; And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant: You laying these slight suffiles on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'the working,
Mark you
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen, in the prominen crimes,
The youth you breath 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, doth 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.
Pol. At closes with you thus:—I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or 'tother day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaining; there o'ertook in his course:
There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
(Videliet, a brothel,) or so forth.—

See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlacies, and with assays of bias,
By indictions find directions out;
So may my former letters 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. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings fould,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been lousied 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 perusals of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last,—A little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigu so piteous and profound,
As 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 helps,
And, to the last, bend'd their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the
king. This is the very eactasy of love;
Whose violent property fordeces itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does affect 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 trife,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
It seems, 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
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. move

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern,
and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guilded—
Moreover that we much did long to see you, [stern]
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since out the exterior was this 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 entertain you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up with him;
And, since, so negligent and untutor'd as—
That you, our most rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

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.

Rosencrantz. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full heat,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded. [stern]

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guilden- 

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosen- 

Rosencrantz. And I beseech you instantly to visit 

Guil. My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. [Exit Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, 
and some Attendants.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord! Assure you, my good hege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And do I think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do,) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.
Pol. Give first admittance to the embassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.
King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them io.

[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'ershady 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?
Vot. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent us suppers
His nephew's levees; which to him appeard
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But better look'd into, he thought for his
It was against your higliness: Whereat griev'd—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Forthinbras; which, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.

King. Norway, over and above the rest.
Gives him three thousand ducats in annual fee;
And his commission, to enrich those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shewn; [Gives paper.
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took 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 night, day, 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'st, 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, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis 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.

Perypsum. I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.
—To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beauti-
flower, —
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; 
Doubt, that the sun doth move; 
Doubt truth to be a lie; 
But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I love not art to recoll my gowns: 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 shewn 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
When I was sent this last letter, king, think,
(As I perceiv'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 working, 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 did I bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens,
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,) fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know
That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
[that,]
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[Pointing to his head and shoulder.
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

How may we try it further?
Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours to-
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.
Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And he not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and caterers.

King. We will try it.

[Enter Hamlet, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.
Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?
Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.
Ham. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?
Guil. Prison, my lord?
Ham. Denmark's a prison.
Ros. Then is the world one.
Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.
Ros. We think not so, my lord.
Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you: for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.
Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.
Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.
Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitions 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 we beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstrip't heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my lay, I cannot reason.
Ros. Guil. We'll come upon you.
Ham. No such matter; unless you will not sort you with the rest of my servants to speak to you like an honest man, I am most diligently 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 half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclination? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come, nay, speak.
Guil. What should we say, my lord?
Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.
Ros. To what end, my lord?
Ham. That you must teach me. But let me confute you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the connubialty of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no.
Ros. What say you? [To Guilienstern.]
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 mostl no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, for-gone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a stiff premonitory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look on you, this brave over-hanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with
golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than 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, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts. Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, Man delights not me?

Ros. All would, my lord, if you delight not in man, what mean 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 lower shall not sigh gravs, 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 you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rust? Ros. Nay, it is but an old man that keeps in the wonde pace; but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for’t; 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 these children that maintains them, and have they excot? 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 no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them explain against their own succession?

Ros. Faith there has been much ado to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on 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?

Guit. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those, that would make mouths 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.

[Fleurish of trumpets within.

Gui. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then: the appenctance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this gamb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must shew fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Gui. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. Hark you, Gentlemen, you must mind 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, Gueldenstern,—and you too:—at each ear a hatter; that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling clothes.

Ros. We can’t have the sence some 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 say right, sir: o’ Monday morning: ’twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you. Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Receiuit what an how then, my lord. Ham. Baz, baz! Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then come each actor on his as,

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical-comical, scene indelible, or poem unlimited: Senece cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of wit, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hast thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why, the Condensation of the fair daughter, and no more. The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Aside. Ham. Am not I the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What an actor in Roes. Masters, you are all welcome. We’ll e’en to I 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 lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was in a bat, or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; ’twas 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; was digested in the scenes, set down with as much mosity as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallies in the lines, to make the matter savoury;
HAMLET.

The instant burst of eloquence that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all.)

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour
And has tears in his eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for their acts are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodkin, man, much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping! Use them after your own honour and dignity! The less they deserve the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[Exit Polonius with some of the Players.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you play the mariner of Gonzago?

1. Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. I have it.—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 Guts.] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[Exit Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern.

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you.—Now I am alone, O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I! Is it not monstrous, that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit,

That from her working all his visage wan'd;

Tears in his eyes, distraction in's 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,

Hath in the motive and the cue for passion,

That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,

And clear the general ear, with horrid speech;

Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,

Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,

The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddied 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 damn'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?

Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie I' th' throat;

A deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?

Ha! Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,

But I am pigeon- liver'd and lack gall,

To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,

I should have fatted all the region kites

With this slave's offal: Bloody, bloody villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder’d,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall to cursing like a very drab,
A scullion! [Aside.]
Eye upon’t! ho! About my brains! Humph! I have
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim’d their malefactions;
For though it seem they have no tongue,
With most miraculous organ I’ll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I’ll observe his looks;
I’ll tent him to the quick; if he do bleach,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits.)
Abuses me to damn me: I’ll have grounds
More relative than this: the play’s the thing,
Wherein I’ll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you tell, 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, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o’er-naghted on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. ’Tis most true:
And he beseech’d me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much con
To hear him so inclin’d; [tent me
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge.
And drive his purpose to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[Exit ROSENCRANZ and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as ‘twere accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father, and myself (lawful espials,) Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge:
And gather by him, as he is behav’d,

I’t be the affliction of his love or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet’s wildness; so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit QUEEN.
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this book;

[To OPHELIA.

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
’Tis too much prov’d, that, with devotion’s visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o’er
The soul himself.

King. O, ’tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot’s cheek, beautified with plast’ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:

O heavy burden! [Aside.
Pol. I hear him coming; let us withdraw, my lord.

[Enter KING and POLONIUS.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether ’tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The sling and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them.—To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—’tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish’d. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep; perchance to dream;—ay, there’s the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there’s the respect, [Exit
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,
The pangs of despi’d love, the law’s delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life:
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover’d country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns.—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of;
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now:
The fair Ophelia;—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember’d.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; 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, you know right well, you

3 G 2
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their petrune 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 me no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce with 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 lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but I yet I could account of such things, that it were better, my mother had not born me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in his own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. To a nunnery: farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jog, you amble, and you lie, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance: Go to, I'll no more of '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! The expectancy and rose of the fair state.

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form.

The observer of all observers! quite, quite down! And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like to a ball, unstrung, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blazon youth,
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!

To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend; Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little, Was not like madness. There's something in his soul, O'er which his melancholy sits so bent;
And, I do doubt, the batch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger: Which for to prevent, I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down; He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This thinking-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus—
From fashion of himself. What think you on't? Pol. It shall do well; but yet I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia? You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please; But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To shew his grief; let her be round with him,
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear Of all their conferences: If she find him not, To England send him: or confine him, where Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so: Madenss in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Hall in the same.

Enter Hamlet, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-criers spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the eye, nor trim the speech too fine, nor will I let you play the soldiers, thus; all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwigs-pated fellow bear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out herds' head: pray you, avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too much entail'd, neither let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observe, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so undone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come too short, though it make the unskilful laugh, can but make the judicious gasp; the censure of whose one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutt'd, and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Play. I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators
to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necess-
ary question of the play be then to be considered:—
that's villainous; and shews a most pitiful ambition
in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[Exeunt Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, & Guildenstern.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of
work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Did the players make haste.—[Exit Pol.
Will you two help to hasten them?

Both, Ay, my lord.—[Exeunt Rosenc. & Guild.

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 cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do o't think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That so revenue hast, but his occulted spirits
To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flat-
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp; 'tis'tard
And crook the present hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She 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
Hath ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this. —
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted spirits
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 stithy. 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 while this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
Get you a place.

Danish March. A Flourish. Enter King, Queen,
Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guilden-
sten, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, /faith; /of the cavalier's dish: —
I eat the air, promise-crammed: You cannot feed
caupons so.

King. I have o'ertaking with this answer, Hamlet; —
these words are o't mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played
once in the university, you say! —[To Polonius.

Pol. You two help to

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact /Julius Cæsar: I was killed i'the
Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital
a calf there.—lie the players ready?

Res. 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 lie in your lap?

[Exit down at Ophelia's feet.

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a
man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheer-
fully my mother looks, and my father died within
these two hours.

Oph. Ay, sir. It is 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'lander, 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 follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen
embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes
show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and
declares his head upon her neck: lows him down upon
a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him.
Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it,
and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit.

The Queen returns: finds the King dead, and makes
passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three
mates, comes in again, seeming to lament with her.
The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wows
the Queen with gifts; she seems beshirt and unwilling
awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love. —[Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching 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 'll shew him: Be
not you ashamed to shew, he'll not shame to tell
you what it means.

Oph. You are taught, you are taught: I'll mark
the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your elements,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phæbus' east gone
round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' erod'ed ground;  
And thirty duse moons, with bow'd'd Sheen,  
About the world has times twelve thirties been;  
Since love our hearts, and Hueman 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, wo'e is me, you are so sick of late,  
So far from cheer, and from your former state,  
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,  
Do not fear you, my lord, it nothing must.  
For women fear too much, even as they love;  
And women's fear and love hold quantity;  
It neither aught, or in extremity,  
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;  
And as my love is sir'd, my fear is so.  
Where love is great, the slightest doubts are fear;  
Where little fear grows great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly  
My operand powers their functions leave to do; [too]  
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,  
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind  
For husband shalt thou—
P. Queen. O, confound the rest!  
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:  
In second husband let me be secure;  
None wed the second, but who killed the first.  
Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move,  
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;  
A second time I kill my husband dead;  
When second husband kisses me in bed.  
P. King. I do believe, you think what now you say,  
What we do determine, on the break. [speak]  
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 'tis, 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 enactures with themselves destroy:  
Where joy most revell, grief doth most lament;  
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.  
This world is not for age; nor 'tis not strange,  
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;  
For this is but the trade, yet to prove;  
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.  
The great man down, you mark, his favourite lies;  
The poor advance'd makes friends of enemies.  
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:  
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;  
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
Directly reasons him his enemy.  
But, orderly to end where I began,—  
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 you 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,  
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!  
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,  
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!  
Ham. If she should break it now,— [To Ophelia.

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while:  
My spirits grow dull, and pain I would beguile  
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.  
P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain  
And never come mischeance 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 it?  
Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest: to no offence the world.  
King. What do you call the play?  
Ham. The mouse-trap, Marry, how! Tropically.  
This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna  
Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista;  
you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work:  
But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.—

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king;  
Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.  
Ham. I could interpret between you and your love,  
If I could see the puppets dallying.  
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 mistake your husbands.—Begin,  
murderer;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin.  
Come; —The creaking raven  
Doth bellow for revenge. [agreeing;  
Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and true  
Confedrate season, else no creature seeing;  
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,  
With Heact's ban thirst blasted, thusence infected,  
Thy natural magic and dire property,  
On wholesome life usurp immediately.  
[Pour the poison into the sleeper's ears.

Ham. He poisons him in the garden for his estate.  
His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and written  
in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.  
Oph. The king rises.  
Ham. What ['tis? How! With false fire!  
Queen. How fares my lord!  
Pol. Give o'er the play.  
King. Give me some light,—away!  
Pol. Lights, lights, lights!  
[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart ungalled play;  
For some must watch, while some must sleep;  
Thus runs the world away.  
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two  
Provencal roses on my rared shoes, get me a fellowship  
in a cry of players, sir?  
Hor. Half a share.  
Ham. A whole one, I.  
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,  
This realm dismantled was  
Of Jove himself; and uew reigns here  
A very, very—peacock.  
Hor. You might have rhymed.  
Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word  
for a thousand pound. Did'st perceive?  
Hor. Very well, my lord.
ACT III.—SCENE III.

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, vowsuchase me a word with you.
Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir.—
Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?
Guil. Is, in his return, that marvellous distempered.
Ham. With drink, sir?
Guil. No, my lord, with choler.
Ham. Your wisdom should shew itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.
Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my 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 that breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, you shall command. And, or, as you say, my mother, therefore, no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say.

Ros. Then thus she says; Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's commendation; impart,
Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.
Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.
Have you any further trade with us?
Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemp' rer? you do, surely, but har; the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.
Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.
Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but While the grass grows,—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with recorders.

O, the recorders,—let me see one.—To withdraw w; h; you:—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unnatural.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?
Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me. I cannot.
Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages

with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music.

Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. S'blood, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. You see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel!

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed
Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. If then will I come to my mother by and by.
—They fool me to the top of my head.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

[Exit Polonius.

Ham. 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; O, then, good night,
I could drink hot blood, and do such business as the bittier day
Would make to look on. Soft; now to my mother. —
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrisies:
How in my words soever she be absent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in the same.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

KING. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
Your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most hol inflating and holy is.
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live, and feed upon your majesty.
Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'circumstance;' but much more
That spirit, upon whose weight depend and rest
The balance of this world. The ease 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 adjourn'd: which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin.

Never alone
HAMLET.


Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.
King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will feterus put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.
Ros. Guil. We will haste us. [Exit ROSCRAFANT AND GUILDENSTERN.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home.
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis 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.

King. Thanks, dear my lord. [Exit POLONIUS.
O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal odour of the Time
A brother's murder! — Pray God I may not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defies 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,—
To be confront'd, ere we come to fall,
Of course, by pious hands down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder! —
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may move by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize 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 bosom, black as death!
O limed soul; that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay.
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be not as sinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well! [Retires, and kneels.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't; and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as blush 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,
ACT III.—SCENE IV.

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Call's virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicer's oath: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me, what act,
That tears so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this:
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curl; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. — Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor! Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love: this is not love,
The very harlot-honour of those eyes.
The holy-day in the blood is tane, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else, could you not have motion: But sure, that sense
Is appex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thral'd,
But that there's some quantity of choice.
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without seeing, 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, that my blushing blush would be thy blush! Rebellions hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an esteemed bed;
Stew'd 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;
Nu more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord: — a view of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket! No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king
Of sheeds and patches —
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings, [figure?
You heavenly guards! — What would your gracious

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, let's go by
The important acting of your dread command! O, say,

Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! - amenity on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Concent in weaknesses boister strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is 't with you?

Ham. That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incoporal air do hold discourse!

Ghost. Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrement,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentleman,
Upon the heat and flame of thy dissembler
Sprinkle cool patience. Wherecon do you look?

Ham. On him! — on him! — Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. — Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My steep effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves. Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his Habits as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[Exit Ghost.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy! My purpose, my desire, dost temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering action on your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the meager place;
While rank corruption, mining all within,
Infests unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repeal what's past: avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue.
For in the fatness of these putting times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast left my heart in twain.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.

Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit and devil, is angel yet in this:
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night:
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next more easy:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night;
ACT IV—SCENE IV.

Follow me in the morning, and I'll go with thee to the court; therefore, let us part now.

Very well; and I'll go with thee, gentle lord.

[Exeunt.]
HAMLET

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 mouths at the invisible event; 
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure, 
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare 
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great, 
Is, not to stir without great argument; 
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw, 
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then, 
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd, 
Exeitments of my reason, and my blood, 
And let all sleep! white, 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 and Horatio.

Queen. — I will not speak with her. 
Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract; 
Her mood will needs be pitied. 
Queen. — What would she have? 
Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears, 
There's tricks 't the world; and hems, and beats her heart; 
Spures 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 then, 
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought, 
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may shew 
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds: 
Let her come in. [Exit Horatio. 
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature, go, 
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. 

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark? 
Queen. How now, Ophelia? 
Oph. How should I your true love know 
From another one? 
By his cocke hat and staff, 
And his sandle show? 

[Sing. 

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song? 
Oph. Say you 't nay, pray you, mark. 

[Sing. 

He is dead and gone, lady, 
At his head a gross-green turf, 
At his heels a stone.

O, ho! 
Queen. Nay, but Ophelia, 
Oph. Pray you, mark. 

White his shroud at the mountain snow, 
[Sing.

Enter King. 

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers; 
Which h prick to the grave did go, 
With true-love showers. 

King. How do you, pretty lady? 
Oph. Well, God'ield ye! 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 Conceit upon her father. 

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this: 
Good morrow, 'tis 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 did his clothes, 
And up'd the chamber door; 
Let in the maid, that out a maid 
Never departed more. 

King. Pretty Ophelia! 
Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't: 

By Git, and by Saint Charity, 
Atael, and jue for shame! 
Young men will do't, if they come to't; 
By cock, they are to blame. 
Quoth she, before you tumbled me, 
You promised me to wed: 

[He answers.] 

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun, 
An thou hadst not come to my bed. 

King. How long hath she been thus? 
Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be pa- 

tient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him in the cold ground: My brother shall know of it, and so 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 wis- 
pers, 

For good Polonius' death; and we have done but green- 
In hagger-magger to infer 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 person to arraign; 
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this, 
Like to a murdering piece, in many places 
Gives me superfluous death. [A noise within. 

Queen. Alack! what noise is this? 

Enter a Gentleman. 

King. Attend: 

Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door. 
What is the matter? 

Oph. Save yourself, my lord; 
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'weares your officers; The rabble call him, lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
A generate forget, a generation known.
The ruffians and props of every word,
They cry, Choose we; Laertes shall be king!
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!
Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.
King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all with—
Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave, Dan. We will, we will. [They retire without the door.

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile
Give of my father.
Queen. Calmly, good Laertes. [bастard
Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unmarred brow
Of my true mother.
King. What is the cause, Laertes,
This rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed;—Let him go, 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 joggled 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, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good, Laertes, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, 'tis 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
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican, [arms
Repart them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That— an guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibily in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment bear,
As day does to your eye.

Dnres. [Within.] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter Ophelia fantastically dressed with straw
and flowers.
O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefoot'd on the bier;
Hey nonny, nonny hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. I last then thy wits, and didst persuade
It could not move thus. [venge.

Oph. You must sing, Down a-down, an you call
him a-down-a. O, how the wheel becomes it! It is
the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's
for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's a fennel for you, and cumbines:—
there's rye for you; and here's some for me:—we may
call it, herb of grace o'Sundays:—you may wear
your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I
would give you some violets; but they wither'd all,
when my father died:—They say, he made a good
end.—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,— [Sings.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again? [Sings.

No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flowers was his pall:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cut away men;
God a mercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be wi'
you! [Exit Ophelia.

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophye, sword, nor hatchment, o'ert his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'ware from heaven to earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall:
And, where the 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;
HAMLET.

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 Seil. God bless you, sir.  
_Hor_. Let him bless thee too. 

1 Seil. 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 overlooked this, give these fellows some meaus 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 colour; and in the grapple I boarded them; on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou woul'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the sore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. 

_He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet._ 
Come, I will give you way for these your letters; And do't the speedier, that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them.  
[Exit._

**SCENE VII.—Another Room in the same.**

_Enter King and Laertes._

**King.** Now must your conscience my acquaintance 
And you must put me in your heart for friend;  
[Seal. 
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear, 
That he, which hath your noble father slain, 
Purs'd my life.  
_Laer._

It well appears:—But tell me, 
Why you proceeded not against these feats, 
So criminal and so capital in nature, 
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else, 
You mainly were stirp'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 is so conjunctive to my life and soul, 
That as the star moves not but in his sphere 
I could not but by her. The other motive, 
Why to a public count I might not go, 
Is the great love the general gender bear him. 
Who, dipp'd all his faults in their affection, 
Work like the spring that turneth 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; 
Whose worth, if praises may go back again, 
Stood challenger on mount of all the age 
For perfections:—but my revenge will come.  

**King.** Break not your sleeps for this; you must not That we are made of stuff so flat and dull, [think, 
That we can let our beard lie shock with danger, 
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more: 
I loved your father, and we love ourself; 

And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—  
How now? what news? 

**Enter a Messenger._

**Mess.** Letters, my lord, from Hamlet; 
This to your majesty; this to the queen.  

**King.** From Hamlet? Who brought them?  
**Mess.** Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not; 
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them 
Of him that brought them.  

**King.** Laertes, you shall hear them:— 
[Exit Messenger. 

**[Reads.] High and mighty, you shall know, I am set here on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.  

Hamlet.** 

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back? 
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?  
_Laer._ Know you the head?  

**King.** 'Tis Hamlet's character. Naked,—  
And, in a postscript here, he says, alone: 
_Canst thou advise me?_ 
_Laer._ I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come; 
It warns the very sickness in my heart, 
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth, 
This didest thou.  

**King.** If it be so, Laertes, 
As how should it be so! how otherwise?—  
Will you be rul'd 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 checking at his voyage, and that he means 
No more to undertake it,—I will work him 
To an exploit, now ripe in my device, 
Under the which he shall not choose but fall; 
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe; 
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice, 
And call it, accident.  

_Laer._ My lord, I will be rul'd.  

The rather, if you could devise it so, 
That I might be the organ.  

**King.** It falls right.  

You have been talk'd of since your travel much, 
And that in Hamlet's bearing, for a quality 
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts 
Did not together place such envy from him, 
As did that one; and that, in my regard, 
Of the unworthiest siege.  

_Laer._ What part is that, my lord?  

**King.** A very ribband in the cap of youth, 
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes 
The light and careless livery, that it wears, 
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds, 
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since, 
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—  
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French, 
And they can well on horseback: but this galliant 
Had witscraft in't; he grew unto his seat; 
And much would 'tis doing brought his horse, 
As he had been incorp'sd and demi-natur'd 
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought, 
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, 
Come short of what he did.  

_Laer._ A Norman, was't?  

**King.** A Norman. 

_Laer._ Upon my life, Lamord. 

**King.** The very same. 

_Laer._ I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed, 
And gem of all the nation. 

**King.** He made confession of you;
There on the pendant boughs her coronet
Weed, and a silver sliver broke.

Act IV, Sc. 1
ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen:
Queen. One wee doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—I our sister's drown'd, Laertes.
Laert. Drown'd! O, where?
Queen. There is a willow grows asculant the brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids to dead men's fingers call them;
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an avious sliver brake;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook, her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Whence time, she chant'd soatches of old tueses;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and im'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 muddy death.

Laert. Alas then, she is 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 drown'd it.

[Exit. 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.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Church-Yard.

Enter Two Clowns, with spades, &c.

1 Clo. Is she to be buried in christian burial, that
willfully seeks her own salvation?
2 Clo. 1 tell thee, she's; therefore make her grave
straight: the crowner hath set her, and finds it
christian burial.
1 Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned her-
self in her own defence?
2 Clo. Why, 'tis found so.
1 Clo. It must be so offendendo; it cannot be else.
For here lies the point: if I drown myself willingly,
it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it
is, to act, to do, and to perform: Argal, she drowned
herself willingly.
2 Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman deliver.
1 Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good:
here stands the man; good: If the man go to this
water, and drown himself, it is, will he, will he, he
goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him,
and drown him, he drown'd not himself: Argal, he,
that is not guilty of his own death, shorts not his
own life.
2 Clo. But is this law?
1 Clo. Ay, marry is:—a crowner's-quest law.
2 Clo. Will you ha' the truth out? 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 folks 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 gravemakers; 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 does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. Toot 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. Toot.


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 Taugharn, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit 2 Clown.

1 Clown digs, and sings.

In youth, when 1 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? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of earsness.

Ham. 'Tis even 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 into the land,  
As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a scull.

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the 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 circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord? This might be my lord Such-a-one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to bag it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, 'c'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 acht to think on't.

1 Clo. A pitch-axe, and a spade, a spade, [Sings]  
For—and a throuding sheet:  
O, a pit of clay for to be made,  
For such a guest is meet.  

[Throws up a scull.

Ham. There's another: Why may not he be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his chisels, his carpenter's tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the secooe with a dirty shovell, and will not tell him of his action of battery! Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of hole 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 parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Aye, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 Clo. Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made [Songs]  
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed: for thou liest in't.

1 Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.  

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

1 Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 Clo. Only that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so pick'd, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kike.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clo. Of all the days i'the year, I came in't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since?  

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 Clo. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?
ACT IV.—SCENE I.

1 Clow. Why, here in Denmark; I have been sev-
teen here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot?

1 Clow. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corses 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 more than another?

1 Clow. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now hath lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 Clow. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

1 Clow. Even that.

Ham. Alan, 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 hangs those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your yams! your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar! Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chappell'd? 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. A' them think, Alexander looked o' this fashion i'the earth?

Hor. Even so.

Ham. A' smelt so? pah! [Throws down the scull, 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. I swore 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 to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make leam: And why of that leam, wherein he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel? Impious Caesar, dead, and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away: O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw! But soft! but soft! aside:—Here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the corpse of Ophelia, Laertes and Mourners following; King, Queen, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow? Aul with such maimed rites! This doth betoken, The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand Foroedo its own life. 'Twas of some estate: Couch we a while, and mark. [Retiring with Horatio. Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, A very noble youth: Mark. Laer. What ceremony else?

1 Priests. Her observences have been so far enlarg'd As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful; And, but that great command oversways the order, The should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers, Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her, Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants, He maidsen strewments, and the bringing home Of bell and burial. Laer. Must there no more be done?

Ham. No more be done! We should profane the service of the dead, To sing a requiem, and such rest to her, As to peace-parted souls. [Scattering flowers.

Ham. Lay her i'the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest, A miniature angel shall my sister be, When thou liest howling. Ham. What, the fair Ophelia? Quean. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!

Hor. I hop'd, thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife; I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid, And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head, Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense Depriv'd thee of?—Hold off the earth a while, Till I have caught her once more in mine arms: [Leaps into the grave.

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead; Till of this that a mountain you have made, To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Advancing.] What is he, whose grief Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I. Hamlet the Dane. [Leaps into the grave. Laer. The devil take thy soul! [Grappling with him.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well. I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat; For, though I am not splenetic and rash, Yet have I in me something dangerous, Which thou wilt not know, but there is something Like wonder-wonder'd hearers? this is I. Hamlet the Dane. [Leaps into the grave.

Hor. [The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave. Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme, Until my eyelids will no longer wag. Quean. 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. Quean. For love of God, forbear him. Ham. Dumb, shew me what thou hast done: Would 'wont weep? 'wont fight? 'wont fast? 'wont tear 'wont drink up Esil? eat a crocodile? 'thyself? I'll do.—Dost thou come here to whine? To outface me with leaping in her grave? Be buried quick with her, and so will I: And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw Millions of earth on us; till our ground Singing his praise against the burning zooe, Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth, I'll rant as well as thou. Quean. This is mere madness: And thus a while the fit will work on him; Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. What is the reason, that you use me thus? I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter; Let Hercules himself do what he may, The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [Exit.]

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him. [Exit Horatio.]

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech; [To Laertes.]

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 shortly 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
You do remember all the circumstance? [other;—]

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting;
That could not let me sleep: methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the billores. Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it,—Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach
There's a divinity that shapes our ends, [us,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Ham. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scar'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd 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 forternating manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
A 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.

Ham. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it a more leisure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, 'tis beseech you.

Ham. Being thus confederate round with villainies,
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play;—I set me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair;
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjunction from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities;
And many such like as of great charge,—
That on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not dwelling time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordain'd;
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;
Subscrib'd it; gave't the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known; Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight: and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employ-
They are not near my conscience; their defeat [meant;
Does by their own insinuation grow;
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king this is!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon;
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage: 'tis not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. 'Tis more than man hath power to do; in very act
What he would is no matter of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter Osrac.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Den-
mark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this
water-flop?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a
close to know him: He hath much land, and fertile:
let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand
at the king's mess: 'Tis a chough; but, as I say,
spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure,
I should have some thing to you from my master.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of
spirit: Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind
is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot;
or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as
'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty
bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager
on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember——

[Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good
faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes be-
lieve me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excel-
Ient differences, of very soft society, and grant show-
ing; Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card
or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the
centurion of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his deficiency suffers no perturbation in
you—thought, I know, to divide him inventorially,
would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but
Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commanded him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; nor, or whatsoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord.] Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in exceptional practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman. Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forswear their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy angry; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man, of ought he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me. [The King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you But pardon it, as you are a gentleman. [Wrong; This presence knows, and you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd with a 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: 'Tis not to be, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd; His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy, Sir, in this audience, Let my disclaiming from a purpose'd evil Free me so far in your most generous thoughts, That I have shot my 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 reconciliation, Till by some elder masters, of known honour, I have a voice and precedent of peace, To keep my name ungod'd: But till that time, I do receive your offer'd love like love, And will not wrong it.

Ham. [Exit. I embrace it freely;
HAMLET.

And we in th' other's wagers flash, play,—
Give in the noise come on.

Enter. Come, one for me.

Ham. O, be your ears my instruments! I must mine! Your ear shall take a start at the largest note, stuck there off, indeed. You mock me, sir.

Enter. No, by this hand.

Ham. Give them the fools, young Horatio—Cousin the know the wager.' [Hamlet.

Enter. Far well, my lord.

Your Grace hath told the odds, the seeker side.

Ham. I do not hear it. I have seen you both—But since she's better off, we have therefore ours.

Enter. This is too heavy; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These fools have all a tongue. [They prepare to play.

Ham. My good lord.

Enter. Set me the sum of mine, and that it be—
If Horatio give the first, or exceed you.

Give me an answer of the third exchange.

My stint small, and my patience near advance.

The pack is all gone; it is a better breach;

The pack in the run shall make it short throw.

Wit's when that four successive kings

Do Lemminks, or crown, or crown, crown, crown; Give me the rise.

And in the middle the trumpet speaks.

The trumpets in the sunshines victorious,

The suns in the heavens, the heaven to earth,

And the earth around to heaven—Come, begin—

And you, the shepherd, hear a very voice.

Enter. Come in, sir.

Enter. Come, my lord. [They play.


Enter. Stay, give me looks. Hamlet, this bears is

More to my thought.—O, I am up the tap, chance

To make a common sort of villain.

Enter. I pray you, once fiire place, set it by writing.

Enter. Another shot.—not now, sir: [They play.

Enter. You struck, much, I confess.

Enter. O, you stand at the court, and a score of breaths.

Ham. Hamlet, in my napkin, in your brow.

The green illumes to my fortune, think it.

Ham. Good morn. —

Enter. graceful, to be drunk.

Queen. I will my lord—draw you, garden me.

Enter. Is it a person any?— drew a man. [Queen.

Enter. I am not drunk: I am, by my lady.

Queen. Some of me, my lord.

Enter. I do not think it.

Enter. And yet it is not against my conscience.

Enter. Come, in the court. Laurence, You and I are

upon the earth, with your best—Sir, come quickly

Let—be it now. [They play.

Enter. thing another way.

Enter. Come, my lord. [She takes him.

Enter. Nay come again. Laurence. They sneer at the

through the tears. [Queen.

Enter. They sneer at us—now a noise. [Queen.

Enter. They are in Jupiter. [Queen.

Enter. Everything in Jupiter. [Queen.

Enter. I am the weather. [Queen.

Enter. I am with mine own treachery. 

Ham. Where is the queen?—I am poison.

Queen. O, Villain—He set the door to be locked.

Enter. The Queen is new Hamlet, Hamlet, thou art slain; No medicine in the world can do thee good, in that thou is not hail an hour's life; The heathenish instrument is in thy hand. [Enter, and environ the old man practices Enter in itself on the—So here I am. Never move again. Then another poison.

I can no more the king, the king to blame. 

Enter. The point Enron but thus—Then, vemone, to my work.

Enter. The Queen.

Enter. The Queen. 

Ham. He is very wise. 

Enter. This is a poison temper'd by himself. 

Enter. Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet. 

Enter. Heaven make thee free of all I follow thee. 

Enter. Most sovereign, when I that look pale and tremble at this measure, That are but motives or audaces of this act, 

Enter. This instant, this instant serves, to serve— 

Enter. He is dead. 

Enter. Never believe it:

Enter. Here am I a Barish and a Dane.

Enter. As thou in a man—

Enter. Give me the cup. let go, by heaven I have as,

Enter. In the name of—what a troubled name,

Enter. Things coming from unknown, shall live behind me? 

Enter. From thee to me, from me to thee, from me to thee, 

Enter. And in this barr w I drew my breath in pain. 

Enter. To all my sight—More is said and—woman.

Enter. What warped state is this?

Enter. Young Fortinbras, with conquest comes from 

Enter. To the ambassadors of England, given 

Enter. This warlike valiant.

Enter. O, Fortinbras.

Enter. The part go with a strength—

Enter. That laugh we the news from England 

Enter. On Fortune's have we lost your name, 

Enter. The part warlike—

Enter. Enter. Laurence, the English Ambassadors, 

Enter. Where. Where is the court. 

Enter. Where it is, you would see it. 

Enter. This quittance, and—[Queen.

Enter. This quittance, and—[Queen.

Enter. Where is the court.
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hast struck?
1 amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England do impart
The ears senseless, that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfilled,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead;
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
Hor. We must commit upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arrive; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage, be placed to the view;
And let me speak, to the yet unknown world,
Howthese things came about: So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall o' the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.
Fort. Let us haste to bear it,
And call the nobest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage don't invite me.
Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak.
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more
But let this same be presently performed.
Even while men's minds are wild; test most มา
On plots, and errors, happen.
[Exeunt, chance.
Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had been been put on,
To have proud most royally: and, for his passage,
The Soldier's music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.

Othello.

This tragedy, which Malone supposes to have been written so early as 1622, was first entered as "Othello," Oct. 6, 1623, and printed the year following.
The story is taken from the seventh tale, in the third canto, of Othello in the Italian version published in 1565. In the English translation exist in Shakespeare's time, and with the contents of which he must have been acquainted by his knowledge either of the Italian or the French language.
"The time of this play," says Heath, "may be ascertained from the following circumstances. We remark the second formula, or design against Cyprus in 1569, and took it in 1571. This was the only attempt the Turks ever made upon that island after it came into the hands of the Venetians, which was in the year 1475, whereas the time must fall in with some part of that interval. I learn from the play that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus. The Venetians, under the command of Barattino, went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its way to Cyprus. These were real political facts, which happened when Massenaga, Servadac's general, attacked Cyprus May 1573, which therefore is the true period of this performance. See Boeckh's "History of the Turks," p. 836, 846, 867."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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.
Robigo, a Venetian Gentleman.
Montano, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.
Clown, servant to Othello.
Herald.
Desdemona, daughter to Brabantio, and wife to Othello.
Emilia, wife to Iago.
Blanca, a cousin, mistress to Casio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, 

SCENE.—for the First Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at Sea-Port in Cyprus.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Venice. A Street.
Enter Rodrigo and Iago.

Rod. Thou, never tell me, I take it much unkindly, that thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse.
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst thou know of this.
Iago. Blood, but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter.

Abhor me.
Rod. Thou'rt tell'dst me, then didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great oves of the
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant, [Exit.
Of th' /a/cy 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,
Perutes them, with a bom-bast circumstance,
 Horribly stuff'd with crotchets of war:
And, in conclusion, nonsens
My meditation; for, certes, says he,
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he?
Torsos, a great mathetician.
One Michel Catalio, a Florentine.
A fellow almost dam'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 hookish theoretic,
Wherein, the terror'd consul can propose
As master's he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But, he, sir, had the election:
And, of whom his eyes had seen the proof.
At Rhodes, as Cyprus: and on other grounds
Christian and heathen. must be he bless'd and calm'd
By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster;
He's a good time, must his gentleman be.
And, God bless the men his Moorish-ship's ancient.
Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hang
man.
Jago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of ser-
Preferment goes by letter, and affection, (vice;
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Sined him to the first. New, sir, be judge yourself,
When I in arry just term am aff'red
To love the Moon.
And. I would not follow him then.
Jago. O, sir, content you:
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark
Many a duteous and true-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obnoxious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he's old,
cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves: Others there are,
Who, tram'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves:
And, though the service be not service on their lords.
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have line'd
their coats.
Do themselves hommage: these fellows have some soul.
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir.
It is as sure as you are Roderigo.
Were I the Moon, I would not be Jago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not! for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern. is not long after:
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For a dawn to peck at, I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry thus!
Jago. Call up her father.
Reuse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Preach him in the streets: incense his kinsmen.
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plagued with ambition, though he's joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation o'er.
As it may lose some colour
Rod. Here is her father's house: I'll call abroad.
Jago. Do: with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in a pyramidal cornice,
Dua. What, ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!
Jago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!
Thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio, above, at a window.
Dua. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Dua. Signior, is all your family within?
Jago. Are your doors lock'd?
Dua. Why? wherefore ask you this?
Jago. Zounds, sir, you are robb'd: for shame, put
on your gown.
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is ramping your white ewe.
Arise, arise;
Awake the snoring citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a granduse of you.
Arise, I say.
Dua. What, have you lost your wits?
Jago. Most revolent signior, do you know my voice?
Dua. Not I: what are you?
Rod. My name is—Roderigo.
Dua. The worse welcome:
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plenness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee, and now, in madness,
Being full of suspicion, and discontented drags,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.
Rod. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
Dua. Patience, good sir.
Rod. What tell'st thou me of rebukes? this is Vem-
My house is not a grange.
Dua. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple, and pure soul I come to you.
Jago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that will not
serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are muffins:
You'll have a dand' daughter covered with a Barbary horse:
You'll have your navigation weigh to you:
you'll have courser for cousins, and genets for
germans.
Jago. What profane wretch art thou?
Jago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your
daughter and the Moon are now making the beast
with two backs.
Dua. Thou art: a villain.
Jago. You are—a senator.
Rod. This shalt shall answer: I know thee, Ro-
Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,
If I be your pleasure, and most wise consent.
As partly. I find, it is:) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and droll watch o' the night,
Plagued witha sighing, transmuted— with no worse nor better gait.
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross claps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance.
We then have done you bold and stamy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrongs revenge. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of duty, I thus would play and trade with your reverence;
Your daughter.—if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes.
ACT I.—SCENE II.

In an extravagant, and wheeling stranger, 
Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself: 
If she be in her chamber, or your house, 
Let me see, or me the justice of the state 
For thus deluding 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! light! let not Farewell; for I 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 faction they have not, 
To lead their business: in which regard, 
Though I do hate him as I do hell paitos, 
Yet, for necessity of present life, 
I must shew out a flag and sign of love, 
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find 
Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search; [him, 
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.

It is too true an evil: gone she is; 
And what's to come of my despaired time, 
Is sought but bitterness.—Now, Rodenigo, 
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!— 
With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a father?— 
How didst thou know twas she!—O, thou deceiv'st 
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more 
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you? 
Rod. Truly, I think they are. [the blood!— 
Bra. O heaven!—How got she out?—O treason 
Of 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, Rodenigo, 
Of some such thing? 
Rod. Yes, sir; I have indeed. [her;— 
Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had 
Some knowledge of the business, as 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, roderigo, 
And raise some special officers of night. 
On, good Rodenigo,—I'll desire your pains. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. Another street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men, 
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience, 
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity. 
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine on ten times 
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs, 
Oth. 'Tis better as it is. 
Iago. Nay, but he prated, 
And spoke such scurry 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 and grievance 
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,) 
Will give him cable. 
Oth. Let him do his spite: 
My services, which I have done the signory, 
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know, 
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour, 
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being 
From men of royal siege; and my dements 
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune 
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago, 
But that I love the gentle Desdemona, 
I would not my unhoused free condition 
Put into circumscription and confine 
yonder? 
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come 

Enter Cassio, at a distance, and certain Officers 
with torches.

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. 
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 divise; 
It is a business of some heat: the gally 
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 hath sent about three several quests, 
To search you out. 
Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you. 
I will but spend a word here in the house, 
And go with you. [Exit. 
Cas. Ancient, what makes he here? 
Iago. Faith, he's met with something; I hear 
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever. 
Cas. I do not understand. 
Iago. He's married. 
Cas. To who? 
Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go? 
Oth. Have with you. 
Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you. 

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers of night, 
with torches and weapons.

Iago. It is Brabantio.—general, be advis'd; 
He comes to bad intent. 
Oth. Hola! stand there! 
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor. 
Bra. Down with him, thief! 
[They draw on both sides.

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you. 
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will 
Gainst them. 
Good signior, you shall more command with years, 
Than with your weapons. 
[daughter? 
Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my 
Damo'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy cursed darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That waken motion;—I'll have it disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhabited and out of warrant:—
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands, both of you.
Both of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison: till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

1 Sen. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him.

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
or any of my brothers of the state
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen be.

[Execut.

SCENE III.—The same. A Council-Chamber.

The Duke, and Senators, sitting at a table; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Ay, indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.
Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(Ass in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.


Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now? the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes:
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no essay of reason; 'tis a pageant,

To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importance of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may be with more facile question hear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the 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 confirms him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To make, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nav, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter A Messenger.

Mes. The Ottomites, reverent and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injeint them with an after fleet.

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought;—How many, as you guess?

Mes. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-steam
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.—
Marc. Manage, perchance, is he not in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence. [despatch.

Duke. Write from us; wish him post-post haste—

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Rodrigo,

and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior,
[To Brabantio.

We lack'd your counsel! and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed: nor doth the general
Take hold on me; for my particular care
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature.
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! Of, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not—

Duke. Who e'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 your 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 & 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 ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her; 
The very head and front of my offending
Hath, in this instant, more. Ruin all, 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 work can I speak,
More than pertain to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious pains,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver [gence,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic.
(For such proceeding I charg'd withal,) I won my daughter with.

Oth. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; And she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment main'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning.
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 certain and more overt test,
Than these this habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do 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? 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,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.


Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.—[Exit IAGO and Attendants.

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have 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 modern seeming, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth escapes I the 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 desarts wild, [heaven,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
What 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 plain hour: and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcell she had something heard,
But not intuitively: And often thought
And often did beguile her of her tears.
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful: [strange;
She wish'd, she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her, [me;
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter
Good Brabantio. [too.—
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, 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?

Desd. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life, and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hither to your daughter: But here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done:
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor; I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,
Which, as as grise, or step, may help these lovers
Into your dear care.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended.
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miscarriage that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miscarriage on.
What cannot be preserve'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robber's brazen smiles, steals away the thing
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 bears.
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, most 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 brows’d heart was pierced through the car,
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

_Duke._ The Turk with a most mighty preparation
makes for Cyprus — Othello, the fortitude of the place
is well known to you: And though we have there a
substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a
sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safe
voice on you: you must therefore be content to stub-
ber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more
stubborn and boisterous expedition.

_Oth._ The tyrant custom, most grave senators, 
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do assure
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; 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 besar,
As levels with her breeding.

_Duke._ If you please,
_Beat at her father’s.
_Bra._ I’ll not have it so.

_Oth._ Nor I.

_Dest._ Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts.
By putting him in his eye. Most gracious base,
To my unfolding lend a prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

_Duke._ What would you, Desdemona?

_Des._ That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and scorn 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 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 rights for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

_Oth._ Your voices, lords: — 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 heat, the young affects,
In my distinct and proper satisfaction.
But be free and fountainous to your mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant.
For she is with me: No, when light-wing’d toys
Of feather’d Cupid see with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business.
Let household make a salver of my helm,
And all indig and base adversaries
Make head against my estimation!

_Duke._ Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affairs cries — haste,
And speed must answer it: you must hence to-night.

_Des._ To-night, my lord!

_Duke._ This night.

_Oth._ With all my heart.

_Duke._ At nine i’ the morning here we’ll meet again.

_Othello, leave some officer behind,
And be we shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth 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,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack.
_Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

_1 Sen._ Adieu, brave Moor! I use Desdemona well.
_Bra._ Look to her Moor: have a quick eye to see;
She has deceiv’d her father, and may thee.

_[Exit Duke, Senators, Officers, &c._

_Oth._ My life upon her faith. — Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I pr’ythee, let thy wife attend upon her;
And bring them 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.

_[Exit Othello and Desdemona._

_Rod._ Iago.
_Iago._ What say’st thou, noble heart?
_Rod._ What will I do, think’st thou?
_Iago._ Why, to bed, and sleep.
_Rod._ I will incontinent drown myself.
_Iago._ Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!
_Rod._ It is silliness to live, when to live is a tor-
mend: and then we have a prescription to die, when
death is our physician.

_Iago._ O villainous! I have looked upon the world
for four times seven years! and since I could distin-
guish between a benefit and an injury, I never found
a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would
say, I would drown myself for the love of a Gun-
men—he, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

_Rod._ I could not: I pr’ythee, this is my shame
to be so fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

_Iago._ Virtue? a fig! ’tis in ourselves, that we are
thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the
which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will
plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed
up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or
distract it with many; either to have it strew with
idleness, or mann’d with industry; why, the power
and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.
If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason
to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness
of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous
conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging
motions, our earnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof
I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect or scion.
_Rod._ It cannot be.

_Iago._ It is merely a lust of the blood, and a per-
mission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thy-
self? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profess’d
me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving
with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never
better esteem thee now. Put money in thy purse;
follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an asper’d
beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be,
that Desdemona should long continue her love to the
_Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor be his to her:
It was a violent commenancement, and thou shalt
ACT II.—SCENE I.

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; f cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main, Descry 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 mortise? what shall we hear of this!

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,

The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;

The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,

And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:

I never did like molestation view

On th' enchaunted flood.

Mon. But if that the Turkish fleet

Do not insister'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;

It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lord! our wars are done:

The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,

That their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and suffrance

On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,

The Veronessa; Michael Cassio.

Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,

Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,

And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he speak

Of comfort,

Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,

And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted

With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heaven he be;

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands

Like a full soldiers. 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 'til we make the main, and the aerial blue,

An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so,

For every minute is expectancy

Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this 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 surpris'd to death,

Stand in bold cure.

[Within.] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4 Gent. 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.

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy.

[Gun heard.]

Our friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,

And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall.

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wi'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid

That paragon's description, and wild fame;

One that excels the quirks of blazing pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.—How now! who has put
Re-enter Second Gentleman.

S. Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
Cas. He has such admirable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors enstop'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Iago. What is she?—
Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's cap-
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
That foot here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'might'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,
Great renown'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:—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!—

Des. 1 thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear,—how know you company?
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: but, hark! a sail.
[The ship enters.

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:

Let it not gull 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 you?
You have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep;
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emili. You have little cause to say so. [doors.
Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchecas,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended.
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your
Des. O, y'eye upon thee, slanderer! [beds.
Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.
Emili. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou
should'st praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the
Iago. Ay, madam. [harbour!

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from fierce
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is delivered.

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.

Emili. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old food paradoxes, to make fools
Laugh i'the alcove. What unsalable praise hast thou
For her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praises the worst.
But what praise could'st thou bestow on a des-

erving woman indeed? one, that, in the authority
of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very ma-

lice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—now I may,
She that, being aegur'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the eold's head for the salmon's tail,
That she could think, and ne'er discourse her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were.—

Des. Do 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 counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him
more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [aside] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well
said, whether with as little word as this, will I en-
snare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her,
do; I will gie thee in thine own curstship. You
say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip
you out of your lieutenantcy, it had been better you
had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now
again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good;
well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed.
Yet again your fingers to your lips would, they were
yester-pipes for your sake!—[Trumpet. The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!—My dear Othello?

Des. 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 she winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high: and deck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
ACT II.—SCENE II.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in cholcr; and, haply, with his truceon may strike at you: Provokc him, that he may see, for even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no truc taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you nave a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were 'no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore.

Farwell.

Rod. Adieu. [Exit Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis not, and of great credit: The Moor's but in regard that I, hot, - Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too: Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure I stand accountable for as great a sin,) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leaped 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 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 trash of Venice's treasure, 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 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 practicing 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 Iago.]

SEClE 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 make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his supper. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven.
Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello. [Exeunt]

SCENE III.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night. Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do; But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.

Michael, good night. To-morrow, with our earliest, Let me have speech with you. — Come, my dear love, The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—

Good night. [Exeunt Oth., Des., and Cassio, and Attend.]

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago! We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is 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 alarm to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine: and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago! I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craptly 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 it; but it disliketh me. [Exit Cassio.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drank to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence [derigo, As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, No whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward, To Desdemona hath to-night carouse'd Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch: Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits, That hold their honours in a wary distance, The very elements of this warlike isle,— Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups, And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards, Am I to put our Cassio in some action That may offend the isle:—But here they come:

If consequence do but approve my dream, My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter Cassio, with him Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [Sings.

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [Wine brought in.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with faculty, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next bottle 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—town.

He was a wight of high renown, And thou art but of low degree: 'Tis pride that pulls the country down, Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. —Well, —Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's 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. [Drinks.

Iago. And so drink well.

Cas. Why, very well, then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before: —He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cassar And give direction: and do but see his vice; 'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him. I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [Aside]
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [Exit Rod. Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingrained infiniteness:
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 how! what noise? [Cry within.—Help! help!]

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat him in a town into a twigg'd bottle.

Rod. Beat me! [Striking Rod.]

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. [They fight.]

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.

[Aside to Rod., who goes out]
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed! [Bell rings.]

Who's that who rings the bell?—Diablo, ho! The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant! hold you;
You shall be shamed for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—he dies.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant,—sir, Montano,—gentlemen,—

— Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!—

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence arisest this thing?
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 idle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—tried all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devestings them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitted men,) Swords out, and titling one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds:
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!—

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot
Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth,
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure;—What's the matter,
That you unplace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the same
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
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught [me;—
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 guide to rule;
And passion having been judgment collid'd,
Assays to lead the way: If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twain'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose his life in it:—What's the matter?
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous,—Iago, who began it?
Mon. If partially affraid, or leag'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Touch me not so near:—

Iago. 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, follow'd this ha'perd sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his peace;
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,
I ne'er might say before: When I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men: the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did somewhat wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet, surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago, Thy honesty and love doth mine 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 rais'd up;—
I'll make thee an example.
Des. What's the matter, dear? Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed. Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon: lead him off. To Montano, who 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 bally slumbers wak'd with strife.

Even 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, sir, of myself; and what remains is beastly. My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving; you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again; you are but now in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he is yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot! and squabbly! swagger! swear! and discourse furious 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 it that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you? Cas. I know not. Iago. Is it possible? Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. —O, 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?

Iago. I hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unkindest look shows me another to me, I frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moriger: At the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a dronkard! had I as many mouths as Hyperion, 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 unblesseid, 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. Every man's 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 denotement 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. Cass. 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 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 to ender't to her love.

That she may make, unmake, do what she lists, 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 while this honest fool Flies Desdemona to repair his fortunes, And she for him plies strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,— That she repeals 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 ensnare them all. —How now, Rodrigo?

Enter Roderigo.

Rood. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the ery. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceeding well employed; 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 to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience! —What wound did ever heal, but by degrees? Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft; And wit, that depends on dilatory time. Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio: Though other things grow fair against the sun, Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe: Content thyself a while,—By the mass, 'tis morning; Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.— Retire thee; a place where the art billeted Away, I say. thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Rood.] Two things are to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress; I'll set her on; Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart, And bring him jump when he may Cassio find Soliciting his wife: —Ay, that's the way; Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[Exit.]
ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter Cassio, and some Musicians.
Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid—good-morrow, gen-

[Music.

Enter Clown.
Cl. Why, masters, have your instruments been at
Naples, that they speak it the nose thus?
[1 Mas. How, sir, how!
Cl. Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?
[1 Mas. Ay, marry, are they, sir.
Cl. O, thereby hangs a tail.
[1 Mas. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?
Cl. 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,
of all loves, to make no more noise with it.
[1 Mas. Well, sir, we will not.
Cl. If you have any music that may not be heard,
to't again: but, as they say, to hear music, the gen-
eral does not greatly care.
[1 Mas. We have none such, sir.
Cl. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll
away: Go; vanish into air; away. [Ex. Musicians.
Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend? Iago.
Cl. No, I hear not your honest friend, I hear you. Iago.
Cas. Prythee, keep up thy quilllets. 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 entertains her a little favour of
speech: Wilt thou do this?
Cl. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I
shall seem to notify unto her. [Exit.

Enter Iago.
Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.
Iago. You have not been a-bed then?
Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.
Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [Exit.
Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.
Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinities; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he loves
And needs no other suitor, but his likings; [you
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.
Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.
Emil. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.
Cas. I am much bound to you. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.
Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the state;
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.
Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see it?
Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Before the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.
Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Emil. Good madam, do; I know, it grieves my
As if the case were his.
[husband,
Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,
But I will have my lord and you again [Cassio,
As freely 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 further 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 Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place; assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him 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,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago, at a distance.
Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.
Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak.
Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Des. Do your discretion.
[Exit Cassio.
Iago. Ha! I like not that.
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 'twas he.
Des. How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is't you mean?
Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I prythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall it be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall it be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I set the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;
—
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's pesterent;
And yet his trespass in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best,) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check: When shall be come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mannering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you; and many a time,
When I have spoken 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. Prythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing:

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thee
straight. [Exit]; you.

Des. Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach:
What'er you be, I am obedient. (Exit, with Emilia.

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago? [Her.

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught
In him not honest? [in that?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought [thing:
Too hideous to be shewn.—Thou dost mean some-

I heard thee say but now.—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife; What did'st not like?
And, when I told thee,—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, Indeed?
And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these steps of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knife,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think, that Cassio is an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thoughts,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,
As where's that palace, whereunto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some 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; and entices thee
From one that so imperfectly conjects,
You'd 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: [nothing:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Rob'st me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. Thou cannot, if my heart were in your hand
Nor know not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;—
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who,不曾 of his fate, loves not his wrangling;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er;
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, faultless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions! No: to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolved: Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate, and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
In her of speech, gait, looks, 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 this; for now I shall have reason
To shew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio—
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abused; look to't;
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands; their best con-
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown. [sceene
Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seemed 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 seel her father's eyes up, close as oak,
He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon, [blame;
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.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love:—But, I do see you mov'd:—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To gesser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. To suspicion.

Iago. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest. [so! Iago.
Long live she so! and long live you to think
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be with hold
Not to affect many proposed matches, [you,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereeto, we see, in all things nature teads;
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But, pardon me; I do not in position,
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country formas,
And (happily) repeat.

Oth. Farewell; farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.


Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature,
doubtless,
See and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up to give ability,)
Yet, you please, to hint him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vouchsient importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am,) And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. One more take my leave. [Exit.

Oth. This fellow o's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: if I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have:—Or, for I am dec'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 vapours of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forged plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes.

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

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.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[He puts the watercloth from him, and it drops.
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exit Oth. and Des.

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Word'd me to steal it: but she so loves the token,
(For he could'rd her, she would doe keep it,) That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work 'ta'en out,
And give it Iago;

What he'll 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 you not 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. 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 the advantage, I, being here, took't up.  
Look, here it is.  

Iago. A good wench; give it me.  
Emil. What will you do with it, that you have been  
To have me fitch it?  
Iago. What! why's that to you? [Snatching it.  
Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,  
Give me it again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,  
When she shall lack it.  
Iago. Be not you known of; I have use for it.  
Go, leave me.  

[Exit EMILIA.  
Iago. I will Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it: frizzes, light as air,  
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poison:—  
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,  
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;  
But, with a little act 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'st yesterday.  

Oth. Ha! ha! ha! false to me?  
To me?  
Iago. Why, how now, general? so more of that?  
Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the  
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd, [rack—  
Than put to know a little.  
Iago. How now, my lord?  
Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?  
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:  
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,  
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.  
Iago. I am sorry to hear this.  
Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,  
Pirates and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,  
Farewell the tranquill mind! farewell content!  
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trumpet,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
And O you mortal engines, whose rude threats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!  
Iago. Is it possible!—My lord,—  
Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,  
Be sure of it; give me the peacular proof;  
[Taking him by the throat.  
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,  
Thou hast been better have been born a dog,  
Than answer my wak'd wrath.  
Iago. Is it come to this?  
Oth. Make me to see it; 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.  
Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!  
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—  
God be wi'you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,  
That liv'st to make thing honesty a vice!—  
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,  
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—  
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,  
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.  
Oth. Nay, stay;—Thou shouldst be honest.  
Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,  
And loses that it works for.  
Oth. By the world,  
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;  
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh  
As Dian's visage, is now 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? Bay, I will.  
Iago. And may: But, how? how satisfied, my lord?  
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?  
Behold her tupped?—  
Oth. Death and damnation! O!  
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
To bring them to that prospect: Damn them then,  
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,  
More than their own! What then? how then?  
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?  
It is impossible, you should see this,  
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,  
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—  
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—  
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.  
Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.  
Iago. I do not like the office:  
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—  
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—  
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;  
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
I could not sleep.  
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;  
One of this kind is Cassio:  
In sleep I heard him say—Sweet Desdemona,  
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!  
And then, sir, would he 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 sig'd, and kiss'd; and then  
Cry'd,—Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!  
Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!  
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream,
ACT III.—SCENE IV.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion; this is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs, that do demonstrate this thing.

Oth. I'll bear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done; she may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief, spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that but such a handkerchief, (I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day see Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was her's, 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 'tis true.—Look here, Iago; All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven: 'Tis gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell! Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne, To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught, For 'tis of aspics' 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 Pontic sea, Whose levy current and compellative course Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on To the Proponentick and the Hellespont; Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace, Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love, Till that a capable and wide revenge Swallow them up.—Now, by your' marble heaven, In the due reverence of a sacred vow [Kneels.] I here engage my words. Iago. Witness, you ever-burning lights above! You elements that clip us round about! Witness, that here Iago doth give up The execution of his wit, hands, heart, To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command, And to obey shall be in me remorse, What worldly work soever. Iago. I greet thee true, 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; 'tis done, at your request; But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her! Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw, To furnish me with some swift means of death For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant. Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio
Clo. I dare not say, he lies any where. [Dies?

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to; Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Clo. Can any thing be made of this?

Oth. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Oth. 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? I have it not, madam. [Emilia? Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of crusadoes. And, but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking. Emilia. Is he not jealous? Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was born, Drew all such humour from him. Emilia. Look, where he comes. Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio Be call'd to him.—How is it with you, my lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady,—[Aside.] O, hardleas How do you, Desdemona? [to dissemble?] Des. Well, my good lord. [lady. Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my Des. It yet has 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 prayer, Much castigato and exercise devout: For here's a young and sweating devil here, That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand, A frank one. Des. You may, indeed, say so; For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart. Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts, of old, gave But one; a modern carder is—hands, not hearts. [Haeds. Des. I cannot speak or taste. Come now your po- Oth. What promise, chuck? [Mis- Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you. Oth. I have a salt and swollen rheum offends me; Lend me thy handkerchief.

Here, my lord


That is a fault: This handkerchief Did an Egyptian to my mother give; She was a charmer, and could almost read [it. The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept Twould 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 loathly, and his spirits should hunt Her new favories: She, dying, gave it me; And bid me, when my fate would have me wife, To give it her. I did so: and take heed of, Make it a darling like your, precious eye; To lose or giv' away, was such perdurance, As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: There's magic in the web of it. A sibyl, that had number'd in the world The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:  
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;  
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful  
Conserv'd of madmen's hearts.

Oth. Indeed! is't true?  

Otth. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never seen  
Oth. Ha! wherefore?  

Otth. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?  
Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of the  

Otth. Heaven bless us!  

Otth. Say you?  

Oth. It is not lost; but what an if it were!  
Oth. Ha!  

Oth. I say, it is not lost.  

Otth. Fetch't, let me see it.  

Otth. 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.  
Otth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind mis-  

Otth. Come, come;  

Otth. You'll never meet a more sufficient man.  

Oth. The handkerchief,——  

Oth. I pray, talk of Cassio.  

Oth. The handkerchief,——  

Oth. A man that, all his time,  
Hath founded his good fortune on your love,  
Still dangers with you;——  

Otth. The handkerchief,——  

Otth. In sooth,  
You are to blame.  

Oth. Away!  

[Exit Othello.  

Emil. Is not this man jealous?  

Otth. I never saw this before.  
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief;  
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.  

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shews 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. Look! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.  

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;  
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.  

Otth. 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 duty of my heart,  
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd;  
If my offence be of such mortal kind,  
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,  
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,  
Can ransome me into his love again,  
But to know so must be my benefit;  
So shall I clothe me in a fore'd content,  
And shut myself up in some other course,  
To fortune's aims.

Otth. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,  
My advocacy is not now in tune;  
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,  
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.  
So help me, every spirit sanctified,  
As I have spoken for you all my best,  
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,  
For my see speech! You must a while be patient:  
What I can do, I will; and more I will,  
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.  

Iago. Is my lord angry?  

Emil.  

He went hence but now,  
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,  
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;  
And, like the devil, from his very arm  
Ful'd his own brother:——And can he be angry?  
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;  
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry,  

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state.——  

[Exit Iago.  

Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice,  
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him.——  
Hath paddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,  
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
Though great ones are their object, 'tis even so;  
For let our finger acie, and it indues  
Our other healthful members ev't to that sense  
Of pain: Nay, we must think, meo are not gods;  
Nor of them look for such observances  
As fit the bridal.—Pashrew me much, Emilia,  
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am,)  
Arranging his unkindness with my soul;  
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,  
And he's indit'd falsely.  

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think,  
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,  
Concerning you.  

Otth. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.  
Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;  
They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.  

Otth. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!  
Emil. Lady, amen.  

Otth. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:  
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,  
And seek to affect it to his own house.  

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.——  

[Enter Desdemona and Emilia.  

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!  

Cas. What make you from home?  

Bian. How is it with you, almost fairest Bianca?  

Cas. Faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.  

Bian. And I was going to your lodgings, Cassio.  

Bian. What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?  
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
O weary reckoning!  

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;  
I have this while with lesser thoughts been press'd;  
But I shall, in a more continuat time,  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,  

[Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.  

Take me this work out.  

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?  
This is some token from a newer friend.  
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:  
Is it come to this? Well, well.  

Cas. Woman, go to!  
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,  
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:  
No, in good truth, Bianca.  

Bian. Why, whose is it?  

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.  
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,  
(As like enough it will,) I'll have it copied;  
Take it, and dot; and leave me for this time.  

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?  

Cas. I do attend here on the general;  
And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
To have him see me woman'd.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. What? Iago?

Iago. To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthorized kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?

Iago. Is hypocrisy against the devil?

Oth. They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So do they 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
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory, [it:—
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boiling to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?—

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord: but be you well assur'd
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?—

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her,
when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulsome—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 shadowing
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 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?

Cassio. What is the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Oth. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:
The lethal gout 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.—

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 unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know:
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise! 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Contine yourself but in a patient list.

Whilest you were here, ere while mad with your grief,
(A passion most unsightly such a man,) Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promised: Do but encave yourself,
And mark the doers, the givers, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;—
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?

Iago. I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[ Othello withdraws.

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,
That doth on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and he 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 continue
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour.
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cassio. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure oft.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [Speaking lower.]

How quickly should you speak?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [Aside.

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

[Aside.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [Aside.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer! I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh that win. [Aside.

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. [Aside.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her; out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Iago. Iago beconks me; now he begins the story. [Aside.

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes this bauble; by this hand, she fain's thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [Aside.

Cas. So hangs, and jolts, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she plucked him to his 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 fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work!—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! [Aside.

Bian. Ah you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, 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.

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice? Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—

A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and he damned to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plentiful wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprove my mind again—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strange her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good; the justice of itPlease; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio, —let me be his undertaker; You shall hear more by midnight. [A trumpet within. Oth. 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. 'Tis not you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [Gives him a packet.

Oth. 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.


Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. [Reads.] This fail you not to do, as you will.—

Lod. He did not call: he's busy in the paper. Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Lod. Fire and brimstone! My lord?

Oth. 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.

Oth. Indeed? 

Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello?
Oth. Devil! I have not deserv'd this.

Des. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem 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.

Oth. Mistress—

Des. My lord!
Oth. What would you with her, sir.

Lod. Who I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:
Sir, sir, she was 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, awaunt!

[Exit Desdemona.

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and monkies!

[Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call,—all-in-all sufficient!—This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid 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 is that he is; I may not breathe my 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
That stroke would prove the worst. [knew

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 deceiv'd in him. [Ex.

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 she together.

Iago. 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 o'the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor

Emil. Never, my lord. [nothing

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither:—go. [Exit Emi1
She says enough;—yet she's a simple wad,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel, and pray: I have seen her do't.

Re-enter Emilia, with Desdemona.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;

Lod. Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress; [To Emil
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry,—hem, if any'body come;
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[Exit Emilia.

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech im-
I understand a fury in your words, [port
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-
Swear—thou art honest. [darn'd,

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as 
hell. [false

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I

Oth. O Desdemona! away! away! away!

Des. What is the heavy care?—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 sorrow, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience; but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—

O? O!
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;

The fountain from which the my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence! one
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in—I turn the 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.
Othello. He here shall have as by You I. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed? Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book Made to write where 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. Oth. Is it possible? Des. O, heaven forgive us! Oth. I cry you mercy, then: I took you for that cunning whore of Venice, That married with Othello.—You, mistress, Re-enter Emilia. That have the office opposite to Saint Peter, And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you! We have done our course; there's money for your pains; I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [Exit. Emilia. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?— How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady? Des. Faith, half asleep. Emilia. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord? Des. With who? Emilia. Why, with my lord, madam. Des. Who is thy lord? Emilia. He that is yours, sweet lady. Des. I have none: Do not talk to me Emilia; I cannot weep; nor answer I have none, But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;— And call thy husband hither. Emilia. Here is a change, indeed! [Exit. Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet. How have I been behav'd, that he might stick The smallest opinion on my greatest abuse? Re-enter Emilia, with Iago. Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you? Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks: [babes, He might have chid me so; for, in good faith, I am a child to chiding. Iago. What's the matter, lady? Emilia. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her, Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her, As true hearts cannot bear. Des. Am I that name, Iago? Iago. What name, fair lady? Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was. Iago. He call'd her, where? a beggar, in his drink, And could not have laid such terms upon his callant. Iago. Why did he so? Des. I do o't, know; I am sure, I am none such. Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day! Emilia. Has she forsook so many noble matches, Her father, and her country, and her friends, To be called—where? would it not make one weep? Des. It is my wretched fortune. Iago. Deshew him for it! How comes this trick upon him? Des. Nay, heaven doth know. Emilia. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain, Some busy and insinuating rogue, Some coggling cozening slave, to get some office, Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd, else. Iago. Fye, there is no such man; it is impossible. Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him! Emilia. A kilter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones! [pansy? Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her com- What place? what time? what form? what likelihood? The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave, Some base notorious knave, some scurril fellow:— O, heaven, that such companions thou'rt unfold'd; And put in every honest hand a whip, To lash the rascal naked through the world, Even from the east to the west! Iago. Speak within door. Emilia. O, fye upon him! some such squire he was, That turn'd your wit the sea'nay 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 'gainst his love, Either in discourse or thought, or actual deed; Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense, Delighted them in any other form; Or that I do not yet, and ever did, And ever will,—though he do shake me off To beggarly 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, whore; 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; 'tis Lat his humour; The business of the state does him offence, And he does chide with you. Des. If 'were no other,— Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [Trumpets. Hark, how these instruments summon to supper! And the great messengers of Venice stay: Go in, and weep not: all things shall be well. [Erewhon Desdemona and Emilia. Enter Roderigo. How now, Roderigo? Rod. I do not find, that thou dost cast justly with me. Iago. What in the contrary? Rod. Every day thou dost at me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now,) keep'st from me all conveniency, than 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. '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 my- self out of my means. The jewels you have had from
me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have cor-
rupled a votarist: You have told me—she has re-
ceived them, and returned me expectations and com-
forts of sudden respect and acquittance; but I find
none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor
tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very
scorvy; and begin to find myself fibbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, tis not very well. I will make
myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me
my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my
unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will
seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I pro-
test to indemnity of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and
even, from this instant, do build on thee a better op-
inion than ever. 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 shew
it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Des-
demona, take me from this world with treachery, and
devide 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 Des-
demona return again to Venice.

Iago. Ay, 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 incapable of Othello's
place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And what would you have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a
right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and that
will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honour-
able 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 shew 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 further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia,
and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no
further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your
ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be re-
turned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look,
it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[Lodovico, Emilia, and Attendants exit.

Oth. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he
Des. He says, he will return incontinent; [sighed.
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Oth. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not ow displease him.

Oth. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him.
That even his stubbornness, his cheeks, and frowns,—
Frythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Oth. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the
bed. [minds! —

Des. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
one of these same sheets.

Oth. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forsake her; she had a song of—willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind: I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at once,
And sing it, like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Oth. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Oth. A very handsome man.

Des. And he speaks well.

Oth. I know a lady in Venice, who would have
walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his other
lip.

I. Des. The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow; [Singing.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured'd her
Sing willow, &c.

[Moans; Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones;

Lay by these:

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Pr'ythee, tie thee; he 'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

II. Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Oth. It is the wind.

Des. I call'd my love, false love; but what said he

[Then? If I court my women, you 'll cough with me men.
So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;

Oth. Doth that bode weeping? —

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these
men!—

Oth. Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands.
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the

Emil. Why, would not you? [world]

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;

I might do't as well 'tis the dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price
For a small vice.

Des. Good troth, I think thou would'st not.

Emil. By my troth, I think I should: and undoe't,
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a
thing for a joint-ring; nor for measures of laws;
or for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any pety
exhibition: but for the whole world.—Why, who
would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him
a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. If'shrew me, if I would do such a wrong for
the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong 'tis the world;
and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong
in your own world, and you might quickly make it
right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many [for]
To the vantage, as would store the world they play'd
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults;
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour out treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite
Why, we have gall's; and, though we have some grace,
Yet we have 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 brood it?
I think, it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is so too: And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well: else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such
usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend! [Exit emil]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will
he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us: think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here at thy hand; be bold, and take thy
sword. [Retires to a little distance.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.

[Enter Iago.]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quatt 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 gain: Live Rodrigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
That 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 me to him; there stand I much peril;
No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he:—Villain, thou diest.

[Rushes from his post, & makes a pass at Cassio.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine.

[Draws, and wounds Roderigo.

Rod. [Iago rushes from his post, cuts Cassio behind
in the leg, and exit.

Cas. I am main'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder!—
murder! [Falls.

Enter Othello, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. [Hark! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he:—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong
Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace:—Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes are
blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be
spotted.

[Exit Othello.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano, at a distance.

Cas. What ho! no watch? no passage? murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Rod. [Hark!

Cas. O wretched villain!

Rod. Two or three groans:—it is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeit; let's think't unsate
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago with a light.

Rod. Hark? [weapons

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and
Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries
Rod. We do not know. [on murder

Iago. Did you not hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter; [this

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Rod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you there, that cry so grievously?—
Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Gra. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done
Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains?—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[To Lodovico, and Gratiano.

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

[Iago stabs Roderigo.
ACT V.—SCENE I.

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—

O! O! O! [thieves!]

Iago. Kill men! the dark!—Where be these bloody
How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder! What
may you be? and wherefore you of good, or evil?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt
By villains.

Gras. Cassio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cass. 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 that cry'd?

Iago. Who is that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio! [pect
Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect Who
they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No, [seek you.]

Gar. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to
Iago. Lend me a garter: So—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he fainos!—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?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo! to—Yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.

Gar. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?


Iago. Signior Gratiano! I cry you gootle pardon;

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gar. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gar. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he;—O, that's well said: the

chair—[A chair brought in.

Some good man hear him carefully from hence:
I'll fetch the general'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. [To Bian.] What look you pale!—O, bear him
out o' the air.

[To Cassio and Rod. are borne off.

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress? Do
you perceive the gaiety of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, 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. 'Las, 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,

Emil. Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:—

What, do you shake at that? [shake not.

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore
Des. I will so: What's the matter?  
Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave  
Thou gav'st to Cassio.  
Des. No, by my life and soul:  
Send for the man, and ask him.  
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.  
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.  
Oth. 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 within. 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 thy handkerchief in his hand.  
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,  
And must 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,  
And let him confess a truth.  
Oth. He hath confess'd.  
Des. What, my lord?  
Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.  
Des. How? unlawfully?  
Oth. Ay.  
Des. 'll he not say so.  
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.  
Des. My fears interpret then,—What, is he dead?  
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
Had stomach for them all.  
Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and undone.  
Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my  
Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not. [face?  
Oth. Down, strumpet!  
Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.  
Oth. Nay, if you strive,—  
Des. But half an hour:  
Oth. Being done,  
There is no pause.  
Des. But while I say one prayer.  
Oth. It is too late.  
[He smoothes her.  
Emil. [Within.] My lord, my lord! what ho! my  
lord! my lord!  
Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet quite  
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful; [dead!  
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—  
So, so.  
Emil. [Within.] What ho, my lord! my lord!  
Oth. Who's there?  
Emil. [Within.] O, good my lord, I would speak  
a word with you.  
Oth. Yes;—it's Emilia:—by and by:—She's dead.  
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;  
The noise was high.—[1]a? no more moving!  
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? I Were't good!  
I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?  
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:  
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:  
O, isupportable! O heavy hour!  
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe  
Should yawn at alteration.  
Emil. [Within.] I do beseech you I may speak with  
O, good my lord!  
[you,  
Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—  
Silently by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—  
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?  
[Unlocks the door.  
Enter Emilia.  
Emil. O, good my lord, your soul's murder done.  
Oth. What? now?  
Emil. But now, my lord!  
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;  
She comes more near the earth than she was wont;  
And makes men mad.  
Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,  
Call'd—Roderigo.  
Oth. Roderigo kill'd!  
And Cassio kill'd?  
Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.  
Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! Then murder's out of tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.  
Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!  
Emil. Alas; what cry is that?  
Oth. That! what?  
Emil. Out and alack! that was my lady's voice:—  
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!  
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!  
Des. A guiltless death I die.  
Emil. O, who hath done  
This deed?  
Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:  
Command me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [Dies.  
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?  
Emil. Alas, who knows?  
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.  
Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth  
Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;  
'Twas I that kill'd her.  
Emil. O, the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil!  
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.  
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.  
Oth. She was false as water.  
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say  
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!  
Oth. Cassio did tup her: ask thy husband else.  
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity: Thy husband knew it all.  
Emil. My husband?  
Oth. Thy husband.  
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?  
Oth. Ay, with Cassio,  
Nay, had she been true,  
If heaven would make me such another world  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have sold her for it.  
Emil. My husband?  
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;  
A honest man he is, and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds.  
Emil. My husband!  
Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I say, thy  
husband.  
Emil. O mistress, villain hath made mocks with  
My husband say, that she was false? [love!—  
Oth. He, woman;  
I say, thy husband: Dust understand the word?  
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.  
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul  
Rut half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;  
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.  
Oth. Ha!  
Emil. Do thy worst;
EMILIA: She lov'd thee cruel Moor.

Act V, Sc 2
ACT V.—SCENE II.

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 gulf! O doft! As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,— I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known, Though I lost twenty lives—Help! help me! 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 may lay their murders on your neck.

Oth. 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, to charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed. [speak; All O heavens forfend! Emil. And your reports have set the murder on. Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed. Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany, villany, villany!— I Gra. Upon's, I think!—smell';—O villany! I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief. O villany! villany! [home.

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak; 'Tis proper I obey him, but not now: Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [Hanging over his wife.

Nay, lay thee down, and roar. For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent, That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was fair!— [Rising. I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece, Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd; I know this act shews horrible and grim. Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead; Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief Shore his old head in twain: did he live now, This sight would make him do a desperate turn, Yea, curse his better angel from his side, And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows, The Moor is here in Cassio's act of shame; A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it: And she did gratify his amorous works With that recognition 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 heentilly powers! Iago. Come, hold your peace. Emil. 'Twill out,'twill out;—I hold my peace, sir! No, I will speak as liberal as the air;—no; 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.

Emil. I will not. [Iago offers to stab his wife Gra. Fye! Your sword upon a woman? Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of, I found by fortune, and did give my husband; For often with a solemn earnestness, (More than, indeed, belongs to such a trifle,) He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore! Emil. She gave it Cassio! no, alas; I found it, And I did give it my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest. Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen: O murder'd swine! what should such a fool Do with so good a wife? [Iago stabs EMILIA, then runs out.

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven, But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain! Gra. The woman falls; sure he has kill'd his wife. Emil. Ay, ay: O lay me by my mistress' side! Gra. You have, but his wife's kill'd. [poo, Mou, 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this wea- Which I have here recover'd from the Moor: Come, guard the door without; let him not pass, But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain, For 'tis a damned slave.

[Exit Montano and Gratiano.

Iago. I am not valiant neither, But every puny whisperer gets my sword— But why should honour outlive honesty? Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady? Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the swan, And die in music:—Willow, willow, willow.— Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true; So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [Dies.

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber, It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper:— O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth. [Dear, Gra. [Within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer. Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me, Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter? Oth. Behold! I have a weapon; A better never did itself sustain Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day, That with this little arm, and this good sword, I have made my way through more impediments Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain boast! Who can control his fate! 'tis not so now.— Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd; Here is my journey's end, here is my butt, And very sea-mark of my utmost sail. Do you take back dismay'd! 'tis a lost fear; Man but a rush against Othello's breast, And he retires;—Where should Othello go?— Now, how dost thou look now? Oll-starr'd wench Pale as thy smirk, when we shall meet at compt, 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, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils, From the possession of this heavenly sight! Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur! Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!— O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead? Dead? O! O! O!
The beauty of this play impresses themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, heedless in his confidences, absent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obturate in his declination to give ear to the importunities of Iago, admirably in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakespeare's skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's confidence, and the circumstances which he employs to entamaze him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him as we say of himself, that he is a man not easily jealous; yet we cannot but pity him, who at last we find him perplexed in the crisis.

There is always danger, lest wickedness, contained with abilities, should ascend upon esteem, though it misses of approbation; but the character of Iago is so conducted, that he is from the first scene to the last hated and despised.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece; not only for their fitness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, beneficent, and honest; ruined only by his want of shrewdness to resist an inaudious insinuation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity, and impatience submissions to the taunts which he sees practised upon him, and which by persuasion he is supposed to be required, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires in a false friend; and such excessive hate often found even honest, but not cast off, easy to commit small crimes, and quickened and alarmed at frivolous suspicions.

The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly pursuing the progression of the story; and the narrative in the end, though it tells what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello.

END OF THE PLAYS.
THE

POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY Wriothesly,

Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Verney.

Right Honourable,
I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a barrenness: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly prais'd, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honour'd you with some graver labour. But if the first her of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after car so barren a field; 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

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had taken his last leaf of the weeping morn,
Rose cheek'd Adonis bade him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn;
Sick-thoughts Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a hold-fac'd tutor gins to woo him.
Three times 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,
Sath that the world hath ending with thy life.
Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alright thy steed,
And reign his proud head to the saddle-bow.
If thou wilt desir'd this favour, for thy need,
A thousand honey-secret saith thou know:
Here come and sit, where serpent never kisses,
And, being set, I'll smoother thee with kisses.
And yet not cloy thy lips with bash'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 pity 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 force.
Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pout'd 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 studd'd biddle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens (O how quick is love!) The steed is capp'd up, and even now To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she pull'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in last.
So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips:
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."
He burns with bashful shame, she with her tears
Both quench the manner burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He says, she is immodest, blames her miss;
What follows more, she matches with a kiss.
Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Turns with her beats on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
I till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.
For'd to content, but never to obey,
Pasting he lies, and breathing to her face;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, surf of grace.
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dews'd with such distilling showers.
Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and seemed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Thain added to a river that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.
Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
Far to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
still is he sullen, still he lowe's and frets.
Twist crimson shame and anger, why pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is bester'd with a more delight.
Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal land she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have ran'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 di-appeter peering through a wave,
Who being look'd on, doth seem a quack'y fin;
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.

5 K
VENUS AND ADONIS.

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 in fire must burn:
'Tis pitch, 'gan she cry, 'flint, burnt nay, nay;  
'Tis but a kiss I beg; 'why art thou coy?
I have been woad, 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 begg'd for that which thou unask'd shall have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His bated shield, his uncontroll'd crest,
And for my sake hath learned to sport and dance,
To coy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
Scorning her churlish drum, and enraged red,
Making his arms his field, his tent my bed.
Thus him 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 mastring her that foil'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 see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
Look in mine eye-ball's where thy beauty lies:
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on 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 be but twain,
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-veind violet's whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shews thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be tasted;
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted;
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.
Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My fleshy soft and plump, my marrow 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 dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.
Witness this primrose 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 of theft.

Narcissus so, himself himself forsook,
And dy'd to kiss his shadow in the brook.
Torch's are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Hero's for their smell, and sappy plants to hear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty,
Thou wert begot—to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with 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 thine likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them.
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did 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 spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'erwhelming 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 barm,
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, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay more than first, 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 bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.
What am I, that thou'st content me this?
Or what great danger doth upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else he 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 fairest 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 inform 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 loving fingers, in one in.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

"Fondling, she said, since I have hemm'd thee here, Within the circuit of this ivory pale, I'll be the 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; This is my deer, since I am such a park; No dog shall rouse thee, though thou thousand bark." At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain, That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple; Love made those hollows, if himself were slain, He might be buried in a tomb so simple; Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie, Why there love liv'd, and there he could not die. These lovely caves, these round-encircling pits, Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking: Being mad before, how doth she now for wits! Struck dead at first, what needs should she thrive? Poor queen of love, to thine own law forlorn, To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn! Now which way shall she turn! what shall she say? Her words are done, her woes the more increas'd, The time is spent, her object will away, And from her twining arms doth urge releasing: "Pity—(she cries) some favour—some remorse."— Away his springs, and kasteth to his horse. But lo, from forth a cope that neighbours by, A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud, Adonis' trampling courser doth esp'y, And forth she rushes, snarls, 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 woen girts he breaks asunder, The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds, Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder; This iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth, Concerning what he was controll'd with, His ears up prick'd; his braded 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 glisters scornfully like fire, Shews his hot courage and his high desire. Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps, With gentle majesty, and modest pride; Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps, As who would says, lo! thus my strength is try'd; And thus I do to captivate the eye Of the fair breeder that is standing by. What rebeck he his rider's angry stir, His flattering holla, or his Stand, I say? What care he now for curb, or pricking spur? For rich caparisons, or trappings 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 this horse excel a common one, In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and borne. Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks long and long, Breast broad, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide, High crest, short ears, straight legs, & 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. Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stars, Anon he starts at stirring of a feather; To bid the wind a base he now prepares, And when he run, or fly, they knew not whether: For through his mane and tail the high wind sings, Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings. He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her; She answers him, as if she knew his mind: Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her, She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkund; Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels, Beating his kind embracement with her heels. Then, like a melancholy male content, He vails his tail, that like a falling plume, Cool shadow to his melting buttsck lent; He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume! His love perceiving how he is enrag'd, Grew kinder, and his fury was assag'd. His fiery master goeth about to take him; Where lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear, Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him; With her he horse, and left Adonis there: As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them, Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them. All swola with chasing, down Adonis sits, Banaing his boisterous and unruly beast; And now the happy season once more fits, That love-sick Love, by pleasing may be blest; For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong, Which is the bane of the balance 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 revived with wind,) And with his bonnet hides his angry brow; Looks on the dull earth with distrait 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 cheek 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 heareth up his hat, Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels: His tender cheeks receive her soft hand's print, As apt as new fallen snow takes any dint. O what a war of looks was then between them? Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing: His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them; Her eyes wou'd still, his eyes disdain'd the woeing: And all this dumb play had his acts made plain With her eyes, which, cherub-like, her eyes did rain. Full gently now she takes him by the hand, A lady prison'd in a gird of snow, Or ivory in an alabaster band: So white a friend engirts so white a foc: This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling, She'd like to silver doves that sit a billing.
Long a we fret o'er our untold story
And as we speak, the words fly away.
I dreamt of love, to make our story
Felt as the wind, as the waves today.

Peace we seek, to let our story
Live as the sun, in every way.
I feel a heart that can be
A place to rest, among the trees.

A story of life, a tale of love,
A dream of hope, a song of peace.
In this world, we search for love,
A place to call our own.

The beauty of life, the strength of love,
A journey of worth, in every way.
We seek a place, where we can
A story of hope, a tale of peace.

Peace we seek, to let our story
Live as the sun, in every way.
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A place to rest, among the trees.
VENTS AND ADONIS.

This new and most recent & genuine "Vents"...newly and most accurately published...is now ready for public inspection. It has been carefully revised...and...contains a variety of...excellent...and...important...information...for...the...human...race. The...author...has...devoted...great...care...and...attention...to...the...subject...and...has...endeavored...to...present...as...much...new...and...interesting...matter...as...possible.

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Set the deceiving harmony should run into the quiter closure of my heart;
And then my little heart were quite undone.
In his bed-chamber to be bared of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to grow,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.
What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embraces unto every stranger.
You do it for increase; 'tis strange enough
What folly, what petulance, to think so long.
Call it not love, for love to heaven is fed,
Some swelling lust on earth usurps his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blighting it with shame;
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth, like sun-shine after rain;
But lent's effect is tempest after sun,
Love's gentle spring doubt doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer be done.
Love surfeits not; just like a glutton does;
Love is all truth; but 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 keen;
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 housethward through the dark lawns runs space;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So gildes be in the night from Venus' eye.

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Caring 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 pitiful wind
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.
Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropped a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'sround as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistastried 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 noise,
And sings expressly a woeful ditty.
How love makes young maid thrill, and old men droop;
How love is wise in folly, foolish in woe.
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the echoes answer her so.
Her song was tedious, and overwore the night,
For love's bowers are long, though seeming short:
If pleased themselves, others they seem distinct;
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:
Their copious stories, often times began.
End without audience, and are never done.
For who hath the power to spend the night whilst,
But idle sounds, remowing parasites.
But shrill-ton'd lappers answering every call,

Soothing the humour of fantastic wins.
She said, thus; so, they answer all, thus so,
And would say after her, if she had said.

Lo! here the gentle lady, weary of rest.
From an arm, which seemeth moves up on light,
And waxes the unsung love whose inner breast
The sun illuminates magically;
Who doth the word so gently beheld.
That cedar-tops and all seem burnish'd gold.
Venus salutes him with this fair good morrow;
'0 thou clear god, and patron of the light;
From whose beams each beam, thy bow so sweetly bow,
The beams domestique that makes love a song,
There lives a son, that such an early mother,
May lend them light, as they drest next to other.
This said, she hastens to a myrtle grove.
Moving the morning is so much o'erween;
And yet she bears no tokens of her love;
She hear'sth for his sound, and for his bow.
Amor shears these, that are in her duty.
And all in view she couches to the cry.
And as the rays, the brother in the wave,
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face.
Some shrive about her thigh to make her stay,
She wildly breesthein from their strict embrace.

Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs she sate,
Hastening to feed her fawn, and in some Brake.
By this, she bears the bowers are at bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that espies summer.
Wrack'd up in dull records, just in this way,
The fowle-watersthooth make him shane and shoulder.
Even so the tumorous religion of the winds.
Appeals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chance,
But the silent bow, rugged bear, or iron proof.
Because the cry remained in one place,
Where fearful she doys express abmond:
Finding their enemy to be so vast,
They all strait court sy who man, cope him first.
This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
Who are bowed by doubt and bloodiness feel.
With cleft-pace weakness, sends each falling part.
Like soldiers, when their captain once did yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the hoard.

Thus stands she in a trembling enemy,
This checking up her senses were disposed,
She tells them, in a careless fancy,
And childish error that they are traitors.
Each them leave pressing with them their no more —
And with that word she up'd the trained-hound.
Whose frothy mouth besprinkled all with spit,
Like blown and blood-drawing mangled-beast together,
A terror over every where enters and spreads.
Wherein may serve she knows not what wonder:—
This way she runs, and now she will no other,
But back restores the bow for murther.
A thousand spleen bear her a thousand ways.
She troth'd — she says — that the answer lies again.
Her more than love is masked with delays
Like the proceedings of a drunken bear:
For of respect, yet not at all respecting,
In land with all things, steeped at and depoicting.
Her head in a bow, she finds a bound.
And asks the weary cape of his murther.
And there another bearing of his wracks.
Gainst restor'd these only sovereign pleasures.
And here she meets another eagle swaying.
To whom she opens, and be replies with howing.
When he had ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin voids out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their stretch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whence with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd earth, its worm, what dost thou
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
[mean
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it—
O yes, it may be seen by thee 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 reap 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 weep.
What may a heavy groan advantage thee! [ing
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 veil'd her eye-lids, who, like slaves, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
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 her tears, tears in her eye;
Both together, where they dwell'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow, that friendly sighs somght still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind now rain,
Sigh's dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions through her constant woe,
As striving which should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla;
A mar'st's song ne'er pleas'd her bale so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expell;
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 scorching 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,
With likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.
Now she unweaves the web that she had wrought;
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to naught;
Now she adds honour to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperial supreme of all mortal things.

No, no, (quoth she) Sweet death, I did but jest;
Yet when I spake, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe:
Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess)
I rai'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.
'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could guide them both, without the ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her reason suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tell's him of trophies, statues, tombs; and stories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Jove, quoth she, how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trikes, unwitness'd with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking griefs.
Even at this word she hears a worry horn,
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.
As faulcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spoils
The foul bear's conquest on her fair delight;
What she seens, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew.
Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shirks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head,
Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly sight,
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 terrors doth men's mind confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprises,
That from their dark base, once more, leap her eyes;
And, being open'd, there unwilling sight
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, wadrench'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 steadfastly,  
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;  
And then she reprehend her mangling eye,  
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:  
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled,  
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one,  
And yet, quoth she, beheld two Adonis dead!  
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,  
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:  
Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes, as fire!  
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world, what trouble hast thou lost!  
What face remains alive that's worth viewing?  
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou bowst  
Of things long since, or anything ensuing?  
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;  
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

Bonnet or 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.

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 bear him:  
If he be 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 bear,  
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 bear with his sharp spear,  
Who would not whet his teeth at him again,  
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;  
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine  
Sheath'd, unaware, his task in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess  
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;  
But he is dead, and never did he bless  
My youth with his; the more I am 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 he heard the woeful words she told:  
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies.

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld  
a thousand times, and now no more reflect;  
Their virtue lost, wherein they late exceld;  
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:  
Wonder of time, quoth she, this is my spite,  
That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;  
It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;  
Ne'er settled equally, to high or low;  
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,  
And shall be blasted in a breathing while;  
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd  
With sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile:  
The wasting 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 desorrect age to tread the measures;  
The staring 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 mercifull, and too severe,  
And most deceiving, when it seems most just;  
Perverse it shall be, when it seems 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 discontentments,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire;  
Sith in his prime death did my love destroy,  
They that love best, their love shall not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd,  
Was melted like a vapour from her sight to view;  
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white;  
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood  
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,  
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;  
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is rest from her by death;  
She drops the stalk, and in the breathless gape  
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

Poor flower, quoth she, this was thy father's guise,  
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire)  
For every little grief to wet his eyes:  
To grow unto himself was his desire,  
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good  
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;  
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:  
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest.  
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night;  
There shall not be one minute of 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 maimed, 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.
THE RAPE OF LUCEEE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIETHESLY,
Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

The love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superficial moiety. 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. Were my worth greater, he should shew 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 cause 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, laid possession of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to beseech Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of basea Tarquiniius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; amongst whom Collatius extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatius finds his wife (though it were late in the night) means among his other maids; the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several delights. Whereupon the boldness yielded Collatius the victory; and his wife the fame. At that time Servius Tarquiniius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering 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 encurtained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stoweth into her chamber, violently revolsheth her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece in this lamentably plight, hastily dispatched messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Julius Brutus, the other with Publius Varro; and finding Lucrece attir'd in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrows. She, first taking as oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and hearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the forned matter of the late occurrences, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; wherefore the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exild, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Last-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire,
Which, in pale embers bides, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chase unhappily set
This baseless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unwrinkled 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 beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-prond 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 decayed and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty in the owner's arms.
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.
Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apology be made
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?
Perchance his boast of Lucrece's sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
[vaunt His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should
The golden haps which their superiors want.
But some unthyme 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 glows.
O rash false heart, 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 strive'd
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 intituled,
From Venus' doves both challenge that fair field;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden rose, to girl
Their silver checks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When shame assaill'd, the red should fence the white.
This heraldry in Lucrece's 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 vanquish'd 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 prodigy that prais'd her so)
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong;
Which far exceeds his barren skil to shew:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.
This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For though his unsight, all for a hollow dream on evil;
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she scarcely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd.
For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plait's of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Stev 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 pigheth still for more.
But she that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtile-shining secrecy
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,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With broised arms and wreaths of victory:
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.
Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till saile Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vanity prison stows the day.
For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright;
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 himself betakes, 't块es.
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that
As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining;
Despair to gain, doth traffic off for gaining;
And when great treasure is the need proposed,
The' death be abject, 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 lose 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 wasting age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That none for all, or for one wage;
As life for honour, in fell battles' rage
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in vent'ring ill, we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul inconstancy,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.
Such hazard now must dotting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his Jest;
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 Jest and nuder 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;
The one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm,
But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lost's foul charm.
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.
His falchion on a flint he softly smiteh,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith be lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye:
And to the flame this speaks adviselly:
As from this cold flint I e'foreth this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.
Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armory of still-slaughter'd jest,
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
O shame to knighthood and to shaming arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be so fine a slave!
Tme valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.
Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome drop the herald will contrive,
To cipher me, how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, shan't with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.
What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy;
Who buys a minute's mirth to wait a week?
Or sells eternity, to get this joy?
For one of these who take all for a wage.
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?
With his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the selfsame seat sits Collatinus:
That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits,
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline.
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worser part;
And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by his 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' 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-ward ring wensels 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 wares with his torch, to make him stay,
And throws the smoke that falls into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scourch,
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 needl his finger pricks;
As who would say, this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inured; return again in haste;
Then see our mistress' ornaments are chase.

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 snapped birds time to begin to sing.

Pain pays the income of each precious thing; [ands,
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and
The merchant bears, 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 bar'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heaven should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power,
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts: —quoth he, I must deflow'r
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 as the smokeless till their effects be tried,
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire, fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

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Against love's fire, fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.
This said, I, a guilty hand pluck’d up the latch,  
And with his knee the door he opens wide:  
The door 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,  
Rushing his gristy hand-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 mooo.

Look as the air, 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 something is 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’ side:  
In his clear bed might have reposed 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,  
Cozeing 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 intom’d is:  
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,  
To be admired of lewd unballow’d eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white  
Shew’d like an April daisy on the grass,  
With pearly sweet, resembling dew of night.  
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath’d their light,  
And compos’d in darkness, sweeter day,  
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play’d with her breath;  
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!  
Shewing life’s triumph in the map of death,  
And death’s dim look in life’s mortality.  
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
As if between them twain there were no strife,  
But that life liv’d in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
A pair of wan’den worlds unconquerd,  
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,  
And him by oath they truly honour’d.  
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;  
Who, like a foul usurper, went about  
From this fair throne to have 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 thinly dotted,  
And in his will his wilful eye he bred.  
With more than admiration he admired  
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,  
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion saweth 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;  
Slack’d, not suppress’d: for standing by her side,  
His eye, which late this madly restrains,  
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.

And they, like struggling slaves for pillage fighting,  
Obliterate vassals, fell exploits effecting  
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,  
Nor children’s tears, nor mother’s 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, making on him 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 governness and lady lies,  
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
And fright her with confusion of their cries:  
She much amazed, breaks ope her lock’d-up eyes,  
Where she beholding this tumult to behold,  
Are by his flaming torch dimm’d and control’d.

Imagine her as one in dead of night  
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,  
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking;  
What terror ‘tis! but she, in warser 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, waking, 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 what 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 deeleth;  
I think the honey guarded with a sting;  
All this, beforehand, couched comprehends;  
But will is dear, and bears no heedless friends;  
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
And doth on what he looks, ‘gainst law or duty.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall brede;
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 shaks aloft his Roman blade,
Which like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wing's shade,
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under the insulting falcon lies
Harriers Lucretia, marking what he tells,
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcons' bells.

Luerce, 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 kindle 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 thus surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye:
The passion, whereon he set their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue bount'd in wordless jealousy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shall 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 good end.
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compaceted
In forms so simple as to pass for good:
But in some simples is the venom's end,
In pure effect in is purf'd.

Then for thy husband's 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 wiper, or birth-hour's blot:
For marks deserted in men's vanity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause,
With stony, weighty, silent, piercing gaze.
Like a white hound under the grype's sharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor ought obeys but his foul appetite.

Look, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth o'erthrust,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding.
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hilfering their present fall by this dividing:
So his unhovah'd haste her words delays,
And moody Etto wanks while Orpheus plays.

Yet foul night-walking eat, he doth but dally,
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 graneth.
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining:
Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
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 of his place,
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She enforces him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untamely tears, her husband's love,
By foul offenders thou, perform my oath,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed be make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud 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 wise man that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unreasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me,
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me.
Thou lookst 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 means,
He moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans;
All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolved do ever so do.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain thee,
Thou wrong'st th'insign honour, wount'st th'insign 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 tyrannous oppressors thou perform'st the pear,
When 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?
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in the name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living land,
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.
The princely office how canst thou fulfill.
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach thy 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 wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

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To thee, to thee, my head-up hands appeal
Not to reducing lust, thy rash rehber,
I sue for ex'd majesty's repeal,
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will 'prison false desire,
And wipe the dumd must 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 light unseen brings down the dews of night,
And with the wind in greater fury feet:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls haste
Add to his flow, and after not his taste.

Thou art, quoth she, a sea, a sovereign king;
And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgovernment.
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thee good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is herded,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fan life, and they thy lower grave;
Thou feathered 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 vassal, 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, desperately I mean to bear thee
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 blood concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries,
Till with her own white fleece her voice control'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears,
He pens her pitious charmers in her head;
Crouding his hot face in the closest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O last prove lust could obtain so pure a bed!
This is 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 stride,
This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Fond charity is rifled of her store,
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look on the full-fed hound or sated hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether lack
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So suffit-taking Tarquin faces this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will that he'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin thanbottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Desire must infest his recept,
For he can see his own abominations.
While lust is in his pride, no explanation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discordant check,
With heavy eye, knell brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek.
Like to a bankrupt beggar waits his case;
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission pray's.

So fases it with this faithful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chose.
For now against himself counts this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced.
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;
To whose weak rains musters troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have hatter'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 true-sight could not fore taint their will.

Even in her thought, though in the dark night best stealthful,
A captive victor, that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing heals,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,
Leaving his spent people'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.
He, like a thirsty dog, creeps sadly thence,
She, like a weaned lamb, lies pouting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, boast'd delight
He thence departs, a heavy convertible,
She there remains, a hopeless cast-away;
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
She plays she never may behold the day;
For day, quoth she, night-scapes doth open lay;
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For there their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grief, like water, doth eat at their heart,
Upon my checks what helpless shame I feel.
Here she exclaims against repos 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 parer chest, to close so pure a mind.

Pratice with grief thus breathes she forth her spire
Against the he unseen secrecy of night.

O comfort-killing night, image of hell!
Dun register and snarly of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fall!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled wail! dark harbour for defiance!
Grin cave of death, whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

O hateful, vaporous and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my curseless crime,
Must thy mists meet to the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd conquest 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.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

With rotten damp ravish the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoke no rank his weather'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.
Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child,)  
The silver-shining queen he would disdain;
Her twinking handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through night's black bosom should not peep again;
So should I have copartners in my pain:
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.
Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows, and hide their infancy;
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.
O night, thou furnace of soul-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 homage which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!
Make me not object to the tale-tell day
The night will shew, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow?
Yea, the illiterate that know not how
To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loadsome trespass in my eyes.
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 be kept unspotted;
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this 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 mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war,
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows
If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft,
My honey lost, and I a crane-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But rob'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 guiltless 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;
Beast's breath to breathe upon 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 fonts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But unperfection is a base estate.
That some impiery doth not pollute.
The aged man that coffers up his gold,
Is plagued 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 prince 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;
The adder hisses where the sweet bird sings;
What virtue breeds, inequity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annex'd opportunity last,
Or kills his life, or else his quality.
O Opportunity! thy guilt is great;
'Tis then that excent'st the traitor's treason;
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurst at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sis, to seize the souls that wander by him.
Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperament is thaw'd;
Thou smoother'st honesty, thou murder'st truth;
Thou foul abetter! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displaceth land:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!
Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private fasting 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 supplicant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with opportunity.
The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphans pine while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is fasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds?
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages;
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.
When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and this art well appay'd
As well to bear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift:
Guilty of sin, and base abandon;
An accessory by thine incitement
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Misshapen Time, copesmate 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 nurses all, and murderest all that are.
O hear me then, injurious, shifting time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hast thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancell'd fortune, and enchanted me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fod the hate of foes;
To eat up error by opinion bred.
Not spend the doory of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unknock falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and send it deep sleep,
To wrong the waggish till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

To feed with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents,
To pluck the hills from ancient raven's wings,
To dry the wild oak's sap, and cherish springs;
To spoil antiquities of hammer's steel,
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel:

To shew the beldena daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To shay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd;
To rear the ploughman with industrious crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends: [back.
O, this dreed night, would'st thou one hour come
I could prevent this storm, and shun this wrack!

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight.
Device 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 trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him mean, but pily not his means:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to his love their wildness,
Wildcr to him than tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort:
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time he shall, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wear the 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 would such an office have
As shanderous death's-man to so base a slave?
The baster is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honor'd, or begetts him hate;
For greatest 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 fifth wave,
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day,
Gnats are unnoticed whereas' er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contriving schools,
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters,
To troubling plaintiffs be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night;
In vain I cavil with my infancy,
In vain I spurn at my confound'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right
This time doth indeed to do me good;
Is to let forth my fowl, defiled blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour yourself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.

This said, from her be-gumber'd couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death.
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth
As smoke from Extia, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

In vain, quoth she, I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falshion to be slain,
Yet for the selfsame purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife.
So am I now: — O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rified me.

O that is gone, for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery:
A dying life to living infancy:
Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!
Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my disheswell'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with the deep ground's inspirations bear:
For this wise I'll hum on Tarpin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st, better skill.
And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To impute thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wike, shall thereon fall and die.

These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Will tune our heart-string 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, sated from the way,
That knows nor 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 wiolding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny.
To live or die which of the twain were better.
When life is sham'd, and Death Reproach'd the debtor.

To kill myself, quoth she, alack! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
Who, having two sweet babes, when death taketh one,
Will say the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made divine.
Whose love of either to myself was nearer?
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.

Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves 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,
Gross with the guilt that made her blind:
Then let it not be call'd impious.

If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.
Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarpin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
And as his due, write in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonourd.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonourd 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 may'st well be.
How Tarpin must be us'd, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarpin so.
RAPP OF LUCRER:

One justly weeps.
This brief abridgment of my will I make:

My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do you take;
Mioe honour be the knife's, that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame that lives, disburset be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I oversee that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, so be it.
Yield to my hand: my hand shall conquer thee;
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brimish tear from her bright eyes,
With usto'd tongue she haerously call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.
Her mistress she doth give demure good morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
(For what by her face was ready to be lively)
But burst not ask of her audaciously.
Why her two suns were closed-eclipse so,
Nor why her fair checks over-washed with woes.
But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
Even so the maid with swallowing drops 'gan wet
Her circled eye, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair sues, set in her mistress' sky.
Who in a salt-ward ocean quench their light,
While weak-maid maid were like to 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 draw 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, the impression of strange minds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them out 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 wither'd 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 hild.
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfili'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
Whose mark-made maid were like 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 wroag;
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 raising?
If thou dost weep for grief of my suspending,
Know, gentle wench, it small avoids my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went—(and there she stayed
Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence?
Madam, ere I was, reply'd the maid,
The more to blame my sluggish 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 torture may be call'd a hell,
Where 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,
But let him be ready, by and by, to have
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear,
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it:
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.
Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Coucett and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down, is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill,
Much like a press of people at a door,
Through her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greezet thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe to afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,
Some present speed to come and visit me:
So I commend me from our house in grief;
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief;"
Here fol'd 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 hath staid her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She heard, to spend when he is by to hear her:
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspense which the world might hear her
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better
To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth hear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear;
Deep sounds make lesser noise than hollow fords,
And sorrow hills, being blown with wind of words,
Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ.
At Adea to my lord with more than haste
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to gie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast.
Speed more than speed, but dull and low she deems:
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.
The rape of Lucrece.

The homely villain curst'ies 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 flee.

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, slyly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a due respect
To things in decent order, save to feel
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to goe.

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, wisely on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more her thought the thought did seem bluish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So wee hath wearied wee, worn tiresen mood.
That she her paints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to morose some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy:
Before which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy.
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilión with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaugther'd husband by the wife:
The red blood neck'd to shew the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their shy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begruit 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, [lie.
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 'ciph'rd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax's eyes blent rage and figure roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'were encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purli'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gapping 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 thong'd bears back all blown
And another's, that seem'd so pale away did rise;
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 imagin'd.

And from the walls of strong-besieg'd 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 o'd action yield,
That, through their light joy, seemed to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strand of Dar'dian where they fought,
To Simois' ready banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling rages; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and then
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stel'd.
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolorous dwell'd,
Till she despiring Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
While his proud eyes blazed, and her proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatom'd
Time's rain, beauty's wear, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
Of what she was, no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Shew'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the bel dame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to bon her cruel foes.
The painter was no God to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument, quoth she, without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rai 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.

Shew me the strumpet 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,
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The site, the son, the dame, and daughter, die.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

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Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many moe?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltless souls from such a 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 stares, here Trosius swounds;
Here friend by friend to bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unsaid wounds.
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doing Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little 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 sends 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 pitious looks to Phrygian shoes lends lent;
His face, his hands, his words, full of contraries,
Yet shew'd content:
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter laboured with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes waiting still,
A brow unbeaut, that seem'd to welcome wo;
Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ash pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so eascon'd his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping 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 Simon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after saw;
Whose words, like wild-fire, burst the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places. 
Faces,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their

This picture she advis'dly pens'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill;
Saying, some shape in Simon's was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill;
And still on him she gazed, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd
That she concludes the picture was bely'd.

It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile
(She would have said) can lurk in such a look;
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, can lurk from cannot took;
It cannot be she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus: "It cannot be, I find,

Such a face should from a woman's mind:
For even as subtle Simon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild;
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted)
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd
With outward honesty, but yet decl'd
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Simon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls, a Trojan bleeds;
His eyes drops fire, no water hence proceeds:
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Simon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Simon's tear doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here, all emrag'd, such passion her assails,
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 giv's o'er: 
Fool! fool! quoth she, his wounds will not be sore.
Thus chibs 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, 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 overspill'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detrament;
Losing her woe in shows of discontent.
It causeth some, though none it ever cared,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distained eye.
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.
Which when her sad-beholding husband saw
Amazely in her sad face he stares.
Her eyes, though old and sad, look'd red and raw,
Her lips in this colour'd kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares;
But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance.
Meth thought from home, wondering each other's chance.
At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: What uncount'! ill event
Hath thee befallen, 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's fire,
Fer 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 taken prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consort'd lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.
And now this gale swain in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass bold,
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.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

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,
For in that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shivering falshion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light.
And softly cry'd, 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-favoured 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 fail
The loathsome act of lust, and so will 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
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak.
And far the weaker with so strong a fear;
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purblind his eyes,
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

O teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That love not forc'd; that never unclenched
To necessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damn'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops this 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
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste;
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so he sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no blood by rainfall slacketh.
My heart 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.
SONNETS.

I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty might come to increase; But even this nature in herED end, But as the riper should by time decrease, His tender heir might bear his memory: But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes, Feed'st at thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel, Making a famine where abundance lies, Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel, That nature might not Machaon's charge to bear, Weep'st for her self, she Hath that killed. My daughter and my wife with clamours kill'd The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life, Answer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow, And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field, Thy youth's proud livery so gaudy and brave, Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth held, When 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 deserve thy beauty's use, If thou couldst answer--"This fair child of mine Shall sum my count, and make my old excuses"-- Proving his beauty by succession thine. This were to be new-made when thou art old, And see thy blood warm when thou feelst it cold.

II.

Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born; But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old, Shews me a bare-bou'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 succese to be, that should survive. Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger, And leave the flattering feeble souls alive? Thy wit, the young possess their hive.

Then live sweet Lucrece, live again, and sue 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 reveng'd on her death. The deep vexation of his inward soul Has made a dumb and speechless tongue; Who mad that sorrow should his use control, Or keep him from heart-easing words so long. Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid, That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounce'd plain, But through his teeth as if the name were tore, This windy tempest, till it blow up rain, Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more; At last it rain, and busy winds give o'er: Then son and father weep with equal strife, Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his, Yet neither may possess the claim they lay. The father says, she's mine: O mine she is, Replies her husband: Do not take away My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say He weeps for her, for she was only mine, And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life, Which she too early and too late hath spill'd. Woe, woe, quoth Collatine, she was my wife, I owned her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd. My daughter and my wife with clamours kill'd The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life, Answer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.
SONNETS.

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-ear'd womb
Disclaims the tallow of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
Of his self love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being fraug, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous nigard, why dost thou abuse
The boorish largess given thee to give?
Profligate usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live!
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy mind's beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excell;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sac check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty's dersonow'd, and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were herefit,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was,
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged band deface
In thee thy summer, eve thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some phial, treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kil'd,
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee;
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times requir'd thee:
Then, what could death do if thou should'st 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.

Le, 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 clin'd the steep-appearing hill
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-most pitch, with weary ear,
Like feeble age, he recedeth from the day,
The eyes, fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but swetty chide thee who confounds
To singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Stikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consom'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou impetuous hast hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a mateless 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 bath 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 hear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou no 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 ruminate,
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 thee and thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departedst;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth convert-
Hencealive wisdom, beauty, and increase; [est
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore years 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 thee more,
Which bounteous gift should'st to bounty cherish;
She curv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby.
The should'st print more, nor let that copy die.
When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;  
When I behold the violet past prime,  
And sable curls, all silver d'ore with white;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and briskly beard;  
Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
That thou among the walks 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 scythe can make defiance,  
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are  
No longer your's, 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?  
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 plague, or deaths, or seasons' quality:  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each thy 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 woul'st 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 state 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 self-same sky;  
Vast 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 warden gardens yet unset

With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,  
Much liker than your painted counterfeits:  
So should the lines of life that life repair,  
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pen could,  
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 to fresh numbers number all your graces,  
The age to come would say this poet lies,  
Such heavenly touches fare touch'd earthy faces.  
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,  
Be scor'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;  
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,  
And stretch't 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 sometime too brief are its gold complexion dinn'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course, and arrin'm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade.  
Nor lose possession of that thou owwest;  
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.

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-lived phoenix in her blood;  
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleet'st,  
And do whatsoever thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world, and all her fading sweet;  
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:  
O carve not with thy thry time'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.

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 defeated.  
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.  
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,  
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.
SONNETS.

So it is not with me as with that muse,
Stir'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 couplement 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 his huge rondure hews.
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 fixed in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of heart-say well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

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 seemingly rainment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is shin;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay.
O'ercrosh'd with barthen of mine own love's light.
O let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breath;
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image picture'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.

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 famou'sed for fight,
After a thousand victories once toil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forget for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to shew my wit.
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May seem bare, in wanting words to shew 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 shew me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee, [me.
Till then, not shew my head where thou may'st prove

Weary with toil, I haste 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 eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see,
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghostly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself no quiet find.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night and night by day oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stranger.

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,
Feator'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 scorn to change my state with kings.
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I bring back former days to mind,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancilled woe,
And mean the expence of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned men,
Which I new pay as if not pay'd 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 stolen from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
The sight of the grave where many a buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of thee did give;
That duc 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 hurleth 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-strip'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.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Steal ing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out I slack'd he was but one hour mine.
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now,
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Sun's of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'take me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
"Thou hast enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-bitten face
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can the shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipse stain both moon and sun,
And batosame canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Mist I in thy delight, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
(Thy adverse party is thy advocate,) And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an necessary seeds must be
To that sweet thief, which sourly robs from me.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness 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.

As a decrep't 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 all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crown'd sit,
I make my love engraven to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That in our shadou blame am su'd, and
And by a part of all thy glory live,
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'est into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O give thyself the thanks, if sugh't 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 chimeres invoke;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.
SONNETS.

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 divide love,
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 wouldest thou prove,
Were it not thy sorrow, that gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
(Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,) And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

XL.
Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou 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 receivest,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou wast;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my property;
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 shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be fees.

XLI.
Those petty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beautiful thou art, therefore to be assailed;
And when a woman wooes, what woman's son
Will so lightly leave her till she have prevail'd?
Ah me! but yet thou might'st, my sweet, forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;
He's, 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, [me.
And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee

XLIV.
If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injuries distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving ought 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 two, 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 even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.
Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the 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 ever pier'd with crystal eyes,)—
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannel'd
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part,
As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLVII.
Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns new unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sights himself doth vomit,
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 caest move,
And with me still with thou art with thee;
Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.
XLVII.
How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trite 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 tristes are,
Most worthy comfort now my greatest grief,
I bids thee hear. Of tunes, most gentle care,
Are left the prey of every vulgar thief.
This 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 stolen I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.
Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast its utmost sun,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects,
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that same thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,
Against that time do I ensonce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself appear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.
How heavy do I journey on the way,
When I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thrice 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 wretched did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his side,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than deadly to his side:
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

L.
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 hence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect love being mine,
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-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure. Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to 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 foison of the year:
The one doth shadow of your beauty shew,
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 roses usual 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 unwo'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 out-live this powerful rhime;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unawak'd stones, bearmar'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Marsis' sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The livid record of your memory.
Grainest death and all-oblivious eminety
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 be softer than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is alway'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 charmed beams like golden locks be shot
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, [rare.
Makes summer's welcome three more wish'd, more
SONNETS

Tokeep our charms and old beams in me,
The season is now of the passions.
Our love may grow, though slow, yet sure,
And never rage that makes no eye awake.
You may be young, but may I not be so,
To play the watchman over the false light?
You know me not, nor know what I did;
You have not seen an hour of me.

So slow a show requir'd a slow eye
As none can love, and none can see.
Yet none may say, though none was seen,
Yet none may say, nor words so sweet,
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SONNETS.

126.  
Th'ill with all these, for mortal death I cry,—  
As to behold desert a seguir's born,  
And needly nothing tram'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully mispav'd,  
And maiden virtue rudely stripp'd,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
And strength by lieing away disabled,  
And art made tongue ty'd by authority,  
And fully doctor'd courteisie tolling skill,  
And simple truth mispav'd simplicity,  
And captive Good attending Catholic  
Th'ill with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

127.  
Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,  
And with his presence grace impyct  
That sin by him advantage should achieve,  
And face itself with his society!  
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,  
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?  
Why should pure beauty with pleasing see  
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 shew what wealth she had,  
In days long since, before these last so bad.

128.  
Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn,  
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,  
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,  
Or durst inhabit on a living bow;  
Before the golden truce of the dead,  
The right of squallor's, were shorn away,  
To live a second life on second head,  
For beauty's dead fiends made another gay:  
In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
Without all ornament, itself, and true,  
Making no summer of another's green,  
Robbing so old to make his beauty new;  
And him as for a map doth nature show,  
To shew false art what beauty was of yore.

129.  
These parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:  
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,  
Uttering bare truth, even so as faces commend.  
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd:  
But these same tongues that give thee so thine own,  
In other accents do this praise confound,  
By seeing farther than the eye hath shewn,  
They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;  
(kind,  
Then elocutis) their thoughts, although their eyes were  
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:  
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
To solve in this,—that thou dost common grow.

130.  
That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;  
The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
Thy worth the greater, being woor'd of time;  
For canker vice the sweetest birds doth love,  
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.  
Those last pass'd by the ambush of young days,  
Either not assuy'd, or vector being charg'd;  
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:  
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,  
Then those abate kingdoms of hearts should stowe.

131.  
No longer mourn for me when I am dead,  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world with viles worse to dwell:  
Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
When I perhapscompound am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;  
But let your love even with my life decay:  
Lest the wise world should look into your mean,  
And mock you with me after I am gone.

132.  
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 desire,  
And hang more praise upon deceased  
Than niggard truth would willingly impart;  
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,  
That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
My name be hurled where my body is,  
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.

133.  
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 and forlorn, 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 wherein it must expire,  
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st which makes thy love more strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

134.  
But let me confess, when that fell arrest  
Without all bail shall carry me away,  
My life hath in this line some interest,  
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.  
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
The very part was consecrate to thee,  
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;  
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:  
So then thou hast not lost that dead man,  
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 en joyer, and anon
Doubling the filching 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 bad or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
Or gluttonning 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?
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly shew,  
Of moulded graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thiefish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVII.
So oft have I involk'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 poetie disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance afoot to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee.
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces grace be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.
Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now thy 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 say,
Since what he owes thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.
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 the tongue try speckling up your fame!
But since your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)  
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth willfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up aloft,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreek'd, I am a worthless boat,
Of tall building, and of goodly pride;
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this,—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.
Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Though 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.

LXXXII.
I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore may'st without attaint o'erlook
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 went truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.
I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set.
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt;
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you your elf, 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.
SONNETS.

lxixiv. Who is it that says most? which can say more, Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you! In whose confine immured is the store Which should example where your equal grew, 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 counter-part shall fame his wit, Making his style admired everywhere. You to your beauteous blessings add a curse, Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

lxixv. My tongue-ty'd muse in manners holds her still, While comments of your praise, richly compil'd, Reserve their character with golden quill, And precious phrase by all the muses fill'd. I think good thoughts, while others write good words, And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry Amen To every hyme that able spirit affords, In polish'd form of well-refined pen Hearing you prai'd, I say, 'tis so, 'tis true, And to the most of praise add something more; But that is in my thought, whose love to you, Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before. Then others for the breath of words respect, Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

i. Was it the proud full sail of his great verse, Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you, That did my rife thoughts in my brain inhearse, Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew? Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead? No, neither he, nor his compere by night Giving him aid, my verse astonish'd. He, nor that affable familiar ghost Which nightly calls him with intelligence, As victors, of my silence cannot boast; I was not sick of any fear from thence. But when your countenance fill'd up his line, Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

lxixvii. Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing, And like enough thou know'st what 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 thou gav'st it, else mistaking; So thy great gift, upon misprision growing, Comes home again, on better judgment making. Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter, To sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

lxixviii. When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light, And place my merit in the eye of Scorn, Upon thy side against myself I'll fight, And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn. 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 loving 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.

lxixix. Say that thou didst for sake me for some fault, And I will comment upon that offence: Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt; Against thy reasons making no defence. Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill, To set a form upon desired change, As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will, I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange; Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell; Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong, And hark of our old acquaintance tell. For thee, against myself I'll vow debate, For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

xl. Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now; Now while the world with unprofitable deeds to cross, Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow, And do not drop in for an after-loss: Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow, Come in the rearward of a conquer'd wo; Give not a wisty night a rainy morrow, To linger out a purpos'd overthrow. If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last, When other petty griefs have done his spite, But in the onset come; so shall I taste At first the very worst of Fortune's might; And other strains of woe, which now seem woe, Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

xli. 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 its adjunct pleasure, Wherein it finds a joy above the rest; But these particulars are not my measure, All these I better in one general best. Thy love is better than high birth to me, Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost, Of more delight than hawks or horses be; And having thee, of all men's pride I boast. Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take All this away, and me most wretched make.

xlii. 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 belong; Than that which on thy humour doth depend, Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind, Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie. O what a happy title do I find, Happy to have thy love, happy to die! But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?— Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.
Bearing the wanton bathsheba of the prime,
Like widow's 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, dreaded the winter's near.

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 laments of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you patter'd of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with my shadow I with these did play:

The forward violet thus did I chide:—
Smells, sweet thief, whence dost thou steal thy sweet that
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marmion had stolen thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

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, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrink'le 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 scythe, and crooked knife.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends:
So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not hapsy say,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fade,
Beauty no pencil, 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 it 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,
SONNETS.

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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 divine 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.

CIV.

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 end;
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presages;
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 insult's o'er dull and despised age.
And thou in this shall find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CIVII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figure to thee my true spirit?
What are words, now, to speak what new we find,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form should shew 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.

CXL.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what's 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 bleaches gave my heart and wits a tour,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most loving breast.

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I

SONNETS.

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 subdued
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
Potions of yessest, gainst 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.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
So profound abyss I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

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 0, no form delivers to the heart
Of o'er, of flower, or shape, which it doth lack;
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
For his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour, or deform'd creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monach's plague, this flattery,
Or whether shall I say mine eyes saith true,
And that your love taught it this alechemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest,
Such cherubism as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my sense,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is greening,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup;
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
Point then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in twist vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharpest intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, now I love you best,
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a sake; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

So is my love, and such as bed amends,
With 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 prov'd,
I ever writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all
Which mean I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Wheroeto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
That I have hoist'd sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.

Book both my wilfullness and errors down,
And on just proof, surmise accumulate,
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.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager condiments we our palate urge:
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
Weicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
And, sick of wealth, found a kind of meaatness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to 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 cured.
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears
Distill'd from limbecks foul as bell 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 ever!
Now have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
To 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 faiher than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return reback'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.
SONNETS.

That you were once unkind, befriended me now, And for that sorrow, which I then did feel, Needs must I under my transgression bow, Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel. For if you were by my unkindness shaken, As I by your's, 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 bosom fits! But that your trestpass now becomes a fee; Mine ransom your's, and your's must ransom me.

Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd, When not to be receives reproach of being, And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd 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 frazier spits, Which in their wills count not 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 shewn: Unless this general evil they maintain, All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

Thy gift, thy tables are within my brain Full character'd with lasting memory, Which shall above that idle rank remain, Beyond all date, even to eternity: Or at the least so long as brain and heart Have faculty by nature to subsist; Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd. That poor retention could not so much hold, Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score; Therefore to give them from me was I bold, To trust those tables that receive thee more: To keep an adjunct to remember thee, Were to import forgetfulness in me.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change: Thy pyramids built up with newer might To me are nothing novel, nothing strange; They are but dressings of a former sight. Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire What thou dost bestow upon us that is old, And rather make them born to our desire, Than think that we before have heard them told. Thy registers and thee I both defy, Not wandering at the present nor the past; For thy records and what we see doth lie, Made more or less by thy continual base! This I do vow, and this shall ever be, I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

If my dear love were but the child of state, It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd, As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate, Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd. No, it was builded far from accident; It suffers not in smiling gory, nor falls Under the blow of thrall'd discontent, Whereto the 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 polite, That it not grows with heat, nor drowns with showers. To this I witness call the foals of time, Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy, With my extern the outward honouring, Or lay'd great bases for eternity, Which prove more short than waste or ruining? Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent, For compound sweet foregoing simple savour, Pitiful thrivers, in their gazings spent? No,—let me be obsequious in thy heart, And take thou my obligation, 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 impish'd, stands least in thy control.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour; Who hast by vanity grown, and therein shew'st Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st! If nature, sovereign mistress over wack, As thou go' st onwards, still will plac'd thee back, She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill. Yet fear her, O thou mission of her pleasure; She may detain, but not still keep her treasure: Her audit, through delay'd, answer'd must be, And her quietus is to render thee.

In the old age black was not counted fair, Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name; But now is black beauty's successive heir, And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame. For since each hand hath put on nature's power, Fairing the fowl with art's false borrow'd face, Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour, But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace. Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black. Her eyes so united: and they mourners seem At such, who not born fair, no beauty lack, Slanderer creation with a false esteem: Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe. That every tongue says, beauty should do so.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st, Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st The wiry concord that mine ear confounds, Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap To kiss the tender inward of thy hand, Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap, At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand! To be so tickled, they would change their state And situation with those dancing chips, O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait, Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips. Since saucy jacks so happy are in this, Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.
SONNETS.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action lust
Is purge of murder, 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;
A fine in proof, and -price, a very weal.
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, -- yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground;
And yet by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she bely'd with false compare.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doating heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgement's place.
In nothing art thou black, save thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment 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 asher's 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 in black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

Beskrew 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's friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd,

Of him, myself and thee, I am to saken;
A torment three three-fold thus to be cross'd;
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my goal:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

So now I have confess'd that be is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;
Myself I'll forfait, 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 I am not free.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And will to boot, and will in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus:
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will to thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseeches kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one Will.

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, fulfill.
Will will fulfill the treasure of my 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 reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest me, -- for my name is Will.

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 drunk'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged books,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd?
Why should my heart think that a several plot,
Which my heart knows the wide world's common
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
[place]?
To put fair truth upon so foul a face;
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.
SONNETS.

CXXVIII.
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 subtilities.
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 flatter'd be.

CXXIX.
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 elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
What need'st thou wound me with cunning when thy
Is more than my oppress'd defence can bear? [might
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.

CXL.
Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-ty'd patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pitty-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 has grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed me.
That I may not be so, nor thou beliy'd,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go.

CXLI.
Lo faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dete.
Nor are my ears with thy tongue's tale 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 leaves unwary'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 scarlet 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 won with some mine impotent thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pity'd be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may'st thou be deny'd!

CXLIII.
Lo as a careful house-wife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch,
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is beat
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may'st have thy Will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.
Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempeth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saintly to be a devil,
Wounding his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd a fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel is another's hell.
Yet this shall I ever know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.
Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said, I hate,
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it this a-new to give:
I hate she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—not you.

CXLVI.
Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer death,
Paining thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fancy's spurn spend so much
That 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,
The 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 I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with ever-more unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.
O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight?
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair wherein my false eyes dote,
What means the world that this it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote,
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keepest me blind,
Let eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.
Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?
Do not think on thee, when I forget
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay if thou lower'st on 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 livest, and I am blind.

CL.
O from what power hast thou this powerful might,
What 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 exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou should'st not abhor my state;
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.
Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's reason;
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 fora,
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 lay'd 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 borrow'd from this holy fire of love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither fled, 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 legion 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 helpful remedy
For new dissembl'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came here for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.
PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perouse my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment,
A woman I forswore; but I will prove.
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair sun, when no other lust shine,
Exhalest this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She shew'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conception,
or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender fisher would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;
He rose and ran away; ah fool too froward!

III.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
These thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice,
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant is that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which (not to aager bent) is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

IV.

Scarcely had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarryance for Adonis made,
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day; she butter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him:
He spiring she, bowan'd in, whereas she stood;
Oh Jove, quoth she, was not I a lord?

V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass is, and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A little pale, with damask die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none failer to delase her.
Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many takest to please me hath she count'd,
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 burst with love, as straw with fire flamest,
She burst out love, as soon as straw out bursteth;
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.

VI.

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.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spens to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound,
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And 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.

VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,

VIII.

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds.
Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounden with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore:
She shewed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

IX.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd,
Soon faded, pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring;
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall be should
I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy Will.
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

X.

Fair 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 chip'd Adonis in her arms:
Even thus quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd me,
As if the boy should use like loving charms.
Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
And as she fetched breath, away he 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 run away!
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye
Her fancy fell a turning. [could see.
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 resusced, 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
Alas she could not help it! [disdain -
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned maun hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spy'd 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.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Then for whom even Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

My flacks feed not,
My owes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss:
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causeth 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 tears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing.
(O cruel speedagu!)
Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no dell,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog that wont to have play'd
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
With sighs so deep,
Procures to weep;
In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.
Now sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!
Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth; they die,
Heads 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 love,
Thy like ne'er was
For sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
Poor Coridon
Must live alone,
Other help for him I see that there is none.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial might:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor too unwise,
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 lov'st her well,
And set her person forth to sale.
What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;
And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.
What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
"Thou women been so strong as men,
In faith you had not had it then."
And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.
Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.
The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin, and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.
But soft! enough,—too much I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song;
She'll not stick to round me 'th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

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 blush exultant:
Save the nightingale alone;
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dulsefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Are, nay, no, now would she cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by:
That to hear her so complain,
Scarcely could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shewn,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are happy in lead:
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst a fickle fortune smil'd,
That all we were both beguil'd.
Every one that 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,
Dolefull'st they will him call:
And with such like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king."
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at 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,
He will help thee in thy need,
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And these eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.
Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears,
PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

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-curser of the void,
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 obsedy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thine, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou givest and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none;
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix's sight.
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appell'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 cried how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Where upon it made this thing
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love;
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRONES.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here inclois'd in cinders lie.
Death is now the phoenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,
Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infinity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be,
To this urn let those repair,
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-warded
A plentiful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I lay to list the sad-tun'd tale:

Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twine,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from view,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done.

Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of scar'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyene,
Which on it had concocted characters,
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometimes diverted their poor balls are ty'd
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gates lead
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor ty'd in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,

Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside,
Some in her threaden fillet still did hide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,
Which one by one she in a river throw,
Upon whose weeping margin she was set,—
Like wary, applying wet to wet,
Or monarchs' labels, that let not bounty fall,
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posted gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly pinn'd in blood,
With sev'd silk feast and affectedly
Easawld'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fuxive 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 gras'd his cattle nigh,
(Some time a blustering, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours,) observed as they flew;
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.
A LOVERS COMPLAINT.

Look here what tribute wounded favours sent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood.
To his horse he said, "What! is that horse mine, a horse which I have not been permitted to ride?"

"Yes," was the reply. "And his rider will say that it is his, even though he has not been invited to ride it."

So the horse was given to the speaker, and he rode it with great joy.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like tools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of hands and hearts, and senses they assign'd;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:
So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,) That 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 desired, yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.
But ah! who ever shunn'd with precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or love'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd pearls in her way?
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.
Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behalf.
Of appetites, from judgement stand aloof!
The one a palate bath, that needs will taste,
Though reason weep, and cry it is thy last.
For further I could say, this man's untrue,
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw bow deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to deluding;
Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulate heart.
And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: "Caitiff maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.
All my offences that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind:
Love made them not; with acture they may be;
Where another party is not 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 warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my pleasures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in livers, but mine own was free,
And reigh'd, commanding in his monarchy:
Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of palest 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 encrison'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Escamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

And lo! behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously implesh'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd.)
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.
The diamond, why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Where'er his invis'd properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sight their sickly radiance do amends;
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 pensive and subsidus desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I board them not,
But yield them up where I my soul must render;
That is to, you, my origin and ender:
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.
O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
When you my minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distinct parcels in combined sums.
Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified of holiest note;
Which lute her noble snit 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?
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyres:
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence vallant, not her might.
O pardon me, in that my boast is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be enam'rd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.
How mightly then you are, O hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mingled in the cup, that may I call,
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory as all conquest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.
My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who discipline'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when I the assault began,
All vows and consecrations giving place,
O most potent 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 impressed, 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! [shame.
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,'gainst
And sweetens, in the suffeting pangs it bears.
The aloe of all forces, shocks, and fears.
Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine.
And sapulcral their sighs to you extend,
And leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Leading 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 levell'd on my face,
Each cheek a river running from a fount;
With bristish current downward flow'd apace;
O how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses
That flame through water with 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 weat?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O dear effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!
For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daft,
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.
In him a plentitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Of swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's apoteos as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swan at tragic shows;
That not a heart which in his level came,
Could scape the bale of his all-burning aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And veil'd in them, would win whom he would main;
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most brunt 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 fire he cover'd,
That the unexpectid 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 glow'd,
O, that fore'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spagyng lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrowed motion, seeming owd,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!

THE END.